But it's Tradition!

by Rmepashn

Summary

Clarke is taking life one day at a time one the ground. She is positive that there is nothing more that can shock her. SkaiKru is allied with the coalition, treaties are being made, flirtations are being had, the seasons are turning, festivals are starting and everything is just fine until she finds out about the grounders contest where the prize is Lexa...

Oh hell no.

This is an ABO fic

Notes

Kinda nervous about writing this, it's just an idea and id like to progress with it. I'm curious to
hear what people think and hope you enjoy it.

This is an ABO fic so please be aware of what that entails.

Thank you for reading and I hope you enjoy!
Chapter one

Chapter Summary

A/N: This is a reupload of chapter one. I accidently deleted it so if you see this as chap 9 I couldn't get it to the right place yet.

One of the more annoying things about life on the ground was the there was alot more cardio involved than Clarke had imagined.

The sheer amount of running. Just running.

From the grounders, the mountain men, Azgeda and Pauna.

Oh! But not JUST Pauna...no now another evolutionary marvel was chasing them through the thick underbrush.

Wonderful, just fantastic, this time the animal looked like well...a dinosaur.

Clarke would laugh if she wasn't so damned terrified.

Easily as big as the rover it's squat long crocodile like body moved quickly through the woods pursuing Clarke and Lexa as they sprinted through the woods.

Lungs burning her legs screaming at her Clarke followed Lexa as the alpha maneuvered through the woods leading them hopefully to safety.

What was supposed to be a simple trip to a neighboring tribe to discuss trade routes with SkaiKru had abruptly turned into marathon. Clarke enjoyed the ground mostly.

It was a step up, though to say they were unprepared is an understatement.

Actually being on the ground breathing real air. Drinking real water, eating real food...ok Yes Indra had gotten her to try a small dark green vegetable which had devastated her taste buds and Lexa had thankfully given her a mug of cold milk and a sharp glare to the stoic faced Indra.

But yes, back to the running.

Clarke followed Lexa as she skidded to a halt and opened a hatch in the ground and motioned for Clarke to get in.

Clarke groaned as she slammed her elbow into a concrete wall as she hastily climbed down the metal ladder to what was apparently yet another doomsday bunker left over from the apocalypse.

Hissing as she rubbed her arm and took in their surroundings. Damp concrete walls, there was an ancient cot against the far wall.

Rows of dried sacked grain lined the walls, barrels of wine, oil, and ales filled the corners.

Clarke turned to Lexa suddenly she froze, the alpha was lighting the small oil lantern that lined the walls until the room was better illuminated.
But the way the light danced across the commanders skin caused all the moisture in her mouth to flee as she watched Lexa shrug out of her heavy jacket.

It was the spring, and Clarke had discovered that the heda typically wore what seemed to be the same thin gray tank top under her jacket in the warmer months.

Of course this meant that Clarke spent a great deal of time watching the Hedas sleek muscles move and had been caught more then a few times by it seemed everyone except Lexa.

She hasn't been able to look Titus in the eye for a week.

A shrill screech sounds from above them and Clarke jumps and Lexa is suddenly beside her.

"Its alright Clarke, he won't find us in here. The area around food caches are covered in pepper, it kills scent for most predators."

"Good, that's reassuring." Clarke goes and sits down on the cot with a sigh. Smiling as the serious alpha follows her with her hands behind her back until she turns and sits besides Clarke.

They say in silence until Clarke's inability to keep quiet forces her to start conversation. It's somewhat painful. "So how do you think the trade agreements will go?"

"There shouldn't be any problems. Seth is a reasonable Cheif, his people as you know are Trikru, there village is smaller but the soil around them is not ideal for farming. I believe they will be good allies for trade."

" Right, Arkadias preserved seeds and hydroponics technology could help them with there farming."

"Yes, and they can send a team to Arkadia to teach your people how to hunt and track mating cycles to avoid poaching or damaging the population. In the meantime they're willing to trade meats for medication."

Clarke nods, they needed this trade deal.

With Lexas help SkaiKru had brokered three trade treaties so far, one with Floukru which entailed that SkaiKru would trade medical treatment and their hydroponics technology for fish, whale oil, grounder medications, the second was surprisingly with Azgeda.

The whole idea left Clarke feeling dirty even if she did have this odd understanding with the new King. Their trade was for the crashed remains of Farm station transported to Arkadia and in exchange Abby and her medical team are treating an epidemic currently sweeping their southern villages.

Clarke knew Lexa was concerned with how close the illness was getting to Trikru territory but if anyone could solve it, it was her mom.

The third had been from the plains people. They were legendary for their horses and agricultural abilities and Clarke knew Grant, the new beta head of Farm station was ecstatic. In exchange they were asking that SkaiKru trades knowledge and Raven was helping them design windmills to improve grain production.

Clarke knew Lexa had taken a huge risk bringing SkaiKru into the coalition. She was adamant that the faster SkaiKru became valuable to the coalition through what they could offer, old wounds between their two cultures could begin to heal.
She knew that they were approaching the annual time of year that the grounders had their largest celebrations.

Polis was abuzz with an energy of anticipation and excitement. She was clear on what everything entailed but she knew that there was a big hunt and a festival with some sort of competition and the Heda was hosting it.

When she asked Lexa about it the alpha had turned pink to the tips of her ears and stumbled out of her own bedroom at an alarming speed.

Point being, Clakre was a curious person.

Growing up she always knew where the Christmas gifts were hidden weeks in advance, when she had presented as omega she poured over every piece of information that she could, she did this with everything and currently she was curious about Lexa. Specifically Lexa and this festival.

"So...Lexa?"

"Yes Clarke?"

"This festival you're hosting that you don't want to talk about. What's up with that?"

"I'm not hosting the festival it's just...its well..."Lexa sputtered." It's a annual harvest festival but every three years in honor of the Flame and the three presentations it is a fertility celebration."

Interesting. Lexa entire face neck and chest were flushed and she refused to look at Clarke.

Was the big bad Commander alpha to shy to talk about sex?

"Is it just grounders? Why are you so weird about this? I thought joining the coalition was supposed to be taking part in things like this?"

"Well yes but...Well This celebration is sacred and I've seen how your people are about mating and nudity."

"Holy...Oh my God are you saying!" Clarke's whispered harshly even though they were alone. "Is it like an orgy?" Oh, curious didn't begin to describe her level of attention to Lexa every word in this moment. She is so glad they got chased by the Dragon dinosaur.

"What! No...wait...yea no that's not it. There are just...traditions that...happen and I'm expected to take part in." Lexa chewed her lip still avoiding Clarke's open stare.

"Are they a secret or can you share with the class?"

Huffing Lexa stood and paced as she seems to be thinking hard. Clarke is thoroughly starting to be weirded out. Seriously what was up with the alpha. She was pumping out agitated hormones like crazy.

"Every three years I am expected to...there's a competition...villages donate a tribute and any with unmated adult omega or beta females are encouraged to compete and the winner is...well...they're given a tea that induces a heat and I...The Heda lays with the winner as a sign of renewed allegiance and hope for the people and it's a good omen for a child to be born from this."

Silence looms over them. Lexa swallows nervously. She really hadn't wanted Clarke to know about this, but per usual the blonde omega was right. Aligning the SkaiKru was a risk. A big one, however
the sooner they get past there cultural hangups the better.

"YOU WHAT!"

TBC
Clarke gets more of an explanation and comes to a decision.

A/N:
Thank you so much for the awesome reviews, really make my day. I hope you guys continue to enjoy this story!

Lexa had ignored Clarke for hours!
Okay, no not literal hours but when your lost in the woods in the rain and it's rapidly becoming dark and a giant dinosaur lizard ISN'T chasing you? Felt like literal hours...

Of course that didn't mean Clarke hadn't tried to apologize. Just every time she grew close enough to talk to Lexa the alpha gave her a stony look and Clarke bristled.

She wasn't wrong to be upset over Lexa neglecting to mention the grounder humpfest one of the many nights Clarke spent in Lexas room as they discussed their different cultures.

Hell Lexa had told her in great detail about the Stone Clan people who ward off dark spirits with fermented animal innards painted on there village entry ways.

She still couldn't talk to Tomak, the Stone Clan Ambassador during Council meetings.

Seriously, it was a annual party where the Commander shagged some lucky contestant. Clarke growls surprising herself and drawing a curious glance from Heda.

Clarke suddenly remembers she now owes Raven two hours of system programming. She groans, the last thing she wanted to do is input code but Raven had been right.

There was in fact some obscure ritual involving the Grounders and mating.

Clarke wonders if Octavia who has gone 'native' and was a Seken to Indra and mated to Lincoln who knew about this wager had known?

"Clarke. " Lexa voice breaks the heavy silence between them. "Its growing to dark to continue, especially if were in Komodo territory."

"Kimonwhat?" Clarke asked, was that what that was?

"A Komodo, fierce killers. We need to find a place to sleep for the night. What did you think it was?"

Not a dinosaur. Obviously.

Clarke blushed and shrugged. "It had teeth...thats all I needed to know."

Clarke frowned, confused by what could only be described as a soft smile that flashed across the
Nodding Lexa continued. "There should be a hunters shack nearby."

So apparently Heda was also some sort of psychic Clarke mused before Lexa pointed out dyed blue colored rags tied around the occasional tree as they hiked.

Lexa opted to keep them off the roads to avoid bandits. Clarke agreed and she never balked at getting her hands dirty however after weeks in the Polis tower she had grown accustomed to a certain level of cleanliness and after the turn this day had taken she wanted a bath.

A hot one, she didn't even care that at this point of the day the Tower staff would have turned off the hot water supply.

Fantasizing about steamy water and the perfumed bath oils Clarke focused on that single goal. Not the fact that she had felt water invade the stitching of her boots for the umpteenth time!

Clarke huffed as she resolved that she would most definitely not be ruining her mood over a little mud and a delayed bath. Lexa apparently still wasn't talking to her. Let's try again...

"Hey Lexa."

"Mmhm."

"I'm sorry for saying your Grounder sex party was for your ego."

"It...Clarke, it's not...ugh Its not a sex party. Just...Do we really have to talk about this now?" Lexa exclaimed, as she whirled on Clarke, rolled her eyes and really did she have to look that utterly sex when she was all broody?

"Umm. No."

Clarke swallowed and decides to do the mature thing and ignore Lexa right back.

"Okay, now let's go it can't be far. Look for a red handprint."

Twenty minutes later upon finding said handprint stamped to the side of a rock face led them to a small narrow cave.

Luckily past occupants left behind a straw and furskin bed. At Lexas insistence they had both stripped from their clothes which were now laid out on a small flat topped boulder beside the fire.

Clarke burrowed deeper into the dusty fur blanket. Teeth chattering as she ignored Lexa standing less then three feet from her in her underwear bathed in light from the campfire and of course if Clarke turned her head she's pretty sure she could count the ripples in the Alphas abdomen.

There were six. She looked. They were perfect.

Did she have to stand right there!?!?

"Lessa for the love of god. Sit."

Lexa turned and looked pointedly at the omega hogging the blanket.
The only blanket.

"Right, sorry." Clarke blushed and held open the blanket and felt her whole body heat. God, she knew she had to be the shade of Ravens jacket but prayed the dim light hid it.

Lexa climbed into the bed with Clarke, ensuring there was appropriate distance she curling into own portion of the blanket feeling herself relax for the first time that day.

She enjoyed this. Sitting in comfortable silence with Clarke. There were few shed ever allowed herself to relax in front of.

"So this sex party." Clarke said after a few moments.

Lexa closes her eyes and practices her breathing exercises that Titus had taught her as a pup.

"What do you want to know Clarke."

Clarke suddenly turned on her side and leaned down propping her head up on one hand and smiled.

"How many have you done?"

"I've been Heda for two Flame Trials. This will be my third."

"So, you..."

"Mated..."

"Yes, that. With two different omegas?"

"No, and that's not what it's about." Lexa said exasperated.

"Sure it's not. So you don't mate with these women or men?" Confused now Clarke leaned closer momentarily forgetting their current state of dress.

"No, I hadn't presented during the first Flame Trials after I became Heda. In my place my Shield led the Flame Trials."

Clarke mulled over that. By this point she had learned a great many things about the inner workings of the Grounders government and how the position of Commander functioned. A Shield was akin to a bodyguard. One or two people that were highly trained and loyal to the Heda.

"So Gustus?" Clarke asked, carefully because she knew it still caused Lexa pain to talk about him.

"Yes. I was fifteen so Gustus served in my place. He sired a pair of twin boys from the union...they look like him." Lexa whispered the last part. Clarke wanted to comfort her but was unsure how.

"The other time?"

"It was Costia. We were together and she refused to...She beat them all." Lexa smiled softly at the memory.

"Do you get a choice?"

"Well yes Clarke of course, it is simply tradition. The people know that it won't make crops better or maintain the peace but it is tradition. It's a celebration of life."
"Okay, why didn't you just explain this earlier?"

Lexa rolled her eyes and gave Clarke a firm look. "I saw how you reacted to Tomak after I explained their superstitions and didn't know what you do."

"Fair enough." Clarke suddenly remembered something. "What are the trials?"

"The Flame Trials last for ten days, there are seven trials that must be completed by the Tributes. The first two trials many attend simply to take part in the festivities but the last five trials are for the serious Tributes. They vary, one is an obstacle course, one is hand to hand combat. Clarke."

"Yes Lexa?"

"I'm going to sleep now, we can discuss this more tomorrow after we return to Polis. Good night."

"Good night Lexa."

Clarke lay awake long after Lexa had drifted off to sleep. Staring into the darkness she thought about everything. The fall to the ground, Finn, Lexa and the Grounders. She remembers the kiss Lexa had stolen months ago in her war tent.

Clarke thought about the grounders probably training for this festival.

Turning to look at Lexa she decided she was just going to have to win.

TBC
Chapter Summary

A/N: Thank you for reading and leaving such awesome comments! I really appreciate it and hope you continue to enjoy this story.

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Clarke learns more about this festival

Oh she was mad! Furious, livid, irate!

Clarke huffed as she stomped down the muddy road in the rain. Because of course it was raining just ahead of Lexa.

Growling Clarke turned and glared at the commander as she recalled their conversation in the food cache.

**L**exa reeled slightly surprised by the omegas hostility.

*She knew that the SkaiKru seemed prudish by her own people’s standards. But she had been unaware that friends had a say in allies’ sexual encounters.*

Lexa bit back a grin when she saw the look of complete outrage on Clarke’s face.

*Her newly tanned skin highlighted freckles that hadn’t been visible and Lexa had instantly loved. She was not naive to her feelings, ensuring that her affection didn’t impact her command had become increasingly difficult.*

*These emotions and thoughts often weighed heavy on the young commander’s mind, however other times simple moments would fill Lexa with such a feeling of peace and joy.*

This was one of those moments, she was certain Clarke had no idea how adorable she looked her body tense, fists clenched, teeth bared and cheeks flushed with color.

She clearly needed to resolve this.

"Clarke, what is the problem? I know it may seem...barbaric to you but the festival it's celebrating my people's renewal and rebirth. While your people were in your metal...ship in the skies my people were crawling out of the ashes of primefaya and dying by the hundreds in the early years. The festival of the Flame Trials is the celebration of survival and life."

Clarke fumed, she heard what the alpha was saying. She understood. She couldn't entirely understand her vitrol over this revelation and she needed to get away from Lexa before she said anything reckless. "When were you going to tell me?"

"I was unaware that SkaiKru would be interested in mixing with grounders at this point in their
endeavors.” Lexa said drolly, her eyes narrowed and flashing.

Clarke ignored the shiver that raced down her spine and she grits her teeth at the obvious lie.

"Bullshit. All the time we've spent building relationships on the council, paying back the damages and you didn't have a single thought that said 'Hey! Maybe those crazy SkaiKru folks wouldn't mind a good party?'

Clarke's mocking tone drew a sharp snarl of annoyance from the commander. " So what?"

"Why do you care Clarke?"

ABORT.ABORT.ABORT.

Clarke clamped her mouth shut and huffed as she brushed past the alpha just as she reached the ladder she felt a strong arm grip her side and turn her, loosely pinning her against the ladder.

Clarke glares and stubbornly ignores the immediate affect of Lexa scent.

"I am sorry Clarke. I shouldn't have kept it from you. There's no reason too. SkaiKru can participate without entering the Flame Trials." Lexa gave her a nervous smile. " I do not want there to be any misunderstandings."

Clarke glares.

"Why can't SkaiKru take part in the Flame trials?"

Clarke hissed indignantly, how dare Lexa decide that without consulting Clarke!

“Well...Clarke the Flame Trials in Polis are different than the festival in TonDc. The competition requires all contestants pay tribute, be entirely voluntary, they must have the endorsement of their Hefa and preform all the seven trials. They usually spend months training and preparing.”

"Are you saying SkaiKru can't do that? Minus the cardio." Clarke snapped.

Lexa felt a dull throbbing pain in her head and she growled in annoyance before pulling her jacket on.

Flustered and annoyed by the ridiculous reaction from Clarke. She was baffled...Clarke was generally rather reasonable in matters. Particularly matters of state.

Feeling Lexa gaze burn holes in her back Clarke turned and climbs up the ladder.

"Clarke please, just talk to me. We can resolve this."

Clarke spins and growls low. "SkaiKru can fully participate in the Flame Trials. Agreed?"

"Clarke why would you want too? It is not your history, your culture won't see the honor of competing or winning." Lexa explained.

Clarke felt a small ball of heat turn in her stomach.

“Every three years. How many have you done? Is this an ego thing? Watch a bunch of omegas and betas fight over you?” Clarke knew she was over reacting...possibly. just a touch...

Lexa reared back her nostrils flaring.
Clarke wondered if that was the line?

As Lexa shouldered past her and started striding through the brush with a speed that felt way too much like running...

Nodding to herself she purses her lips and follows the offended Alpha.

'Yep. Definitely the line.'

TBC
Council meetings

Chapter Summary

Clarke stirs the pot and Lexa just needs a nap.

A/N:

Thank you so much for the reviews your all so amazing. I saw a comment about the chapter length, unfortunately they won't be to long because I'm writing off my phone but I'm hoping that updating frequently makes up for it.

HAPPY READING

They arrived back in Polis around mid day. Tutus had immediately squirreled Lexa away in her offices to discuss her minor disappearance as if she could have prevented it.

Her annoyance spiked when shortly after Titus had reprimanded her for going without a full unit of guards to negotiate the treaty.

The Hefa Seth Trikru Cheif to the northern Trikru territory who they were going to meet arrived at the Tower demanding an explanation.

Lexa found herself in her council room for hours, she could still feel the damp clothes under the signature coat of the Heda, she squirmed as the buckle for her shoulder guard bit into her skin.

She had been dressed hastily, the servants fussing around her, fixing her braids and washing her face and hands.

It all annoys Lexa, the way they flutter around her always reminds her of small birds. She's also not happy that she hadn't been able to speak with Clarke before she resumed her duties.

Sighing she tried to focus, they were finishing the terms of the trade treaty between the northern Trikru territory and SkaiKru.

Sighing she listened as Clarke listed off the agreed upon medications and their uses.

They were trading large amounts of their suppressants, the Grounders had no real form of birth control and Abby wasn't fond of the idea but at the moment that was the main medication they had in surplus and high demand in trade.

She noticed that Clarke had been able to bath and change. Lexa noticed a high flush to the omegas cheeks and her gaze drifted downward and Lexa was transfixed by the deep V of Clarke's shirt, the deep blue fabric offset Clarke's pale skin and her mouth went dry as she wondered what Clarke's skin tasted like, what her scent smelled like that close to her gland what it would feel like to lick the fine dusting of freckles on her chest?

Lexa squirmed at the slight twitch and growing tightness in her trousers.

Flushing furiously Lexa crossed her legs and quickly refocused on the meeting to find with some
alarm that they were all staring at her expectedly.

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Clarke frowned in confusion, Lexa looked startled. Clarke huffed in annoyance, she doubted that Titus had given Heda a moment's peace since they'd come back.

She must be tired.

Now she and the Council had resolved the medical trade agreement and she cast her tribute to enter SkaiKru into the Flame Trials. THAT had stirred to hornets nest.

Clarke had immediately been on the business end of a stern talking too by it seemed every person in the room regardless of their position at the table.

The arguments varied from SkaiKru weren't welcome to SkaiKru hadn't fully gained their trust. Some were outright offended by the idea that SkaiKru would want to breed with their Heda.

After ten minutes of shouting they turned to their Commander and had been waiting on a verdict for her petition to include SkaiKru in the Flame Trials festival.

The other ambassadors were all staring at their Commander faintly growling and grumbling, Clarke rolled her eyes and waited as Lexa seemed to collect herself.

"What say you Clarke?"

Clarke frowned, Lexa squirmed.

"The decision is yours Heda."

"Yes, my decision...as Heda is yes." Lexa's confusion only deepened when the room immediately erupted in shouting.

When she realized what she had apparently missed Lexa immediately focuses on damage control.

Citing that Tributes could not enter the Flame Trials without an endorsement from their Hefa. Lexa stoically ignores the fiery stare of the omega for the rest of the meeting.

She was positive she understood Skaikrus sense of modesty and sex well enough to predict how Hefa Abby would react. She of all people would be able to quell whatever strategic plan of Clarke's this was.

Lexa closed out the meeting citing the Flame Trials festival would begin in two days time and that all Tributes will be named at that time.

Sighing as the room emptied out and she and Clarke were left alone.

Her clothes were still damp.

"Lexa why are you fighting this?" Clarke snapped as soon as the doors shut.

"Clarke whatever plan you have, including SkaiKru in the Flame Trials isn't necessary. Their presence will be more welcome in time. You can't force it." Lexa pleaded. The thought of Clarke in the games, as the omega Tribute of her clan she would be in the spot light.

Thousands flocked to Polis for these trials and Clarke would be surrounded by alphas and betas from
across the lands and Heda bit back a snarl as she reasoned that Clarke could meet someone.

And if she won? Lexa understood that Clarke did not prefer females. That was not something she wishes to place on what has become her most precious friendship.

"I'll get that endorsement Lexa. You don't get to decide everything." Clarke shouted as she turned and stomped out of the room.

Before exiting she turned and regarded Lexa. "Take a bath and get some sleep commander."

As the door shut and Lexa sagged back into her throne she sighed.

TBC
Lexa struggled to sleep that night, she often was plagued with nightmares and debated taking the sleeping draught Titus provided her with. It was effective however it tasted bitter and caused vivid dreams. Sighing as she decided she wouldn't be sleeping without it she sat up and dug into the drawer of her bedside table for the small brown bottle. Yawning as she carefully poured three drops into a cup of water she resealed the sedative and tucked it away. Drinking the water quickly she lay down on her bed kicking away the blankets.

The heat of early spring cause the young alpha to overheat as she felt the rise in her hormones, she could feel her possessive instincts regarding Clarke grow daily. The closer she grew to the blonde haired omega the more Lexa wanted her. It was common knowledge that with the new year the beginning of everyone's cycles would raise tensions among alphas and there would be a spike in pregnancies, these festivals were engineered in part to attempt to control aggressive behaviours by holding tournaments and games to serve as an outlet when mating wasn't an option.

Lexa was uncertain how she could make it through the games without Clarke learning her feelings. Nothing she knew of Clarke suggested that she had any interest in Lexa. Lexa had concluded herself long ago that Clarke mourned Finn and had a strange fixation on the Bellamy boy. That combined with the initial brush off and the ensuing months in Polis after Clarke's self exile solidified Lexas conclusion.

Lexa was positive especially when the games begin that Clarke would want to quit especially when she finds out that one of the enrollment qualifications for the Flame Trials, was that she would need to be able to 'inspire a physical reaction' from the Heda in front of witnesses. Lexa groans and rubs her face and turns over and gives a start when she realizes she's pressed against silky warm skin and breathing in Clarke's scent, smelling her skin, her want and desire. Lexa growls low, instantly hard and pulsing.

Shifting her hips she slips her shorts off her hips moaning as Clarke's soft legs stroke down Lexas hips and thighs and Lexa snarls overcome with the need to claim Clarke, her omega.
Images of Clarke coming for her, taking her seed, being bred by Lexa.

Lexa moans and her teeth latch on Clarke's mating gland and Lexa is stretching her, making Clarke shudder and gasp.

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Clarke frowned as she stalked down the vacant hallway, stepping carefully to avoid the areas that creaked.

After weeks of secret meetings...well okay, not secret per say but Clarke was actively involved with Lexa, in the 'not mentioning this' to Titus.

Not to mention that after her first month in Polis, Clarke had noticed something odd. Yes she had become a 'guest' of the Hedas prior to SkaiKru joining the coalition however why was she the only Ambassador that was housed on the floor directly below the Hedas rooms while SkaiKru had there own wing just like every other Clan at least three floors below Heda.

She was growing used to the judgmental looks and the gossip. Many had concluded that she and Lexa were lovers long before it had become more than a passing thought to the omega.

Others theorized that Heda was merely keeping a close eye on Wanheda. Titus was relentless in voicing this belief to Clarke.

The bastard.

Silently peering around the corner Clarke breathed a sigh of relief, the usual night guards were posted outside Lexas door.

Two of the largest Betas that the Omega had ever seen stood vigil, Clarke had spent weeks getting to know the two Guards, Cedric was a happily mated father of three while Ruska was a somber faced woman who had no discernible weakness aside from a rampant sweet tooth.

Clarke knew that as long as Ruska was dealt with that speaking to Lexa shouldn't be overly difficult.

However she was on a mission. She had had every intention of ignoring Lexa and her enormous ego and simply explaining reasonably why her Mother should endorse her petition as Tribute.

She had then remembered that her Mother was her Mom and wasn't likely to approve of her sleeping with the Commander outside of a Grounder sex party.

Expecting to get an endorsement without somehow tricking Abby...That was a puzzle.

She had been perfectly happy with ignoring the obstinate Alpha until shed realized that. Was it so hard to ask for a little compromise.

The problem however was that Clarke was absolutely furious with Lexa and the urge to confront the alpha was overwhelming.

Evidence of this? Exhibit A. Clarke marches right past the guards without a word and she silently hands them both brown sacks containing bread, salted beef and cookies. Ruska nearly cracks a smile causing Clarke to almost walk into the door in surprise.

Carefully she opens Lexas bedroom door. She could see several candles flickering. Of course.
"Lexa?" Clarke whispered. She could barely see, the room was thick with the scent of Alpha and something heady that made Clarke's head spin slightly. She could hear shuffling and growling? Coming from Lexa's bed...wait.

Clarke froze as she took in the sight before her, Lexa was it seemed asleep on her stomach, one arm wrapped tightly around a feather pillow, her face seemed buried deep in the pillow, her hair was loosened from her usual braids and was mussed around the alpha's head, Clarke bit her lip as her fingers itched with the desire to stroke the rampant brown curls.

All this was passably distracting on its own, however Clarke realized that Lexa was very very nude. Combine that with the way Lexa's hips moved lazily into the mattress, her hips grinding rhythmically. Naked hips.

Her shoulders had slightly more development and Clarke's fingers twitched with the desire to smooth her hands down the alpha's back.

Clarke felt heat blossom between her legs as she realized the heady intoxicating scent was in fact, Lexa's arousal.

She needs to leave, oh she's turning...oh wow.

Why ahoy there Commander.

Clarke's omega purred and before she really knew what she was doing, she was leaning over the alpha.

Scenting Lexa proved to be troublesome, Clarke knew what she was doing was well...weird.

She was incredibly torn, hormones and urges she'd never felt before coming to the ground drove her more and more often.

She knew it was her biology regulating after a lifetime of artificial suppressants not to mention that Lexa in leather pants was a whole hell of allot to do to a girl.

Clarke froze, biting her lip in embarrassment, she had simply been brushing Lexa's hair from her sweaty forehead.

Lexa murmurs and her hips twitch and Clarke flushes and is frozen as she watches as small streams of white fluid gathers then drips from the head of the Hedas cock.

Glancing down Clarke ignored the flash of desire at seeing Lexa's cock for the first time. It was sizable, thick with a large blunt crown, she's not sure its fully erect and Clarke's mouth suddenly feels dry...she needs to leave.

