**I Knew You Were Trouble**  
by Cowmander

**Summary**

Clarke is not your average homeless person. Lexa is a sassy high school graduate. They meet. Shit goes down. [DISCONTINUED]

**Notes**

As you can see in the tags and the summary: I suck at making summaries. I tried though. It's kind of like the Taylor Swift song 'I knew you were trouble', so I named it after that.

P.s.: Criticism is welcome, but please don't be too harsh. This is my first fanfiction and English is not my first language.

See the end of the work for more notes.
The sun only just started to rise when Clarke woke up. It was summer, so that meant it was approximately 6 am. It had been another night with only four hours of sleep. She grumbled a string of swearwords as she got up from the blanket she had been sleeping on. She couldn’t keep living like this.

After she was done packing her stuff, she checked her surroundings. The streets were quiet, as would be expected at this time in the morning.

She sighed and started walking. She didn’t have a destination. Not really anyway. It was necessary to keep moving though. Otherwise they would find her.

It’s been over a year now since her father died and it’s been ten months since she last saw her friends. She has been living on the street ever since she lost them.

Clarke was still deep in thought when someone ran into her. Literally. She wasn’t really paying attention, because who in their right state of mind would be awake at this ungodly hour.

She let out an oomph and stumbled backwards, until her head collided with a lamppost and she shouted out “FUCK!” while falling to the ground.

“Oh my god! I’m so sorry! Are you okay?” A feminine voice asked.

“I’ve been better.” Clarke answered while rubbing the back of her head pathetically. When she looked up she saw a pretty brunette grin at her. She stuck out her hand for Clarke and helped her to her feet. The brunette didn’t look like she was going to say anything, so Clarke spoke up again. “Why the hell are you awake? Don’t you have summer vacation or something?”

She cocked an eyebrow and answered. “I could ask you the same thing.”

“Cheeky. I like that.” Clarke chuckled. “I’m afraid I just woke up, though,” She paused for a second and pointed at her backpack, continuing, “and I kinda always have vacation.”

“Oh?” The girl said, before realising what Clarke had meant. “Oh!”

“Yup.” Clarke said, popping the P. It wasn’t very difficult to see that she was homeless. The jacket with holes, the dirty jeans and the beaten up shoes usually gave it away. The backpack helped too.

The girl seemed to be at a loss for words again, so Clarke spoke up again. “You don’t have to pity me. I’m used to this life.” With that she decided to walk away.

She only made a few steps before the brunette suddenly addressed her again, making her turn around. “Wait. I don’t pity you.” Now it was Clarke’s turn to lift her eyebrows. She was sure she looked utterly unimpressed. “No. That came out wrong. I do pity you, but I wanna help.”

“Really?”

“Yeah. Really.” She insisted.

“Okay. You can help. But you have to promise me one thing.” Clarke decided.

“Sure.” The brunette said.
“Don’t get too attached.” She said seriously.

The brunette sighed and nodded reluctantly. They fell silent for a few seconds. Clarke took the time to take the girl in. She had green eyes and was in running attire.

“So... What’s your name?” The brunette asked.

Clarke rolled her eyes dramatically and said: “Dude. I just told you not to get attached.”

“First of: do not call me ‘dude’ and second: I can at least know your name, right?” She shot back.

Clarke pinched her forehead out of frustration, but gave in anyway. “It’s Clarke.”

“Clarke.” She tested out the name. “Nice to meet you. I’m Lexa.” She held out her hand and Clarke shook it.

“Alright. Have you eaten yet?” Lexa asked.

“Nope.” Clarke answered, stuffing her hands in her jacket pockets.

“Okay. Follow me.” She said and walked away. After a few steps she paused and checked behind her if Clarke was following.

“Yes, commander.” Clarke mock-saluted with a big grin on her face.

Lexa just rolled her eyes in response and continued walking.

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Fifteen minutes later they arrived at a house with a big garden, including swings and a picnic table. “Whose house is this?” Clarke asked, while looking around.

“Mine.” Lexa answered. “Well, technically my dad’s.”

“You’re such a dork.” Clarke said, shaking her head with a grin.

The brunette looked greatly offended by that. “I am not!” She almost shouted.

“Shush. Keep your voice down. Not everyone is awake at 6 am.” Clarke whisper-shouted.

“Don’t shush me.” Lexa sassed back.

“Jeez. You’re a child too then.” Clarke sighed. “Why did you take me to your house?”

Lexa started walking up the driveway backwards, facing Clarke, who didn’t seem to be following her. “To get you some food. Come on.”

“Is your dad okay with you bringing home random homeless girls at 6 am in the morning?” Clarke deadpanned, not moving. “I’m not coming in.” Lexa didn’t know it was for other reasons that she couldn’t come in though. She didn’t know Clarke couldn’t trust anybody. Or so she thought...

“You can’t trust me, can you?” Lexa sighed and stopped walking. Clarke didn’t respond. She just stared at her. “Okay. You just stay here and I’ll get you something to eat, alright? Give me a few minutes.” She disappeared into the house seconds later.

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Five minutes later Lexa returned from the house with two sandwiches. Clarke was sitting on the ground outside the gate, keeping her eyes on every possible entry point for enemies.

“Here you go.” Lexa said as she handed over the sandwiches.

“Thanks.” Clarke mumbled.

“What was that? I didn’t hear you.” Lexa teased. Clarke sent her a death glare in return. She still repeated herself nevertheless.

“Thanks you for your help.” She said as she got onto her feet again. “I’m gonna go now though.”

She started to walk away but was once again stopped by Lexa’s voice. “Hey, wait!”

Clarke sighed and turned around, while chewing on a piece of bread. “What?”

“Where are you gonna go?” The brunette asked. The blonde looked confused, so she explained. “I mean... You don’t have a place to stay, right?”

“No...” Clarke answered hesitantly. “Lexa, I’m not-“

Lexa interrupted her. “No. Shut up. I know you don’t want to go in the house, but there’s a treehouse in the backyard. You can stay there for a night if you want.” Clarke still looked hesitant, thus Lexa continued. “Look, I get that you’re trouble. I noticed. Just... I trust you, okay? You can trust me too.”

“I don’t even know you.” Clarke argued weakly.

“You know my name, where I live, that I go for a run way too early and that I make killer sandwiches. I say you know me plenty.” Lexa said with a small smile.

Clarke sighed and looked up. “One night. After that I’m gone.”

“Deal.” Lexa said. The small smile on her lips had turned into a full on grin and Clarke couldn’t help but stare at her. She was beautiful, really. Those eyes, those cheekbones and- NO. Stop it. Don’t get attached, Clarke. She internally scolded herself.

She decided to speak instead of letting her thoughts get the best of her. “So... What do we do now?”

“I actually didn’t think you’d say yes, so I don’t know.” Lexa laughed. “What do you want to do?”

Clarke thought for a second, before answering. “Are you up for a walk?”

- After an hour of walking they arrived at a cliff that overlooked a big part of the city. Clarke sat down near the edge and beckoned for Lexa to sit next to her. She walked over slowly. “Are you trying to kill me, Clarke?”

“I thought you trusted me.” Clarke answered, feigning innocence.

Lexa chuckled and sat down next to her. They sat in silence and enjoyed the view for a long time. After an unacquainted amount of hours Clarke finally spoke up. “This is the only place I’ve ever visited more than once, even though it’s not safe. I just can’t stay away. It’s the perfect place to think.”
“What do you think about when you come here?” Lexa asked.

“Bad things.” Clarke answered.

Lexa sighed. “You are a dangerous one, aren’t you?”

“You’re better off not knowing anything about me.” The blonde responded.

It was silent for a second. Only the sounds of the forest behind them and the faint sound of the city could be heard. However, the silence was broken by the ringing of Lexa’s phone. She looked at her screen to check who was calling. “It’s my dad. He probably wants to know where I am.”