"Gagh!" Lexa suddenly exclaims sitting up scaring Clarke halfway to death and then some.

Shreiking Clarke flails and tumbles from the bed, Clarke huffs and tries to judge if there's an unembarrassing way to escape this entire situation.

"Clarke? What are you doing here?" Lexa asked sleepily, Clarke melted as Lexa's big green eyes peered up at her.

"I just came to check on you before I go to bed. It's been a rough day." Clarke said softly.

Lexus nods sleepily and frowns spitting softly.
"What's wrong?" Clarke asked concerned.

"Why do I have feathers in my mouth?"

Clarke blushes.

Tbc
Opening the gates of Mordor

Chapter Summary

Clarke is on a mission!

Lexa squints as she struggled to wake up. Her mind is muddled from the sedative and the room is so bright and Clarke's here? Why is Clarke here?

Yawning she realizes that there's a familiar tension in her body.

She freezes as she feels an icy thrill of dread race down her spine.

Oh no...Lexa realizes this just as she also notices her nightgown slung over the foot rest of her bed.

So, she's naked.

In front of Clarke.

With an erection.

Eleven assassination attempts failed and yet she still had to live through this moment. Hmmm, and all the past Hedas voices are silent. Typical.

"CLARKE!" Lexa suddenly exclaimed making them both jump. Lexa maintains eye contact as Clarke stared agape her mouth occasionally opening enough to make an odd whining noise.

Lexa maintained a face of serious attention as her hands frantically grabbed at blankets to cover her groin. Why were there feathers everywhere? For fucks sake!

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Clarke sputtered and struggles to look anywhere but at the alpha. She feels hot and her hearts racing. Get it together.

"So I'm just going to go."

"Go."

"Yea, I don't think now is the best time to talk. My bad." Clarke flushed, again.

Damn, clearing her throat she brushed her legs and fidgeted with her top.

Uncomfortable arousal suffused her body making her anxious.

"Bad? No, we...we can talk there's nothing...wrong. Just let me get my gown" Lexa avoided her gaze and flushes vermilion when she moves the pillow to cover her front and an eruption of feathers explodes from a tear in the side, fine white feathers shower Heda Lexa kom Trikru, Alpha of all Alphas as she sits in her bed and watches any shred of dignity walk right out the door.

Closing her eyes in resignation Lexa sighs.
"So...."

"Good night Clarke."

"Right Night Lexa." Clarke scarcely manages to leave at less than a jog.

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Clarke finds herself spending the following day and a half avoiding Titus, Lexa, her Mother, Anya and Raven.

In that order.

However to be fair Clarke mainly was avoiding Raven to avoid coding.

She was avoiding Anya because Anya, second scariest Grounder to ever breathe. (That assessment was after Clarke had reached what passed for friendship with the Alpha, Indra was the first scariest by far) did not take break ups well apparently.

She and Raven had had a brief fling but Raven didn't seem to want a commitment and well Anya did, and two months prior when they had broken up...suffice it to say, she was there for Anya whether she wanted to be or not.

Clarke still was hungover from a week prior when Anya had drug her to a Tavern because Clarke was her battle buddy. That and Anya uses the story about jumping from the Mt. Weather damn with Wanheda to hit on women.

So yes, avoidance.

During this avoidance however Clarke is virtually interrogating the Tower staff.

Everything they know about this festival. She can't figure out why everyone she talks to seems reluctant to discuss the finer details until finally she finds a tanner who claims to be willing to discuss the Flame Trials in the market that invites her for tea as they talk.

Hes a short stout older omega named Hiro. Clarke smiles and accepts her mug of black tea.

"What do Wanheda want know of Flame Trials?" Hiro asked, his tone friendly but his accent and broken English remind Clarke of how much she still has to learn.

"How many Tributes are allowed?"

"Uhh. Twelve, no thirteen now. You crew come. One Tribute one clan only omega beta woman come to Polis. Come with Clan Hefa. Far way, in clan home not Polis Clan has Flame Trials for alpha and omega. In Polis alpha is Heda." Hiro sipped noisily making Clarke smile.

"How do you become a Tribute."

"Oh...much work. Trials are hard. Different. Must be presented, must be unmated, Hefa approves...Oh! Tribute must give something that cannot be replaced. All Hiro knows Wanheda." Hiro smiles kindly and offers Clarke more tea.

"Thank you Hiro."

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"...So yea...what do you think?" Clarke finishes off her latest rant. Kane, her Mom, Raven, Octavia and Monty had arrived three hours earlier with the delegates from the central Trikru territory which was apparently where the Arkadians had landed.

Clarke had been patient.

Well patient for her, so the second Kane, her Mother and Indra had wandered off shed cornered Raven, Octavia and Monty in the SkaiKru Wing and told them everything.

Minus the Lexa incident that had no affect whatsoever on her nether regions. Also not relevant to the plan.

Which was get into the Flame Trials.

"So...your say...your serious?" Raven said her voice rising in excitement. Glee absolutely dripping from every word. Clarke suddenly felt nervous. "Sex party?" Raven iterates.

"Bangfest." Monty suddenly piped in.

"Humpathon." Raven replies.

"Bam bam in the ham."

"Gland to gland contact."

"Eh..." Monty shrugs.

"What's wrong with that? Ok top it!" Raven challenge. Clarke rolls her eyes, how they hadn't all died...who knows.

"Opening the gates of Mordor"

"Oooh good one!" Raven exclaimed laughing hysterically.

Octavia laughs.

Children. All of them.

"Come on guys." Clarke says although she can't but laugh with her friends. It'd been to long since shed seen them. She often got lonely, she was strange to the people around her but not to her friends.

"Okay so Clarke, what good can come from you enrolling or signing up for this orgy thing?" Raven asks.

"Okay not an orgy. It's this whole fertility thing." Clarke explains. Octavia and Raven glance at one another in confusion.

"Are you trying to be...fertile?" Octavia asked in such a gentle tone that Clarke nearly rolls her eyes before she can stop herself.

"No but we as a people need to be more involved in the community and it's about helping make SkaiKru a good thing in the minds of the Grounders." Clarke explains carefully practicing for when she has to float this by her Mom.
"Nothing to do at all with the contest that unless were all wrong, is serving the Command...are the Grounders pimping out the Commander?" Monty asks, they all look back and forth and decide not to touch that one.

"Clarke if you want to bone Heda Hotpants just go visit her late at night sometime ya know?" Raven said her tone helpful.

"That doesn't work as well as you'd think." Clarke mutters under her breath. Louder, "Its not like that."

"Really? This has nothing at all to do with the fact that you have certain emotions when it comes to a certain raccoon faced commander?" Raven asks.

Clarke scowls, "she doesn't look like a raccoon."

"Scariest raccoon EVER, but still a raccoon."

"Okay...maybe There are feelings and maybe I'm okay with my knowing they...are there but I'm not ready for her to know. And I'm not ready for a mate or any of that. But I will be and Im going to want her so I have to win this stupid thing." Clarke exclaims groaning she falls back onto a bench.

"Wow...well this got serious." Raven says to no one.

"Clarke if you like her just tell her." Octavia says in her usual confident tone.

"I was working up to it, I mean I thought there was time! But now if I tell her I want her and then some other bit...omega wins she's going to sleep with them. Once a Heda is presented they have to be married to get out of the Trials, which I guess is a bigger deal than mating to them. So I need to win."

"Yea..you So. Okay, let's hop to it...well not me cause ya know." Raven said staring pointedly at the metal brace holding her leg. The humor in the Alphas eyes made Clarke smile.

"You don't fool me Reyes, your just a lazy knothead." Clarke teases.

"Keep that up and I'll be in the mood to input code Griffin." Raven quipped.

Clarke groans. Please no...

TBC
Abby

Chapter Summary

Abby arrives in Polis

A/N:

Thanks so much for the reviews! This story may not be for everyone but I appreciate the feedback and your taking tijme to read it all the same! That being said I do hope y'all who are reading enjoy this.

Few things, this is canon up to Roan becoming king of Azgeda, niylah and Clarke do not have a relationship, just bumped uglies. Anya and Raven are both alphas and were in a relationship briefly. Happy reading!

Abby Griffin knew when her daughter was up to something.

Abby was sure that her omega daughter had her secrets but it was rare that Abby would call herself oblivious to Clarke's misadventures or antics.

While Jake had more often than not, joined in with Clarke when she was up to something Abby always found herself preparing for the fallout.

It never used to be anything serious, when Clarke was a young pup growing up like her parents did in a sterile environment which sorely lacked in pass times or stimulus for children.

A design flaw which hadn't fully revealed itself until well after the Ark prototype was forced to remain in space permanently. This design flaw was hardly classified as critical, the Arkers learned to adapt.

Training generation after generation to maintain and operate the Ark became the critical mission outside of resource management. Clarke had spent most of her early years glued to Jake's hip as he worked to create a more efficient hydroponics system.

The one that had been in place since the first days following the launch eventually proved to be to much of a drain on their power and nutrient supply which eventually would reveal itself as being an early symptom of the oxygen issue which would lead to Jake's death.

Abby struggled not to dwell on her lost mate. The bottom line Abby knew Clarke was up to something. Just like she had known that Clarke was behind a food fight which had sent the council into a frenzy over the wasted food and had led to the council locking up five ten year olds for a week as punishment.

Luckily like she said before, she knew her daughter and had been saving up rations for the day they would have to pay an Abuse Penalty.

Over the course of the omegas childhood the Abuse Penalty which was a generalized fee for any abuse and neglect of resources was paid eight times by the Griffin household.
Abby had never minded, it was no different than she or Jake had been as children.

Since coming to the ground Abby was forced to watch Clarke take on feats that Abby never would have predicted.

Although, she was sure Jake wouldn't be surprised at all.

After Clarke had vanished into the woods following the fall of the mountain, and reappeared as the Heda's guest, the whole ordeal left her numb and furious at her own inability to protect her pup.

Since joining the coalition Abby worked with Kane and Indra to maintain the tentative peace. If she'd also taken the opportunity to repair some of the damage between her and Clarke so be it.

She had been on a humanitarian mission backed by the Heda to treat a viral outbreak in a Azgeda village.

Three months ago she wouldn't have guessed she'd be treating Ice Nation villagers but life on the ground was never predictable.

She had received a radio transmission from Raven when she and her medical team had already been on route to Polis for a festival she kept hearing about.

She had seen signs of preparations in the villages she travelled through, some villages were constructing what looked like obstacle courses, while some appeared to be preparing for feasts. The main roads were choked with people travelling to the larger villages including TonDc and Polis.

Abby had been spellbound, she had never seen as many people in one place before as she did upon entering Polis.

They had been forced to dismount their horses and lead them by hand through the bustling metropolis.

Abby jumped as a vendor who was shouting in Trig pulled a lid from a basket with flourish and a long limbless reptile slid from the opening. Abby watched frozen in awe as she saw a snake for the first time in her life.

"ABBY!" Raven's voice suddenly sounded over the noise and Abby turned smiling broadly.

The Alpha was leaning on her crutch more than the older omega liked but she had missed the boisterous mechanic more than she'd realized.

"Raven, so good to see you." Abby murmured as Raven leaned in and hugged her excitedly.

"How was your trip?" Raven asked suddenly shy. Abby smiled and launched into her story of her patients, the food, the whiskey which didn't make her throw up this time, the lightning bolt she'd seen in person on the horizon. Raven listened and smiled at the enthusiasm that Abby radiated.

"So, what has she done now?" Abby asked after she was done telling the younger alpha about her travels.

"What makes you"

"Raven. You radioed me the day you arrive and tell me I need to hurry cause Clarke needs my stamp of approval for something." Abby says exasperated.

As happy as she is to see Raven she was reminded of the reason why she'd so eagerly jumped at
Hedas missive to treat Azgeda as part of a trade agreement.

"What did she do?"

"I promise when this is over...your going to laugh I swear."

TBC
Chapter Summary

Anya has a bad day. Lexa starts a virility treatment, Clarke prepares to make a sacrifice.

A/N: I'm not sure if it's an ABO thing but I'm adding a characteristic known as the Call, Calling or mating call. It's essentially when a person uses a set of instinctive chirps and purrs or growls to identify themselves and call out for a mate. Idk just wanted to try it out.

Happy reading and thank you for the kudos and comments!

Anya shifted her feet quietly as she carefully tracked her target through the woods. Slivered beams of light illuminated a vast majority of the forest but she was still primarily tracking by scent.

She had been due back in Polis the previous night but he'd given her the slip.

She believed he was male, young, presentation was unknown because she had no clear witnesses and the only thing she and every local grounder could agree on was that he reeked.

Keeping to the shadows she stalked his trail, crushed leaves, snapped twigs and shaking branches led her straight to him.

Combined with the scent of something dead, urine, clay and sweat. Under that though, was a scent that tickled her nose like peppermint.

Hands inching down to her waist, slowly withdrawing her tomahawk as she creeps around a bend in the trees...nothing. Huh, did the bastard back track somehow?

Turning in bewilderment Anya growled. She had been working him into a corner for a week. A week. She was missing the Flame Trials for this. He.got.away.

Snarling and working herself into a huff she barely identified the scent of peppermint as she watched a thick tree branch swing towards her face before everything goes black.

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Lexa leaned back in her chair at one of the many council tables, this particular table which was reserved for more sensitive matters was kept in a room adjoining the throne room.

It's narrow walls and lack of windows always made Lexa feel anxious. Trapped.

Sitting patiently as she awaits her appointment, Lexa can't seem to stop herself from remembering the other night. To say she hadn't been in effect hiding from Clarke wouldn't be entirely inaccurate.

She simply could not understand how that situation had ever happened. Well of course she could and the bits shed gotten from Clarke's frantic apologies and earnest explanation is that Clarke came to her room to discuss the Flame Trials.
Knowing Clarke the intended discussion would have likely been loud however Clarke had apparently walked in on something called a 'wet dream' which apparently was Lexa's right.

Lexa was unsure what she was right about? Lexa did not mind that Clarke had come to talk to her, loud or not.

She never minded the omegas company although Lexa was becoming concerned with how Clarke would handle the Flame Trials assuming she got in. Which honestly Lexa was partially resigned too already.

No she minded very much that Clarke had been witness to whatever it was that she'd done to her pillows!

Groaning Lexa rubbed her head, already ready for this festival to be over.

"Can we talk?" Clarke's voice startled Lexa and she sat up quickly surprise evident on her features.

"Yes of course, come in Clarke." Lexa had no idea how she said that without stuttering.

Clarke shut the door and approached the vacant council table. As she nervously fidgeted and worried her lip Lexa recalled her conversation with Titus just that morning about distancing herself from the omega.

The trials were beginning, in fact that morning she had to start drinking her tonic for the festival.

Lexa had dreaded this part.

Throughout the Flame Trials she was forbidden to masturbate or mate much less knot until the Trials were completed and a champion was named.

She knew she needed to breed a pup. She was the Heda, an alpha and had no pups. So she ignored her nerves and drank the mixture.

The tonic was an awful white chalky drink that increased her libido and virility, she had choked down the entire thing and prepared herself for hiding a few inappropriate erections over the span of the festival.

Titus was relentless about staying away from Clarke.

However when Lexa let her alpha peek at that notion she can't help but snarl.

"I want to apologise, I...the other night. " Clarke began until Lexa held up a hand and stopped her.

"It was an accident Clarke. We don't need to discuss it." Lexa diverted the conversation. "Besides, you should be here to turn in your Tribute token."

Clarke nodded and adjusted the small wooden box containing the last of her physical requirements. She knew she was procrastinating, she was meeting her mom next and wanted to try and apologise again but sighed as Lexa brushed it off.

"I am. It, I hope I've got it right." Clarke said as she showed Lexa the box still not putting it down.

"So Lexa tell me about yourself. We never really talk anymore ya know?"

"We talk everyday Clarke." Lexa said confused at first by the omegas behaviour.

Clarke continued, "No, okay Lexa but what do you like? Not Heda or Commander. Do you
like...what do you call it? Camping? Ya know, with the tent and the sticks and fire?

Lexa frowned and bit back a smile at the way Clarke explained herself. Shrugging Lexa continued to study the papers in her hand.

The official petitions for the Flame Trials.

The papers were a faded yellow color, each tributes clan seal filled the page. Each paper was accompanied by a box that was used to store each Tributes contribution, twelve so far.

The requirement for the token was "To sacrifice that which cannot be replaced to make room for new beginnings."

She puzzled over what Clarke's was?

Conflicted Lexa couldn't ignore the fatigued look in the omegas eyes. Inwardly sighing, Titus is going to rave about this. She thought before she engaged the blonde no longer able to endure the pained look in her eyes.

"I never particularly cared for it." Lexa said finally without looking up from papers.

"Oh?"

"Yes, as you know the way the Nitblida function is more complicated than first meets the eye. Well, until a child presents or ascends the conclave they are still able to have visitors. Parents are allowed to move to Polis and Titus finds them work and housing and they are allowed to visit with them on the weekends or parents may request permission to withdraw the child for a short period so they may return to their village for a half season. That's what my mother did." Lexa offered with a small grin.

"And she took you camping?" Clarke asked

"Excessively."

Clarke laughed, "why didn't you like it?"

"It's wet, there's also an exciting array of wildlife as you know." Lexa smirked and Clarke couldn't help feeling an odd excitement fill her.

Raven had told her to mean it. That if she was doing this Flame Trials thing, going after Lexa, she had to give it her all.

The small box in her hand felt heavy. It's contents, she really hopes that the rules are some type of joke. But after much deliberation it was the only thing that fit with the Induction Ritual.

" Mostly, I was unhappy I saw my mother so little. She is a Navigator, she left Aden with me four seasons ago and left to make her maps and charts. She is...A free woman. She explores, I am her oldest female. I have an older brother Jericho, twin sisters and then of course there's Aden."

Clarkes head was going to explode. Lexa had a family? Never had she mention...wait Aden?

"Aden?" Clarke asked, they were related? She immediately began comparing every memory of the pair to suddenly pick out their similarities realizing that Aden was her brother. Crap on a cracker!

"Yes, she is as I said a free woman. She left him with me four years ago, Anya is his sire so she visits him often and keeps room in the Tower."
"Wait...Anya has kids?"

"Clarke." Lexa said sounding exasperated."Yes, Aden is her eldest and my twin sisters Rhea and Tesla are her youngest and live with her in TonDc."

"How...How has none of this ever come up?" Clarke was baffled, they had had easily a thousand conversations. All this time.

"There was never a reason too. It is unusual for a Heda to have any familial connection. It has been the source of some discord between myself and the Flame Keepers Guild." Lexa shrugged slightly amused by Clarke's obvious shock.

Generally speaking her family ties to Anya were known. Thus no one really mentioned it. Not to mention that Anya and Lexa had managed to put together a rather fearsome team of Guards for the seven year old girls.

"Flame Keepers Guild?" Clarke asked.

"Yes, the Clans are divided between seven Keepers, Titus is Master Flame Keeper, the others travel recording births, mating ceremonies, marriages, illness, death."

"Why do they record mating ceremonies? Aren't they the same thing?" Clarke asked, on the Ark they were parallel to each other.

She had wondered, she had noticed different reactions to mated pairs versus married pairs among the Grounders.

"No, marriage binds all the a person has and will have to you. It's an unbreakable bond, the Flame Trials festival is the only time a year couples may apply for Marriage." Lexa says.

"Have you ever thought about it?" Clarke asked watching intently.

Lexa felt flush as she reacted to the sweet smelling omega in front of her. Unsure of how to read the pheromones coming off Clarke in steadily growing waves.

"Yes." Lexa replied simply, how was she right back in this situation two days later? Drowning in Clarke's pheromones feeling utterly faint with arousal, anxiety and insecurity.

Did Clarke know what she was doing?

Her scent seemed to be changing and Lexa couldn't put her finger on why.

Clarke nodded, assuming she must mean Costia. "On the Ark it didn't really matter, they just mean the same thing. Only thing they kept a census on was births per household. Aurora Blake showed them though." Smiling as she thought of the Blake's Mother. She'd never met the woman but she'd admired her for protecting Octavia. Realizing Lexa didn't know this. "I mean, that's Octavia and Bellamys Mom, Octavia grew up in the floor. It was a whole thing, I'll explain later." Clarke trailed off as she watched Lexas eyes darken and she straightened pulling her shoulders back slightly, breathing elevated.

She was aroused. Holy fuck. Clarke started when she realized she was hearing a quiet chirring purr coming from Lexa.

Clarke bit her lip and hastily closed her jacket, she needed to go. Lexas alpha was calling to her. She
didn't want to overstep again and she had to get through tomorrow.

As she was turning to leave Lexa spoke. "What about you Clarke. Do you think about it?"

Heart hammering Clarke could only nod mutely and exit the room as Lexas scent began making Clarke shudder and drip.

Grunting in pain as she came awake Anya growled as she took in her surroundings. She appeared to be tied to a post in a cave. Wonderful.

"So you decided to wake up. How'd you sleep?" A voice asked, turning Anya squints up to see a young guant boy.

Filthy, months growth of facial hair. His hair is long and shaggy and his face is in a permanent scowl, but his eyes pull her in. They're strong, intelligent, kind.

She couldn't scent his presentation but he seemed small for a male alpha. Frowning when she sees his boots.

"I know you." She says suddenly. "Your John Murphy. I believe I tortured you once, yes?"

Shock froze John completely until all he could say was "Fuck me."

TBC
Chapter Summary

Abby finds out

Any is STILL sorta kidnapped

Indra and Raven get a show

A/N:

Thanks so much for the awesome reviews and kudos! I hope you guys continue to enjoy this story and as always please feel free to let me know what you think!

Abby carefully arranged her medical instruments, she always worried about the delicate tools when she travelled.

Her nerves always just a little more frayed until she was able to make sure her glass beakers and syringes had survived the trip.

Glancing up and smiling at the sudden snore that sounded from Raven who was still asleep sprawled across the comforter fully clothed minus her boots, brace and one sock.

The prone slumbering alpha continued to drool onto her pillow, her foot twitched occasionally making Abby smile.

Abby felt her chest fill with warmth as she studied the sleeping mechanic. She and Raven had talked long into the night until they'd both dozed off.

Although Abby had to admit, Raven had skillfully kept the conversation off Clarke and the festival.

Effectively stoking her suspicion.

Her rooms as Chancellor at the Tower were admittedly lavish by SkaiKrus minimalist standards.

Her rooms were an L shape, the entry giving way into a open room equipped with a fireplace, a couch, a desk which led to the balcony.

Which Abby refused to go near.

Turning a corner revealed an alcove where the largest bed she had ever seen greeted her.

She certainly hadn't given into the childish impulse and jumped on the bed.

If the feather stuffed mattress suddenly had a few new stitches from where feathers had escaped the Towers maids couldn't complain.

When she heard a soft knock she assumed it must be Clarke. She had been waiting for her daughter to finish with her duties before they were supposed to meet and discuss coalition matters over lunch.
Casting a worried glance towards Raven Abby hurried out into the main room.

Indra stood stiffly until she saw Abby and relaxed. "Abby, how are you this morning, first day of the Flame Trials." Her tone was unusually warm and it gave Abby pause.

"I'm good Indra and you? Tea?" Abby gestured for the Trikru Chief to sit.

"No but I will have some of the coffee brew if you have any?" Abby smiled and nodded.

Indra's surprising enthusiasm for coffee had shocked and amused everyone that witnessed the way that typically taciturn war general savored the beverage with childish glee and was always the first to trade when it was available from Arkadias recovered reserves.

"So you said today is the first day of the Flame Trials, what does that mean?" Abby asked curiously as she handed Indra her cup and the Alpha woman took a noisy slurp.

"Today marks ten days to our New Year. Today the Flame Trials begin, the Tributes are presented and the games begin. Today the Tributes present their sacrifices and name their intention to compete for the blessing of the Flame."

"It all sounds very important, it's a great honor to win then?" Abby asked, honestly intrigued. She could see why it'd grab Clarke's interest.

Her daughter was endlessly competitive. Was her suspicions of secrecy misplaced?

"Yes, the victor is blessed by the Flame and until the next Flame Trials that Clan has first voice at council meetings, first pick of food supply from the winter stores, first response for defenses in times of crisis and if a child results from the blessing then they will have the blood of a Heda and the potential to be a nightblood."

Indra finished off her speech with another noisy slurp.

"That all sounds very impres...wait a child?" Abby asked puzzled, surely she'd misheard?

"Yes to be blessed by the Flame is a great honor. Birth of a child is an omen for prosperity." Indra frowned at the suddenly thunderous expression on Abby's face.

"How exactly does a Tribute become blessed by the Flame?" Abby asked, her tone just moments ago was warm now bore a razors edge.

Indra winced concluding that news of Clarke's outrageous petition had clearly not been fully divulged to the Chancellor.

Oh Wanheda, you troublesome girl.

"The Heda is the living vessel of the Flame, the Flame which gave birth to life after death. The Tribute who ascends as victor will be chosen to pass through the first Heat of the year."

"You can't predict that, Heat cycles fluctuate according to the person. Yes they typically occur in the spring but still. You can't MAKE someone have the first Heat of the year."

Abby argued, this seemed dangerous and ridiculous and Clarke had better have a good explanation!

"The Flame Keepers have a special tonic which induces Heat and the first knot confirmed by the Flame Keepers Guild preformed by the Flame Vessel begins our New Year. There is no dishonor involved Abby." Indra tried to reassure her friend.
The doctor looked ready to start a war.

The omegas face was flushed making her usual olive skin tones a furious red, her mouth was drawn into a thin line and her eyes were narrowed.

"Of course not Indra, tell me. How are Tributes chosen?" Abby asked all trace of anger gone she merely appeared nervous.

If SkaiPrisa wasn't such an annoyance Indra would be worried for the girl.

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Anya stared down the SkaiKru omega.

When she had been debriefed for this mission she had been told there were rumors the nuisance was possibly a lost member of SkaiKru.

There had also been conflicting reports that the nuisance was one of the remaining Reapers left from Mt. Weather.

This was why it was she that was selected.

Following the destruction of the mountain the drug addicted Reapers had run amok.

Crazed and feral without their Red drug many had died violently. However when the surviving Reapers appeared it had spurred Indra and Anya into action.

The betrayal of the Heda had been received with mixed feelings among her own people.

The betrayal while understood as a whole left a debt between Wanheda and the Grounders and by extension SkaiKru.

In the days following Clarke's departure into the wild Trikru had appeared bearing wagons of food, clothes, medical supplies as well as several volunteers that helped reinforce and build the SkaiKru settlement.

It was never discussed whether Heda knew of their voluntary assistance but Anya surmised that there was little that happened in her own empire that Heda did not know about.

The hand of peace extended, Abby had responded in kind and had opened her clinic to the ailing Reapers that could be saved as well as the Trikru community at large.

Anya herself spent a majority of the battle with the mountain bedridden. Recovering from the gunshot wound which had been her welcome introduction to the SkaiKru.

Although shed been far from bored.

Beside her had been Raven recovering from her spinal injury. They had become fast friends and brief lovers.

Anya glared at John. She knew exactly who John was. She decides she will give Raven her chance for retribution. One thing does puzzle her though.

"Why are you still here John Murphy?" Anya studied the omega as he continued to scowl at her. "I was unconscious, hardly a threat. Instead here we are, me tied to a post and you...smelling." Anya wrinkled her nose, pleased when the Omega flushes in embarrassment and squirms.
"Why are you following me?" John snapped. "That's why your alive right now."

"No, no that's not it." Anya shakes her head lazily and regards the omega calmly. "I'm alive because your not a killer."

"Yes I am."

"Then you are clearly stupid. If you were a killer your a moron for not killing me while I was asleep."

John pulls out a pistol, empty but the Alpha didn't need to know that.

"Oh you have a gun?! However did you guess my weakness John Murphy! It is my great secret that I fear tiny hand guns that a infant can weild!" Anya gasped dramatically. Laughing as John fumes.

"Your a dick." John growls.

"Yes and I have a rather nice one, would you like to see?" Anya finished, her tone flirtatious as she winked. Murphy blushed.

"No!" He snapped and under the layer of grime Anya can see a blush.

"So you want to know why I'm following you? Okay, how about you untie me and i tell you and I don't break your nose?"

"No you answer and maybe I wont kill you."

"There were rumors that a Reaper may be lose up here, or possibly a lost member of SkaiKru. I was sent to collect, well you."

"Well obviously I'm not either of those things so we can just go our separate ways." John reasoned shifting uncomfortably as he felt another wave of heat pass through his spine followed by a wave a nauseous.

"No, you see I'm here to collect the nuisance. The nuisance being you." Anya stared hard. "Your coming with me back to Polis."

"The hell I am!"

"Do you mean to go through your Heat unassisted then? Malnourished as you are? You could die." Anya snarled, surely the boy wasn't entirely stupid.

It had taken her an embarrassingly long time to scent his Heat however she hoped that he was using his ungodly stench to mask it. Not so dumb afterall.

"No, there has to be something. I can't go back, your Grounders. Isn't there some plant or something I can eat to make it stop?"

Anya decided this was why he's captured her versus escaping.

"There isn't. I swear on the Heda. Now enough of this foolishness, release me so I can escort you safely."

"No I'll let you go but I'm not going back."

"Aren't you tired of being alone?" Anya pleaded and sniffed when John glowered. "Ok, let's try this
approach...If I have to get myself out of this your walking the entire way to Polis."

"I'm not releasing you." John snarled.

Sighing in annoyance Anya shifted and pulled her hands free of there binds.

Standing she grunts and stretches much to John's growing horror.

"Your about to wish you'd untied me yourself omega." Anya purred as she smiled.

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Clarke took deep measured breaths as she prepared to meet with her Mother.

She was late, after delivering her Tribute Token the unexpected force of Lexas hormones and Call had shocked her, shed never felt that strong of a pull to the Heda before.

Shed been unprepared, itd smelled like Rut.

Strong, virile intoxicating...LEXA.

Clarke knew that wasn't the case however, Lexa had experienced a Rut shortly after killing Nia.

The display of dominance over her long time rival had called to Lexas Alpha and Clarke had seen firsthand the frenzy that overcame the Tower to prep for the Commanders Rut.

The Tower staff had reallocated all their unmated Alphas and Omegas and Lexa had been cloistered to her quarters as the entire Tower had waited on edge for the week and Hedas cycle to draw to a close.

Titus had been irritatingly efficient with keeping Clarke busy elsewhere.

That had been two months ago, far to soon for another Rut.

She was slightly relieved Titus had been so efficient, Clarke had no idea how she was going to react to an actual Rut if Lexas alpha smelled like THAT and she wasn't in Rut.

Knocking as she enters the SkaiKru Chancellors rooms Clarke smiles as she sees Indra first. She was pleased the older alpha had become friends with her Mother and Kane.

"Hi Indra, hey Mom how are you?" Clarke closes the door turns and as soon as she glimpses Abbys face she knows. Crap.

"Clarke Annabelle Rebecca Griffin, you had better explain what this Flame Trials nonsense is about or so help me..." Abby snarls.

"Mom it's not that big of a deal, really it's just a thing!"

" A thing?...just a thing?" Abbys arms cross and she stalks closer to her daughter. "So there ISN'T some contest that ends with the Commander bending some omega over a breeding bench and being knotted publicly?"

Clarke shrinks, this felt way to much like being ten years old again. Breeding bench? Knotted publicly? That was new information.

"This can be a good thing for SkaiKru!" Clarke protested, "It's recognition and assistance until the
next Trials, that's three years!"

"YOU ARE NOT BENDING OVER FOR THE FUCKING COMMANDER AND THATS FINAL!" Abby shouts shaking from her rage and she's pumping out furious distressed pheromones at an alarming rate.

Indra growls, never one to allow disrespect to the Heda.

"I'm sorry Indra I meant no disrespec" Abby said quickly before turning her attention back to Clarke who currently had a mulish expression on her face.

"What'd I miss? What's going on?" Raven suddenly asks as she emerges from Abbys room rumpled and clearly just waking up.

Clarke suddenly finds her attention drawn elsewhere.

"Why were you asleep in my Moms bed?"

TBC
Entrance Exam

Chapter Summary

The first trial and some other fun stuff.

AN:

Idk if id call it smut but the beginnings of it are in this chapter. Semi public ABO Mating Calls.

Thanks so much for the awesome reviews and kudos, let me know if you have questions. I always want to answer the questions I'm asked but I don't want to spoil it.

Longest chapter yet!

Enjoy!

"Clarke put the lamp down! Your being ridiculous we were just sleeping!" Abby shouted going for the lamp Clarke had in a snarling white knuckles grip.

The blonde omega had Raven, an older dominant alpha sweating and backed halfway up the wall brace or no brace.

Hands extended in front of her, Raven prepared to try and catch the lamp before Clarke could hit her with it.

Indra just watches sipping her coffee.

"Your scents all over her!" Clarke snarls seeing red as Abby bodily has to pick her up and move her away from the mechanic.

"WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS!" Titus bellows as the doors swing open and he strides into the room followed by Heda and four guards. "There have been reports of yelling and I could scent Wanheda two floors down! Have you no decency?" Titus snarled, lip curling in disdain.

Everyone freezes, Abby has to consciously let go of Clarke's waist and the handful of hair she didn't realize she was pulling.

Embarrassed to be caught like an ill mannered pup.

Then she looks up and sees her.

Lexa, the Commander.

Who apparently holds sex parties.

Abbys eyes narrow as she realises that the reigning dominant alpha is silent. She hasn't said a word, and her eyes haven't left Clarke and is that a blush!

Abby snarls viciously.
"MOM!" Clarke exclaims aghast and embarrassed. She sets down the lamp and scoots away from it.

"What is the meaning of this Chancellor?" Lexa's level tone sounded odd in the silent room.

Indra slurped her coffee eyes moving rapidly.

"I apologize Commander. We were having a debate. Loudly." Abby finished lamely. Raven rolls her eyes and tries to sneak back into the bedroom.

"Do you think me a child Chancellor?" Lexa asked glaring. "There will be NO quarrel, fights or debates in my Tower. You are guests in MY house and ALL of you hold titles of authority! If you wish for that to remain unchanged act as though you are suited for the roles you were given." Lexa's normally stoic facade was absent, in its place Lexa's alpha exudes dominance and strength.

They have no choice but to feel chastised and bare necks as an apology.

"Good, now I have come for an audience with the Chancellor. Privately." Lexa finished staring ahead, Clarke openly studied the Alpha.

She looked as if she was about to snap from tension. That girl's jawline is perfection!

Clarke frowns, concerned when she glances down and sees Lexa's hands folded behind her back.

The knuckles are scraped and freshly bruised.

Looking up at Lexa she notices a yellowed bruise under the alpha's eye, makeup concealing it well.

She tentatively sniffed and nearly reeled. The scent was intoxicating. It was all Lexa. Earth, pine and something that almost smelled metal.

It was intoxicating as she inhaled, feeling strangely fuzzy Clarke opens her eyes not realizing they'd drifted shut to find Lexa staring at her oddly.

The Commander's eyes normally a beautiful green were completely blown. It seemed to only intensify her gaze. As if she needed more intense.

Clarke flushed realizing everyone's apparently waiting on her.

"Don't think we're not going to discuss this Clarke." Abby calls after her.

Indra quietly sets her cup onto the table and follows after Clarke and Raven.

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"So what do you think they're talking about?" Raven asks after they boarded the lift.

"Are you sleeping with my Mother Raven?" Clarke asked, her tone deadly.

"What? No! Please, Clarke were friends okay." Raven said earnestly.

"They are likely conspiring to ban Wanheda from the Flame Trials." Indra suddenly said.

Clarke and Raven looked at each other in surprise.

Indra huffed, clearly put out. "I seem to forever be conspiring with one of your clan, may as well accept it. But yes, I believe that Lexa will ask Abby to restrict you from the games."
"Why though?" Clarke asked honestly she didn't get why Lexa would care THAT much.

"The Tributes are sought after during the Flame Trials, other eligible alphas and betas compete to try and seduce one away from the games. It's a main attraction for unmated Alphas from other territories. I doubt she would enjoy watching other alphas flirt with you." Indra answered bluntly. "Her self control is going to be questionable until the Flame Trials are concluded.

"You really think shed care?" Clarke asked shyly.

"YES!" Both Indra and Raven said in perfect unison.

Flushing hotly Clarke stammered as she composed herself. "So, Indra...have any ideas about getting a girl into a Flame Trial?"

"Yes actually. But are you certain you wish to do this? You will be competing against warriors...I've seen you hold a sword." She said dryly.

"Indra! You promised you wouldn't bring that up!"

"I liked that toe Clarke."

"Indra, I'm sorry! It slipped!"

"It was my favorite."

"Indra please! What do you want?"

Indra immediately turned, smiling devilishly. "A whole bag of coffee."

Clarke blanched. " I can maybe do half."

"A whole bag and I can tell you right now how to get into the Flame Trials without your Mothers permission."

"Fine but only if it works. Deal?"

"Deal." They shook and Clarke waited expectedly.

"Hefa Abby is not your only Hefa. She leads as a unit with Kane. He has the authority to support a Tributes petition." Indra said smugly, pleased by the dumbfounded expression on Wanhedas face.

Likely bewildered over not thinking of that first.

Raven leaned in the corner of the lift watching in horrified fascination.

What had just happened?

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Abby waited for Lexa to sit before she sat in her own chair.

She was struggling not to lose her temper or lash out.

Especially given that the girl in front of her literally ruled the world. But she was also struggling because, shed seen something.

Something she hadn't been looking for.
Before Clarke had left, she had watched the way her daughter and Heda looked at one another. There eyes had sought one another continuously in the short time they'd all been encoded in Abbys rooms.

How had she never noticed?

Oh of course shed heard the gossip but Clarke had always been very open about crushes.

Admittedly Clarke wasn't a little girl anymore.

She was this Wanheda person.

Far more grown up than she was prepared for, Abby had to admit Clarke'd looked at Lexa exactly how Jake had once looked at Abby.

Was Clarke in love with the Commander?

What did Lexa feel for Clarke?

Did Lexa have a harem?

Abby turned shrewd eyes onto Lexa kom Trikru. She was going to miss her little bald friend.

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Marcus Kane smiled to himself as he strolled through the Polis Botanical gardens.

He adores Polis!

Beautiful gorgeous trees sprouted high, new leaves and flora bloomed. Everywhere he turned he could see a different color, a new flower or plant that before that moment hadn't existed outside of data images from the Ark archives.

Kane was taken by all of it, turning he smiled as he saw some familiar faces.

Indra, a harried looking Clarke and an even more haggard Raven raced towards him.

What now?

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That entire meeting hadn't gone as planned.

In fact Lexa was confused by the turn in conversation. So confused.

How had they gone from discussing the Flame Trials to if Lexa knew how Clarke liked her eggs?

Honestly, it must be in their blood. This ability to rule the world. There was no other explanation.

These Griffin women.

As she struggles to maintain her composure Lexa can't seem to focus. Growling and rubbing her head she's forced to apologise and leave quickly returning to her chambers.

Slamming into her rooms she goes straight to the virility tonic.

She has to drink a glass every four hours or migraines develop.
Chasing the thick disgusting liquid with water helps.

She breathes in relief when her migraine lessens. Her relief is short lived however when she realises she has another erection.

Fantastic.

She had a few hours to rest before she had to make an appearance at the Flame Trials.

She was confident even without her discussing it with Abby that Clarke won't be participating.

Should make this entire ordeal somewhat easier. Although shed been taken with images of what could happen if Clarke won? Or if she hadn't left the other night?

Would she be a quiet gentle lover like Costia? Or less restrained? Lexa groaned in pain, her erection throbs painfully.

Barely standing straight she makes it to her baths before climbing in to try and relax before the Tributes are presented.

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Clarke paced outside the arena, fingering the tips of her hair.

It was sundown, it had taken every trick in the book between Raven, Indra and herself but they'd convinced Kane.

Exhaling nervously she palms her Token box. Waiting for Marcus to appear.

Jolting when instead she sees her Mother walking towards her holding a blue bundle.

"We are going to have a serious discussion about this. You. There need...tomorrow." Abby hands Clarke the blue bundle which turns out to be a thin blue shirt that matched her eyes and the back had been artfully spray painted to look like the Ark amid a galaxy. Sky Crew.

"What is this?" Clarke whispered.

"My endorsement. I don't like this. At all. At all. But your an adult and you've brought us this far. If this is what you want, do it for you Clarke. Just please if anything...amorous, is going to be public...make sure I'm elsewhere." Abby says with a grimace.

Flushing violet Clarke nods. "Thank you Mom."

"Don't. Seriously. Just dont, seriously questioning my decision on this. What's this level about?" Abby asked and they linked arms and strode towards the arena.

Abby suddenly turns and studies Clarke's hair before smiling without comment. Clarke knows she likes it. She had decided it'd be easier with the next week and she like how it'd turned out.

"I have to throw my token into the fire, announce my Tribute petition, you endorse it."

"Jesus."

" I know...then the Tributes and I will go through the first trial and if we pass were in."

"Okay. What's your Token?"
"Ummm, it's private." Clarke tried.

"Clarke just tell me. Enough with the secrets."

"Dads watch."

"Oh."

"Yeah."

"He would have enjoyed all this."

"Yea, I know."

"Are you sure Clarke? Because I have a perfectly good pair of roller blades upstairs vintage circa 1998 that I'm sure can be counted as irreplaceable." Abby offers.

"No. I have to mean this." She says so seriously and with such purpose Abby can suddenly see what Clarke would become.

"I love you sweetheart."

"Oh god Mom, I love you too but were at the arena now."

"What! I can't say that I love my daughter because were in public?" Abby teases.

"Mother!"

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Lexa was transfixed from the moment she entered the arena. Her makeup was done similar to the night she had knelt before the Heda.

She was wearing a thin nearly transparent blue shirt, her gun belt wrapped around her hips. Her SkaiKru boots and Grounder trousers.

Clarke moved as a point in which their two worlds touched. The girl who fell from the sky.

Her lean muscles gleaned in the firelight. Lexa swallowed.

Her curves, healthier now. She looked so lush compared to the starving gaunt survivors they had been after the fall to the ground.

The initial meetings between the Ark refugees and the Grounders had shocked them. The refugees had been so thin many had appeared emaciated.

It had been months and now Lexa was pleased to see that like the Arkers, Clarke was looking a great deal more healthy.

Lexa gasped in shock when she looked up and realized Clarke had cut her hair. Her wavy blonde tresses now ended at the shoulder.

She was partly outraged but again, transfixed. This new cut bared the omegas bare mating gland.

Lexa growled, bracing to stand up and claim her before another could.

"LET US HEAR THE NAMES!" Titus bellows, his voice resonating in the arena as thirteen
women and men stood in a line, each wearing Clan colors.

His voice serves as a suitable enough annoyance that she felt herself gain better control over her hormones.

Secretly her heart was racing.

The first trial was potentially mortifying. She would be required to sit immobile as the Tributes attempted to gain a physical reaction from her.

Physical reaction of course being an erection.

This was provided of course they made it through the first round. Burning the Token. She watched as two Tributes ducked their heads and left when their turn came up to throw in their Token.

When Clarke's turn came she withdrew a small object, one Lexa couldn't see before she declared herself. "Clarke Griffin kom SkaiKru! Wanheda, Slayer of the Mountain!"

Lexa smiled softly when the arena erupted in Cheers. The line moved on, Echo Kom Azgeda, Jules Kom Floukru, Niylah komTrikru...The list seemed to drone on.

Lexa squirmed and maintained control by the skin of her teeth.

When it came time for her tonic it was just before she was supposed to participate in the trial.

"Titus I can't, I'll spend like a pup if I drink this and go in there!" Lexa protested, she was a day in and ready to be done with having a penis. Until she remembered what knotting feels like.

And she's hard again, perfect.

"You know the regimen. This is how you make your pups. Now drink."

Lexa rolls her eyes and chokes down the tonic. She is supposed to see if she responds to the Mating Call of the Tributes. The stronger her reaction, the more compatible they were for breeding.

The entire process was still often times embarrassing.

Sighing she enters the council room. It is located in the arena, the room had a large window with the glass shockingly still intact.

The view oversaw the whole of the arena, as the night wore on and the festivities progressed Lexa could see her people fall further into the festival.

It wouldn't be long before children were rushed to their caretakers and sent home and the Trial begins.

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Clarke is sweating. Fuck, she can't sweat!

If there was ever a time not to be a nerd...

What was she supposed to do? Grounders and there damn riddles. Physical reaction?

She assumed sex, so an erection? What possible good could come from this? Her omega snorted.
Great, because she's got so much experience with those. Struggling she tries to remember every bit of sex gossip she could.

Aside from Finn she had only fooled around with an Alpha girl from her classes on the Ark but they'd been far too young for sex and then Clarke had been incarcerated.

She'd been so worried about just getting into the Flame Trials that she'd forgotten about her utter lack of know how when it came to sex. Did Lexa have a lot of experience?

Clarke then remembers she's sitting in line for her turn to go give Lexa an erection (theoretically) with the hope that she'll win and get to breed with the alpha.

Biting her lip she decided that yes, Lexa must be.

Then the door opened and a brunette Tribute ran out in tears. What was this girl made of? Steel? That was the third one since they'd adjourned to these rooms.

"SkaiKru." A guard suddenly shouted down the hallway.

She took a few shaky breaths and marched down the hallway. This was it.

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Lexa closes her eyes and takes another sip of the wine. Three years ago she'd been far too eager and had less self control. She could remember Costias outrage at the size of her competition after the first trial.

Between the tonic and her hormones there had been no keeping her erection down, now though.

She hasn't lain with anyone since Costia passed.

One aborted attempt had occurred when Lexa had slipped away from Trikru to go and tell the Floukru Hefa about Costia.

Luna had been stricken, after they'd been far too embarrassed to really discuss it. But since then nothing.

Looking up when the door opens and it's Clarke. Suddenly Lexa is having trouble breathing. She is beautiful, Lexa aches to kiss the omega.

Fuck, this was going to be hard.

Difficult, this was going to be difficult she amended in her head.

Clarke stopped standing a few foot in front of the alpha. The room was dimly lit, the Commander sat on a large chair reminiscent of the Hedas Tower throne.

Lexa was dressed in loose trousers and a green wrap top. Her braids were freshly done and the emblem of the Heda catches the light as Lexa studies her.

"Leave us." Lexa commands softly. Clarke is startled, wondering if she means her when she suddenly sees the sheer dark curtain that separates the room.

On the other side Clarke can make out Titus as well as another man and woman dressed in the same robes, both bald and tattooed. Flame Keepers Guild she realizes. Of course they'd be over seeing this.
Titus grumbles and steps out from the curtain. "This is highly irregular Heda."

"Am I still Heda Titus?" Lexa asked, her tone glacial as she stares down the older Beta.

"Forgive me Heda. The first trial will resume in ten minutes. To delay longer may cause dissent." Titus says agreeable all the while glaring at Clarke.

Clarke waited as the three Flame Keepers quietly exited the room. Watching them leave Clarke turns back to Lexa.

"I like those two new Flame Keepers. So quiet." Clarke said dryly.

Lexa smiled "Despite certain issues Titus is very accomplished at his job."

"I'm sure...I'm sure. So...?" Clarke asked

"Why are you doing this Clarke?"

"Are you going to question all of the Tributes?"

"No, I don't care why they're doing this."

Clarke absolutely did not feel her heart skip a beat at that.

"Maybe you should just trust me." Clarke said softly. "Afterall, this will not mean anything if I can't pass the entrance exam will it."

Lexa flushed as she tries to think quickly about why Clarke shouldn't do this. She is nervous this will somehow ruin their friendship.

What if she hurts Clarke? What if it means nothing to her? But everything to Lexa?

Feeling some difficulty with her breathing Lexa stood suddenly and appraised the omega.

"Alright Clarke. I will not fight you on this any longer. Titus please resume your post." Clarke whirled around, well okay clearly they hadn't been as private as she thought.

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"The purpose of the trial is to secure that their is suitable compatibility between the Alpha and the Omega. No clothing may be removed, no biting and no touching may occur." Titus trailed off casting a miffed glance in Clarke's direction before stomping behind the curtain.

Clarke wanted to laugh, she could see them perfectly fine. Well okay.

Clarke regards Lexa and isn't sure how to start this. Glancing nervously at the three Flame Keepers she swallows.

"Clarke, sit with me please." Lexa asked standing up and moving to a small dark couch.

Clarke sat and studied the alpha. No touching? Pretty sure her super powers didn't extend to mind control, suddenly she remembers. Mating call!

Clarke is woefully out of practice and honestly shed never called anyone before.

She used to see her father call her Mother however in the presence of pups the Call was a nurturing
instinct. Meant to solidify and reinforce mate and family bonds.

In front of Lexa. It was most definitely a Mating Call.

Clarke let her mind go hazy and she let herself succumb to Hedas scent. The warm scent of metal and pine wrapped around her like a cloak.

Purring Clarke began emitting pheromones.

Pheromones that called for an alpha and whined to be claimed and bred.

Soft whirring fills the room and Clarke leans closer suddenly drawn in.

Clarke frowns and pulls back slightly to assess the alpha. Lexa is sitting rigidly, her breathing is rapid and heavy, panting is more accurate as she turns blown pupils onto the omega.

Clarke swallows and can't stop herself from calling to Lexas Alpha.

Lexa growls, the desire to pin Clarke down and claim her is overwhelming. Her mouth is dry, her body's hot, her erection is throbbing and she can feel a burning stretch where her knot wants to inflate.

Groaning when she turns and stares into the omegas eyes she's lost. She can't stop herself from leaning in, Clarke freezes her lips part and Lexa growls as a small pink tongue darts out and flicks Lexas upper lip.

Clarke gasps as suddenly she finds herself thrown from the couch and Lexa is midair tackling one of the visiting Flame Keepers.

An young eager alpha apparently who'd succumbed to the most basic message in Clarke's Call. To be claimed.

Unable to stand Clarke watches slumped on the floor against the couch, as Lexa effortlessly pins the young Flame Keeper.

Keeping him subdued with wave after wave of her pheromones. Her alpha snarls, it wants to kill the intruder.

Snarling, Lexa knows he could have hurt Clarke. Her hand tighten around his throat and he turns purple. Lexa snarls continuously, her alpha demands she assert her claim.

A gentle pale hand suddenly slides down her arm. Lexa snarls until she sees her omega, the naked mating gland calls to her.

"Leave us." Lexa has no idea how she can speak but she does her words dripping in authority. She knows Titus wants to reprimand her until her ears bleed but as she lets the Keepers take there comrade away Lexa waits and as soon as the door is closed she springs.

Clarke squeals as she's suddenly on her back, nearly six feet of amorous aroused alpha pressed against her.

"Lexa." Clarke whispers, breathing shakily as Lexa sniffed her neck and suddenly Clarke grabs a handful of those intricate perfect braids that she always wants to mess up just a little and kisses the Commander.

TBC
Clarke wakes up to her first day as an official Tribute

Anya and Raven both have a lot on their minds.

A/N:

Ohh my God you guys! Thank you for reading and for all the hilarious comments and kudos! I wanted this chapter to be longer but I think I'll focus on that next chapter.

HAPPY READING!

Clarke writhes under the alpha's body, Lexa growls when Clarke bites her lip, rearing back she gasps when Clarke grinds back against her cock.

The sensation forces her to see stars and the edges of her vision blurs as she becomes more desperate to touch the omega.

Panting and moaning Lexa's alpha wants more.

Burying her nose in the core of Clarke's scent she bites possessively, the naked tender skin of Clarke's neck quickly flushes and becomes dotted and marked in bite marks and red bruises that tease at darkening into a vibrant purple.

Lexa purrs, the omega wants her, Clarke's scent had deepened, her Calling drew Lexa in with all the power of a Sirens Song.

Hips moving in tandem the alpha begins whirring and calling for the omega to submit to her.

The sweet aroma of Clarke's scent reminds Lexa of sandalwood and honey.

Rumbling low Lexa grips Clarke's hips in a firm hold grinding rhythmically against the omega.

"Please." Clarke gasps, surprised she got that out clearly, feeling the possessive bite drove her wild.

She reached for Lexa gripping her back, her hands feel those tight lean muscles move and shift as she shifts down Lexa's back and Clarke moans, sliding down to grip the alpha's perfectly muscled ass.

Clarke can't hold back the whimper that follows feeling the muscles in Lexa's ass flex as she thrust.

Suddenly it's gone, it's all gone.

What the ever loving fuck!

Clarke blinks and looks over to see Lexa crouched on the balls of her feet, curled almost into a ball and she seemed to be cupping her groin in pain?

Clarke is pleased to note however that Lexa's braids are mussed beyond repair.
"Lex, what is it?" She's not sure where the nickname came from but the Alpha doesn't comment on it.

Lexa gasps and whined. "Its this cursed concoction I have to drink for the festival. It improves my...virility." She blushes, honestly...after what they just been doing on the floor?

"Do...Do you want...ya know?" Smooth Clarke.

Lexa stares at her blankly.

"Help! With that? Or...an ice pack?" Clarke asked, she can't help but clench her thighs together knowing how amazing Lexa had felt sliding her shaft along Clarke's pussy dragging on her clit.

Clarke moans embarrassingly loud.

Lexa eyes snap to her face and she swallows.

"I believe that will be sufficient." Lexa manages to croak out.

"What?" Clarke asked honestly confused about how to progress with now knowing what Lexas tongue in her mouth felt like and being unable to further explore that avenue.

"For the trial." Lexa was standing and readjusting her clothes.

Clarke bit her lip as the alphas hands shook slightly as they fixed and refastened the hooks on her wrap top.

"Lexa, are you okay?" Clarke asked concerned and unsure given that she'd fairly sure that wasn't exactly how that was supposed to go.

Unless...did all the Tributes wind up grinding and moaning on the Heda during this Trial? Clarke's omega growls unhappily at the idea.

Although she had to admit as she peered through hooded eyes at the Hedas trousers.

Mission accomplished.

"Yes Clarke. It is simply growing late and the Trial for the Induction Ceremony is past due to finish." Lexa explained, staring intently at the omega.

Her eyes fixated on Clarke's mouth.

"Was I the last contestant?"

Swallowing Lexa nodded. "I apologize, I behaved poorly."

"I'm not upset. Are you?" Clarke asked unconsciously moving closer. Did they really need to stop?

"Clarke, you understand better now I think. How all this will go?" Lexa asked a nervous tone in her voice.

"Yes Lexa, may I ask. Is that how all the trial sessions went?"

Lexa flushed vermilion again, she didn't want to admit that she'd had Clarke moved to the last slot.

She had worried her reaction would be embarrassingly quick. The other Tributes, her response if she
had one had been detached and had felt automated.

The second Clarke had begun her Call Lexas self control had diminished rapidly.

The seductive allure had nearly ended the Trials before they began.

She also needed to get into a cool bath or her erection would become painful very quickly.

"I'm not supposed to discuss other...sessions with the Tributes." Lexa said, her voice harsh and her pheromone output was fluctuating rapidly.

The sporadic wave of alpha pheromones was making it difficult for Clarke to focus and bring her mind off of sex.

"So, what now?" Clarke asked as she began to feel awkward, there were no mirrors but she dreaded seeing her reflection.

Her neck felt ravaged and she just knew her hair was a disaster.

"We make ourselves presentable and name the winning Tributes and you will begin official training and drinking a tonic that will improve your reception of the Heat Tonic at the end of the Trials, if you win." Lexa blushes so adorably that Clarke can't help but smile.

"Will the tonic do something like that to me?" Clarke asked concerned as she could see flashes of discomfort in the alphas face.

"No, there is one other thing you should know. If you wish to withdraw there would be no judgment." Lexa started, her eyes serious and firm as she waited until she was sure she had the omegas attention.

"Well, what is it?" Clarke asked curiously.

"Im...well...The participants in the Trial are restricted from mating, however I am expected the visit the Tributes throughout the Trials." Lexa finished expelling a large breath. She looked mortified.

Clarke puzzled over what she was hearing. " So no sex but your supposed to what? Take turns braiding the Tributes hair?"

Clarke was fine with no sex. Mostly, she conceded as she glanced at Lexa again.