“You probably shouldn’t tell him that you’re at a cliff an hour away from humanity with a suspicious, homeless person.” Clarke said monotonously.

Lexa rolled her eyes at her and stood up. “I’ll be right back.” She said before walking off.

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“She’s a good person, dad.” Lexa spoke into the phone. “Don’t worry, okay? She’ll sleep in the treehouse. It’s perfectly safe and it’s only for one night.”

“Are you sure we can trust her?” Her dad’s voice sounded through the phone.

“I do. You told me to be a good person after mom left us, dad.” She answered. “This is good.”

She heard her dad sigh on the other side of the line. “Fine, but I want to meet her first.”

“Thanks dad. I love you.” Lexa said.

“I love you too.” After that the call was ended. She smiled at her phone. Her father was by far the most important person in her life. Especially after her mom left them because she didn’t want a lesbian as a daughter. It still hurt her every day that her mom didn’t love her enough to stay. That’s why her dad saying those words was so important to her.

She walked back to the cliff where Clarke was still sitting on the edge of the cliff. According to her phone it was 11:43 am and she was hungry. She tapped on Clarke’s shoulder and said: “Hey. Wanna grab lunch?”

“Yeah, sure.” Clarke responded and stood up.

They chatted about random things on the way back. When they were back at her house, Lexa said: “My dad wants to meet you, by the way.”

Clarke stopped walking and turned to her with a smirk. “Meeting the parents already, are we? We only met this morning.”

“Asshole.” Lexa slapped her arm, but smiled anyway. “He wants to know who’s gonna stay in his backyard.”

“Sure.” Clarke said, stretching out the word, and continued walking up the driveway.

“So are you going to come in this time?” Lexa asked when they got to the door.

“Yeah, yeah.” Clarke responded, as Lexa unlocked the door. “You should keep your eyes on me though. You don’t want me to steal anything.” She winked.
“But you already stole my heart!” Lexa said, feigning exasperation. “Now, stop flirting, because you didn’t want to get attached.”

Clarke held up her hands in mock surrender as she walked into the house. “Whoa. Calm down, commander.”

“Stop calling me that.” The brunette commanded. “Dad, we’re home!”

“It’s fitting though.” Clarke whined and pouted.

“Stop tha- Dad! Hey.” Lexa’s dad walked into the hallway and looked at them suspiciously.

“You must be Clarke.” He said, looking at the blonde and sticking out his hand.

“Yup, that’s me.” She responded, taking his hand.

“My name’s Tyler. I understand you’re going to be staying in the treehouse?” He asked, taking back his hand.

“Yes. Only for one night, sir.” She answered.

“Well let’s enjoy the time that you’re here then.” He smiled and looked at Lexa. “You wanna go out for lunch?”

Lunch was a bit awkward to begin with, but soon got better. Lexa’s dad was a really chill dude, which made it a lot easier for Clarke to like him, to trust him. Once again; she couldn’t get attached though. It would only endanger these innocent people’s lives. Getting close to them would be selfish. She couldn’t think about herself if she wanted to be a hero. Every time she got too close to an innocent person, she repeated the same mantra: I bear it, so they don’t have to.

“What are you thinking about?” Lexa’s voice broke her out of her thoughts.

“Yeah.” Clarke said and stood from the chair. They walked back to Lexa’s house, Tyler and Lexa chatting happily, while Clarke remained silent.

“What are you thinking about?” Lexa asked.

“My dad.” Clarke said sadly, but gave no further indication of continuing.

Lexa didn’t want to be pushy, so she changed the subject. “What do you wanna do when we get home? We still have a few hours.”

Clarke was grateful for her understanding. She never really met anyone like Lexa. She did wonder why the brunette would do all this stuff for her though. Maybe she was just genuinely a good person. “Well, I’d like to see where I’m gonna be sleeping tonight, if that’s okay.”
“Sure. Follow me.” Lexa said, excited as ever. Clarke wondered if she really always was that larky or if it was just a facade.

They walked through house and went outside through the backdoor in the kitchen. The backyard wasn’t that huge. It was a pretty average backyard with one big tree, some chairs and a barbeque. High up in the tree was a professionally constructed treehouse situated with a ladder to climb up to it. Clarke was actually quite impressed by the craftsmanship. “Who built this?” She asked in awe.

“One of my dad’s friends is a carpenter. He built this for me a long time ago.” Lexa said, smiling at the blonde’s baffled expression. “Weren’t expecting this?”

“Hell no. I thought it would be some small, badly constructed hut, but this... This is amazing.” Clarke answered.

Lexa walked to the tree and started climbing. Clarke climbed after her. After ten seconds she looked up to see how far she was. She discovered three things. The first one was that she was about halfway up the tree; the second one was that Lexa had a great butt and the third was that falling to the ground from fifteen feet high was pretty painful.

Lexa was rather confused when she heard the dull thud of something falling in the grass underneath her, followed up by a groan. She looked down bewilderedly and saw a dazed Clarke lying in grass twenty feet underneath her. “Jesus! Clarke, are you okay?”

“The world is spinning.” Clarke slurred. Lexa quickly climbed down and kneeled down beside the blonde mess on the floor.

“What the hell happened?” Lexa asked.

“Your ass happened.” Clarke groaned.

“Did you hit your head?”

“Obviously.”

Lexa ignored her sassy tone. “Okay. Can you get up?”

“I think so.” She got up to her feet, but almost fell over. Lexa grabbed her shoulders just in time.

“Whoa, I got you.” She threw Clarke’s arm over her shoulder and she helped her get inside the house. They walked to the living room, where Lexa dumped her on the couch. “Lie down and stay there. You could have a concussion.”

Clarke saluted and mumbled: “Commander.” Lexa rolled her eyes in response and went to find her dad.

Clarke closed her eyes hoping it would make the pain reduce. She couldn’t get injured. It would only make it easier for her mom and the others to catch her. They would lock her up, torture her. They’d do anything to get back what Clarke and the delinquents stole from them. That train of thought only made her headache increase, but Clarke didn’t really have a choice. She could only think about the bad things or about the brunette that ran into her life this morning.

I bear it, so they don’t have to.

The bad things it was.
A minute later Tyler walked in. “Hey, Clarke. I heard you fell of the ladder. Lexa is getting the first aid kit.” He said grinning. “Now, ‘what caused you to fall off?’ is my question.”

“Uhm. I was... distracted.” Clarke said averting her eyes. And it wasn’t a lie.

Tyler eyed her suspiciously, but didn’t question it further. “Is it just your head that hurts?” He asked instead.

“My right arm too.” Clarke answered. She didn’t notice it until a few seconds ago, so she looked down at her arm. There was a stream of blood running out of her sleeve and her jacket was ripped. It was ripped before, but even more so now. And this is her only jacket. Dammit.

“You’re gonna have to take off your jacket.” Tyler said warily. Clarke nodded reluctantly and did as she was told. It hurt slightly, but it was nothing she couldn’t handle. After the jacket was off, a long, but not very deep cut was revealed. In the meantime Lexa had arrived with the first aid kit, which she handed to her dad.

Tyler started treating Clarke’s wound, while Lexa just sat down and watched. Clarke could have treated the wound herself, but she would have to explain to them where she learned how to and it was easier like this anyway. After he was done with the cut on her arm, he walked off to put away the first aid kit, which left the girls alone in the room.

“You okay?” Lexa asked, sounding genuinely concerned.

“I think my pride is damaged the worst.” Clarke chuckled.

“Like you had any to begin with.” Lexa laughed.

“Wow. Rude.” Clarke said dryly, which only caused Lexa to laugh harder. “Hey. I’m wounded. Don’t laugh at me.” Clarke slapped her arm, but laughed nonetheless. That was a mistake though, as she was painfully reminded of her headache. She groaned and raised her left hand to her head.

Lexa stopped laughing too. “Want me to get some aspirin?” She asked. Clarke nodded slowly in reply, careful not to pain her head even more.

Clarke was once again left alone in the living room. She took the time to look around the room. There were some pictures of Lexa, her dad and some other woman, presumably her mom. She hadn’t seen her around and Lexa also hadn’t talked about her. So she could only assume that that story had ended badly.

Just like with my mom she thought.

The rest of the room wasn’t really that interesting. Just the usual; a TV, a couch, some paintings, etc. The clock on the wall read 6pm. Damn, I’ve been with her for twelve hours already. Time flies when you have fun. And Clarke was not used to fun. She was used to being nonstop paranoid, which isn’t a very pleasant mindset. So she did not mind the change of pace for once, but only once it could be.

Twelve hours is already too long to be in one place. She had to get out of here. She had to find the other delinquents. She had to stop her mom.

Feeling determined Clarke rose from the couch. She ignored her headache and snuck out the back door, jumped the fence and ran.
“Lexa, where’s Clarke?” Tyler called from the living room. Lexa stopped her search for aspirin and ran downstairs. Tyler stood in the middle of the room holding Clarke’s ripped jacket. The back door was left opened.

Tyler knew his daughter well. He knew that look on her face. It was a milder version of the one that was etched on her face the day after her mother left; a combination of sadness and deep, deep disappointment. So he walked over and hugged his daughter. “I’m sorry Lexie.”

“It’s not your fault dad.” Lexa said hugging him back. They stayed like that for a second, before they separated. “She warned me not to get attached anyway.”

Tyler sighed and nodded. “Alright. Wanna order takeout and watch movies tonight?”

Lexa smiled at her father. “Duh.”

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After running for a solid ten minutes, Clarke stopped to catch her breath. She checked her surroundings and found out she had literally no clue as to where she was.

“Nice, Clarke. Getting lost is a real good idea.”

She was used to talking to herself. It just becomes normal after being alone for so long.

When she finally caught her breath after a few minutes, she took off her backpack and looked for the map she found a few weeks prior. She hadn’t needed it a lot, because she didn’t really have a destination most of the time. She would just continue looking for her friends. She knew they were somewhere in this city, but so did her mother. Clarke didn’t notice a car pulling up next to her, for she was deeply concentrated on the map. A moment later a hand came over her mouth and she was dragged into a car. She tried to free herself from the strong grip of the kidnapper, but was unsuccessful.

“Stop struggling.” A familiar voice whispered.

Clarke turned around in her seat with wide eyes as the car started to drive.

“Bellamy!” She said and hugged him.

“Good to have you back princess.” He smiled after releasing the blonde.

“So, Griffin, what the fuck have you been up to the last ten months?” interrupted the chauffeur.

“Hello to you too, Raven.” Clarke retorted dryly.

“Yeah, yeah. Hey. Now answer the question, please.” Raven said, exaggerating the last word. “You know I never say please.”
Bellamy nodded in agreement and looked at Clarke expectantly. She took a deep breath, before starting. “This is gonna take a while...”

11 months earlier

Clarke closed her eyes as she heard another scream from Finn. It was silent for a few long seconds after that. He was dead. Their relationship might have been messed up, but that doesn’t mean she didn’t love him. Silent tears fell from her eyes, when she opened them. She looked up at her mom, who was standing next to Finn’s dead body lying on the operation table.

“Why are you doing this?” She managed to ask.

“Do you still not get it, Clarke?” Her mom countered, voice monotone.

“No, I don’t! This is messed up. Dad wouldn’t have wanted you to do this.” Clarke said, her voice filled with emotion.

“Your father is dead, Clarke, because I couldn’t save him. I’m trying to find a cure to this virus. You know there is no other way.” Abby said, before walking out of the room, leaving a crying Clarke alone in the room with her dead ex-boyfriend.

“There has to be...” Clarke whispers to herself. This was the turning point. She wouldn’t let any more innocent people get killed off for a cure that was not going to be found anytime soon and could be discovered in a different way.

Determined she stormed out of the operation chamber and ran straight to her mother’s office. She wasn’t going to be there, because she had a meeting with the other members of the secret council for unknown sicknesses, shortened to the SCUS.

She walked to the secret locker in which all the progress of the operation was kept. She knew the code; it was her birthday. She unlocked it and grabbed the USB-stick. She knew there was no backup. The operation was too confidential for that. When she walked out of the room with the USB-stick a loud alarm went off.

“Oh fuck.” Clarke said to herself before sprinting to the exit of the building. While running she fished her phone out of pocket and shot off a quick few texts to her friends.

SOS

Out

Now

“So basically you’ve been a fugitive hobo for ten months.” Raven comments, after Clarke finishes
Clarke rolls her eyes in response, but doesn’t deny the statement. She had left Lexa out of the story. She wasn’t going to see her again anyway.

A few minutes later they arrive at the secret hideout the delinquents had managed to build. It was hidden under a bar. Clarke would never have found it on her own.

Raven parked the car in a well hidden alleyway behind the bar and got out, as did Bellamy and Clarke. Together they entered the building through the backdoor.

“Lincoln, we’re in.” Raven said into a walkie-talkie when they arrived at the end of the hallway.

Lincoln’s voice came out of the walkie-talkie a few seconds later. “Alright. Hold on.”

Another few seconds later a secret door opened up. Clarke was impressed to say the least. Her friends did more than fine without her.

After they walked through the secret door, which closed behind them again, Clarke spoke up. “How the hell did you guys make all this?”

“We got help from some friends I made when you were gone,” Raven shrugged, “the owners of this bar. We call them the Grounders, like the name of the bar.”

“Is that ‘Lincoln’ dude one of them?”

“Yup. He does the security of the bar. Then there is Anya, the owner and our main financial support. And last but not least we have Echo, who mainly just works at the bar. There used to be another one called Roan, but we lost him. All of them are excellent fighters as well.”

Clarke nodded, even more impressed now. They walked into a room which Clarke assumed was a lab, judging by all the expense equipment. She smiled when she saw everyone waiting for her. Octavia saw them walking in first, but after her deafening shout of “WE’RE BACK BITCHES!” everyone looked up and ran towards her. Clarke barely succeeded not to fall over when she got trapped in a big group hug. After a few seconds of not being able to breathe, everyone let go. Everyone had big smiles on their faces.

“You must be Clarke.” Someone suddenly said from behind her friends. An intimidating looking guy stepped forward. When Clarke looked at his face however, she wasn’t very intimidated anymore. He was smiling softly at her and extended his hand. “I’m Lincoln. It’s nice to finally meet you.”

Clarke smiled back at him and took his hand. “Same goes for you.”

She didn’t get to say much more because Octavia pulled her away by her arm and sat her down on the couch in the lounge room.

“You have to tell me everything that happened.”

Three weeks later
There were only a handful of people in the bar when Lexa walked in. She put her hands in the pockets of her leather jacket and walked over to the bartender. “Hey Echo. Is Anya here tonight?”

Echo looked up from the game she was playing on her phone. “Yeah, I’ll go get her.”

She walked into the kitchen as Lexa waited at the bar. A few minutes later Echo appeared with Anya and went back to work, while Anya walked up to Lexa. “Hey kiddo. I haven’t seen you for a while. How are you?”

“I’m fine.”

“You don’t look fine.” Anya stated.

“You’re right, I’m not.” Lexa stared at the bar for a second before meeting Anya’s eyes and lowering her voice. “My dad was kidnapped.”

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Clarke was sitting on the bed in her room going over everything that had to be done in the next couple of days. Monty and Jasper had to continue their search for a nightblood, Octavia had to scout a hotel to check if her mom was staying there and Maya had to turn in the economic plan for the next month. She decided to go check on Monty and Jasper first.

When she walked into the lab she was surprised to see Raven there. “Hey, how’s it going in here?”

“No progress on finding the nightblood yet.” Monty answered. Clarke nodded and turned to Raven.