However that it seemed like Lexa would have visit the Tributes and what? Do everything but the deed? What is the possible purpose of that?

"The idea is to build a stronger connection with the succeeding Tributes as the Trials continue."

"Oh, I'm sure." Clarke decided suddenly she was tired.

Lexa sighed, " If you wish to withdraw I would understand."

Clarke frowned "I'm not withdrawing, now do something about that." She nodded at Lexas erection. " So we can go to bed. Separately. In separate, in our own beds."

Lexa smirks and nods.

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Clarke yelped as she groggily opened her eyes as she became aware of a new scent nearby and a persistent nagging voice.

The blurry image cleared to reveal Indra kneeled by her bed peering intently as she sipped from a ceramic mug, Octavia stood behind her dressed in her grounder armor full war paint.

The sun wasn't up! Why? She groans and sits up.

"Come Skai girl. We must train, your to soft so come it's almost sunrise. How late were you going to laze about in bed?" Indra finished off her rant as she turned away and rifled through Clarke’s clothes bureau.

The sun wasn't up. It was nighttime.

Clarke glares.

"Indra, what...why?" Clarke whines, Octavia snickers.

Clarke scowls hatefully.

"Raven came through with Indras coffee. That's her sixth cup since the trial ended last night."Octavia smirks and gestures for Clarke to get up.

"Hasn't she gone to bed?"Clarke asked tiredly.

"No Clarke, WE have not been to bed yet. Because she realized last night around cup number three that you are going to get yourself killed unless she saves you. Again."

"Oh." Clarke wished she could argue that. "Where's Lincoln?"

"Lucky bastards asleep."Octavia snarls.

Clarke stands with a groan and accepts the clothes that Indra hands her as the older alpha and Octavia move to leave the room to leave Clarke to change Clarke asks.

"Is there any point to bathing?"

"Were training with Indra Princess. So nope." Octavia calls back.

Clarke sighs and just focuses on when she will be able to see Lexa again.

She knew she had to take some concoction for fertility similar to Lexas now that she's an official Tribute.

Apparently Lexa was open and expected to visit the official Tributes as long as it didn't result in mating.

Clarke frowns as she decides to find out which of the other Tributes were left.

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Abby took a deep breath as she prepared to meet with Raven.

Itd been five months since they’d landed and she had been in general shock, denial and malnourished so the usual signs had gone initially unnoticed by the omega.
But she couldn't pretend anymore.

She was pregnant.

She had of course had a birth control implant like every other omega on the Ark but when Jake had died itd been removed to be recycled to a new 'viable omega.'

With her mate floated for treason and her daughter incarcerated the Councils objective at the time if it were not for Abby's skill set, would likely have been to look for a minor infraction to Float her over.

The end result being that the Council would have rid themselves of a possible future problem and they would remove a no longer childbearing omega from the population.

However Abby's position as Chief General Surgeon and her seat as a community council member following her election after she and Jackson had single handedly cured a MRSA epidemic assured her status as indispensable.

The days leading up to Ravens launch following the delinquent to the ground had been strained and chaotic. Miserable. Terrifying.

Feeling the world around her, the only environment she and every person she knew, understood.

To feel it literally fall apart around her had forced Abby to be more present and she wasn't entirely sure how, but there had to be a logical reason buried somewhere in the mess of her psyche that justified her all but tackling the much younger alpha mechanic just before they were forced to launch early.

Abby had to admit there were not many moments in her life as exciting or as panic inducing as trying to prematurely untie Ravens knot from her before itd deflated so they wouldn't be caught by Kane and his followers.

Once they'd reunited after coming to the ground any discussion of there brief tryst had been lost in the chaos of fighting the Grounders and then the Mountain.

There was one embarrassing interaction where before the final assault on the Mountain Abby had again tackled Raven onto a gurney in her clinic.

She seemed to have a pattern?

However that had resulted in a heated make out session which had had every indication to leading to dirty illicit sex in the workplace, before Raven backed away and had began babbling, apologizing profusely and had left before Abby could so much as find her bra.

Abby had learned shortly after about Raven and Anya apparently being involved, then the mountain men bombed TonDc, the finale and showdown with the Mountain, the Hedas betrayal, Clarke's departure.

So yes, when the immediate needs of her people were met and Heda had offered her the position Abby had jumped at the away mission in Azgeda.

Her first week there she'd discovered she was pregnant.

The shock of that had been insurmountable. She had never considered more children, itd never been a notion she'd been encouraged to dwell on.
The Ark required induced miscarriages for any couples whose contraceptives failed after their firstborn.

Now they were on the ground. The old ways could be reviewed and changed.

Clarke was already changing their way of life.

After an initial panic Abby embraced the new baby she would have. She had absolutely no idea what to expect from Clarke when she learnt the news.

She is determined to tell her by the end of the Flame Trials festival.

Now, just to tell Raven.

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Clarke groaned and her upper body slumped in defeat.

The morning sun blazed down on her, Clarke's entire body aches and she hasn't bathed since the prior morning.

So between pheromones leftover from the Trial and this training session she smelled ripe!

She had been training with Indra, Octavia and at some point the Night bloods joined in.

Admittedly the Nitblida seemed more interested in observing Wanheda's physical prowess.

She was a living legend after all.

Then again after twenty minutes it was clear that the physical prowess part. All fiction.

"AGAIN WANHEDA!" Indra shouted from the opposite side of the training field they were currently occupying.

Running, the sun was barely up and she was fucking running! Sprints!

Weights training and at some point the sadistic Grounder decided to test her endurance by having her run up a flight of stairs carrying a backpack of stones.

Stupid sadist.

Clarke ran, she pushed through the pain however she knew she was definitely winded when she reached Indra and Octavia.

Clarke stubbornly ignored the fact that the Nightbloods had run effortlessly beside her like a pack of pups while she did all of her ridiculous cardio.

Gasping for breath Clarke waited for Indras next task.

She prays that she doesn't die before lunch.

However, at this point it's questionable.

"Very good Clarke. You've done better than expected. Let's move onto combat training." Indra says drolly, as she continues and she unfolds a leather bundle to reveal a row of ten perfectly even and balanced throwing daggers.
"These blades were gifted to me by my first Seken. Today we will begin training with throwing daggers. I believe they will be easier for you instead of the sword. Please. Refrain from breaking them."

Indra continues giving an entirely unnecessary eyeroll after a pointed look at her left foot. That damned toe!

Clarke focuses, determined to do well. She was hopeless when it came to athletics.

She had been training off and on since coming to Polis. Mostly with Aden because she has her pride afterall.

Indra watches as Octavia coaches Clarke through the proper way to hold the daggers, techniques for foot placement, weight distribution and balance.

Indra hoped this season's Flame Trials lacked combat as a serious qualifier or Wanheda was doomed.

Indra huffed and drank her eleventh cup of coffee. Totally ignoring the caffeine induced tremors in her hands as Wanheda failed gloriously to so much as hit the target post.

Honestly, they were all so hopeless.

Indra barked at Clarke to pay attention before she stomped over to the target post.

"Hit the target Wanheda. Do that and we will be done for the day." Indra commanded.

Octavia shared a determined look with Clarke.

Clarke exhaled, shook out her shoulders and focused on the target. She noted that the Night bloods, who had been loitering about the perimeter of Clarke, giving her a wide berth, were suddenly all standing behind her with passive, innocent expressions on their grubby little faces.

Eyes narrowed, Clarke pulls out a dagger and takes careful aim just like Octavia showed her.

As she let the blade fly Clarke squeezed her eyes shut in dread. Suddenly the morning silence was split by children's laughter.

Clarke looked around confused her eyes meeting Aden's. A pitying look on his face as he mutely points.

Turning Clarke wishes she could just die right then.

Ten yards away standing rigidly beside the target post was Indra. With the dagger lodged halfway into her bicep.

Clarke watches in frozen horror as Indra calmly looked between the dagger in her arm and Clarke before she finally spoke.

"That's my favorite bicep Wanheda."

Beside her she hears Octavia make a strange whine.

Oh hell.

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Raven growled and after making sure there was no one around she leaned against a wall and took the weight off her bad leg.

As the pain thrummed Raven took deep soothing breathing until the pain lessened.

She had agreed to meet with Abby. It seemed to Raven, after yesterday and Clarke's epic reaction that a 'talk' was long overdue.

Sure, they'd had sex. And it had been utterly amazing sex. But they weren't having it now, probably wouldn't in the future.

So, closure. Wasn't anything really to begin with. Raven nodded to herself.

Okay, Raven maybe sorta wanted to talk about it.

Raven groaned with relief when she saw the lift. That contraption would never stop running if she had her way.

Elisha Graves Otis, Inventor of the elevator. Bless that man.

Raven mulled over another issue she needed to discuss with Abby. Abby, the Doctor. Not Abby sexy older omega. Certainly not Abby, Clarke's Mom.

Raven had been, perhaps overly stubborn about this issue. The shot into her back had on first impact, stolen her life.

On the Ark, she could have converted her quarters and work station to half-grav which would allow Raven to float weightless in her environment.

On the ground however, you needed your legs.

Coping with her injury was an ongoing process and if it hadn't been for Anya Raven isn't sure how she ever would have crawled out from the depression that followed her recovery and Finns death.

The first few times she's attempted sex after her injury and she couldn't get an erection shed shrugged it off as fatigue and stress.

It had seriously affected her love life with Anya and Raven had remained stubborn.

She knew she needed to apologize and try to explain to the other alpha.

However it had been four months since her injury and she knew that the medical team. Abby and Jackson and even Nyko, all referred to her case as best scenario.

She didn't think that admitting to this...complication would simplify matters.

Sighing in resignation she prayed Abby didn't freak out and go all SuperDoc on her.

TBC
A/N: Author has a question about penises.

Chapter Summary

A/N: I am working on the next chapter and due to my lady lovin tendencies I find I have a question regarding the penis bearing or knowledgeable part of the population.

If a person with a penis like Alpha Lexa, how likely would it be that she would want to participate in sex knowing she can't finish? Also possibly wearing a cock ring if I can figure out the logistics on those without always ending up on amazon.com

Thank you all so much for your time as you read and review this!
Chapter Summary

Abby tries to examine Raven.

Clarke gets a surprise before her first real Trial begins.

A/N:

I think I'd call it fluff? Btw sorry if I offended anyone with the chap. 12 question. I was honestly just looking for info on a topic I'm unfamiliar with I did not mean to offend. I apologize.

HAPPY READING!

This was not how she had planned to spend her day, was all that kept repeating in her mind as Abby carefully positioned the needle along Ravens spine.

Draining the excess spinal fluid that had built up creating a blockage within Ravens system near the months old surgical scar seemed a decent place to start.

The blockage which showed up on a basic scan Abby did once she was able to become aprised of the symptoms, if this was the cause of the problem draining the fluid should allow Raven to achieve an erection at least temporarily.

If the fluid built up again she would need to get creative for a solution with their limited resources.

She worried for Ravens mental health if this proved to be a permanent issue. There was so much ridiculous stigma attached to their genders.

Although after meeting some of the Grounder omegas who dwarfed Nyko in size, Abby had to concede that the ridicule would largely come from SkaiKru.

For all their brutish ways, the Grounders held gender and presentation equality to a higher standard than her native SkaiKru.

In a way Abby often thought the Ark had served as a sort of time capsule for how society had been prior to the apocalypse.

The new and oftentimes alien reactions that the omega and beta population of SkaiKru had received from the neighboring Grounders had amazed them.

The downside to this however was that now the differences in behaviour had ushered in nearly weekly complaints about the rigid guidelines that had been put into place when the Ark first became stranded among the stars.

She had been surprised to see how none of the same ridicule or expectation followed non reproductive couples among the Grounders, at least not that she had seen.
On the Ark it was clear that if you were an omega you would have at least one child.

Of course, timeless stereotypes still held true. Omegas among SkaiKru were judged harshly if they couldn't bear a pup.

However Alphas were rarely pushed into siring pups and rarely faced ridicule unless of course, there were performance problems.

Abby breathed as she plunged the needle into Ravens spine.

The alpha winced but stoically laid still.

She hasn't been able to tell Raven about the baby.

The alpha had come walking into her room for their lunch plans, as if a storm was following her.

It had taken ten minutes for Abby to be able to decipher that initial rush of words Raven had all but shouted in some sort of panic instead of the traditional greeting.

Raven apparently had been having issues with erections. Abby withdrew the needle and dressed the injection site.

As she waited until Raven was sitting up again and had fixed her top Abby reread her chart on Raven from her datapad.

"Have you had any erections at all since your operation?" Abby asked once again studying the scans she'd spent the past hour doing.

She moved fluidly around her impromptu clinic away from Arkadia.

The tower staff still stared in amazement when they came to clean her rooms. They seemed mystified by the array of medical gear she'd transported to Polis.

One-half of her room was set up as a clinic room. Her equipment aside from a gurney included a heart monitor, ultrasound machine and an autoclave she treated like gold.

She knew she needed to talk to Raven about the baby but Raven had presented her with a surprising ailment. A mystery.

This was absolutely not stalling.

"No, I mean at first I just thought I was tired but yea no, nothing." Raven admitted as she fixes her eyes in her lap fidgeting with her shirt.

"What about after you were injured before the operation? I know you were in pain but some alphas have erections from physical stress." Abby explained as she carefully checked Ravens vitals.

"No, I mean before I got hurt everything was fine. Now, I mean oral still feels good and I want too. Like, so bad but it wont!" Raven exclaimed gesturing wildly at her groin.

Abby breathed and forced herself not to laugh. This was not funny, this was serious. The fact that Raven was staring at her crotch like it was some sort of foreign enemy....Not funny.

Not at all the worst possible time to bring up a baby.

"Okay, well if it's a blockage from excess spinal fluid, then draining it could have fixed it. If nothing
happens I'll discreetly speak with the Polis Fisas and see if they have any advice." Abby explained. "I do need to exam it though."

"It?" Raven asked.

"Yes, your penis. You've had substantial nerve damage in the lower back and in your leg and now your telling me that you've been experiencing sexual impoten..."

"I wouldn't go that far!" Raven interjected, indignant.

"Okay, certain issues and I would like to exam your genitals to check for lumps or signs of infection." Abby said exasperated.

"I think you just want to turn me on." Raven teased although Abby could see the nervous light in her eyes.

"I'm happy to get another healer if you'd prefer. Or send for Jackson from Arkadia, he could be here by tomorrow night."

"No. No, it's fine. You can do it. Just ummm....well you know...it gets bigger." Raven blushed.

Abby rolls her eyes. Fucking alphas.

"Just take off your pants please."

"See, now your just flirting." Raven teased.

"RAVEN TAKE OFF YOUR PANTS!"

"OK! Geez, you don't have to yell." Raven says rolling her eyes as she reaches for her belt.

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Clarke breathes deeply as she prepares for the second Trial.

She knew the second Trial was an obstacle course, this was the last Trial that was open to public participation.

After today, it would become a real competition. Just her and the other competing Tributes.

Indra, who was her self appointed trainer and fuck if Clarke was about to complain about that, had explained in great detail what she needed to do.

Indras first piece of advice? Kick the backs of her opponents knees, elbows to the face were always useful, the woman had even gently suggested poisoning her opponents, non lethally of course...Clarke decides right then she will never go near Indra with a blade again.

From what Indra had explained however, the public participation was partly included to create difficulty during the obstacle course.

The added masses creating traffic and other complications for the Tributes when they tried to navigate the city under this new challenge.

The participants from the public were all covered in a red clay body paint, clearly separating the five
contestants from the masses.

She and the other official Tributes were all wearing matching outfits and war paint.

Their outfits consisted of tough brown canvas trousers with reinforced knee pads and lightweight sleeveless shirts.

The only difference was there clan colors which were used for the facial paint.

Clarke isn’t sure how or why but the Grounders had given SkaiKru blue, white and gray as there clan colors.

So, here she stood in some sort of locker room of the arena that had assigned to her dressed as a Tribute resisting the urge to scratch her freshly painted nose.

Turning to observe the room Clarke can hear the thundering roar of the crowd in the amphitheatre, It seemed the arena where Lexa had fought Roan was used for multiple events.

It was where the initial presentation of the Trials took place and the start and finish line for any of the competitions, everything centered on the arena.

Turning to observe a large map of Polis that was painted on the vacant rooms dominant wall.

Clarke studies it carefully, the route for today's race was plotted carefully in red thread.

The obstacle course began in the arena, exiting the arena seemed like itd be a problem given that the large communal area was full of civilian participants and they as well as the Tributes had to funnel out the small doors and out into the open city of Polis to really get ahead.

From there the Trial route led through the city, first opening into the central market where the Tributes had to race over a ramp, up a greased rope ladder and onto the rooftop.

Once the Tributes reach the top of the rope ladder they would be away from the eyes of the judges and Indra had had several helpful suggestions on how to use that to her advantage.

Shes not sure but shes iffy on whether or not the older Alpha had suggested that she could outright trip one of the competitors off of a rooftop. When Clarke had asked Indra if that had been her meaning all shed gotten in response had been.

"Indra, I'm sorry are you telling me to trip the other Tributes OFF of a building!?!" Clarke asked, aghast.

"Don't be absurd, all I said is that a fall from that height would not likely kill the Tributes should one fall. Also the back of the knee is very sensitive. Very easy to trip."

"Yea, okay Indra."

"Don't be the one who trips Wanheda." Indra growled.

So yes, she had become extremely nervous.

The Tributes once they left the arena were meant to make their way through the city by roof top until they reached a second greased rope ladder twelve rooftops from the first, which they would then climb down and would begin a series of obstacles.

Indra had explained in great detail what the obstacles could be.
Of course this was after she'd given her a solid smack upside her head and extorted another bag of coffee from the omega in retaliation for the training mishap.

Clarke knew she could expect anything from using a rope to swing over a pit of fire, to racing her opponents through a four foot deep pit of mud.

Clarke breathes deeply and focuses on one thing.

The Cheats, as they were referred to by the locals.

There apparently were three tokens hidden along the Trial route. The tokens were paint-sealed mason jars, two contained white sand while the last contained colorful stones.

As a Tribute, the jars could make or break a Trial.

Apparently upon finding one of these jars the intention was to grab it and take it to the finish line where the Heda would open the sealed jar to reveal which of the three Tokens had been collected.

If the Tributes reached the finish line with the jar of sand then they lose automatically, whereas the jar of stones granted immunity and the Tribute moved onto the next challenge.

There was a mason jar full of colorful stones somewhere in this city and she needed to get it.

The other option being to simply win before another opponent reached the finish line with the jar of stones.

She needed that jar.

Indra had pushed the fact that this magical jar of stones was hidden in Polis during every Flame Trials festival and if any of the Tributes found it and made their way back to the arena with it in their possession, they would automatically win the Trial.

"Clarke." Lexa's voice sounded suddenly.

Clarke turned and smiled, glad that the other Tributes weren't around.

Clarke had learned who the Tributes were shortly after surviving Indra's wrath, yet again.

The other Tributes that were left were Niylah kom Trikru, that wasn't going to be awkward at all. Echo Kom Azgeda, Vera kom StoneKru and Jules Kom Floukru.

"Hello Heda. How are you?" Clarke asked nervously. She hadn't been expecting the alpha and she was feeling surprisingly shy.

"I am well Clarke, I don't want to keep you. I'm sure you'll want to start your warm ups soon. I just have a gift for you." Lexa said softly, extending a small brown sack towards her.

Clarke takes it carefully and smiles, her smile giving way to confusion when she removes a small jar of...dirt? From the sack.

Wait, warm ups?

"Thank you?" Clarke says, did Lexa just give her a jar of dirt? Wait, was this one of the sand jars? Was she being politely rejected?

"Its ashes, from the Induction Ceremony. I don't know what you put in but...I know its not...I'm sorry
this is silly. "Lexa moves to take back the jar but Clarke clutches it tighter.

"I love it." She says stubbornly. "This isn't one of the bad jars right?"

"What? No its not like that." Lexa sighs, "Clarke it was a foolish idea."

"No, it was sweet and I love it. I'm keeping the dirt."

"Ash." Lexa interjected.

"I don't care, it's mine. A dear friend gave it to me." Clarke responds as she tucks the jar into her bag. Lexa flushed and smiles. "If it's to strange?"

"Its not, I..This means alot Lexa. Thank you." Clarke says honestly. She wonders when Lexa had thought to do this? She knew Lexa didn't know it was her Dads watch shed thrown into the pit. Her stomach couldn't help but turn over the memory.

But Clarke did know how rarely Lexa gave gifts. That in itself said everything.

"We will be beginning shortly. Are you nearly ready?" Lexa asked as she stepped closer and carefully fixed the collar of Clarke's shirt.

Clarke feels her heart begin to race at the alphas proximity. After feeling a myriad of emotions and urges regarding the Heda in the last week, largely inspired by the rampant pheromones...

Clarke can't help but feel grateful to smell Lexas scent and only smell her, not the intoxicating pheromones that have clung to the girl like a seductive second skin.

Smiling Clarke feels her nerves melt away as she watches the way Lexas serious expression seems to sweep over her intently.

"I'm ready Lex." Clarke said softly.

Pleased at the light blush and the way Lexas gaze drifted to her mouth.

Lexa blinks before recovering and placing her hands behind her back, she turns expectedly facing the door. She waits for Clarke to join her as they progress outdoors for the main event.

"I hear Indra has come upon a most curious injury. " Lexa began as they navigated the tunnels.

"Ugh...Aden told you?"

"Aden told me yes. He's quite taken with you." Lexa teased lightly. "Must be all those training sessions with him."

"You know about that huh." She said rhetorically. "Wasn't going to advertise that a ten year old can beat me at virtually every weapon in the armory."

Lexa smiled, "Clarke there's no need to advertise. The people of Polis have been informed."

"Was that a burn?" Clarke whispered teasingly. Her blood pressure rising as her adrenaline began to rush making her feel energetic and flirtatious.

"Your teasing me." Clarke gushed and stopped directly in front of Lexa.

Turning she could see the crowd just past the tunnel.

"Have you ever heard of the tradition or saying, a kiss for good luck?" No way was she this brave without the fresh boatload of adrenaline.

Lexa looks puzzled before shaking her head and taking them both by surprise when she gently leans in a softly kisses the omegas cheek. "No, but I can guess."

Tbc.

Thank you for reading and I hope you enjoy it!

A/N:

This ABO story is not intended to offend anyone or demean anyone. The Trials are officially underway, please be mindful of the tags and just to clarify. Lexa will not be sexually involved with anyone besides Clarke and the same for Wanheda. I am not a medically trained person as those of you that are, probably could tell. I'm not opposed to any tips or edits that can help the realism of the plot in any areas that arise.

Again, y'all are great and I hope you have a great week!
Clarke exhaled as she bounces on the balls of her feet, staying in place, shaking out her freshly warmed muscles.

Rotating her head she shifts and flexes making sure that all her joints and limbs are stretched and she groans when her back pops in a way that feels amazing.

As soon as she and Lexa had emerged from the rear locker rooms into the open arena Indra and Octavia had appeared seemingly from nowhere both with matching expressions of intense focus and determination, Clarke grimaced as she prepared for the oncoming pain as they stole her away to stretch and prepare for the Obstacle course.

The arena was teeming with people, it seemed as if any moment the strong walls, formed from scavenged steel and other metal materials, would burst at the seams.

Clarke breathes deeply as she turns and moves to take her place on the Tributes platform.

The arena had one wall which occupied the Hedas throne, Titus stood in his place beside Lexa.

A step lower the visiting Flame Keepers stood just as solemn and stone faced as their Master.

The step below that were the chairs seating the Ambassadors and Hefas of the thirteen clans.

Beside the clan Hefa seat Clarke took her place as Tribute where she found Kane also standing behind the empty chair as coleader of SkaiKru and interim ambassador.

Clarke looks around, wondering where her mother could be? Her Mom was always punctual, moreso since she became more involved with Grounder relations.

She turns to look behind her to see Lexa standing at attention, it was mesmerising the way that such a slender young girl could effortlessly exude such a presence and pheromone signature that the crowds submitted to her with minimal effort.
Clarke then sees the large circular bronze gong behind the Commander. They have a gong? Where in the world did they find that? Does it work? Can a gong not work? Clarke is pulled out of her mental tangent when Kane leans in close to her ear to ask.

"Clarke, where is the Chancellor?" Kane hissed.

"I don't know she's supposed to be here after some thing with Raven! Can you radio her?" Clarke snapped as she realized that they were the only ones missing their illustrious leader.

Mother. Where are you!

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"Ha! There it goes! Oh this is the greatest day ever! Abby look!" Raven exclaimed happily, eagerly gesturing at the covered bulge that had started growing shortly after Abby finished her exam.

"Yes, this is good now we will just need to see if you can maintain it." She replied as she took notes. Smiling softly at the alphas antics.

"Oh I can maintain it. This just goes to show if there's a will there's a way!" Raven declared as she sat up and stared at her erection in determination.

"Hello? Abby? Woah...am I interrupting?" Anya asked snickering as she turned the corner into Abbys Clinic nook and saw Raven sitting in her boxer briefs at full mast.

"Your back! Oh I've so much to tell you but first! Look!" Raven exclaimed gleefully.

Anya scowled and started laughing. "Why are you showing me your cock?"

"I have an erection, I'm happy. I want to talk about it." Rave said bouncing happily.

"Boy Reyes, you sure know how to welcome a guy." John smirked from behind the alpha. Ravens erection immediately wilted and she stared aghast at her groin, before turning furious eyes onto the omega.

"Murphy I'm going to fucking kill you!" Raven snarled viciously.

"Abby aren't you supposed to be at the festival?" Anya asks Abby, ignoring Raven as the mechanic carried on snarling and cursing John. Honestly shed grown used to the reactions the Skai boy seemed to inspire from just about everyone they met. Hostility and aggression. The boy was...aggravating.

Abby pales. "Oh no."

Hurriedly Abby checks her watch before flying around the room in a whirlwind as she frantically changes and grabs her bag as she prepared to run to the festival.

Oh she was so late!

"Wait! Abby! What was the thing you wanted to talk to me about!?!" Raven shouted from her spot on the gurney as Anya and Murphy stood tucked into a corner as the doctor flew around them.
"Oh! I'm pregnant." Abby gushed as she hastily buttoned up her new top. "It's yours, we can talk later. I meant to tell you sooner but well...your penis problems and the festival and...Come find me after the Trial starts. I'm sorry, we can talk then" Abby finished in a rush as she ran out the door.

Raven, Anya and John all stared at each other in shock until John starts giggling.

"What did she say?" Raven asked in shock.

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Clarke groans as she feels all eyes turn on her, she knows she can be dramatic at times and exaggerate however in this moment.

All eyes in the arena were on her.

And Kane.

Titus and the other Flame Keepers had started off the announcements, they had droned on for some time about the grounders rising from the ashes, the first Heda who started the Games, the meaning and benefits that came from competing and winning.

He briefly announced that whoever owned a Grey Appaloosa, their horse had been found wandering the produce market.

He finally announced each Tribute and the Clan they belonged too. The Flame Keepers went on to expound on any achievements or victories.

Clarke's stomach turned when they glorified her Mt. Weather Massacre.

But now, Clarke knew it had all been prolonged due to Abbys absence.

"She's a doctor, she could be with a patient." Kane whispered to Indra just as the sound of running feet echoed off the unusually silent arena.

Abby had arrived.

Clarke exhaled in relief just before she turns enraged eyes on her Mother.

"Where have you been?" Clarke hissed.

"I'm sorry I was with a patient...oh...were you all waiting for me? Oh dear." Abby whispered horrified. This was her prepubescent nightmare come to life.

"Yes, now sit before it gets worse."

Clarke turns and faces the crowd as Abby sits and Kane smiles encouragingly at Indra as the alpha rolls her eyes and looks away.

"The Flame Trial on this day marks the first step toward our new year! The mark of our rebirth! The first strike of the gong participants get ready, on the second strike participants begin! The third strike Tributes begin!...as a penalty to SkaiKru for tardiness in the Games, Tribute Wanheda...may not begin until the fourth strike of the gong, after all other Tributes and participants have left the arena...LET THE GAMES BEGIN!"