“And what are you doing here?” She asked crossing her arms. “Shouldn’t you be working on the long range stun guns?”

“Technically I should be, yes.” Raven nodded. “But I was bored, so...”

Clarke sighed and shook her head lightly. “You’re lucky you’re cute, Reyes.”

“You know it.” Raven winked.

Clarke rolled her eyes and walked out the room. Honestly, she was bored too so she walked to the security room where she could creepily stalk people on the monitors. People-watching was her go-to activity when she was bored. In this case it was extra entertaining because no one actually knew they were being watched. It was like a bad reality show. She plopped down in the chair next to Lincoln’s. “Did anything interesting happen lately?”


They sat together in silence. Clarke scanned the monitors until she saw a familiar brunette talking to Anya at the bar. She squinted, but couldn’t quite make out the face of the person. “Zoom in on C3?”

Lincoln obeyed and pressed a few buttons. The girl’s face was now clearly visible.

“Oh my god.”
“What do you mean ‘your dad was kidnapped’?” Anya whisper-shouted in shock.

“I mean some professional looking dudes came into my house and started questioning my dad and when he couldn’t help them, they took him.” Lexa explained, nervously looking around. “Can we take this conversation somewhere private?”

Anya didn’t bother answering the question and just walked through a door leading into a shabby hallway. Lexa quickly followed her. Anya suddenly turned around causing Lexa to almost walk into her. “Where were you while all of this happened? What did they ask?”

“I was hiding in the broom closet because my dad told me to and, uh, they asked where Clarke was.” Lexa said the last part a bit hesitantly.

Anya closed her eyes and rubbed her forehead with her hand. “Oh god. Okay. I always hoped you wouldn’t get dragged into this, but I guess it’s too late now.” She pulled a walkie-talkie from her belt and pressed the talking button. “Lincoln, can you let me in?”

Lincoln’s response was immediate. “Already on it.”

Lexa looked at the wall with wide eyes as it suddenly opened up.

“Follow me.” Anya said.

“Oh my god.” Clarke repeated. “What is she doing here? She isn’t supposed to be here.”

“Whoa, Clarke. Calm down. How do you know Lexa?” Lincoln said, looking very confused.

“I met her a few weeks ago.” Clarke said staring at the monitor in shock.

Lincoln was still thoroughly confused. “Uhm. Well, she’s Anya’s friend. She comes here quite a lot.”

Clarke was a little relieved by that. That relief quickly faded when Anya and Lexa entered the hallway where the entrance to the base was. Surely Anya didn’t want her friend to get involved in this mess. “What is she doing?”

Lincoln didn’t have time to answer because Anya’s voice sounded through the speakers of the security room.

“Lincoln, can you let me in?”

“Already on it.”

And through the door they went.
“Anya, what the hell is going on?” Lexa asked for the fourth time while trailing after her friend.

Anya ignored her and walked through a door leading into something that looked like a lab. Two guys and a girl looked up as Anya suddenly stormed in. “Where is Clarke?”


“Wait! Anya. Clarke is here?” She called after her.

Anya ignored her again and walked into another room full of computer screens. “GRIFFIN!”

Clarke almost fell out of her chair when her name got roared into the room. She hastily stood up and saw Anya glaring at her from the entrance and a few seconds later Lexa appeared next to her.

“Oh god.” Clarke gulped.

“WHY DID LEXA JUST TELL ME HER DAD GOT KIDNAPPED BECAUSE OF YOU?” Anya shouted. She was furious.

“Oh my god, Anya, chill.” Lexa jumped in, holding her friend back from trying to kill Clarke. “It isn’t her fault.”

“They found you because she was with you, didn’t they?” Anya countered.

“She was only there because I didn’t let her leave. Now, can someone please explain what the flying fuck is going on?” Lexa said exasperatedly.

Lincoln, who had quietly watched the exchange, decided to speak up. “Why don’t you explain what’s happening, Clarke? Anya, come with me.”

After Lincoln had finally led Anya out of the room, Clarke exhaled and sat down again. She motioned for Lexa to sit down too.

“Thanks for not letting me get killed.” Clarke said. “It was kind of my fault, though.”

“Well, you did warn me so it is as much my fault as it is yours.”

Clarke hummed and thought about how she was going to explain this. “Uhm. I don’t know if you realise it, but now that you know about this place you have to stay here and help us. It’s that or mysteriously disappearing to never be heard of ever again.”

Lexa nodded. “Yeah, I kind of figured that out.”

“Okay. Then I will explain what we do here.” Clarke started. “The group of people I originally work with are called the delinquents. There are nine of us including myself, Bellamy, Octavia, Raven, Monty, Jasper, Murphy, Maya and Miller. Then there are the grounders, which are the people that joined later and helped us establish this secret base. They consist of Lincoln, Anya, Echo and, I guess, you too now.” She paused to check if Lexa was keeping up. “So what we actually do here is, uhm, well, we are trying to stop my mother. She’s kind of killing a lot of
people to find a cure to this disease my father died to.”

Lexa looked taken aback by that. “Wow. That must have been hard for you.”

“Yeah. It happened a year ago.” They stayed silent for a bit. Clarke was clearly reliving a lot of the shit that happened to her, so Lexa decided to change the subject.

“So what will I be doing?”

“Uh... What are you good at?” Clarke asked.

“I was this state’s MMA champion this year, so I could do some physical stuff. I was also supposed to go to Yale after the summer break.” Lexa answered.

“Okay let me rephrase that question. What are you not good at?”

“I guess I can be a little reckless sometimes.” Lexa shrugged.

Clarke smiled. “We’ll see where you fit into the group. Now, let’s get to what happened with your dad.”

A few days after Lexa joined the group Clarke was sitting at the desk in her bedroom looking over the planning. Octavia had scouted the hotel, her mother wasn’t there, economically they were doing great, so she didn’t have to worry about that, and the stun guns were coming along nicely. Since she didn’t really have anything to do, she decided to check on Lexa’s progress. Yesterday they had tested her level of intelligence, which was really high, and today they were testing her fighting skills, which were probably just as high, if not higher.

Walking into the gym she was met with the sight of a shirtless Bellamy and a shirtless Lexa sparring, which was not entirely unpleasant of course. Those two had become fast friends since they first met. Clarke just hoped Lexa wouldn’t start calling her princess as well. (She totally did hope that)

Clarke watched them for a while until Lexa floored Bellamy.

“Impressive.” She said. Lexa turned around at the sound of her voice, chest heaving.

“Thanks.” She said and picked up her shirt from where it was lying on the floor. “How long have you been standing there?”

“Just a little while.” Clarke answered with a smirk, before walking over to Bellamy and kneeling down beside him. “You good buddy?”

Bellamy just groaned and got up to get his shirt too. Lexa threw a bottle of water towards him, which he barely caught.

Clarke laughed at his antics. “Ahw, look at him. He’s annoyed because he got his ass beaten by a girl.”

Bellamy glared at her before leaving the room with a huff, while Clarke smiled sweetly at him.
When she turned around Lexa was suddenly standing in front of her.

“How did I do?” She asked with a small grin playing on her lips.

Clarke forced herself not to look at the other girl’s lips as she responded, but it was really hard when the brunette was all hot and sweaty. “Uh, good. Great. Yeah, you did great.”

Lexa’s grin only grew when Clarke suddenly became a stuttering mess because of her. Clarke was definitely looking at her lips now.

“Hey, Clarke. Can you- oh damn, the sexual tension is so fucking high in here.” Raven said as she walked into the room.

“I think that’s my cue to leave.” Lexa said and walked past Raven out of the room, leaving a flustered Clarke behind.

Clarke cleared her throat and addressed Raven. “What’s up?”

“Don’t act like that didn’t just happen.” Raven said, crossing her arms.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.” Clarke denied and walked past Raven, who followed her out of the gym.

“Come on, Griff. What just happened between you and sexy Lexi?”

“Nothing.”

“Did you guys have a one night stand when you met or something?”

“No.”

“So, what happened then?”

Clarke stopped walking and turned around sharply. “Goddammit, Raven. Nothing happened. Get over it.”

“Fine. Deny it.” Raven sighed. “I’m done with the stun guns, so if you could come and check them out? Or do you have an appointment with Lexa in the shower? That’s fine too.”

Clarke ignored the last part and responded. “Yeah, I can check them out now.”

-Later that day, after everyone had had dinner, Lexa found Clarke sitting on her bed while running her thumb across her wrist. She didn’t see the brunette standing there, being too consumed by the bad memories that were haunting her, so Lexa decided to announce her presence. “Hey, are you okay?”

Clarke finally looked up at her and the sight broke Lexa’s heart. The blonde had been crying. She was still crying.

“Do you want to talk about it or would you rather be left alone?” Lexa asked gently.
Clarke shook her head and patted the spot next to her on the bed. Lexa reluctantly sat down beside her. They sat there in silence for a while, before Clarke finally started talking. “My mom did this.” She said, once again running her thumb over the scars on her wrist. Lexa grabbed her hand to encourage Clarke to continue. “It happened ten months ago.”

-

10 months earlier

It has been a month since Clarke turned against her mother. Jasper had managed to get them safely into a military base called Mount Weather with the help of his girlfriend Maya. That is where they successfully operated from until her mom found out where they were.

Right now Clarke was being dragged into a car by the people that worked for her mother. She sacrificed herself so her friends could escape with the research. I bear it, so they don’t have to.

She was probably going to get tortured or killed, but in the end, when her friends would have found a cure for the virus, it would have been worth it and she would be with her dad again.

That’s why she didn’t fight it when they cuffed her, when they dragged her away, when they pushed her in a car and when they threw her on the ground at her mother’s feet.

“Get up.” Abby ordered. It was difficult for Clarke to stand up while being cuffed, but eventually she succeeded. Abby ordered the guards to tie her to a chair. After that was done she ordered for everyone to leave and averted her attention to her daughter. “I’m very disappointed in you.”

“I feel like I should be the one saying that.” Clarke countered. She earned a slap across the face for it, but didn’t stop talking. “What do you think dad would say if he saw you doing this to me? I don’t think he would be very happy. If he was alive it wouldn’t have come to this, though. He wouldn’t have let you kill all those people.” Abby had stopped listening at this point and picked up a knife. “What? You gonna kill me too now? You know what? I would be glad to die right here, right now, at the hands of my own goddamn mother, just like my dad died because of her.” Clarke was shouting by the time she finished the last sentence.

“SHUT UP!” Abby shouted back.

“Make me.” Clarke spat.

Abby was absolutely furious by now and slowly walked towards Clarke with the knife in her hand. “You’re going to regret saying that.”

Clarke just kept silent, awaiting her punishment. Abby spoke up again however, not having forgotten what her daughter stole from her. “Where is the research, Clarke?”

Clarke once again kept silent, so Abby positioned the knife on her wrist and looked up at her daughter’s face one more time. There were tears starting to well up in Clarke’s eyes, but she kept her mouth shut. Abby sighed and slowly made a few cuts in Clarke’s wrist, while the latter just screamed in pain.
Clarke had stopped crying as she finished the story. There were no tears left.

“I can’t believe you had to go through that, Clarke.” Lexa said. She remembered what Clarke had told her the day they met: Not to pity her. That’s why she didn’t say she was sorry, even though she was.

Clarke nodded. “Thank you for listening, Lexa. It really helped.”

“No problem.” Lexa smiled softly at her.

They stared at each other for another minute before Clarke leaned forward and hugged the brunette. Lexa was a bit surprised at first, but quickly wrapped her arms around the other girl.

They stayed like that until they fell asleep.

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“CLARKE, WAKE UP YOU LAZY BITCH!”

Clarke shot up from where she was entangled with Lexa on the bed when Raven stormed into the room, but immediately regretted it when she stumbled and fell to the ground. Lexa slowly woke up too and glared at Raven when she found the source of the noise.

“Whoa, what’s going on here?” Raven smirked, while Clarke groaned from where she had face-planted on the floor. “Never mind. Just tell me later. Griffin, Monty and Jasper found a nightblood!”

Clarke looked up with wide eyes and quickly stood up. “Seriously?”

“Yeah, come on!” Raven said pulling Clarke out of the room.

A rather confused Lexa was left alone in the room. “What is a nightblood?” She asked herself and followed the other two girls to the lab. Clarke had told her about a virus and a cure, but had never actually explained what it contains.

When Lexa entered the lab everybody was looking at her. “What?”

“It’s you.” Octavia said.

“What’s me?”

“You’re the nightblood.” Jasper answered. “We’ve been looking for a nightblood for so long and you were already here, in the bar, pretty much every Saturday.”

“If you mean that my blood is black, yeah, you could have just asked.” Lexa said, sitting down on the couch. Everybody was staring at her in shock. “So, what is going to happen to me now?”

“Jasper and I would like to run a few tests and extract some of your blood, if that’s okay.” Monty
Lexa nodded hesitantly. “Will any of it hurt?”

“Not if all goes well.” Monty reassured her.

“Okay, then let’s begin.” Lexa said.

Raven walked up to Clarke, who was sitting on a couch in the lounging room waiting for the test results so she could start developing the cure. Octavia was sitting to her right playing games on her phone, so Raven sat down to her left. “So Clarkie, are you gonna tell me what happened with you and Lexa last night?”

“Something happened with her and Lexa?” Octavia looked up from her phone, suddenly not very interested in her game anymore.

Clarke groaned. “Please stop asking about Lexa and I, there’s nothing going on.”

“Well, when I walked in your room this morning you two seemed pretty cosy.” Raven said nonchalantly.

Octavia and Raven were both waiting for her to explain, so Clarke sighed and gave in. “Fine. Lexa and I first met the day you and Bellamy found me and brought me here.” She began looking at Raven. “Nothing really happened. I told her not to get attached and stuff. I didn’t see her for three weeks, until she suddenly showed up here. That’s all.”

Octavia raised her eyebrows. “So? What happened last night then?”

Clarke stayed silent for a few seconds before taking a deep breath and answering. “Uhm, I told her about my scars.”

“Oh.” Raven and Octavia said at the same time.

“How did she react?” Octavia asked slinging her arm around her friend’s shoulders.

“She is a really good listener and hugger.” Clarke responded with a little smile.

Raven wrapped her arms around her friend as well and sighed. “What more does a girl want.”

Clarke rolled her eyes but smiled nonetheless. “I love you guys.”

“We love you too, Griff.” Octavia answered, while Raven hummed in agreement.

They sat there together until Jasper entered the room. “Hey Clarke, I’m sorry to interrupt this heartfelt moment, but we got the test results.”

Clarke nodded and untangled herself from her friends. “Duty calls.”

“Go end this damn virus, Griffin.”
One year earlier

Clarke stood up from the ground with tears in her eyes when her mother exited her father’s room in the SCUS-hospital. “Is he going to make it?”

Her mother looked heartbroken as she shook her head ‘no’ and hugged her sobbing daughter. “I’m so sorry, Clarke.”

“Can I still say goodbye?” Clarke asked her mother, who was crying too by now.

She nodded in response and released her daughter.

Walking into her father’s room, she saw that he was already waiting for her. He sent a small smile her way, but it did nothing to stop her from crying. “Clarke, come here.”

Clarke ran to his bed and hugged him one last time. “Please don’t leave me, daddy.”

Hearing his daughter so sad broke Jake’s heart. “I’m sorry, honey.”

Clarke climbed in his bed and they held each other until Jake felt the end nearing. “Clarke, I want to tell you one last thing before I go, so listen up okay?”

Clarke couldn’t get any words out so she just nodded and released her dad.