Clarke gasped in horror when she hears the penalty she has to pay. Groaning as the first strike sounds as the massive doors are pulled open.
Clarke watches in awe as the second strike sounds and hordes of red clay painted bodies swarm the arena entrances.

The way the bodies slam and funnel through the door ways is almost cringe worthy.

Clarke gasped when she saw one man pushed and thrown into the arena wall by the force of the crowd and Clarke can clearly see his arm twist viciously behind his back and break from her vantage point.

"Mom?" Clarke whispered urgently.

"I'm on it, you just get ready to run Clarke." Abby said already bracing herself to leave her seat and get to the injured young man as soon as Clarke is able to start.

The third strike sounds and Clarke growls as the other Tributes all leap almost in perfect sync and begin sprinting after the crowds.

Clarke breathes deeply and focuses on the central door, it's straight ahead, she needs to get out of the arena and to the first ladder....Come on...

The fourth strike sounds! She's off! She's running, dust clouding around her knees as she desperately tries to regain lost ground.

Clarke growls as she turns a corner into the market, the central market of Polis was of course it's main street.

The street was the largest in the city and it ran straight to the Tower from the Main Gate. Clarke knew halfway to the Tower there was the ramp and the first ladder.

Clarke skids to a stop as she sees the ladder up ahead, the sheer volume of people cut off all avenues to the ramp.

Growling in frustration she frantically surveys her surroundings, kiosks and vendors...Clarke sees a delivery cart and gets a bad idea...

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"Is it like this?" Indra asked as she practiced the hand gesture Raven had shown her.

"Yes, that's it. That's good job, a thumbs up." Raven explained.

"But it's not my thumb. " Indra protested.

"Its just an expression, ya know...a metaphor." Raven explained before she took a long sip of her ale.

"You appear troubled." Indra said after a lull in conversation.

It seems that she had found herself sitting with the mechanic after Kane had gone to linger around the other Ambassadors, Abby and Anya were treating some betas broken arm. Octavia and Lincoln were off looking for food and the Monty boy had been last seen hanging off of a Floukru alpha.

So here she sat...with the gimp. Indra is surprised when she realises how little time she has spent with this alpha.

Raven seemed to be everywhere.
She was the warrior responsible for the slaughter of the 300. She was some sort of genius that could understand the ships they lived in among the stars.

She was severely wounded in battle, marking her as a seasoned veteran by any grounders standards.

Indra had also watched Raven and Anya compete in a wasabi eating contest until the SkaiKru alpha had puked.

This was the alpha that had bred with Abby. Really?

"No, it's just the baby thing." Raven admitted.

"It is not a thing Raven Reyes, it is a baby and it is on its way." Indra stated taking a sip of her ale, missing her coffee.

Octavia had cut her off.

Called her mean.

"I know, I just...I had no idea I mean she's got to be like five months and she's barely got a bump!" Raven exclaimed.

"Are you suggesting that Abby has slept with numerous alphas and therefore is mistaken on who her pups sire is." Indra deadpan. Her stare deadly.

"No I just...I'm allowed to be shocked Indra. This morning my problems were I may never have kids or sex again to sex is still iffy AND I'm going to be a Papa!" Raven shouted.

"Very well. But you say nothing to upset Abby. Or Clarke."

"Oh god." Raven groaned before slamming her face in her hands. "Clarke doesn't know."

"Well, if she trips you can tell her while she's in a coma." Indra says dryly.

Raven groans again.

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Clarke knew what she was doing could be considered cheating.

And trespassing.

However the vendors rear storage all shared a long hallway that ran the length of one side of the market.

A shortcut.

Clarke crept through the closed bakery and into their storeroom. She sighed in relief when she finds a door and is able to turn into the hallway and finds it empty.

Running quickly Clarke carefully peeks out from the rear access doors of several shops before she finds the one that lets her out right by the ramp.

Before she could over think it Clarke sprints out the vacant shop, scares the daylights out of a couple drunken teenagers loitering in the shadows.
Clarke spies the ramp, it’s just a large sheet of metal mounted into the ground and propped up at an angle. It looks like it may have been a warehouse door at one point?

What stops her however are the red clay painted bodies on the far side of the ramp pouring buckets of oil down the sun heated sheet of metal.

Clarke turns to check out the ladders, the ropes are thick coarse cables, liberally smeared in chunks of cold white grease.

Fuck.

Clarke looked up to see two of the Tributes nearly to the top.

Clarke exhaled and growled and leapt towards the ramp, she jumped aiming for a dry spot.

She slipped, slamming onto her side she scrambles to find a grip but slides to the ground with no resistance.

Clarke huffed in annoyance and stares at the ground.

It’s gravel...and sand...and dirt.

It’s friction.

Clarke quickly grabs handfuls and skaters herself up and runs and leaps for the ladder, she slips and struggles but she finally grips the rope.

Growling Clarke pulls herself up, careful to thread her leg through as she can barely keep a grip. Sweating Clarke looks up, not to much further.

Looking down, oh god.ohgodohgod...Clarke gasped as the world suddenly tilted.

She was going to die.

This was ridiculous she could just ask her out. The omega asking the alpha out. Glass ceilings breaking everywhere!

This is some nonsense.

Clarke panted as she clutches the ropes until her panic eases. She swallows and climbs up and rolls onto the rooftop. She groans when she realises that her secret hopes of roof to roof bridges? Nope, don’t exist.

Clarke cries out as she leaps into action, sprinting fast she runs to the ledge before leaping, she has a few bone chilling seconds of terror before she rolls into her landing on the next roof. She stands shakes off her pants and does it again and again.

She’s nearly at the end when suddenly she's yanked off her feet.

Clarke is slammed to her back as the Floukru omega Tribute pulls her collar.

Clarke snarls seeing red as she is up and running at the other Tribute.

They collide in a slam that forces snarls from them both.

Clarke focuses her hits on the omegas hip and ribs while the Floukru omega scratched at her back
and bit into her shoulder.

Clarke hissed and driven by instinct she roared and tackled her opponent charging and suddenly Clarke realises... she's flying?

TBC
I've got a jar of dirt! Or not?

Chapter Summary

Clarke quite literally stumbles through this Trial like only she can, meanwhile Lexa has some visitors.

A/N:

Wow, can't believe I hadn't updated in a week! My bad y'all, I hope you guys continue to enjoy this story and happy reading!

The sensation of flying is everything one would imagine, except of course...She wasn't flying she had in fact thrown herself and her new number one most hated person off the rooftop.

Wonderful.

Clarke barely had time to panic and punch at the other omega because apparently plunging to your imminent death didn't mean they were done having there little death match.

She snarls as the other omega scratches her neck and tries to kick Clarke's knees.

Clarke seethes and gets a good slap in just before they crash through the canvas cover for the kiosk they are destroying in the fall.

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Clarke groans as she struggles to regain focus.

A steady drumming beat draws her closer to consciousness, in her mind memories of sterile white rooms and the beep of the equipment.

Flashes of blood and charred flesh, radiation exposure leaves a unique odor.

One she will never forget.

Clarke pants and she comes awake and realizes the drumming is actual drums. So no, not death and all it's friends. It's just a party. Just a party.

Groaning in pain as she shoves broken pieces of wood and plaster off her.

She turns and studies her surroundings, she appears to have crashed into a pottery store with bitch of the year.

She spies the other girl all crashed and slightly bloodied.

Pushing away the unpleasant memories Clarke sits up and takes stock of her body.

Nothing broken thank God, she sees a few obvious cuts and scrapes, she feels her forehead and it comes away slick with blood.
Great, standing she gasps in pain as she tries to put weight on her right foot.

Casting a glance at the other girl whose still unconscious. Clarke growls as she debates leaving without checking on the Tribute.

Clarke sighs as she cautiously approaches the Floukru omega.

The raven haired girl is laid in a prone position. She doesn't seem to be moving...if she dies in this stupid contest...

Clarke gets a scrap of wood to use as a club as she approaches the omega and carefully checks her pulse.

Clarke breathes deeply and focuses on the beats to check her heart rate when suddenly she sees blue eyes staring back at her just before the Floukru omega in a feat of ninja activity the likes of which, Clarke had never before witnessed....spins around on her hips and has Clarke in a chokehold between her thighs before Clarke can so much as react.

Clarke struggles and barely has time to mutter "crap." Before she passes out.

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Lexa moves carefully through the crowds. The people are milling around her in full celebration.

Lexa watched as fireworks were shot off, magicians and the fire eaters preformed for crowds.

She always loved this celebration. She wasn't sure if the fact that she knew she was the product of a Flame Trials festival factored into it but Lexa was always especially eager for this time of year.

The part she was anxious about at least this time was Clarke. She knew her gift may have seemed silly to the omega. But Clarke had seemed to receive it well.

Lexa knew shed be expected to spend the evening with the winner of today's competition.

She hoped for Clarke, if only because she didn't care for the way that Echo eyed her crotch like a piece of meat, or how the Floukru omega was incapable of discussing anything besides star mapping.

She couldn't have the same conversation about nautical navigation again, she just couldn't!

It had nothing to do with the fact that Clarke smelled delicious today. Lexa had found herself chirring with the desire to call to the omega.

The needy press of her body, molded to Lexa.

Memory of that burned in Lexas mind.

Her responses to the other Tributes had felt forced, it had felt like purely physical impulse.

The second Clarke had begun her Call Lexa had been suffused with need.

The impulse had thrummed through her blood in a way that made Lexas vision heat in a way she had never felt outside of her Rut.

Did Clarke actually want her? Why hadn't Clarke said anything before? Lexa hoped that Clarke won just to talk. She needed some sort of explanation, even if it was rejection.
She decided that that was the appropriate reason the omega should win.

Not at all to see if she could inspire those same whimpering moans from Clarke again.

Lexa swallowed and turned her focus back onto the festival.

She stoically ignored the sharp twitch in her trousers as she forced her thoughts off of Clarke.

Lexa saw several fire pits being utilized, pig, deer and sheep were all being slow roasted. The scents filled the air making her stomach knot in hunger.

She saw festival candies being handed out to small children who eagerly ate them faster than their parents could pay for the treats.

Lexa smiled softly at the pups who were brave enough to stare at her without shying away.

"Heda, your audience is requested in an urgent matter by the Tower stables." A guard suddenly said softly in her ear.

She nods, turning she makes the necessary hand gestures to ward off any concerns of her hidden guards.

As Heda she had learned early that having guards discreetly follow her in regular clothing versus the uniforms helped deter assassination attempts.

Lexa smiled softly to herself as she wonders how Clarke is faring in this competition?

The route wasn't long however she knew that a great deal of the competition was between the Tributes themselves.

She can still recall Costias accounts of the viciousness in facing off the other Tributes.

Alphas were generally regarded as the trademark territorial and possessive partners.

However, no one ever seemed to discuss just how fierce and ferociously an omega will fight for what's theirs.

Lexa couldn't help but wonder how Clarke would do. All of this was so strange to her, Lexa could still see moments of wonder on the omegas face in the presence of things she herself views as mundane and they fascinated the alpha.

Lexa knew the omega was resourceful and she had learned not to underestimate Clarke but the women in this Trial were all warriors in some regard.

Clarke could barely operate a sword without skewering herself much less anything else. But she seemed to always prevail.

That was one obstacle.

The fact that the crowd in general served as physical obstacles remained as well, the Tributes would be disqualified if they inadvertently injured a non competitor.

Lexa stepped into the Tower stables main offices to meet with the Stable Master and see to the issue when she sees two people she hadn't expected.

Across the room from her a man and a woman stand.
The woman is older, in her forties but beautiful with her sharp jawline and green eyes, elegant tribal tattoos curve around her profile.

Her olive skin stones go well with her dark curls and waves. Her clothes are haggard and worn. She's wearing thick boots and leggings, her cloak is furred and thick. She's obviously just returning from a long journey.

The man is taller and lean in build bearing the same coloring. His dark braided curls and neatly trimmed beard shows the same sharp jawline and green eyes.

Lexa can't stop the gasp that escapes her as she recognizes the faces of her Mother and brother staring at her.

Four years, four years and not a word.

Lexa swallowed and stopped as she glared at her Mother, unsure whether to be welcoming or not.

Her mother was a navigator and route planner. Her entire life was travelling it was a passion and need that overtook her in everything.

It had led to a largely absent childhood and had left Lexa holding a sobbing Aden four years ago until Anya could be reached in the stone nation.

Lexa was also struggling because she was angry.

She had sent word for the older omega after Costias death, Lexa had never asked her Mother to stay.

The woman went like the wind, that had been a simple fact as she and her brother had been growing up.

However she couldn't pretend that she wasn't angry that she hadn't come when Lexa had been alone holding the coalition together while mourning Costia death.

The death had shaken the nation.

Costia had been the unmated omega daughter of Nia Kom Azgeda.

The younger blonde sister of Roan she had been a passionate young warrior.

Costia had loved Lexa and Lexa had been so proud when Costia had won the Trials. Lexa had been so full of dreams and ideas on building a new world with Costia.

Costia had never cared for that, she had simply wanted to have a family. With Lexa.

Her Alpha sire though, no one had anticipated the savagery of Nias attack on Costia.

On Lexa really. Lexa had always regretted that she hadn't mated Costia before the Trials. According to the laws of their people until a pup is mated they belong only to their clan. She was not allowed to seek vengeance.

When Nia had killed Costia she had promptly banished Roan to avoid her son's wrath.

Nia had been furious her pup had defiled herself with the Trikru Heda and when Lexa had returned home from a month long trip to Azgeda finalizing peace talks to find Costias head in her bed.

Lexa had broken for a moment and stopped being the Heda. She had simply been alone, she had sent
for her Mother.

She never came.

"Hello Mother, hello Jericho. I didn't know you were coming. I could have made plans to greet you. Perhaps brought Aden." Lexa said staring pointedly at her Mother.

"I didn't know she was coming back Lexi. She just showed up and we agreed to come see you before she settles back in TonDc again." Jericho, ever the peacekeeper explained.

Lexa sighed. Her older brother Jericho just wanted a simple life. They rarely saw each other and Lexa strived to keep her role as Heda from affecting him as much as she could.

His farm had been burned twice since her ascension to the Flame.

"I'm sure it's more so she can see how long she's got before she has to be a Mother." Lexa snaps. Her irritation and old pain bubbling up. Her surprise by their appearance wasn't helping either.

"That's not fair Lexa. It's my job, it's how I supported us." Her Mother interjected with a hurt tone.

"Have you even been to see Aden? Or Rhea and Tes? Or talked to Anya? You just left her with three pups! You turned Aden over to the Flame Keepers Guild and you didn't have too. You already gave them me. Then you left." Lexa growls, her body is heated and drumming with adrenaline.

She needs to fight, the tonic amps up her libido and virility which of course because she's an Alpha affects her aggression.

She can't do this, not now. Not with this Tonic in her system. She feels her hold on control slipping at the edges.

"I'm sorry Lexa. I had to take the commission. And Aden wanted to join to Conclave." She reasoned to her daughter.

"He doesn't know what it really means! I do and I told you not to do it!" Lexa snarled.

"He is my son Lexa and Aden wanted this. I can't believe...Lexa I want to fix this. I know this may not be the best time but I'll be here. I'm going to visit Aden, you will not stop me." Lexa snarls.

"When your ready to talk, let me know." Lexa swallowed and turned away leaving them in the stables.

Lexa huffs as she makes the short trek to the festival yards.

She could already see paired off competitions.

Friendly sparring and posturing. Lexa jumped a fence and her hands shook as she tore off her jacket and headed for the nearest free opponent.

A large beta from Trikru, the man squared off and gave a polite nod before they moved in and attacked.

Lexa grunts as he lands a punch to her side just before she whirls and jumps, spinning in the air her elbow slams into his jaw, the clash and click of teeth is audible as blood sprays through the air.

Lexa plants her feet as the beta stumbles back wiping his mouth.

He looks over his shoulder to call over to his friends.
Five other warriors come sauntering over and Lexa huffs and waits until they all nod in agreement and the group moves into formation around her.

Lexa snarls and grins ferally.

She wasn’t the Alpha of all Alphas for no reason.

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Clarke coughs as she comes awake for the third time that day. What the crap! Standing Clarke moves quickly, ignoring the pain in her hip and ankle as she quickly leaves the broken destruction of the shop.

Clarke Stood out in the open street confused about where she was, she groaned as she realizes that large colored tarps and curtains hang to obscure landmarks and indicators to their location.

Clarke was already only slightly familiar with the markets that riddle Polis.

Turning she stops in surprise when she sees Octavia and Raven standing with Indra across the street waving excitedly.

Clarke breathes deeply and smiles as she waves, she's taken aback when Indra suddenly gave her a glaring smile and flipped her off.

What the actual fuck?

Okay seriously how much abuse is she going to have to take?

She had to admit the dagger was her bad but the toe thing?

So blown out of proportion and sort of Indras fault anyway.

She had told the alpha she didn't know if she was ready for a real sword but Indra had told her to suck it up and follow her instructions.

Indra had then turned and stared at something past Clarke's shoulder the same way she looks at coffee, so naturally Clarke turns and it's Octavia.

She's looking at Octavia? Like coffee?

Clarke had whirled around in a gasp and the alphas eyes had met hers in a scary intense way and Clarke's arm had slipped and well...there went Indras toe but really?

Flipping her the bird in the middle of Polis? She just fell through a building!

Clarke huffs and frowns in confusion when Octavia suddenly smacks Indras side and starts making dramatic hand gestures and yelling at the grounder.

Indra for her part just looks defensive and proceeds to flip off Octavia, Octavia then starts giving Indra a thumbs up.

Ravens just laughing into her beer stein.

Clarke frowns even more confused when Indra turns and gives her a beaming thumbs up.

She's not sure how to respond so she mimics the gesture and starts into a epically painful slow jog.
Clarke is unsure of her location so she follows the thick crowds of people until she is able to make out a few landmarks and she runs or tries too.

The sheer volume of people make it impossible to move. Clarke pushes and tries to fight her way out of the crowd to the wall and then she sees it.

Their, to her right tucked into a ceramics display is a whitewashed mason jar with the symbol of the Flame painted on it in red.

Clarke's fingers itch as she debates going for it. She has no idea of she's got a hope for winning, she's no clue how long she was out for.

She's going for it.

Clarke breathes and sprints, just as she grabs it she sees Floukru Bitch Numero Uno and shouts as she tackles her before the omega could reach the jar.

Clarke snarls and grins in savage glee as she punches and successfully breaks her competition's nose.

Standing she grabs the jar and bolts.

Clarke is going to die. Her lungs are on literal fire! Again with the damn running!

Surely there were ways of proving one's worth that didn't include excessive amounts of cardio.

Clarke can't recall how or when exactly but she reaches the arena and as she's turning to finish the last stretch Clarke is suddenly being tackled to the ground again.

This time it's Floukru Bitch Numero Uno and Echo. Clarke kicks and snarls as they both go for the jar.

Clarke pushes up and uses the jar to smack Echo across the face and she doesn't even engage the other omega she just runs!

Clarke breathes as she makes it over the finish line. Ok fuck...She won...unless...is this a dirt jar?

TBC
Clarke stood nervously pacing the finish line, all of her instinctive drive was rapidly draining out of her as she gripped the white washed jar.

She wasn't positive but she considered that she may be in a low level stage of shock.

Her palms were sweaty and her entire body was shaking lightly, the action seemed out of her control, that all had actually happened.

And she was alive...that was just the second trial though...should she make a will?

She exhaled a shaky breath as she opted to just focus on her Token.

The jar felt large and solid in her hands, it's red wax sealed lid mocking her as she struggles with the desire to rip it open.

Clarke breathes and feels her adrenaline kick up again as she sees the other Tributes closing in on the arena.

Getting closer to her.

Her omega inwardly snarls at the perceived threat.

That had been one surprise to the SkaiKru refugees. The transition from a lifetime of artificial suppressants, the fact that one's presentation whether it was alpha, beta or omega could feel like a separate consciousness in times of heightened emotion. It had rocked their small community. The alien impulses, often times fragile control over hormonal impulses.

She gives a start when she realizes that Niylah, who was representing Trikru,(The fact that the beta had also passed the 'entrance exam' wasn't awkward at all to Clarke. Cue, eye roll.)

Clarke feels her pulse race when she sees Niylah holding an identical white mason jar, who had also apparently beaten her to the finish line...

Clarke can't hold in the nervous growl.
As she is joined by the other Tributes Clarke can't help the savage snarl she gives when the Floukru omega and Echo are within striking distance.

It's Clarke's omega in control as she growls and pumps out aggressive pheromones.

She knows that she's pissed and she's feeling her injuries more and more with each passing second, but the tangible desire to attack and beat the challenging omega into a bloody pulp...that has the aftertaste of an adrenaline high she surmised is induced by the omega tonic that they all were made to drink.

She was going to have to have a discussion with Lexa about the side effects of this tonic afterall.

Clarke breathes deeply and focuses her frustration as she reasons that Lexa likely doesn't know about the side effects, Grounders for all their obvious equality still were surprisingly tight lipped about certain gender issues such as menstruation or childbirth.

The idea that Lexa for no other reason than being an alpha, would be kept in the dark about how the omega Tributes tonic affected them wouldn't be surprising at all.

Clarke snarls and her eyes narrow as Bitch Numero Uno suddenly takes an aggressive step towards her and her jar.

Clarke meets her confrontation, her shoulders back she tucks the jar into her elbow like a football and crouches ready to respond to the other omegas attack.

"TRIBUTES! LINE UP!" Titus's voice suddenly cuts through the tension.

His beta pheromones along with the other Flame Keepers quelled the lingering notes of anger and hostility in the air until the Tributes all regained their composure enough to line up in front of their clan sygils.

Clarke turns to check out the other Tributes and sees that she and Niylah seem to be the only ones holding the Token jars.

The third hadn't been found this time.

This does mean however, that one of them was out after this trial...Clarke's gut twisted.

Clarke knows that after this initial finish of the competition they would adjourn until sunset when they would all return to represent their Clan and learn who the winner of the Trial is.

She's shifts anxiously as she accepts her cup of the Tribute tonic when one of the Flame Keepers stands in front of her and hands her a mug of the milky substance.

Clarke grimaces as she tries to knock back the drink like it's Jasper and Montys moonshine.

Ugh, it goes down like spoiled milk.

Clarke gags and glares when she hears someone snicker.

This bitch...

Glaring at the Floukru omega she debates the cons of just killing her right now?
“Tributes, you have done well. You are free to rest and visit a healer. Return and be prepared to meet your verdict at sundown. Those with Token jars, do not lose your Token and do not allow the seal to be tampered with or you will lose your place in the Trials. Your dismissed!” Titus announces, the Tributes all seem to sag in unison.

The healers of Polis were in for a busy afternoon.

Echo is obviously favoring her shoulder and her lip is bleeding from where Clarke had struck her.

Niylah looked shockingly unmussed, she and Floukru Bitch Numero Uno on the other hand...Well they certainly looked like they had crashed through a ceiling.

Floukru Bitch Numero Unos nose and lower face were smeared in blood, her left eye was blackened and she was holding her ribs.

Clarke felt pain throb in her hip, her head was rabidly gaining a migraine as her adrenaline began to slow.

She knew she had a cut somewhere on her scalp. Her ankle seemed to be mildly sprained but she planned to wrap it quickly.

Clarke nodded politely to the other Flame Keepers and Tributes and clutched her jar as she turned to leave the arena and search out her Mom and whoever else she could find.

She had her jar of dirt...hopefully not dirt...

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Anya sat in shock.

She had been looking forward to meeting with Lexa and catching up.

She had heard rumors of the Wanheda tribute on the road so of course, relentless teasing was called for and she herself was curious of Lexas opinion on her slight infatuation with the annoying omega boy.

She had only ever been involved with Bo, Lexas Mother.

Lexas Mother, she had met Lexa as the Trikru Nightblood repreasntive. Anyas own role as a newly appointed Trikru Shield Trainee was to train the according noficiate.

Upon their initial meeting the older alpha hadn't been impressed.

Lexa had been at the right age for junior sekens. From the ages of five to ten years old pups are sent all over their respective village territories to train and learn different trades and vocations before they make a commitment and become a Seken.

This was no different for the Night bloods. However they are required to adhere to a strict combat and warfare knowledge training schedule, in addition to whichever vocational training they fall into.

Lexa had suddenly been physically dropped by the scruff of her neck at seven years old by a grumbling Gustus at Anyas feet.

Wild half loose brown braids surrounded a scrawny dirt covered face.

The girls clothes were old and worn thin but pain stakingly scrubbed clean.
She learns later, by Jericho.

There Mother was away for some reason. Another mapping commission most likely.

She decides she would have to get Lexa some clothes and decides to have the bill sent to Titus.

The pup had scowled up at her with angry green eyes and had the audacity to growl.

Anya hadn't been able to stop the scoff of laughter at that.

So no, it had taken months before Anya had seen the spark in Lexa that drew people. It wasn't until she was standing in mud, soaked to the bone in the rain on a sheer Cliffside trail waiting on Lexa.

The tiny angry pup that never talked never once complained was just silently huffing and trekking behind her, struggling and keeping pace for the most part.

She was also improving!

Anya saw then that spark that those closest to the young alpha respected the most.

The one that whispered Lexa's name even when others predicted Luna KomTrikru as the next Commander.

Anya had been paired with Lexa when she had shown consistent promise with the sword and javelin.

She was rather hopeless with a bow, this was largely due to the fact and it was a strict secret. That Lexa had issues seeing farther away from her instead of near.

The two had started out as simply teacher and student however to know Lexa was to admire her. That had been evident even in the beginning.

Sure, there was Luna who was a slightly better fighter but Lexa had been firmly ranked at the top of her class in warfare knowledge and her tactics exercises were unmatched in victory.

After the first year together Anya escorted Lexa, Luna and Lunas twin brother, Lionel back to TonDc for that years Flame Trials and Anya had at that point met Lexa's Mother. Anya had been hopelessly smitten with Bo Kom Trikru from the instant Lexa had eagerly pointed her out among TonDCs Omega Tributes in their local villages festival.

The stag hunt which is an event held within the final Flame Trials celebration which the population participates in after the victor for the Polis games is named. It's essentially an excuse for everyone to drinks and find a lover before slipping off into the woods.

There was even a contest in Polis to woo a Tribute away from their spot in the Trials.

Anya had wooed Bo.

A year later holding a crying Aden in the doorway of her Hut that she shared with Bo and Lexa, or Jericho when he visited from his fish hatchery apprenticeship.

She realized that Bo had left.

Judging by the state of Adens diaper at least half the day.

She hadn't come back for a year that time, Anya had kicked herself for how easily she'd let soft
Kisses and Bo's mating call bring her back.

She had stayed four months that time before leaving again, this time however she had nearly caused an international incident. She had taken Lexa just before she had become Heda to Azgeda, without security clearance from Titus. While yes, nothing disastrous happened. Lexa returned unaware of any problem blissfully unaware. No, she returned from Azgeda in love with the Ice Princess, Costia kom Azgeda. Titus had gone bald in reaction to the stress.

This last time though...when Bo had stayed gone longer than ever.

When Anya's many contacts no longer reports sightings. When she had grown numb to lying awake in bed wondering if Bo was still alive?

Four years...She felt flush with anger.

Going on mission for Heda only to be recalled to the capitol to an insconsolable child...She still couldn't forget the sound of his cries.

Not to mention when she found out that Bo had enrolled Aden into the conclave before leaving.

The Nightblood gene, they had enough understanding of genetics to track certain bloodlines.

The bloodlines who birthed the deformed children oftentimes birth Nightblood babes.

After your first Nightblood pup was born and given over to the conclave, so long as the child lives to enter the conclave of the Flame. That family is not required to give over a second child unless the first dies before competing in the conclave of the Flame.

Anya had been unspeakably furious when Titus had relayed the news that Aden had been endorsed and given over to the Flame Keepers Guild.

She was determined to give Aden an out should he ever want it.

She and Lexa had been working to change the Flame Keepers laws and so Anya had found permanent apartments in Polis and she moved to the capitol to stay near Aden and she left her daughter's in Indras care as junior sekens.

She had changed her role as Shield to work below Gustus.

He took over as Lexa's full Shield while she operated as Lexa's right hand and handled affairs with neighboring tribes and clans.