“No matter what happens, always remember that you’re the good guy. You have such a good heart, Clarke. Don’t let this or anything else ruin that.” He said. “Can you promise me that?”

“Yes.” Clarke choked out. “I love you, dad.”

“I love you too.”

“This is for you, dad.” Clarke whispered as she held up the final product of the cure. Now it only had to be tested out. She called for Jasper, Monty and Raven to come to the lab immediately. She already knew on who they were going to test it.

I bear it, so they don’t have to.

“Hey, Clarke. Did you finish the cure?” Monty asked as he, Jasper, Raven and, surprisingly, Lexa walked into the room.

“Yup, now we only have to test it,” Clarke answered, “And before you get any ideas; we’re testing it on me.”

“What? Clarke, are you crazy? That’s way too dangerous.” Raven exclaimed.
“Someone has to do it and I’m not letting any of you do it.”

“No, Clarke. You can’t. I won’t let you.” Raven announced and tried to storm towards Clarke, but Lexa held her back.

“You have to let her try.” She said and averted her attention to Clarke. “Do you think it will work?”

“I’m 90% sure it will,” the blonde said, “but if it doesn’t, that does not mean I will die straight away. The incubation period is usually 2 to 10 days. We’re using an advanced version of the virus however, so in this case it is pretty much nonexistent. If the antidote doesn’t work there will be blood coming out of my eyes, ears, nose, mouth, etcetera. After the bleeding stops, I will be in a lot of pain for a few days before…”

Lexa swallowed and nodded. “Raven, are you going to behave or do I have to remove you from the room?”

Raven sighed and shrugged out of Lexa’s strong grasp. “I’ll be good.”

Clarke nodded and injected herself with the cure first. She waited for a minute before slowly picking up the syringe with the advanced version of the virus and looking at her friends. Raven eyed the syringe with fear and grabbed Monty’s hand, as did Jasper. Lexa just looked at her and nodded in encouragement. Clarke took a deep breath and shoved the needle into a vein, injecting herself with the virus.

A few agonizing seconds of silence passed in which everyone held their breath.

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A few agonizing seconds of silence passed in which everyone held their breath. Clarke looked up and smiled at everyone after nothing happened for half a minute. It worked.

Raven squealed and sprinted towards her best friend. “CLARKE, YOU DID IT YOU CRAZY BITCH!”

The others approached too while Clarke got squeezed to death by Raven. After a few seconds of not being able to breathe, Raven let go and grinned at the blonde. “She’s a good hugger.” She whispered and then pushed her towards Lexa, who pulled her into a hug as well.

“I’m glad you survived.” Lexa whispered in her ear. Clarke shivered and buried her head in the brunette’s neck.

“Me too.” She whispered.

They let go after a few seconds and Clarke averted her attention to Monty and Jasper. “Come here guys.” She said holding her arms wide open.

After those hugs were done too, Clarke couldn’t hold her excitement back anymore and screamed out. “WE HAVE A CURE BITCHES!”

“WHAT THE FUCK DID I JUST HEAR?” Octavia’s voice sounded from another room. Two
seconds later she came barreling into the room.

“This crazy kid just injected herself with the virus to test the cure and it worked!” Jasper said excitedly.

“Holy shit, Clarke! Come here you insane idiot!” Octavia said and hugged her friend.

“We’ll go tell everyone else.” Monty said, as he and Jasper left the lab.

“Now that we have the cure, we only have to find my mom and make sure she doesn’t kill me.” Clarke said enthusiastically.

“Yeah, uh, and how exactly are we going to do that?” Lexa asked.

“We’ll worry about that later. Let’s find their base first.” Clarke decided.

10 months earlier

Her mom had been torturing her for two days now and Clarke was absolutely done with life. She was trying really hard not to go crazy in her cell, but it was getting harder every minute. Instead of thinking about all the shit that had happened to her she decided to come up with a plan. She looked around her cell and saw the metal bars the bed was made out of. If she could tear one loose, she could use it as a weapon the next time they came to get her. They weren’t really expecting her to fight anyway and if she did they probably didn’t think she would be good at it. What they didn’t know was that she had been taught how to fight by Bellamy and that she was pretty damn good at it.

She pulled on the metal bar to see if it would move. To her satisfaction it was pulled out easily. She grinned at her new weapon and swirled it around in her hand for a little.

This was going to be fun.

An hour later a guard opened the door. He frowned when he didn’t see Clarke sitting in her usual spot on the bed. A second later he felt something hit his head and fell unconscious. Clarke dragged his body into the cell, quickly swapped their clothes and grabbed his Taser. She closed the cell door behind her and walked down the hallway. She wandered around the compound for a bit. On her way to the exit she passed a closet. She grabbed a backpack and some clothes. Only seconds after she left the building an alarm started blaring. She ran into the woods and didn’t look back.

It had been a few days since they got the cure and they still hadn’t found Abby. It wasn’t for a lack of trying. Everyone was looking at footage of security cameras from all over the city, but no one had spotted Abby or any of the other SCUS members yet. Everyone was getting restless.

“Isn’t there another way to find them?” Octavia asked, closing her laptop.
Clarke closed her laptop too and thought about it. Suddenly her eyes widened as she had an idea. “We don’t have to find them, if they find me first.”

“What do you mean?” Octavia asked frowning.

“She means we let her get captured and track them.” Lexa answered for her. “And no way, Clarke! That’s way too dangerous.”

The two of them had been hanging out a lot the last few days and Lexa had come to care about her a great deal.

“We have to do something, Lexa, because this isn’t going to work.” Clarke responded.

“She’s right.” Bellamy spoke up, which caused Lexa and Octavia to intensely glare at him. He lifted his hands in surrender. “Whoa, calm down. I’m just stating the facts.”

“It could work.” Raven said.

“Rae, you’re supposed to be on our side.” Octavia sighed.

“No, seriously. If we make a good plan, we can find their base and secure Clarke’s safety.” Raven tried to convince them. “Everybody turn off your computers and think with me.”

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“Okay, so first Clarke and I walk past a few dozen of security camera’s on the way back to my house.”

“Bellamy and Octavia will be in the emergency escape car one street over.”

“When we’re at my house we wait for them to attack.”

“When they do, you let Clarke be taken and make sure you get captured yourself too. Don’t forget you have to pretend you don’t know how to fight.”

“Murphy, Miller, Lincoln, Echo and Anya, A.K.A. team 1, and later Octavia and Bellamy, A.K.A. team 2, will be following us to the base.”

“When you enter the base they will attack and bring you and Clarke back to our base. Monty, Jasper, Maya and I, A.K.A. team 3, will be here tracking you and watching via security camera’s. We will contact team 1 or 2 if anything’s wrong.”

“Clarke and I both have a tracker, so you know where either of us is.”

“Alright that’s the plan.”

Raven and Lexa went over the plan one last time, since Lexa was a critical part of it.

“Okay, I think everything is set then.” Raven said and walked to the lab, where everyone was waiting. “Let’s go everyone!”
The summer was ending soon and the leaves were losing their green colour. Clarke inhaled deeply, breathing in the fresh air. She had been hidden away in the base for a month, so it was nice to finally breathe real air and smell the late summer air.

“Are you nervous?” Lexa asked her. They were about halfway there now.

“Not really.” Clarke shrugged. “Are you?”

“Yeah,” Lexa answered honestly, “this is my first mission and there’s a lot of pressure on me.”

Clarke grabbed her hand. “Whatever happens; save yourself first okay?”

Lexa looked at her strangely. “No way. Whatever happens; I’ll protect you. That’s my part of the mission, Clarke.”

“I don’t want you to get hurt because of me. I don’t want anyone to get hurt because of me.” Clarke said.

“Too bad. I’m not letting you die. I care too much about you for that.”

Clarke turned her head so she was looking at Lexa. “Literally the only thing I asked from you was not to get attached to me, yet here you are risking your life for me.”

Lexa smiled and turned her head too. “You have that effect.”

“The effect to be disobeyed, yeah.” Clarke chuckled and shook her head. “We’re here.”

Lexa averted her attention to her abandoned home. “Now we wait.”

They sat down by the picnic table and waited. Clarke noticed that Lexa was still nervous, so she squeezed her hand to get her attention and asked: “Tell me something about your dad?”

Lexa smiled again. “He has always been here for me, unlike my mother. She left when I came out as a lesbian.” She paid close attention to Clarke’s facial expressions as she said that. There was definitely no surprise there and Clarke didn’t let go of her hand, so that was good.

“I’m sorry you had to go through that.” Clarke said sounding actually sad that someone would hurt Lexa like that.

The brunette looked like she wanted to say something else, but stopped when a car came speeding around the corner of the street.

“They’re not very subtle.” Lexa said sarcastically, while mentally preparing to get kidnapped. Clarke just nodded in agreement and stood up.

“COME AT ME, ASSHOLES.”
“Let her go!” Lexa shouted and hopelessly tried to push a guy off of Clarke, who got wrestled to the ground the moment the SCUS guys jumped out of the car. She saw Clarke trying to suppress a grin at her acting. She did not succeed, but luckily for her she was lying face down on the floor, so no one but Lexa saw it.

“Shut up, little girl.” A guy grumbled and tried to push her away.

“Oh hell no!” Lexa shouted and punched the guy square in the face.

“Fucking hell! Someone cuff her and put her in the car too.” The guy said.

Lexa let another guy tackle her and drag her to the car. A few seconds later Clarke got pushed into the car as well. They shared an almost unnoticeable smile at their success, before they got blindfolded and the car drove off.

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“Griff and Woods are on the move. Team 1, start pursue now. Team 2, wait two minutes before starting pursue. Clear?” Raven spoke into the radio.

“Got it, starting pursue now.” Anya’s voice sounded through the radio.

“We got it.” Octavia’s voice was heard a few seconds later.

Raven sat back in her chair and looked at Monty, who nodded at her. “This is gonna work, Raven.”

- 

It felt like hours had passed before the car finally stopped and the guys that worked for her mom got out of the car. Everything depended on when team 1 would attack and Clarke and Lexa had no idea when that would be, which caused for them both to be very on edge. They got pulled away towards what Clarke assumed was the base.

Lexa concentrated on every little thing she could hear and smell. She could smell the trees around them and she could hear people screaming orders to her left. Suddenly she heard a change in the way the orders were voiced. It started to sound more desperate. She smirked as she heard Anya’s voice a few seconds later and elbowed the guard that was holding her arm in the stomach. Since her hands were cuffed in front of her, contrarily to Clarke’s, she could easily take off her blindfold and locate the other girl. She quickly knocked out her own guard before rushing over to the blonde. Clarke was a few steps in front of her, being held by another guard. Lexa jumped on his back and put the chain of her handcuffs around his neck. He was caught by surprise and fell to his knees and his hands went to his neck. “Knock him out.” Lexa grumbled to Clarke who was a bit surprised and still blindfolded. The blonde frantically looked around. “Here, here!” Lexa tried to guide her with her voice. Clarke quickly estimated where they were and kicked the guy in the head. He fell on the ground, unconscious.

Lexa quickly snagged the keys from his belt, unlocked Clarke’s handcuffs and pulled off the
blindfold. She handed them to the blonde who did the same for her. When they were both free they picked up a baton each and analyzed the situation. The good thing was that almost all the guards had been taken down by their friends. The bad thing was that an alarm was ringing which meant that more guards were on their way, probably with heavier equipment. Lexa and Clarke helped the others take down the last few guards before running towards the car. They were still quite far away from the car when the SCUS backup team started shooting at them. Clarke quickly pulled them behind a big container. To her relief she saw that all the others safely got to the car. She closed her eyes and tried to catch her breath. When she looked to her right to address Lexa she saw her sitting on the ground with a black, blood-soaked hand over her bleeding left shoulder while breathing heavily.

“Oh my god.” She quickly kneeled in front of the brunette and patted her cheek. “Stay with me, okay?” Lexa slowly nodded.

Clarke quickly pulled off her own jacket and shirt and ripped a piece of cloth off it after pulling on her jacket again. She was left wearing just her sports bra and jacket, but that was the least of her concern at the moment. She carefully pushed the clothing away from Lexa’s shoulder and started to dress the wound.

While all of that was happening, team 1 was throwing stun grenades at the back-up team to hold them back. They were running out though and Clarke knew it.

She finished up dressing up the wound and looked for a way to safely get to the car. There was no way they would be able to get there without getting shot. Clarke was slowly starting to lose hope. Then out of nowhere a familiar SUV came speeding towards them.

“About damn time.” Clarke muttered.

Bellamy pulled up beside them as Octavia opened the door. “Come on.”

Clarke helped Lexa up and lifted her in the SUV with Octavia’s help. Finally they drove away from the base.

“Raven, Lexa got shot in the shoulder. Prepare for surgery.” Octavia said into radio, after Clarke told them what happened.

Clarke held Lexa’s hand all the way back to their base.

-L-

Luckily the surgery went well and the bullet was removed out of Lexa’s shoulder easily. Now she was lying in bed in her room, while Clarke sat at the foot of the bed drawing something in her sketchbook with her back against the wall.

“Go back to sleep.” Clarke said gently when she saw that the brunette had woken up.

“Are you upset?” Lexa asked, ignoring the delicate instruction.

Clarke sighed. “A little, but only with myself.”

“It’s not your fault that they shot me, Clarke.” Lexa pointed out.
“It is. You were there because of me.” Clarke countered.

“If you say it like that, then it is also my dad’s fault. I mean I was there to find him too.”

Clarke shook her head and gave up the argument. “Go back to sleep.”

“No.”

Clarke closed her sketchbook with a frustrated huff and glared at Lexa. “Why?”

“Because you are beating yourself up over this and you shouldn’t.” Lexa answered.

“You got hurt because of me.” Clarke stated.

“It wasn’t your fault.”

“I hurt you.”

“You saved me.”

“Can we talk about something else?” Clarke asked getting more and more frustrated.

“Sure. What were you drawing?” Lexa responded.

Clarke rolled her eyes and got off the bed. For a second Lexa thought she was leaving, but then she walked to the head of the bed and squatted down beside the brunette’s head.

“Look for yourself.” She said handing over the sketchbook. Lexa reached out with her right arm, careful not to hurt her left shoulder too much. She browsed through the sketchbook slowly.

“These are almost all of me.” She stated cautiously, while turning her head to Clarke, who just nodded. “Wh-why wou-”

Lexa was cut off by Clarke’s lips pressing against hers. Lexa barely had time to kiss her back before Clarke pulled back again. “I’m sorry. I always wanted to do that.”

“Do it again you idiot.”
I live

Chapter Notes

So........ Yeah, you're smol 15 year old bisexual is now a big 17 year old bisexual who got caught up in life. I'll go ahead and say that I am not finishing this fic. I'm sorry if I disappointed anyone. I'll still post the last bit that I had before I stopped writing this. It's not a lot, so feel free to put your own end to the story. I think I'll only post one-shots from now on because the pressure of writing a multi-chapter fic is just too much. I'll be returning for clexa week probably. See you then (hopefully).

See the end of the chapter for more notes

After kissing for a few more minutes, Clarke left Lexa to sleep with a soft kiss to the forehead. She gently closed the door behind her. Like that Clarke was left with her thoughts. She sighed contently and leaned back against the door with her eyes closed. For the first time in a long time Clarke allowed a genuine smile to break through her usual layer of sadness and anxiety.

Her blissful moment was rudely interrupted some seconds later, though, by Raven, who walked into the hallway. “Damn, Griff. What’s got you all smiley?”