Since his death she had been assigned with the task of finding his replacement and she must admit she doesn't wish to replace to gentle beta.

Her new position allows her to keep two residences, one in Polis and one that her daughters and their six mercenary nannys occupy in TonDc.

She ensured that she visited one week a month at minimum and paid a gross sum of money to a team of Heda loyal mercenaries to essentially babysit her seven year old girls and cater to their every whim, within reason.

They had moved on, the twins were thriving and Aden was showing interest in the stone masons guild.

She was finally getting him to show interest in some thing besides war heroes.
Lexa had also apparently had some revelations with Clarke while Anya had been away.

She really wanted to grab an ale with Raven, not to mention THAT news! Raven was going to be a sire? She wasn't sure what SkaiKru used as the name for their female alpha sires? She would have to ask.

But Bo was back. Would she see her? What about Aden? What if his nightmares started again?

Raven had been her first attempt at a relationship since suddenly having the role of single parent thrust upon her.

She had wondered if Raven had sexual issues, the seemingly confident attitude hid a stubborn shyness in the bedroom.

She should confront Bo. She couldn't let her just surprise Aden out of nowhere.

Nodding to herself, she stands and fastens her jacket, she's turned John into Hedas offices and he is currently literally tied to Indra.

She knows for a fact Indra wasn't consulted about this while it had been in the planning stages.

She chuckles and wishes she could see how things go between the two.

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Clarke groans as she stomps into her room.

As the door slams behind her she eyes her bed warily. She's half certain that she will sleep for three days if she tries to nap right now.

Not to mention she probably has a concussion.

She goes instead to her trunks to dig out the walkie she and only her Mom share.

She definitely needs some doctor style attention.

She also was slightly able to admit she misses her Mom.

Clarke hissed and holds her side when a shooting pain suddenly shoots up her side. She presses the page button and hopes her Mom responds.

"Hey Clarke?" Raven's voice surprises Clarke and she turns smiling. Her tired lethargic mood making her slightly numb to pain.

"RAVEN, hey come in!" Clarke exclaims happily.

Clarke grabs Raven's beer with a laugh and when Raven smiles and nods she takes a sip.

She had been surprised to find that she rather liked the ales and beers that was served at fests.

And alehouses!

Oh she had about died the first time Anya took her to a bar.

The fried food alone...tacos?

Lexa couldn't pry her out of there with a crowbar for God or money on Tuesday's.
"Geez Princess, have you...been to see your Mom? Abby, your Mom." Raven asked, her voice rising and falling in pitch in a way that Clarke couldn't help but notice concussion or not.

"RAVEN? What's wrong?" Clarke asked concerned as the other girl swayed slightly.

Suddenly it's clear that the mechanic is drunk, Clarke moves to help her sit down.

She's careful not to give Ravens bad leg any attention at all.

"I fucked up Clarke. I really fucked up." Raven gasps crying and leaning into Clarke.

Clarke holds her soothing breaths and speaking softly. "Its okay whatever it is we'll fix it. What happened? Did you blow something up again? I'm sure whatever it was they weren't even using it." Clarke says reassuringly.

She quickly does a mental countdown of every but of machinery the grounders actually used in Polis and which one the mechanic likely stumbled upon.

"Shes pregnant and I'm kinda freaking out and your going to be pissed." Raven said tearfully.

"What?" Clarke asked concerned, "Who is pregnant?"

"I'm not supposed to say. I'm sorry Clarke, I promise I'm going to do the right thing I won't be like my Dad. It just happened! Don't blame her either, we thought we were going to die and honestly it was all really fast and I almost got shot so I forgot to think about it ya know?"

"Raven...what the frack are you saying?" Clarke asked, her confusion was clear on her face.

"I can't tell you but I'll be a good dad Clarke. Don't worry. I got to go...you got blood right here." Raven said, suddenly reaching over to touch Clarke's forehead.

The omega hissed pulling back.

The flash of pain a quick distraction from the weird ass conversation she was having about Ravens Daddy issues.

Hissing in pain again as Raven stood and left and Abby didn't return her page.

Clarke decides that this day can just kiss her ass.

She's taking a freaking nap!

TBC
Flame Trials : And the Winner is? Part 2/2

Chapter Summary

Clarke enlists Indra help in romancing a certain Heda.

Some Smut! Sorta.

A/N: Thanks so much for your guys loyal reading. I uploaded both chapters of the 'And the winner Is' parts on 8 and 9 of Feb 2018.

HAPPY READING

She was safe and warm, heat suffused her body as she burrowed stubbornly deeper into their warmth.

She didn't want to leave, she was one with the heat surrounding her. How dare she be disturbed!

"Clarke, wake up." The accented K sound distinguished Lexa's voice from any other possible person.

Well that and the intoxicating aroma that's beginning to bleed through the fabric of Clarke's blanket.

Clarke whined.

Lexa huffed and ripped the covers off the omega only to be met with a vicious snarl.

Lexa rolls her eyes.

"Clarke you've missed the entire afternoon and I heard the debrief of what happened with the Floukru omega and I was surprised to find that after I inquired with the Polis healers none reported treating Wanheda. Why is that?" Lexa asked, her eye brow shooting up higher in question.

She stood in front of Clarke dressed in what seemed to be her 'official Heda pants' and undershirt, Clarke knew the armored leather trench coat she would be wearing for the ceremony later. Yum.

Clarke bit her lip as she focused on the angle of Lexa's jaw and the way her tendons stood out with tension.

Wait? Why was she so tense?

"I'm up Lexa, what's wrong? Did some thing happen?" Clarke asks reaching out mutely taking Lexa's hand in hers she pulls Lexa to sit beside her and wraps the blanket around them in a nest like fashion.

"Can we talk about something else?" Lexa whispers, her voice cracks with emotion and Clarke's heart breaks and she pulls the alpha tight and whispers to her. " We don't need to talk at all."

Several minutes pass and after a time Clarke is slightly surprised to come back to herself and find Lexa curled up in her arms sleeping.

Clarke is content to simply lay there, a quick glance at her clock tells her they have two hours left
before they need to be at the ceremony finals.

"Tell me something about up there?" Lexa suddenly asked.

Her sudden question surprises Clarke more than it should, likely because they had been peacefully laying in silence for so long.

"What? You mean in space?" Clarke asks, she's trying to think of something that Lexa would like.

"Yes, what did you do? What were you training for? Were you going to be a healer like your Mother?" Lexa asks curiously.

Clarke's taken aback, she hasn't thought about life on the Ark in so long she was surprised to find its memories so faded and distant.

"Yes I was in a lot of medical training programs but I took as many art and functional holographic design classes as I could."

Clarke announces smiling at the memory of some of her artificial reality designs that had been used for Halloween.

She always loved designing to haunted house holoprograms.

Lexa turns and looks at Clarke's clock.

She'd initially been wary of the device but she'd at least given way to its relevance where Clarke was concerned.

"Let me have a look at you Clarke. You have to get dressed and get to the Tributes platform, I'll see you there when they announce the winner. Your Token is hidden?" Clarke nods in response as she sits up and Lexa goes to the wash room.

She returns a few minutes later with a bowl of warm water with a few clean rags and a small first aid bag Clarke kept on hand.

Clarke smiles at the serious look on Lexa's face as the alpha focuses on softly washing the blood off her hands.

"Thank you Lexa." Clarke says softly, her gaze is frozen on Lexa.

This wonderful sweet alpha.

Her alpha soon she hopes.

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"ABBY hey ABBY!" Ravens voice shouts over the loud columns of the milling crowd.

Abby looks up in confusion from her work, an impromptu surgery in the middle of the festival.

She had started treating a man who had broken his finger and requests had exploded.

Now the sun was going down apparently and Abby was halfway through removing a large slaughter hook from a young man's thigh.

It seemed he and his brother were butcher's and had an accident while delivering an order.
Abby scanned the crowd and saw Raven. "RAVEN hi!"

"What the hell Abby!"

"What?" Abby asked confused and slightly offended.

"You...seriously! You just announce that!"

"RAVEN! HEY THERE BUDDY!" John's voice suddenly cuts through as he cuts through the crowd to the drunk and swaying mechanic.

His newest great annoyance in life turned out to be a six foot Grounder with an obscene coffee addiction who was shackled to his wrist.

He'd gotten caught up with all the drama and knew Raven was sort of a ass on a good day, today she was drunk and Abby wanted to tell Clarke herself.

He wasn't really sure why he cared but Anya cared and she had been really great with his heat symptoms.

She had also left him with instructions to handle it and well, he was bored.

He knew he had at the most a week before his heat hit full scale.

He was honestly terrified, he's had heats of course but heats that were managed and regulated by their birth control implants.

Until those were removed or went offline, no SkaiKru citizen could experience a mating cycle.

They would feel itchy and uncomfortable instead of the Heat flashes, aroused uncomfortably instead of painfully which came with a natural unmedicated cycle.

Octavia being an illegal child was never given a birth control implant and she had been rotting away in a cell waiting to come of age when the 100 were sent to the ground.

That of course meant that about five minutes after coming to the ground Octavia went through the first real heat any of them had ever seen.

She had as everyone knew run off with Lincoln but the symptoms before, it all scared him.

He knew even now his implant was regulating lower doses of the suppressant and it was in effect running on fumes.

The implants were such an inherent part of the culture that John realized that Clarke likely forgot about the device and was participating in a contest where it's ideal goal was to produce a child.

If that's the case John reasons that the Tributes likely aren't allowed to be on birth control. He needs to talk to her before any of the Grounders think to ask.

He makes it through the crowd all but dragging Indra who snarls at him every time he show much as glances at her.

Sighing he decides to see how much he has in total of the various grounder currencies he's got sewn into his jacket.

If he's got enough he'll buy the knothead a sack of coffee if it meant she'd shut up with the growling
and scent marking!

She was making her annoyance well known by the time he reached Reyes. Of course as soon as she sees him she snarls.

Ugh, she reeks!

"Hey, calm it down. Look, let's go. We need to go help Clarke." John insists, gently tugging on the mechanic.

She shoves him a little and he takes it. After what he's done, from her, he would take anything.

"Help with what? I've got to talk to Abby." Raven insists willfully. Murphy rolls his eyes.

"I'll tell you I promise but Clarke's going to need your help and Abby can't talk right now anyway, she's got that kids leg wide open Reyes." Murphy explains.

"Oh, yea I guess. Murphy." Raven says.

John stops and gives her his attention. "Well never be okay, what you did. It'll never be ok."

"I know." John whispers after a long silence.

Raven nods and they continue walking.

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Clarke isn't sure how but she finds herself freshly bathed and perfumed, dressed in her official SkaiKru tunic with the graphic print on the back.

The tiny discreetly placed stylized raven logo printed on the collar tells Clarke who the artist is.

She is standing in front of the Hefas chair, Kane is standing in for her Mother who was granted leave to treat the various accidents and injuries that happen at festivities.

Clarke holds her jar anxiously.

She swears of its a dirt jar she's just going to kidnap Lexa and drag her off to live in a bunker somewhere.

Post WW3 though, she would need Raven to connect the WIFI to this theoretical bunker.

Clarke tries to block out her nerves as she feels the eyes of the crowd on her and the other Tributes as they each line up and Titus swings some skunky smelling smoking herb around as he and the balding trio all hum behind him.

It all looks a little odd to her.

They motion for Clarke and Niylah to stand aside and she literally feels her knees shake when she's called to step forward and she waits watching as Lexa, in full Commander gear steps up to Niylah who is before her because she reached the finish line first, and carefully cuts the wax seal on the Trikru Tributes Token.

The world seems to stop as Clarke and the rest of the arena watch as Niylah steps forward and raises the jar up before tipping it over, white sand falls in a shimmering flow.
A groan is heard as Niylahs fans and supporters protested her automatic loss.

Clarke breathes deeply deeply, feeling like she's going to pass out. She suddenly hugs her jar tight to her, this is it.

There's a fifty percent chance it's sand or the rocks.

If it's sand she loses winning place and only stays in the race because she was second place, if it's the stones then she wins and fuck that Floukru Bitch Numero Uno.

Clarke steps up and she sees a slight softening in Lexas eyes as she extends the jar out to be inspected by the Heda.

Clarke is surprised when Titus suddenly also inserts himself into the inspection of her mason jar, making sure nothing had been tampered with.

Even Lexa gave him a chiding growl.

Clarke takes a few shaky breaths and raises her arms just like Niylah and raises her hands before dumping the jar out.

Colorful, polishing, shimmering stones fell out in a synchronized tumble that made Clarke's heart race wildly!

She had won. She had really won! Oh my god!

Clarke shrieks, and the arena erupts in wild Cheers and the demonstrative fire pits surrounding the arena were lit aflame with blue and white smoke to symbolize the SkaiKru victory!

Clarke is quickly swept away into celebration. Every Ambassador, politician, warcheif and General wants to meet her and her Hefa.

Several of their unmated son's and daughters just so happen to be lingering nearby and have questions for her.

It's all exhausting.

Clarke tries to smile but as the evening wears on she finds she misses Lexa.

As she's been cut off from food, again.

This time it was a tamales vendor who was also serving churros the size of her face...She was about to start another war, all for the sake of cherry filled churros.

Clarke knew right then, no regrets.

Just as she was about to open her mouth and start an international incident John Murphy of all people suddenly appeared in front of her.

Accompanied by Raven. Tied to Indra.

Weird...

They quickly box her into a corner.

John's rapidly getting into her personal space, which last she checked he wasn't on the list of people
permitted to do that so she quickly punches him in the gut.

Raven laughs uproariously as he collapses gasping when the blonde struck him before Raven had noticed.

"Clarke, do you still have your implant?" Raven asks, she eyeballs the prone omega and side steps as John squirms on the ground recovering from Clarke's gut punch.

Indra just stands still, feet planted firmly as John squirms around on the ground in pain.

"Yes, why?" Clarke asked pondering the possibilities for Raven asking that. She had a few months left on her device before the current cartridge ran out.

Once it did the monthly heats which had never been more than mildly annoying would resume the course that nature intended.

And nature was a Bitch.

Clarke was right to avoid it with every pharmaceutical enhancement at her disposal.

"Clarke, I talked to Indra. If the Flame Keepers Guild finds out your on birth control they'll kick you out of the games." Raven presses urgently.

She'd had to dig deep in her various boxes of gadgets to find the right controller to deactivate the contraceptive implant.

Clarke nods rapidly, she leads Raven and Indra who is basically dragging Murphy to her rooms.

Clarke moves quickly to her first aid kit which is still out on the bed and tells Raven what to do.

As she sits and waits she smiles when Indra stares down at Murphy, unblinking as he shifts and leans back and smirks up at her.

"Sup, dahlin." John asks Indra with a thick faux cajun accent.

The alpha bristles.

Annoyance coming off her in waves.

Clarke wonders whether or not Murphy will survive being in custody until Lexa decided what to do with him.

As Raven calibrated the controller for her implant she thinks over the risks of what she's doing.

She's exposing herself to the possibility of becoming pregnant, and she'll be in the throes of a natural heat.

Well as natural as a heat induced by a tonic can be.

But most importantly, she's opening herself up to the possibility of carrying Lexas pups.

She can't help the nervous shiver that races down her spine at the thought of being bent over and knotted by the alpha.

Feeling Lexas teeth dig deep into her mating gland, possibly being bred by her.
Clarke probably should arrange some private time for herself tonight.

Clarke feels a nervous shudder race down her spine.

Raven lines up the control over the implant in her bicep, Clarke can feel the area where the implant is heat up and the skin itches and then it's gone.

"All done." Raven offered perkily.

"Now what?" Clarke asked rubbing the area soothingly.

"I don't know, your the reigning champ! Heard you beat up a mermaid? So...find Octavia and Anya and get drunk? They have a camel outside, just sitting there." Raven offers.

Clarke smiles at her friends eccentric ideas of fun. What could they possibly want, with what she's assuming would be a stolen camel?

"Actually, I need your help with something. Could I see your bag of gadgets? There's something I want to try? "Clarke asks raven before she turns to get Murphy and Indras attention.

"Indra, I need a favor please." Clarke asks. Indra raises an eyebrow, her facial tattoo shifts in an intimidating way.

Clarke scoffs and rolls her eyes as the Grounder suddenly avoids eye contact and stares off into the distance and toys with the frayed edges of her bandage.

Rolling her eyes. " two bags of coffee, one tonight and the second after the Trials are over. Lord knows I'm going to need help again." Clarke caves.

Indra grins and nods happily.

"And what does Wanheda need?" Indra asks, a Cheshire grin on her face.

Clarke smiles.

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Lexa stops just as she braves reaching out for the door. Her nerves flare and she steps back and fidgets with her sash.

The hour was late however it was the evening of the first Flame Trial competition with a Tribute noficiate victor.

She had endured endless hours of helpful advice, she was not allowed to knot and strictly speaking she wasn't allowed to have sex.

The blessed gray area being that she could come as long as it was orchestrated by the winning Tribute of each Trial.

That wasn't why she was here! She had been all but pushed towards Clarke's door.

The omegas scent is as alluring as ever.

Lexa paces and fiddles with the covered basket she's brought with her.

Clarke's favorite fish tacos.
She was honestly slightly horrified at the amount of tacos she had watched the omega inhale one day.

This was Clarke, just Clarke. She is her friend, there's no need to worry.

Lexa steps up reminds herself that she doesn't need to worry about one little omega.

As Clarke opens her door Lexa can see past the omega into Clarke's room.

It's dark, overly so for the hour.

Only a soft glow lights the room, and the way it makes Clarke glow makes Lexa struggle to remember words.

Clarke smiles and invites the flushes alpha inside. She knew very well the effect she was having on Lexa and she knew the general expectation from tonight.

Clarke took quick even breathes and resolved just to spend time with Lexa.

To let anything that happens unfold naturally.

Clarke smiles at the exclamation of surprise when Lexa sees the domed lodge Clarke had constructed in the largest open area of her room.

Lexa peered at the omega in confusion, the omega just giggled and pulled up a hidden flap to reveal an entrance and Lexa couldn't stop the smile of excitement as she climbed in and was struck dumb in wonder.

The interior of the little lodge was filled with soft large pillows and thick futon mattress pads and fire.

A medium oval table sat in the center of the lodge, a strange box sat in the center of the table.

A chilled jug of sangria on one side of the table and box, the other side had a large platter plate full of fruits, meats, cheeses and breads.

The box seemed to be the present light source in the confines of the but and Lexa looks from the display before her to the blushing wonder before her.

"What is this Clarke?" Lexa didn't want to assume, she wasn't sure. Maybe this was just how Clarke relaxed some days.

Unlikely, but still.

"Its for you. We're supposed to spend time together. Besides, I want to show you something. Here lie back." Clarke said excitedly as she laid down besides the older alpha.

Clarke fiddled with the control and just as she cut out the light completely and she could feel Lexa becoming impatient.

The lodge erupted in a holographic display of the galaxy.

Clarke smiles at the childlike gasp of wonder she hears from Lexa as a digitized comet streaks through the sky, the illusion making it seem just in front of Lexas face.

Clarke laughs and smiles as Lexa reaches out more than once in wonder as her holoprojector gave Lexa a true glimpse into Clarke's world.
They lay there for over an hour, occasionally Clarke would tell Lexa a story about something on the Ark or she'd explain a star or planet.

Lexa smiled as she shifts and Clarke cuddles into her arms. The beaming smile is impossible to control as Lexa relaxes.

Clarke breathes in Lexa scent, the enticing aroma draws her in. As she presses closer Clarke begins softly whirring.

Lexa gasps as she feels Clarke call to her.

The gentle purr vibrates through her body and the frantic press of Clarke's body to hers only intensifies as the omegas mouth meets hers suddenly in a clash of lips, tongue and teeth.

Lexa shivers and growls when Clarke rocks against her sensuously. She's taken aback by the way she can tell Clarke doesn't have much more experience than her.

The impassioned but desperate moves of the omega serve only to make Lexa hunger for her more.

She doesn't want to wait, she wants to tell Clarke everything.

Especially now, she's understood that Clarke is not good at expressing herself in words.

But this display in all its wonder, it was a breathtaking love letter. Right?

Clarke moans and she threads her fingers through Lexa's hair to pull her head to the side before she softly mouths and kisses the line of Lexa's throat.

The naked mating gland is visibly swollen beneath Lexa's skin on her jawline. The pulsing gland draws Clarke's mouth to it.

Clarke breathes as she tenderly bites and sucks the aroused gland in Lexa's neck into her mouth.

Lexa for her part moans and whimpered as her hips rock against Clarke's hip and she desperately grasps Clarke's ass as her first orgasm in days raced towards her frightfully fast.

Lexa shivers and growls just before she rips open the thin shirt Clarke wearing, the omega gives a squeak of protest before mewling and straddling her lap.

Clarke leans down and rocks firmly against Lexa's length. She's going to make Lexa come.

Clarke can feel the alpha tensing and straining under her. She knows the tension and strain Lexa's been under.

Her understanding of the rules had been corrected by Indra as the stoic grounder sat beside Clarke on the couch cutting various cheeses and meats.

Lexa pulses and gasps, her thrusts growing more insistent until a terrifying thought hits Clarke.

"Wait...wait wait." Clarke pulls back to gasp, her lips feel swollen. Her hearts racing, her entire body feels flush she keeps clenching around nothing and she wants to feel Lexa inside her so badly.

"What is it Clarke." Lexa gasped, she gently grips the omegas arms. The hold keeps her grounded as arousal pulses through her body.

Clarke is throwing off inviting warm pheromones, Lexa wants to bare her teeth and breed this omega.
before anyone else can.

The dim memory of the Flame Trials keeps her in check.

"If, if you were with one of the other Tributes. If one of them had won...would it..." Clarke says and then Lexas lips are on hers and the alpha is kissing her deeply.

Her tongue traces Clarke's lip and she mewls and trembles in the alphas hold.

"Nothing is like this Clarke." Lexa whispers as she leans down and trails her mouth down Clarke's neck to pull Clarke's torn top aside and softly kisses the silken skin of Clarke's breasts.

Lexa purrs and whirs possessively. Broadcasting loudly to every unmated person that Clarke was hers.

She growls and pumps out pheromones as the omega pants and moans in her lap. Her cock throbs, the constant erections had become bearable only until she introduced true lust into the mix.

Clarke grips Lexas collar, smiling as she pulls the alphas mouth to hers and wraps her legs around the Heda's waist.

Lexa grips her hips, carefully grinding her aching length against Clarke's clit until Clarke suddenly grabs Lexas hand and she shoves it into her pants before either of them can think to protest.

Lexa moans at the feel of all the wet silky heat soaking her fingers, the hot swollen lips as they part under her fingers. Her hard throbbing little bundle, Lexa ached to lick and swallow the omegas juices.

"Should we stop Lexa?" Clarke asks, gasping as Lexas fingers skate over her aching entrance.

TBC
Clarke moans and her hips rock, trying desperately to catch Lexas fingers on her entrance as she straddles the alphas lap.

She guessed if she wasn't such an aroused mess in Lexas arms, that she would likely be embarrassed.

But as Lexas fingers teased and explored her lips, sliding through wet heat that had Clarke panting and gasping as heat radiates from her clenching channel and tension builds low in her stomach.

Clarke clawed desperately at Lexas shoulders as the alphas teeth grip and worry her gland, and as she grips tighter and tighter, her teeth teasing the sensitive skin, Clarke's clit pulses and she grinds down insistently onto Lexas erection.

Clarke bites her lip as she soaks in Lexas expression.

The alphas eyes are dark stormy and hooded, they seem to follow Clarke's every move as she grinds faster bringing them both closer to what was shaping up to be one helluva orgasm.

Clarke gasps as she feels desperate to come for the alpha.

Clarke whines, she's about half a minute from turning onto her knees and presenting for Lexa.

The thought cause a fresh gush of come to soak Lexas clothed cock.

She needs Lexa inside of her. She knows distantly that Lexa can't come inside her, but her desire for the alpha overwhelms that fact.

Clarke's omega whines and drives Lexa's Call to a higher intensity until Lexa is gripping her hips tightly, a steady growl answers Clarke's Call.

The poor alpha looks ready to snap and Clarke moans as she quickly nips at Lexas neck before pulling away.

Clarke pulls back up onto her knees as she quickly gets to work getting her pants off.

Lexa spends a few moments blinking owlishly at Clarke before she realized the omega was taking off her pants.

Lexa moves quicky to help her.

They stumble in a heap, Clarke is on her back Lexa laid out along side her.
They both stop for a moment before Clarke kicks off her pants and pulls off what's left of her shirt and bra.

Clarke can't help but smirk and preen as the alphas eyes rake over her wantonly.

Lexus choke, her throat dry as she tries to talk. Being pressed up against Clarke was rapidly wearing away at her ability to think.

Lexus moans when Clarke thigh shifts and silken skin slides over her hip and hooks over her waist and suddenly she's slotted perfectly against the omega and Lexa snarls possessively.

This was hers, she snarled and ruts her hips forward. Lexa felt her alpha growl and demand that they posses the omega now.

She keep avoiding sliding into Clarke because she knows there's no way she won't come right away and she couldn't risk it.

Not to mention she wanted to last longer than two minutes the first time she slept with Clarke. The notion that this could be simply the first time they have sex turns Lexa harder than steel.

Pulling her omega closer, Lexa thrusts firmly against the omegas wet pussy.

Clarke moans loudly, her legs wrap tight around Lexas waist as the alpha quickly falls into a quick hard rut.

Her hips move rhythmically with the omegas. Lexa feels heat and white hot spikes of pleasure sizzle along her spine as she holds the writhing girl tight.

Lexus rumbles and thrusts, she can smell Clarke's come slick against her cock.

She still hadn't managed to take her own underwear off but the omegas arousal saturated the fabric of the briefs long ago.

She's determined to bring the omega with her, Clarke's whimpering moans aren't helping her control. Lexa reaches down and pulls her briefs down far enough before she lines up against Clarke, she's desperate to sink inside the girl but she knows they'll have to cancel the entire games if she mates a Tribute halfway through the Trials.

Although, looking down at a panting flushed Clarke.

She wondered if Clarke would mind terribly. She's determined to keep from entering Clarke but when her bare cock slid against Clarke's soaking hot swollen pussy...Lexas entire body shuddered.

She felt a tangible snap as her control broke and Lexa thrust mindlessly against the omega, her slick shaft slid seamlessly against Clarke pussy, the swollen head teases Clarke's pulsing clit until Clarke's body writhes and shakes and as she's scratching deep into Lexas shoulders she comes, and comes and comes.

The rolling orgasms start and then they building into another and another so long as Lexa keeps moving.

After Clarke arches as she comes Lexa can feel her climax wash over her. She moans openly gasping as her hips jerk spastically and she shoots pearly white streams across Clarke's stomach.

Several minutes pass and the two lie tangled together.
Lexa's head resting against Clarke's as she tries to slow her heart rate as she watches in some interest, how her come looks on Clarke's skin.

Lexa feels relaxed for the first time in days. Her Mother's abrupt return, the Trials being the Commander. It had all been building.

She looks over at Clarke and smiles.

Lexa sits back on her knees and as she pulls her hair behind her head into a quick braid she hears Clarke scoff in a disbelieving way.

"What is it?" Lexa asks softly, she observes the omega casually as she strokes the other girl's legs.

Clarke nods at Lexa. "Your abs! That's, that's just not a fair standard to hold mankind to. Those are amazing." Clarke breathes as she leans forward and nips at the sweaty muscles.

Lexa smiles and gasps as she sees a flash of Clarke's teeth teasing her skin. Clarke is also less than a foot from her cock so of course she's hard and throbbing.

Suddenly, she gets an idea.

"Clarke come here." Lexa whispers as she leans down into her back. She keeps her stomach muscles tensed as she moves Clarke to straddle her. She moves the omega into position, grinding against the alphas abs.

At first it seemed awkward but after a few moments Clarke was frantically trying to come.

The fact that Lexa's smeared come was between them and she could feel the throbbing heat of Lexa's shaft gliding along her flesh as she ground her clit into the deliciously taught muscles under her.

Clarke's breath hitches and as she's about to come Lexa grips her hips until she loses the orgasm.

Clarke whines pitifully, "Lexa please, i want you inside of me. Please."

"I'll come if i do." Lexa gasps, as she plans to move Clarke to ride her mouth.

The idea of tasting the blonde makes her ravenous.

"What if I want you too? Clarke asks reaching behind her she strokes Lexa's cock.

Okay, she hadn't gotten an actual look at it yet, but that already felt bigger than Finn.

Clarke whines, she's utterly soaked as the alpha growls and thrusts in Clarke's hand eagerly, Clarke's own juices had Lexa well lubed.

"Clarke, don't say things like that if you don't mean them." Lexa snarls, her call gaining frequency as she feels her dominance rising to the surface.

She can't stop picturing Clarke heavy with her pup.

"I want you Lexa." Clarke says, her voice bearing a smoky quality Lexa finds endlessly appealing as she claims Clarke's lips in a blistering kiss.

Lexa moans and nods and she suddenly moves Clarke onto her knees.

Clarke's not opposed but she's surprised.
"Lexa?" Clarke asks as the alpha moves into position, she's beyond all thought.

Her alpha and libido had been in control since shortly after Clarke's first orgasm.

"Yes Clarke." Lexa watched as she guides the head of her cock to Clarke's entrance and she rests there, pleased at the omegas twitch and moan.

"Are you going to claim me Heda." Clarke moans moving against the alpha.

The title could have been it, or the sweaty panting flushed omega that looked completely wrecked.

But something brought the alphas blood to a boil, "your your own person Clarke." Lexa growls out.

Clarke sighs and rolls her eyes. " Lexa, we can be feminists later. Do you want to claim me? Or should I find someone else who is interested?"

She knew it was mean and she wasn't serious, she had no desire to leave her exact spot ever, or to be in this position for anyone else.

But Lexa for all her compassion was just as possessive as any other alpha.

Even so, Lexa had been on a sexual stimulant for days so challenging her dominance wasn't the best move.

At least that's what Clarke thought when she suddenly found herself full of throbbing alpha cock.

The sudden stretch and fullness are overwhelming. The way the alpha fills her had Clarke moaning shamelessly within a few strokes.

Clarke mewls and her shoulders drop to the bed as Lexa loses herself in her rut.

Finally gaining relief, she couldn't knot her yet but this was enough for now. She needs to mark Clarke.

Lexa growls bearing down and thrusting harder. She's going to mark her. Everyone will know that Clarke belongs to her. Lexa snarls, her second climax racing towards her and Lexa thrusts harder and faster.

Her vision blurs as she grips Clarke's hips and the world goes black as her thighs slam into Clarke's ass harder and faster as she feels her climax washing over her.

The omega screams as she comes around the alphas cock as Lexa ruts.

As Lexa feels Clarke's channel pulse and flex tightly she shatters as she falls into unconsciousness.

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Raven sighs and paces in front of Abbys door. After helping Clarke set up her little show she had gotten food with Indra and Murphy.

Luckily the food had helped Raven sober up and she had made her way to Abbys rooms and had been waiting all night.

Raven didn't find it difficult to believe that Abby had gotten caught up seeing patients.

The omega had a passion for her work that often made the time pass in mere moments.
They had even begun to have a routine back in Arkadia, one that involved one bringing the other food periodically throughout the day as they were both workaholics.

She sighed and debated sitting down again.

It was comfortable enough, but getting back up ran the risk of possibly falling in front of someone.

So that was out. She kinda wished Murphy was here, she wanted to torment him a little. And what was up with Anya? Her scent was seriously all over the guy.

Raven gives a start when she hears the elevator opening onto the floor.

She feels her heart begin to hammer with nerves as she sees a bone weary Abby tread towards her slowly.

Exhaustion etched in her every feature Raven suddenly let loose a concerned whine and reached out to pull Abby closer as she guides the doctor into her rooms.

It's after four A.M. and Raven knows there's not much time to get proper rest. Luckily tomorrow the Trial was a minor one and Kane could stand in for Abby.

Raven had to admit she was exhausted and Abby obviously was as well.

They would talk tomorrow she decides as the bedroom doors swing shut with a click.

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Clarke smiles as she steps out into the market place in the bright morning light.

It was strange how all morning everything suddenly seemed infused with wonder.

Hello, wonderful potted plant!

Hello, wonderful baker!

Hello, you wonderfully stupid goat!

Clarke smiles as she nods politely and continues on her way. She’s eager to meet with Indra and see what the grounder knows about the Trial tonight.

She knows this one is less intense but there had been something about being hit with a branch?

Clarke sighs as she buys a pastry to snack on and roams the market place.

After a few minutes of wandering Clarke is looking at a jewellers wares, thinking about the slumbering alpha in her bed, when the woman next to her begins commenting on the necklace Clarke was looking at.

"The clasp on that has been replaced so it's either used or shoddy craftsmenship...stolen possibly."

The woman then turns and gives a look at the shop keeper who begins growling at them.

The woman is taller than Clarke, of course most people were. She had long chestnut curled braids, feminine floral tattoos lined her face and her striking green eyes caught Clarke's attention the most.

"Hi, I'm Bo." The woman offered with a smile.
TBC
Clarke smiles pleasantly at the stranger, this Bo.

She avoids looking at the insulted shop owner and responds.

"I'm Clarke, I was just looking anyway." She smiles at the shop owner and tries to move around the grounder in the narrow shop.

She wanted to get Lexa breakfast from a cafe that had a honeyed scone she knew Lexa would love.

She had already been out longer than planned and Lexa would be waking up soon.

"Wait, your Wanheda yes?" Bo asked, her accent was clipped and the way it enunciated certain sounds nagged at the corners of Clarke's mind.

"Yes I am." Clarke answered, she still hates that name but she had long grown used to its use among the Grounders.

"You do not care for the title do you?" Bo asked kindly stepping towards the other omega.

Clarke stares at the forward question.

Should she know this woman?

She seemed familiar but Clarke was pretty good with faces and didn't recall ever meeting this woman.

"No, not really." Clarke admits, she is relieved to admit that.

She knew that her status as Wanheda helped more in this world than it hindered, but to her it would always be covered in blood.

"You are also the SkaiKru Tribute yes?" Clarke nods, eyes darting to the shop owner who is still
glaring daggers at the older omega.

"Allow me to buy you something Tribute. As good luck in the Games." Bo motions to the outer market with a flourish.

A kind smile on her face.

Oh, this was driving her crazy! She was so familiar?

"Oh, I couldn't. That's not neccessary." Clarke says looking for an exit. "But, thank you."

She debates just turning around and walking away. Afterall, how likely would it be that she would meet this woman again?

"No, please. Imagine my pleasure to meet the SkaiKru Tribute on my first morning in Polis after so many years." Bo flourished excitedly before frowning suddenly. "Unless of course, I'm keeping you?" She asked a nervous expression pulled at Clarke.

Clarke inwardly groans and curses her parents for enforcing manners so insistently with her during her upbringing.

Then she remembers naked Lexa asleep in her bed.

Then she remembers last night.

Fuck manners.

"I do need to go take care of something but perhaps I can meet you later?" Clarke offers.

Bo smiles and nods. "That would be lovely Clarke, I have never met one of your people before. I would love to hear of the stars if your not opposed?"

"What clan do you come from?" Clarke asks realizing the woman's clothing was devoid of any tribal markings, her facial tattoos could be Trikru but they could also be any number of other clans.

"Oh, I am Trikru but I bear a Navigators Compass, and am allowed to claim protection with any of the clans that I wish so long as I reside with them during my travels." Bo explains quickly.

Clarke frowns and makes a note to ask Lexa about a Navigators compass? She nods and smiles edging closer to door.

"Interesting, well I really must go. If you would like I am meeting some friends before tonight's Trial begins. Your welcome to join us if you wish?" Clarke says and the Grounder woman smiles, nods and waves Clarke off.

"Yes yes. Well don't let me keep you from your lover any longer Clarke. I will look for your people's sygil this afternoon." Bo smiles at the violent blush that floods her new friends features.

Oh, these SkaiKru were as prudish as the rumors said! Delightful!

"My....my lover?" Clarke sputtered, she quickly closes her jacket more as if thatd conceal Lexas scent and Bo let's out an amused snort.

"Yes, your lover is a VERY possessive alpha from the smell at least. I'm sure they won't let you wander Polis long without giving you their mark." Bo says with a wink and Clarke frowns in embarrassment and watches as the strange older omega walks past her and vanishes into the morning.
Indra winced as the boards beneath her feet gives a loud shrieking creak.

She freezes mid stride and looks over to the fireplace, on the thin but comfortable guest mattress Murphy snores away.

His wrist tied to a bar Indra had posted in front of the fireplace to hold her coffee pot when she wished to heat water for her brew.

She had laid motionless until the sounds of Octavia and Lincoln moving about her apartment as they prepared for the day before leaving quieted.

She had waited until the only sounds were the boys snoring and the breeze as it blew through the windows.

She knew it was somewhere in the apartment. At first shed been convinced that Octavia had hidden her coffee in her horses stall.

She had been wrong, it wasn't a small sack either. There was still roughly five pounds and the rations Octavia had enforced upon her were inhumane!

Indra bit back a snarl of annoyance as she stepped around the boy and crept into Octavia and Lincoln's sleeping bunk.

Her apartment was really a single large room centered around the fireplace.

The sleeping bunk were each built into the far walls and could both sleep two adults comfortably, the interior of the bunks were kept warm by the proximity to the fireplace and as Indra went forward with her plan she ignored her good sense that said she was possibly being dramatic.

She was Octavias Master afterall, she could just demand the omega give her the coffee?

She ponders that scenario as she carefully climbs into Octavias bunk without touching her bedding.

She growls in annoyance when she's forced to admit that in the face of her stubborn omega student, she would likely lose.

The girls lavender scent drew a soft uncharacteristic purr from the alpha.

"Are you serious right now?" John's voice suddenly broke the morning silence.

Indra froze before whipping around and snarling at the omega boy.

"Oh...No, don't you go trying to take the high road on this, what are you doing? Are you perving on Pocahontas? Is this about the coffee?" Murphy asked as he stands up and fixes his hair as best he can with one hand tied to a post.

Indra let's her position soak in.

The obnoxious boy had only been here a day, yet seemed fully aware of her caffeine weakness.

It couldn't be that obvious, could it?
She was also in her briefs and sleep shirt (which she only wore because Octavia had begun squawking about decency when Indra had accepted a delivery one day wearing only her briefs) standing with one foot on the edge of the bunk while balanced on the toes of the other so she could rifle through Octavia’s belongings for her hidden coffee.

She briefly wonders what it'll take to keep Octavia from hearing about this?

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Clarke carefully shuts the door behind her.

In the morning light the small hut she, Raven, Murphy and Indra had built seemed grossly out of place in the Tower bedroom.

The structure was made of tied off pieces of scrap metal and wooden beams formed into the frame.

Raven travelled with the oddest materials.

Some scavenged bedding and large canvas tarps make the walls.

The holographic galaxy had worked better than Clarke could have hoped.

It seemed odd and out of place, after living everyday without consistent electricity or indoor plumbing.

To suddenly have a futuristic display in a tiny tent with Lexa in Polis. She had adored the little moments of excitement and wonder she had seen from the alpha.

The adorable way Lexa’s eyes had widened and the happy humming the girl didn't seem aware she did as the display had played.

Clarke careful not to wake the alpha crawls back into the hut.

Her inner omega can't stop the shiver of happiness over having her chosen alpha, sated and asleep in what amounted to a nest she had made.

Clarke purrs and turns to look over to where she had left Lexa only to find the spot vacant of the alpha.

Clarke whines and leans over, she palms the space where Lexa had slept and finds the blankets still warm. Lexa’s scent and hers still saturate the interior of the little lodge completely.

Clarke sighs and figures that Heda likely had to begin her daily meetings.

She knows she has her own meetings today. Ugh, to be an adult.

It's month end and she has to meet with her new allies to debrief and to find out how the first few trade meetings between their people were going.

Clarke had heard from Kane that Bellamy had been put on security detail for the medical delivery that was enroute to Polis too trade for SkaiKrus meat shares from the bordering Trikru village.

Clarke breathes and tries not to worry or become overly paranoid about Bell and the Grounders.

Clarke breathes deeply one more time, smiling before she climbs out of the hut she decides to get cleaned up and track down her friends before her first meeting.
A sudden memory of Lexa pressed tight to her, inside her. Clarke whines unhappily.

She decides she will just have to win the next Trial tonight, that or work up the courage to tell Lexa how she feels...

Win the Trial it is.

Raven groans as she wakes up. Her hips killing her, she had accidently fallen asleep on the couch still wearing her brace.

Not to mention that all the running around she had been doing was more stress than her leg could handle. Turning to look at Abby bed, she can't see her from here.

Raven stands and immediately gasped in pain as she fell back. Her limited control over her legs drained for now.

"Raven Reyes, don't you dare stand up right now." Abbys voice calls from her washroom.

Raven bristles. "I'm fine Abby." She's remembering her irritation. Abby had been avoiding her.

She watched as the older woman came out of the washroom holding a bowl as her other hand mixes a paste.

"Your not fine Raven. The way you were sleeping would bother anyone now take off your pants." Abby said as she continues mixing the medical paste.

She was hoping to prevent stiffness or pain in the alphas muscles.

Raven stood, no not because Abby said too. No because she decided too. Raven nodded resolutely to herself.

"Again with the pants." Raven mutters with a smirk. Abbys rolls her eyes but smiles so Raven counts it as a win.

"I shouldn't have told you that way." Abby admits suddenly, as Raven stands bracing one hand on Abbys shoulder while Abby begins massaging the salve into the mechanics thigh tissue.

"No, that wasn't the way to tell me."Raven says looking at the omega. "You've been avoiding me."

"No Raven, I've had patients."Abby protests.

"There are other doctors. Clarke's no better at talking about her feelings either."Raven says,they're going to suck it up and get through this conversation.

"Fine."Abby bites out. "Maybe, I haven't handled this properly. I didn't...I wasn't expecting this." Abby admits slightly breathless.

"Join the club, I just wanted to fix the Rocket, now I find out it went out with a bang, more than I thought."Raven says dryly glancing at Abbys stomach.
"You call your penis, Rocket?" Abby asks laughing. "Wait, what feelings? You mean how she likes Lexa?" Abby asked puzzled.

Raven laughs, "Oh, no we're not getting off topic. Operation fetus is underway. And yes I'm referring to major love feelings Clarke has for Lexa. And of course I call it Rocket, as if id call it anything else"

Abby is more surprised than she cares to admit. Clarke is in love? Does she want to mate Lexa? Does Lexa love her? But she powers through, no distractions.

"Don't call it a fetus. It's a baby." Abby says scowling at the alpha.

"Fine I won't call it Fetus, it's half mine though so it's my lil Jumpin Bean." Raven says smiling proudly.

Abby can't help but smile back. "Okay, so...you have anything to say? About all of this?"

"I...Well Yes of course. I mean, I...how long have you known?" Raven asks, her expression is so hurt that Abby wants to hug her.

"Here, sit down." Abby says, she helps Raven keep her balance as she sits. "I found out in Azgeda. After you had left on the wind turbine project. I...I didn't think it was possible. I mean those suppressants cause infertility in people after forty all the time. I didn't believe it." Abby says she still doesn't really believe it.

She was so worried she wasn't young anymore. She was too old to be having an irresponsible love child but here she was.

Although, looking at Raven.

The younger woman was just so good. She didn't seem to see it within herself didn't but others could, she hid behind her walls and snark but her kindness shone through.

Abby couldn't be sorry it was hers, even if Raven didn't want it.

"If you aren't ready to be a parent Raven, it's alright. I can manage myself. And Clarke will be there." Abby says, hoping the latter is true.

Her tempestuous daughter was a sight to behold on good days. She wasn't certain how Clarke would react but she couldn't worry about that. She had a baby to think of.

"I already am a parent Abby. I'm not walking away from this. Or you." Raven says softly.

"Its not going to be easy Raven." Abby warns, clearly remembering a colic stricken Clarke.

"The best things never are Abby." Raven says gently as she reaches for Abbys hand.

"I still have to tell Clarke." Abby says.

"If you wanted to wait until next month when I'm away for the turbine thing that's fine with me." Raven offers helpfully.

"Raven, your going to have to deal with this." Abby says.
"Ugh, I know but she's going to get all GRRR and she'll probably shoot my other leg or I don't know cut my dick off." Raven digresses her voice rising as her panic increases.

"Hey! Heyheyhey...calm down. She's not going to hurt you." Abby says.

"Ummm...need I remind you of Clarke's resume with the people that piss her off?" Raven says. "I knocked up her Mom. I'm going to have to find a rock and go live under it."

"RAVEN please, it will be better if you tell her with me." Abby pleads.

"I just don't see the rush, I mean she's got alot on her plate and we've got like what nine months?" Raven protests.

"Four. We have four more months Raven." Abby says scowling at the alpha. She may kill her.

"See! That's... Well that's not really alot of time. But still! We don't need to rush and tell her right this second!" Raven argues.

"RAVEN! She's going to find out!"

"You know, I wore my nice briefs for you and you haven't even noticed." Raven says accusingly.

"RAVEN!"

TBC
Anyas paced the entryway to the Nightblood dormitory.

She wasn't technically permitted entry unless accompanied by Lexa or Titus.

The heightened security actually appeased some of Anyas worry.

Following Nias assassination, Ontari and a group of rogue Azgeda assassin's were captured and killed while attempting to break in and massacre the Nightblood nOCIates.

So no, Anya wasn't going to allow herself to become impatient with the additional security measures as she waited for her son.

She turned when she heard childish running from around the corner of the hallway.

She couldn't restrain her smile when her sandy haired boy came sprinting around the corner.

"MA! They said you were finally back! Was it a reaper? Did you see Lexa? Clarke stabbed Indra again, it was awesome!" Aden raced excitedly.

Anya laughed and motioned for him to calm down.

"Hello to you too Aden, yes I saw Lexa. No, he was a stray SkaiKru member. I talked to Indra. She only has herself to blame, she keeps allowing Wanheda around weapons." She said with a wink.

Aden giggled.

"What do you want to do today Ma? Can we go see the fire dancers?" Aden asked eagerly as he took Anyas hand in his without a second thought as they walked.

She smiled, he was getting older. He had been less and less affectionate this last year.

He was growing more aware of the behaviours expected of him as a presumed Alpha.

Personally she wondered if he would be an omega at times, he just seemed to have a maturity she hadn't seen in alphas his age aside from Lexa.

It was fairly common with young omegas however.

As they strolled through the courtyard towards the festival Anya pondered how to tell Aden that Bo had returned.
He never asked about her, that had always troubled his sire. He had simply accepted her absence.

"Aden. There's something we need to discuss." Anya began.

She had hoped Lexa would be free to stand in for this conversation but the other alpha was tied up with Titus and the council.

"What is it? Do you have to go away again? Are the twins still able to visit for the last Trial? I haven't seen them in forever Ma." Aden whined slightly.

"No, they're still coming. They're very excited to see you. No, it's just. Someone we haven't seen in a long time has come back and they want to see you." Anya says gently.

Aden immediately scowls and pulls away and crosses his arms. "Who?" His voice is so much smaller than a moment ago. Anyas heart clenched.

"Your Mother. Bo has returned." Anya states. Aden stands motionless, staring vacantly.

"Why?" Aden asks. "Things are so good now. Why'd she come back?" His voice is rising with his temper.

"I don't know Aden." Anya says helplessly. Oh she needed Lexa for this.

"You didn't ask?" He demands angrily.

"No, Aden I haven't seen her yet. She's only been to see Jericho and Lexa. I know your upset but mind your tone boy. " Anya warns, he nods and she relaxes.

"Aden what do you want? If you don't want to see her I won't make you." Anya says. She's unsure of what she should do here.

She can only guess based on what she knew she herself would want.

"Can I think about it for a while. Do I got to decide now Ma?" He asks softly, his voice suddenly sounds far wearier than a boy of eleven should.

"Of course Aden. Come, I believe your old enough for your first ale. Theres a good cinnamon brew near the fire dancers this way." Anya says and he nods and she leads him to the ale house.

He doesn't reach for her hand again and for some reason that makes her want to cry.

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Lexa sat in her third meeting of the day, it was the last before they broke for lunch. She had sent a messenger inviting Clarke to lunch and hoped the omega accepted.

She had been uncertain when she had awoken alone in Clarke's strange tent.

She wasn't supposed to stay the night.

She had had to use her private passageways to sneak back to her own rooms without anyone seeing.

Lexa was also struggling because she was embarrassed, she had been so forceful in response to Clarke's taunt, in the face of her own arousal.

She was sure the omega was likely irritated with her. Possibly furious?
As she packs up and walks the short distance to her offices she finds herself thinking of the night before.

The way the omega had smelled, the way she had tastes...The way her tight channel fluttered and spasmed around her shaft as she came.

Recalling how her seed had looked as it leaked from Clarke's pussy had nearly been enough to make Lexa walk out of a meeting to seek out the omega halfway through the morning.

Clarke was dangerous.

For her control, her her heart, for her libido.

And most currently, for the expensive leather pants she was wearing.

Lexa sighs and smiles to herself as she enters her office to find Clarke plating a rice mixture she had brought from the kitchen as their lunch.

"I'm sorry for not being there when you woke up." Clarke says as she hands Lexa her plate.

Lexa is taken aback. The omega is apologizing to her?

"So, your not upset? Or hurt?" Lexa asks, truly surprised.

"Hurt? What? No of course not. I...Well...let's Just say I hope I win again tonight." Clarke purrs, stepping closer to the alpha already whirring gently.

Did Lexa mention that these pants were expensive?

Lexa flushes and grabs Clarke's collar, pulling her tighter to her body before Lexa claiming her mouth in a searing kiss.

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Clarke breathes as she quietly leaves Lexa's office, she can't help but smirk at how wanton and mussed she was leaving the alpha.

She's carefully heading to the elevator when she freezes seeing two people stepping off the lift. Raven and her Mom.

They're standing awfully close, Clarke frowns and sneaks closer. Something was off, the atmosphere around them felt charged.

Clarke freezes and feels her heart twist when she sees Raven smile and lay her palm on her Moms stomach.

She notices suddenly, the material of her Moms shirt is loose but curves firmly while pulled tight under Ravens touch.

Raven had got a girl pregnant.

She had cared that Clarke knew she would be a good Sire...She gets it. Suddenly it's all so clear.

Clarke glares suddenly feeling faint and dizzy she carefully backs away leaving the two to their talk.
She needs to run.

The world must be ending.

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Clarke fumes as she storms through the Tower. Her Mom? No...No that's just...And she would tell her. Right?

She's nuts, their is some reasonable explanation. This is like the time she thought Murphy had a thing with Bellamy.

Totally ridiculous.

Her Mom likes carbs!

Raven IS weirdly affectionate.

All Raven has to do is tell her who her baby mama is and she's not going to name Abby.

Clarke nods stubbornly to herself, nothing to worry about.

Clarke still felt slightly buzzed after her meeting with Lexa and she knew she probably had a ridiculous smile on her face now that she's talked herself down but she couldn't be bothered to care.

Clarke grins, chirring happily as she heads for a set of tables near the arena. She sees Indra and Murphy first, when she spies their wrists tethered together and sees their faces she instantly knows something was off.

Murphy was smirking wildly and Indra was pouting and scowling in her chair beside him like a thwarted toddler.

Octavia is sitting across from them beside Lincoln, seems they're waiting on Raven.

Clarke waves as she approaches. "Hey Clarke!" Monty suddenly calls, his voice effectively cutting through her Lexa daydreams.

"Hey Monty, whose this?" Clarke asks, smiling at the red haired grounder beside the other omega.

"Oh this is Alek, his sister is competing in the Trials. Maybe you know her?" Monty continues happily.

"Oh? Which clan? With Niylah gone, the Tributes left were Echo, Bitch Numero Uno, the Plains Clan and the Stone Clan Tributes.

"Floukru, I believe you've met. You threw her off a building?" Alek says with a teasing grin.

"Ugh no. I threw US off a building. Us, as in we both fell off the roof." Clarke clarified testily.

Also, she felt the desire to mention that she crashed through a building and walked away...

It was arguably the most badass thing she had done in awhile.

Sister or not, If this ginger haired alpha thought she was going to apologize..?

"Oh no, she's a vicious Bitch. I was asking what it was like?" Alek responds quickly with a grin.
"I like you." Clarke announced after a moment. The boys laugh.

"Hey guys." Raven says as she joins the table.

"Where have you been Rae?" Monty asks smiling cheerfully.

"Oh you know, just around. So Clarke how was your night?" Raven asks, a curious twinkle in her eye.

"It was fine Raven. How about you? Any interesting conversations." Clarke teases right back.

"I may have had one or two." Raven concedes, they're now drawing odd and confused looks from their friends.

"That's right Clarke, tell me what does a visit from Heda entail?" Octavia asks cheerfully with a wink.

"Seriously Raven, are we not going to talk about this?" Clarke demands.

Raven growls in annoyance. "Don't push me Griffin."

"Oh come on, Clarke tell us. Did you two...?" Octavia asks with a whisper, leaning in to hear.

"Yes but Raven has even bigger news!" Clarke announces.

"Fuck you Princess."

"Just tell me who she is." Clarke growls.

Her calm is utterly destroyed as Raven's presence reminds her of what she had seen.

"Okay, what is goin on?" Octavia asks looking between the other girls in irritation.

"Clarke spent the night with Lexa, let's talk about that. Was her dick magic?" Raven snarled, she's not sure why Clarke's pushing this much but she doesn't do well with being cornered.

"No, fuck that. We're up to date on the will they won't they couple of the year. I want to know what's up with Raven?" Octavia asks, now she's smiling devilishly.

Raven internally cringes, she really hates being cornered.

"MONTYTHINKSLINCOLNHASANICEASS!" Raven shouts frantically as she panics.

"HEY!" Monty protests blushing hotly.

"CLARKESTOBELLSELECTRICTOOTHTOOTHBRUSH!" She shouts again.

Clarke snarls and flushes before she looks away from Octavia. "I have no idea what she's talking about."

"INDRASTARESATOCTAVIASCHESTAFTERTRAINING!"

"Oh my god Raven STOP!" Octavia demands. Indra's face is now buried in her ale mug.

"OCTAVIATOLDLINGONTHATSHELIKESHISCOOKINGBUTSHEDOESNT!" Raven continues, evidently seeing no reason to slow down just yet.
"Oh my God what did I do to you!" Octavia shrieks in outrage.

Raven throws her hands up and suddenly shouts.

"Oh I can do this all day! Do not test me! I'm going to be a freaking Daddy or whatever, no I'm not ready to talk about it. I got dirt on all of y'all. Even you coffee Queen! I will sing like a canary! If you don't drop it!" She threatens seriously.

Everyone hums in acknowledgment and mindful of the damage already wrought by the latinas mouth they sip their ales and nibble on there food.

Clarke breathes deeply and focuses on calming herself as she reminds herself that her Mother couldn't possibly be pregnant.

The idea is ludicrous.

"Hello Clarke, I see you have a full table." Bo announces as a way of greeting.

Everyone turns and looks at the new arrival.

Clarke smiles in recognition and is honestly grateful for the distraction.

"Everyone, this is Bo. She's Trikru, i met her this morning while I was getting breakfast. " Clarke says smiling pleasantly at the older omega.

"I believe we know each other, don't we Bo."Indra growls.

Her pheromone signature suddenly amps up in the presence of the perceived threat among the young people she had come to care for.

"Hello Indra. It's been a long time." Bo responds, her eyes narrowing.

"I didn't realize you still call yourself Trikru. I told you when you left, Trikru omegas don't abandon their pups." Indra snarls.

"That's over the line Indra."Bo snarls threateningly, her posture shrinks into an aggressive posture as she challenges the alpha.

"I disagree." Indra snarls in response. "Does Lexa know your back?"

"Wait, how do you know Lexa?"Clarke asks curiously. This woman was on a first name basis with the Commander?

"She's my daughter. How do YOU...wait, the rumors are true? About the two of you?" Bo asks studying the blonde omega intently.

"Ummm..." Clarke begins nervously.

TBC
Chapter Summary

Clarke undertakes the third Trial.