Clarke’s face fell back into its usual scowl at the disruption of her little moment. “Why are you always here?”

Raven frowned at the hostility from her friend. “Uhm, I live here?”

Clarke directed another glare at the brunette before sauntering away while grumbling something along the lines of “needing some fucking privacy”.

Raven was left alone in the hallway, while being utterly confused. She knew Clarke could be moody from time to time. She was expected to be. The blonde had been through way too much shit to be healthy for a human being and if Raven was being honest with herself, she was very worried about her friend.

They’d known each other when everything had been perfect, when Clarke and Raven were just two regular kids living their lives, going to school and sharing their lunch and shit like that. They also went through the changes together. They were taught about the virus together, they went through Jake’s death together, they saw Abby go crazy together and they ran away together. They were a team.

But then the attack on the base happened, in which Clarke was taken and, apparently, tortured. It had changed the girl. She wasn’t okay. And Raven knew it better than anyone. The girl she found ten months after losing her was not the same one. She was broken and it broke Raven too, even though she would never admit that out loud.

Raven shook her head and walked back the way she came from. She would leave Clarke alone for now.
A few weeks went by in which everyone was collecting information and creating a plan. Clarke went to check on Lexa everyday while the others ate dinner and she brought her food. The brunette would usually just thank the other girl and silently ate the food. Then Clarke had to leave again to continue making the plan. She simply didn’t have time for anything else.

Lexa, on the other hand, had too much time, which caused her to keep thinking and thinking. She lay in her bed day after day just thinking.

Clarke began to notice that the girl was changing. Her shoulder was healing quite quickly, which was good, but she got quieter too, until one day she didn’t even react when Clarke came in with dinner.

The blonde sighed and decided that she had to talk to Lexa about the change, so she set down the plate with food on the desk. “Hey, you’ve been distant lately.”

No reaction.

“Are you okay?”

Lexa slowly shook her head.

“Whatever it is you can talk to me. You know that, right?”

Lexa nodded. “It’s just-” she cut herself off and took a deep breath, “What if my father is dead?”

Of all things the brunette was going to say, this was the last one Clarke expected to come out of her mouth. She was too shocked to react, so Lexa continued.

“I’ve been so distracted lately with all that is going on and I just- I forgot about him. How could I do that? He’s always, always been there for me and now that he needs me, I just forget. I’m a terrible daughter, Clarke! What is wrong with me!?”

Seeing Lexa’s distress Clarke finally jumped into action. She sat down on the bed next to the younger girl and gently took the hand closest to her in hers. “Hey, nothing, okay?”

Lexa bottom lip began to tremble and tears formed in her eyes.

Clarke quickly started speaking again. “You’re stressed. You’re really fucking stressed and so am I and so is the rest of the team.” She sighed deeply. “The truth is; you’re a hero. You are going to save so many people. Truthfully, we can only hope you’re father is one of them, but you’ll have to fight to make it possible.”

After the blonde finished speaking, she carefully pulled Lexa into her arms and let the girl sob on her shoulder.

“I’m ready to die for this cause, Lexa,” Clarke said, after a few minutes, “Are you?”

The brunette sniffled a bit and took a moment to think about it. Then when she was sure her voice wouldn’t tremble too much, she responded. “I am.”
“Is there really no other way to contact your mother? Because last time we just stormed into their base, Lexa got hurt.” Octavia said with her eyebrows knit together.

“Do you really think I would send you guys into unnecessary danger?” Clarke retorted, “I don’t like this anymore than you do, but it’s the only way.”

“We better make a perfect plan this time then.” Raven said.

“Okay, Octavia can you go get everyone to work on the plan together in the lab?” Clarke asked.

“Sure.”

“Oh, Lexa too.” The blonde added as an afterthought. “She should get on her feet again; it’s been two weeks already.”

The smaller girl nodded and left the room, which left Clarke and Raven. The latter decided that this was the moment to confront Clarke with her recent behaviour, so she cleared her throat and said:

“Clarke, are you okay?”

The blonde got pulled out of her thoughts and looked up. “Uh, yeah, sure.”

“No,” Raven sighed, “are you really okay. I mean, like, with everything that’s going on and shit.”

Clarke looked away. “I’m fine.” She said quickly.

Raven rolled her eyes. “No, you’re not Clarke.”

“No, but I have to be.” Clarke said darkly, leaning against her desk.

“That’s bullshit.” Raven said, losing her patience. “It’s okay to be broken, Clarke.”

“But not right now. Not now we’re so close. I cannot lose my shit now, Raven. For everyone’s sake.” Clarke said hotly.

Raven scoffed. “So you just destroy yourself, so no one else does?”

“Exactly.” Clarke said, glaring at the other girl, daring her to tell her otherwise.

Raven was too stunned to react for a moment, thereafter asking in a small voice: “Why?”

Clarke then said the words that had haunted her since she was tortured. “I bear it, so they don’t have to.”

“Wha- Clarke, no! Is- is this why you injected yourself with the virus?” Raven stuttered (and Raven Reyes never stuttered.)

“Yes.” Clarke answered simply.

Raven shook her head. “But why? Why go out of your way to take every hit directed at us?”

“Because I’m already broken, Raven. I’ll never be the same person I was before my mother tortured me. I’m fucked up. I don’t want you guys to hurt like I do.” At some point during her little
speech the blonde had started to silently cry.

Raven took a hesitant step towards her friend. “You can’t keep going like this, Clarke. It’ll kill you.”

“I’m willing,” Clarke said, silent tears still rolling down her cheeks.

Raven wanted shook her head and tried to take another step forward, but Clarke stopped her.

“Raven, don’t. Let me carry the burden.”

“No,” Raven said ultimately and pulled the blonde into her arms. The leader tried to get out of it Raven held her firm into place. “You’re not alone, Clarke.”

The blonde sighed and rested her head on the other girl’s shoulder.

“Okay guys we need ideas. How are we going to do this?” Clarke asked when she and Raven walked into the lab.

“I think we should take real guns with us, not the stun guns,” Bellamy said, “We’re safer that way.”

“I agree.” Octavia said, while all the others nodded.

“Fine.” Clarke said, knowing she couldn’t save everyone. “So how do we actually get into the base this time? We can’t sneak over the wall or through the gate, it’s too heavily guarded.”

“Maybe we can distract them, so someone can sneak past them.” Miller proposed.

“I say we just snipe the guards at the gate so someone can get in.” Anya said.

Miller frowned. “They’ll hear that.”

“So we use suppressors.” Anya pointed out.

“Maybe we can do both.” Clarke spoke up. “We set off an explosion to draw their attention, then a few of them leave to investigate and we snipe off the few guards they leave behind at the gate.”

Everyone seemed to agree with that. Then Lexa spoke up. “Who is going to be on the team that goes in?”

“I was thinking the Blakes, Murphy and I should go in, Raven and Jasper set off the explosion, Monty and Maya stay here to do the tech stuff, Anya, Echo and Miller do the sniping and Lincoln and Lexa stay in the escape vehicle.”

Everyone seemed satisfied by their task, Raven and Jasper even high-fived, but Lexa, who looked affronted by her assignment. “Why do I have to wait in the vehicle? In a week I’ll be fine to do whatever with my shoulder.”

“You should stay safe. You got hurt last time.” Clarke said.

“No way, I’m going in with you.” Lexa argued.

“Lexa-“

“No.” The brunette cut her off.

Clarke sighed. “We’ll talk about this later. Now back to the plan. What do we do when we’re in?”
A few hours later the basics of plan were established. Everyone went to their respective rooms to get some sleep before the next day, in which they would put the finishing touches on the plan.

Chapter End Notes

see ya

End Notes

So, what did you think? I will try to post the next chapter before december, but I'm quite busy with school so don't expect too much. Btw I won't be writing any smut. I'm a smol bisexual 15 year old and I'd like to stay innocent for a few more years.

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