Anya and Bo talk.

Octavia makes a decision.

A/N: I can't believe how well received this story is. I hope you enjoy the next chapter and as always happy reading!

"Daughter? Your her Mom?" Clarke asks honestly shocked. She's positive Lexa had said her Mom was absent. Was this why she had been so upset the other day?

"Yes, the alpha on you this morning. That was Lexa's scent?" Bo asked, her senses didn't register her daughter's sexual pheromones on the omega.

That was hardly odd, blood relatives were genetically designed to be oblivious to the sexual pheromones of their relatives.

"Yes, have you seen her?" Clarke asks suddenly concerned about the alpha all over again.

"Yes Jericho and I spoke to her the other day. I was away on a commision." Bo explains, carefully ignoring the responding growl from Indra.

"Jericho?" Clarke asks, she knows that's Lexa's brother. Was he still here?

"Yes, her brother. He had to return to his hatchery. His mate is due to give birth soon." Bo says smiling at the idea of grandchildren.

"Will you be around for the birth of his pups?" Indra snarls.

Her aggression cloaks the area around them and Clarke can't help but get nervous in response to Indra's pheromones.

Clarke decides that maybe she could use a bath before tonight's Trial.

"I will, that however seems to be the business of my family. Not yours."

"Funny how I was training your boy so much the last few years, it was almost as if I was helping to do your job." Indra snaps as she stands, her posture is crouched.

Johns eyes are now frantically darting from the older Omega and the tether which binds his wrist to Indras.

Her stance, looking as if she's ready to pounce is doing nothing for his nerves right now.

"I was doing my job!" Bo snarls threateningly.
"I'm sure that will be of great comfort to your pups." Indra hisses, her fingers digging into the surface of the table.

"I think that's enough." Anya announces as she appears from the crowd, walking with one arm wrapped protectively around Aden.

"Hello Aden." Bo says, her voice rasping with emotion as she takes in how much her youngest son has grown.

"Aden hasn't decided whether he wishes to talk to you yet. You do not get to have an opinion about this." Anya growls. Bo nods mutely.

"I believe that we have a discussion to get too. Raven, if you wouldn't mind watching Aden? I will catch up to you tonight at the lights show." Anyas eyes plead with the other alpha.

Raven nods dismissively, "of course, Hey! How's my favorite Xman doing? Get over here, I've got tamales!"

Aden smiles and races over to the other alpha. He avoids acknowledging his mother's presence as he sits besides the mechanic and picks up a taco from her plate.

"Bo, come with me." Anya growls, turning she waits until Bo begins following her to lead her away from the crowd.

Unfortunately Anya hadn't really thought about this.

No not this conversation, No this conversation she had had a thousand times in her head.

The location however proved troublesome.

Until Bo suddenly, softly took her hand and led her through the streets until they were standing in a tucked away boarding house.

"Is this where your staying?" Anya asks suddenly feeling shy and uncertain.

Her alpha is whining and pleading with her to claim her mate. To finally complete the bond they had started years ago.

She can't, she cannot be weak this time.

Bo will never want the bond.

Bo just smiles sadly and takes her hand and leads upstairs into a Spartan but well kept room.

She sees a large duffel and rucksack in the corner, some food is wrapped and stacked beside the bread box.

The scent though, it's the scent that freezes her.

It's Bo, it's fresh living scent filling this room.

This wasn't at all like smelling her clothes that had been stored in trunks for years, straining for the last lingering smell.

No, this was Bo. This was her mate, the mother of her children.
She was right here in front of her.

Anya snarls possessively as her alpha gains control and pulls Bo closer to scent her.

She almost doesn't notice when suddenly Bo is kissing her.

She wants to cry, her hearts thundering in her chest as she melts into the omegas touch.

Indra stood on the tips of her toes as she rifled through the baskets and storage bins in her rafters.

Really, where could the impossible girl have possibly hidden her coffee?

She had found her missing fire kit and a bird's nest which explained the endless chirping.

"Indra!" Octavia shouts, sounding positively livid.

Indras entire body goes rigid as she realizes she's been well and truly caught.

Well, old girl. You've had a good run!

Turning, her flimsy excuses die on her lips as she takes in the young omegas appearance.

Octavias body is stiff and she's shivering lightly, her flushed cheeks and tear soaked face pulled at the alphas heart.

"Octavia what's happened? Did someone hurt you? I'll kill them." Indra declares seriously as she attempts to soothe the girl.

She's steadily pumping out soothing protective pheromones. She's a familiar alpha to the girl. Hopefully it will calm Octavias omega instead of agitating her further.

"Were you really digging for the coffee?" Octavia snaps, sniffling as she glares at the grounder.

"I don't believe that is at all important right now, why are you so upset?" Indra diverts the topic quickly, seeing the typically tough and fierce omega so distressed worries her.

"Lincoln's gone." Octavia says in a rush.

Suddenly it's as if the air has left the room as the two women stand awkwardly.

"What does that mean? I thought you were going to become mates?" Indra asks, she only wants to comfort the girl but Octavias physically closed herself off and likely wanted distance.

"Yes that was the plan, we were going to travel and settle in Floukru and then become mates and live happily ever after." Octavia says, her voice sounds stricken and distant as she stares vacantly at Indra.

"What happened with that?" Indra asks carefully, she's well versed in SkaiKru culture.

She would need to gather Clarke, Raven, Monty and possibly the goggled boy as well as plenty of desserts and alcohol.

She herself believed this to be a debauched and unhealthy way to address ones feelings but it seemed to be a deeply held belief among the little omegas people.
"I like my life here. I like the training and I've been training with the Shield Unit and talking to Anya. I like this Indra, there's a whole world right here in Polis and it's open and there's no walls and he...it's another Ark. It's another metal cage in the middle of nothing. I...I don't see why we can't have a future here. He doesn't agree, so...he's gone, he really left." Octavia says in a whisper.

Fresh tears falling from her eyes.

Indra rushes forward and ignores her own discomfort at physical contact and hugs the omega close.

"What do you need Skaigirl." Indra says softly.

"To get horribly drunk. " Octavia admits bluntly. Indra nods, yes she understood SkaiKru well.

"I will fetch your friends." Indra says, preparing to pull away to do just that.

Octavia reaches out and grabs her arm.

"No, just you. I don't want to really see anyone else right now." Octavia says, sniffling again as she tries to dry her eyes.

"Oh...yes as you wish." Indra says surprised and slightly thrown by the request.

It had been some time since they had spent any real time together.

With the Murphy boy being watched by Anya again, Indra was acutely aware of the absence.

"We could perhaps...have a cup of coffee?" Indra inputs helpfully.

Octavia snorts as she laughs suddenly.

"Yes Indra that sounds good." Octavia says tolerantly.

"If you would just tell me where the coffee is?" Indra leads, her eyes suddenly bright and eager.

"How about you go get the alcohol and I'll make us each a cup while your gone." Octavia compromises, giving Indra a weak smile.

"So, your saying...it's in the house?" Indra says, her eyes sly already searching out every nook and corner of the apartment.

"Go! Before I change my mind." Octavia pushes the alpha out of the apartment with a laugh.

Octavia smiled as she watched the lanky older woman stride into the crowd.

What she hadn't been able to admit to Indra, she could barely admit it to herself.

She couldn't bear the idea of not seeing Indra everyday.

What ultimately made her decision for her was that she didn't feel that way about Lincoln.

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Clarke checks the knot to her robe again, she feels exposed and vulnerable as she stands with the other Tributes In the dimly lit hallway of the Flame Keepers Guild Temple wearing only thin red robes.

Apparently she had been walking right past the entrance everyday as she came and went from the
She wasn't quite sure how she hadn't noticed the enormous wooden doors stamped red with the symbol of the Heda.

The squat stone building had been grafted onto the Tower, the temple continued in a curved shape mirroring the Tower of the Commander and the Nightblood dormitory.

Now she stood waiting to get through the next Trial.

Luckily this one was more of a pass fail scenario. The Tributes had to participate in the detox ceremony.

It all sounds simple enough, possibly even pleasant?

The Tributes all had been debriefed by one of the Temple staff on the details of the detox ceremony.

First the Tributes would sit in the sauna before they would be massaged with perfumed oils.

Then they would be laid onto their stomachs on the massage table and thrashed repeatedly with spliced wisps of birch and other healing herbs and twigs.

The purpose seemed to efficiently and effectively cleanse the body of toxins.

The procedure was called Lithu Massage.

The part that made her nervous, was that after they had whatever toxins or bad juju beaten out of them, they were expected to go and jump into a frozen lake.

Which was where her enthusiasm for this new Trial of weirdness began to wane, also where they got a frozen lake in the middle of spring she would love to know?

That's all they had to do.

There wasn't a clear victor so the Heda wouldn't be visiting any of them tonight, she tried not to pout over that news.

Clarke had been on the receiving end of several jealous and curious looks since she appeared for the Trial.

The confrontation with Bo still fresh in her mind, she wonders if Lexa's scent was still on her following her bath.

Given the way Floukru Bitch Numero Uno, whose name is apparently Jules, and Echo's noses both flared before scowling at her when she had walked in, she's going with yes.

It had been a weird feeling, to both want to cringe in embarrassment and preen with omega pride.

Biology was so fucked up.

Clarke breathes deeply and focuses on the space in front of her.

She has so many questions now. Did Lexa know Bo was back? Was she happy about this? Was Aden okay? What about Anya?

She hadn't looked happy to see her wandering...were they mated?
Clarke doesn't recall seeing a mark on Bos neck, she knows Anya doesn't have one.

Although, it's not uncommon for grounder warriors to refrain from accepting mating bites. The frequency of death made the pain of a broken mating bond to great a risk for some couples.

On the Ark adults were encouraged to have a child young and were then given strong suppressants to prevent pregnancies.

Mutual mating bonds were strongly encouraged to reduce the risk of extramarital pregnancies.

Raven was the result of a married unmated alpha straying. She never knew who he was and he stayed away to avoid being floated.

Clarke knew that it hurt Raven deeply and the alpha had mentioned that she had a half brother in Med Station but she didn't know who.

Clarke sighs, she's so bored.

Indra had assured her this is possibly the easiest Trial and many found it invigorating.

Clarke smiles as finally! The double doors at the end of the hall opens and they're all led into a large open room.

She has an idle thought, that this would be a really good way to catch a group of girls by surprise.

Clarke immediately rolls her eyes in annoyance at her own paranoia.

Clarke follows in line until they all led to a wall full of rusted over lockers.

Clarke waits as Titus steps forward and raises his hand to see their attention.

"This, the third Trial of the Flame. This is a time for cleansing and thinking about your decision to partake in this Trial. If you are currently using any contraceptives, the tonics commonly used will have an adverse effect when combined with the oils used in this ritual. Any illness or negative reaction will be mild, it will cause severe nauseous and will result in a failure to pass this Trial, lets begin!" Titus finished off in a dramatic flourish.

Peacock, Clarke decides. A peacock is his spirit animal.

Clarke waits with the rest of the Tributes as the other Flame Keepers leave except for the omega female Flame Keeper who stands guard under the torch light, the way the light bounces off her bald head make Clarke purse her lips to suppress a giggle.

Turning when she hears movement and she realizes the other Tributes are all disrobing.

Right, nudity.

No big...just let it all hang out.

Clarke says to herself as she opens a locker and just as she's about to disrobe she realizes, the other Tributes are all wearing underwear.

She however, is not.

Fuckfuckfuckityfuckfuck.
Clarke slams the locker shut in horror, the slam of course draws curious looks from her competitors.

Clarke flushes.

Fuck, what is she going to do? She can't leave, the Trial is already underway.

Clarke breathes and tries to think of anything. She quickly walks over to the Flame Keeper, her bald head still shining in the fire light.

"Hi, yea...excuse me." Clarke fidgets, the Flame Keeper turns to her with a look of disdain.

A friend of Titus's apparently.

"Yes Wanheda."

"I have a bit of a situation. Um, if I could just go real quick. I'll be back in like twenty minutes." Clarke pleads.

"Wanheda, you were victor at last night's Trial yes?"

"...yes."

"You were given adequate time to prepare for this Trial yes?"

"Yes bu"

"If you leave now, you will be withdrawing from the Flame Trials Wanheda." The Flame Keeper stares down at her sternly.

Yep, well okay. She had tried.

Clarke nods as she turns and sees the other Tributes all waiting for her to either stay or go.

Clarke steps forward and shoulders back, head high she swiftly disrobes and hangs her robe up in the available locker.

Clarke then turns and gives a beaming smile to the slack jawed Tributes as she walks passed them entirely nude to turn down the hallway to the saunas.

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Clarke smiles into her elbow as she relaxes on the table.

So far she had sweated within an inch of her sanity in the saunas. Been massaged to living goo, and massaged with oils.

A few strategically placed towels resolved the issue of her lack of clothing.

Clarke sighs happily as the masseuse finishes up their work and turns to the cabinet behind them.

The relaxing smell of sandalwood and lavender lull Clarke into a euphoric and relaxed state.

Then the thrashing started.

Okay no, it didn't really hurt so much as startled her back to awareness.

The birch and herb wisps were thrashed in patterned lashes across her back and thighs.
Clarke frowns when the sensation actually becomes rather nice.

Clarke gives a jolt when suddenly soothing balm is massaged into her muscles until the thrashing is repeated.

"Come, you must jump into the ice pool now. We must hurry or well have to repeat the entire process." The masseuse urges her up and towards a saloon style door.

Clarke frowns in confusion until she steps into an ancient concrete tunnel, faded white paint covers the walls and she makes out the words 'Private Sauna and Pool' as she descends into the hallway.

After about two minutes at a brisk pace she's led through a door into a cavernous room.

The large dome shaped room shimmers with blue light as the pool that dominates the room gives off a startling chill.

Clarke freezes in shock at the sudden cold.

"No do not hesitate Tribute, just jump." The masseuse whispers before he shoves her helpfully forward.

Clarke stumbles but doesn't fall and she doesn't give herself time to think about it, she just gives a running leap into the icy water.

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Clarke sighs as she settles into her warm blankets, she's exhausted.

Successfully completing the Trial had brought the strange day to a close. She hadn't seen Lexa either. Or Anya or Bo.

She had seen her Mother at the Trial festival but she had had such a terrible time trying not to openly stare at her Moms stomach, that she had eventually begged exhaustion and left.

Clarke is nearly asleep when she registers movement in her bed. Shrieking Clarke whirls around ready to attack!

It's Lexa.

Clarke gasps and growls in outrage as Lexa bursts out laughing.

Clarke smiles, she's never seen the alpha laugh like this.

Lexa slides up, beside Clarke and smiles as she shyly looks at the omega through her lashes.

"Do you mind if I stay with you tonight Clarke."

No, not at all fuck yes you can stay. Clarkes omega whines happily

"Yes, I'm not going to say no to the cuddles." Clarke's smiles as Lexa moves making Clarke the bigger spoon.

The unalpha like habit was endearing to the omega.
"How was your trial?" Lexa asks sleepily.

Clarke decides not to bring up Bo.

"It was...an experience. Some clarification on the attire would have been helpful." Clarke states dryly.

"What did you wear?" Lexa asks confused.

"On the Ark you usually go to saunas naked." Clarke explains.

"So...you..." Lexa asks, her face breaking out in a wide grin.

"Yes, totally naked." Clarke says.

Lexa laughs uproariously.

Clarke beams.

Tbc
Chapter Summary

I have no idea, I had a totally different plan for this chapter but behold! SMUT!

HAPPY READING

Anya comes awake slowly, she can feel the heat from Bos body wrapped around her.
The omega had always been a clingy octopus of a bed partner.
Anya carefully pulled away from the brunette. Turning she sits up and takes a minute to get her bearings.
From a quick glance outside she can see that it's dusk. She needs to leave, she had told Raven she would meet her and Aden for the Festival of Lights.

It was her son's favorite part of the Flame Trials festival.

A darkened auditorium was claimed by a travelling dance troop who used scavenged LED lights and paints made from bioluminescent plants to put on dramatic breathtaking performances.

She would not be late to meet her son.

Not after today.

Anya internally kicks herself, she had melted like a inexperienced pup after one rather chaste kiss.
She was a first rank General in her Hedas army and it had taken Bo less than thirty minutes to crumple her resolve.

Granted, the kisses hadn't remained chaste for long.

Anya stands and pulls her pants up over her hips.

"You've more kill marks than the last time I saw you, more scars too. " Bo said in a whisper, Anya turned to look at the omega.

Her...former lover? Ex mate?

"Four years is a long time Bo."Anyasays bluntly as she rifles around in the bedding for her chest wrap and shirt.

She finds it jammed under the mattress.

Huffing as she pulls it on she avoids looking at the omega.

"I'm sorry." The omega says. "I didn't plan on being gone so long."

"Was it worth it? Wherever you were? Whatever you were doing when you left for four years?"
Anya asks snarling. Her anger and rage over her abandonment boiling. "I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD!"

"We mourned you! Lexa lost Costia, she was inconsolable and where were you!" Anya shouts, she angrily fixes her shirt, snarling when her hair gets tangled in the collar.

Suddenly Bo is there, carefully untangling her braids.

"I shouldn't have left, I took this huge commission and went across the dead zone, I went farther than anyone has since Preimfaya...I think anyway. I went to where the sky bleeds in the winter, I violated some border law in a place called Khanada without realizing, and was arrested. I was sentenced to two years in servitude to some Hefa. I had no idea why they were holding me for about six months, their language is so different from ours. It took time to learn, I didn't hear about Costia until I came back."

Anya just stares at the omega.

"I shouldn't have ever left. I've known that for a long time. I'm sorry." Bo pleads.

Anya swallows as she falters.

"I have to meet Aden. I don't think it is a good idea for you to come." Anya swallows struggling with tears.

"Will you come back. After? I'd like to talk. If you want." Bo asks gently.

Anya can't respond, she needs to leave.

She had had fantasies about the fate of her children's Mother. Lost until she starved, exposure, bandits....The omega saying that she was enslaved was not something she had considered.

Also what Bo was saying. There were people beyond the dead zone?

True no one had ever been known to be able to find their way to the other side and return.

The dead zone remained a mystery, the terrain changed constantly due to sandstorms and other factors.

Entire acres were poisoned, just walking through these areas would kill a man in days.

Deserted landmarks stood like skeletons in the endless sea of sand.

Bo had actually done it? That's what she was saying?

She needs to get away from this omega so she can think so she just nods and stomps out of the boarding house.

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Clarke smiles as Lexa turns over in her arms. They're still burrowed in her blankets following an early nap after tonight's Trial.

"Ugh, how are you so awake right now?" Clarke groans as she tries to bury her face in Lexa's neck and fall back to sleep.

Lexa laughs and relaxes into the bed. It felt extravagant to be this lazy. She rarely had the time she
now had during the Festival.

"Perhaps your just lazy." She teases the omega, smirking at the outraged gasp Clarke let's out as she playfully swats her.

"You take that back! Need I remind you that I am currently WINNING your little sex party contest." Clarke sasses at Lexa.

"Its not a sex party contest." Lexa playfully growls back as Clarke straddles her.

"No? Certainly seemed like there was some sort of sex party going on last night...and today during your lunch break..." Clarke purrs wiggling her eyebrows humorously just before she bites her lip and sensuously grinds her hips in the alphas lap.

Clarke smiles into Lexas neck as the alpha suddenly grips her rear and moans into Clarke's ear.

"Clarke, I don't think we have time for this."Lexa gasps in her ear as she feels her cock rapidly swelling with the omegas attention.

"We can stop if you want Lex." Clarke says as she unhelpfully rocks in Lexas lap, her thighs tightening against the alphas hips.

"Clarke I'm not really supposed to have sex." Lexa gasps out as she feels her entire length throb with Clarke's thrust. Fuck, she was going to come already!

Clarke breathes and forces herself to stop riling the alpha up.

The omega knew that their respective tonics affected their libidos.

She wasn't sure, but she was fairly certain some light grinding wasn't supposed to inspire the almost feral hot needy eyes Lexa currently was giving her.

She also didn't want to cause the alpha any unnecessary pain.

So she nods and pulls away, although not far. Clarke smiles as Lexas fingers dig into her skin firmly before Clarke has pulled away completely.

Clarke freezes as she sees a look in Lexas eyes that is so open and raw that she forgets to breath.

"I...I have a question Clarke." Lexa asks softly. Clarke swallows but nods. "What we have been doing. Is it just the Trials for you? Was last night, just the Trial?" Lexa asks, Clarke balks. Good grief the girl doesn't start out light with the heart to hearts.

Shaking her head, Clarke says. "Its more for me. This, you. Its more for me."

Clarke let's out a breath, the had seemed alot harder to say before Lexa had stared at her like this.

"I have a question." Clarke starts. "What happens, if I lose a trial? If you have to visit another Tribute?"

"I don't want any of the others!"Lexa is quick to insist, pulling the omega closer.

She unconsciously begins calling to the omega. Clarke is hers, she needs to make her theirs, Lexas alpha demands.

Clarke breathes and her heart flutters as her body throbs and her skin becomes suffused in heat as
Lexa suddenly is calling for her with an almost overwhelming intensity.

"Lex, if you call me like that I can't be held responsible for your virtue." Clarke teases even as she almost pants feeling her clit throb in her sleep leggings.

Lexa shivers and growls. "I'm really not supposed too. If I accidently pop a knot before the final ceremony it'll be hard not to become aggressive." Lexa explains in a rush, even as she's talking she's frantically undressing Clarke and she smiles through her ardour when the omega falls backwards with a giggle.

Clarke turns over onto her knees and Lexa is on her, she carelessly pulls her briefs down and she can't stop the moan as she pulls her shaft free and slides the head over Clarke's clenching hole.

Clarke whines and arches her hips. "Lexa please, don't tease me." She says with a gasp and she's arching backward.

Lexa moans and thrusts forward when she feels Clarke practically suck her inside. Lexa grips Clarke's hips, swallowing as she struggles to keep her control.

She had only ever been with Costia.

The Azgeda omega had always insisted on gentle careful lovemaking and Lexa had only been to happy to oblige.

Now though, it seemed that Clarke enjoyed it when Lexa lost a little bit of her control but she didn't want to hurt the girl.

Clarke moans and rocks back and Lexa quickly let's her set the pace as she struggles to keep her hips from moving to hard.

Clarke whines as she tries to entice Lexa into moving faster.

She tries squeezing the thick shaft thrusting into her and while that does earn her a deliciously hard thrust she can feel the alpha holding back.

Clarke breathes and decides to change it up a bit.

Turning she coax ed the alpha into a seated position. The alpha gives an agitated growl, now though Clarke can see some thing she hadn't noticed before.

At the base of Lexas shaft was a thin wide brown band.

Clarke knew what it was, it would prevent the alpha from developing a knot before the band was removed.

The result would have the alpha knotting and rutting for quite possibly days at this point once it was removed.

"Clarke...is some thing wrong? Do you want to go to sleep?" Lexa asks with such a stricken look on her face as she gazes forlornly at her painfully erect penis.

"No, I just wanted to try something. You might like it." Clarke flirts with a wink as she straddles Lexa's waist again.

This time she carefully lines up Lexas cock with her entrance before she slowly begins to sink down. Lexa was big, not outlandish but definitely thicker and longer than average.
Certainly bigger than Finn.

As Clarke sank down she couldn’t help but emit tiny whimpers and moans as she was filled to the brim.

The slightly uncomfortable stretch at her entrance thrummed away after a few seconds and she gasps loudly as Lexas hips jerk upwards, the head now rubbing over a sensitive patch of skin and Clarke shudders.

"I...didn’t know you could...like this." Lexa manages to get out between moans and growls.

Clarke moans and slows as she grasps what Lexas saying. "You didn’t know you could do it like this?"

"Uhhh...No. I’ve only ever been with Costia and she liked things a certain way." Lexa admits blushing, she's confused. Did she do something wrong? Did Clarke prefer experienced lovers?

Clarke nods then smiles. "Well, let me show you how I do it." The omega whispers sultrily into the alphas ear.

She grins when she feels the hard throb Lexa gives inside her.

Clarke smiles at the eager way Lexa grabs her hips as she settles her arms around the alphas neck and begins rocking her hips in a patterned motion.

Lexas shivers and growls as she watches the curvy sensuous catlike hips curl and move against her.

The brush of Clarke's satiny skin as she rode the alpha had Lexa nearly delirious with desire.

Feeling the hot wet glide of the omegas walls as they milked her cock had Lexa snarling and shaking with the urge to come inside the girl.

She stubbornly grit her teeth as she felt heat and white hot pleasure sear her mind.

Clarke smiles as she carefully leans back, bracing her hands behind her on Lexas knees she lifts her hips and the position and movement draws attention to the slick glide of Lexas cock as Clarke moves carefully her hips taking her again and again.

Lexa is riveted, she can't stop staring at the lewd display where there bodies are joined.

Lexa moans and thrusts, meeting Clarke's movements.

She gasps and writhes as she feels her climax crashing through her. Her toes curl with the effort to hold it back.

"Clarke...I'm going to..." Lexa snarls and flushes before she feels her hips slam forward as she feels her cock swell as she fills the omega.

Clarke is moving frantically and the effort to forestall her own orgasm and it seemed to be going as well as watching a beaver build a damn combating a flash flood.

When Lexa suddenly stiffens and pulls the omega close, before thrashing wildly in her arms and filling Clarke quickly.

She nearly sobs in relief as she rocks her hips, letting her orgasm flood her senses.
Clarke moans she fully rides out her climax. As she slows and relaxes in Lexas arms the alpha lays them carefully on their sides.

Clarke can feel Lexa finally begin to soften, she can feel the skin restricted by the band throb with heat.

Clarke knows that she would be knotted right now if Lexas hadn't been wearing the band and her omega is not shy about her displeasure that she won't be properly bred.

Her omega is a bit hormonal lately anyway Clarke thinks wryly as she relaxes in Lexas hold.

"My Mother has returned. I saw her, for the first time in almost five years this week." Lexa says, her voice sounding much like a young girl instead of the ruler of an empire.

"Are you okay?" Clarke asks carefully, she wasn't exactly fully recovered from her rather spectacular orgasm.

Serious conversations weren't her forte at the moment. Lexa studies her for a moment before stating, "your not surprised."

"I actually met her this morning while I was getting breakfast. I invited her to visit with my friends before the Trial. Anya and Indra were there, so I got caught up rather quickly." Clarke explains.

"Its just odd, I feel as though the older I get the less I know." The alpha confesses.

Clarke softly strokes her fingers over Lexas arm. "I think that's natural."

Lexa pulls back and studies her for a moment. "I'm glad you were the winner for the last Trial." She announces effectively leaving Clarke momentarily slack jawed.

"Can I ask a question? About the Trials?" Clarke says, pulling Lexa fingers to her mouth so she can playfully bite them.

Lexa giggles and Clarke feels like she's going to explode with affection. The big bad scary Commander just giggled in her bed.

"Of course Clarke." Lexa says, placing careful teasing kisses up Clarkes neck.

Clarke shivers. "Do you still compete if your mated?" She manages to ask.

"You mean me? Well no, anyone mated cannot compete. However any mating bonds started during the Flame Trials festival aren't recognized until after it's over. Couples tend to get a bit fevered with the energy of the competition. Healers will be dissolving alot of fresh bonds the next few weeks."

Clarke nods, that makes sense with everything she knows about Grounder customs so far. "And you, you'll visit the bed of every Tribute that wins?" She feels almost sick asking that question.

"No one can make me sleep with someone I don't want too Clarke." Lexa growls firmly.

"Well it's just, couples at least in SkaiKru don't really sleep around unless they agree to it." The omega says rapidly, freezing when she realizes what she's said.

"Couples?" Lexa asks, of course that's what she took from all that!

"Well, that is. I don't know...This..This isn't just the Trials right?" Clarke asks anxiously. Maybe she had changed her mind?
"Clarke look at me." Lexa says firmly. Clarke looks. God she's so pretty. The omega just stares for a moment. "What I'm asking is, are we a couple or not?"

Lexa pulls the Omega to her and rolls them over, growling playfully. Clarke shrieks and growls as she weakly struggles before succumbing to giggles.

"Yea, ok. We're a couple okay!" Clarke exclaims as she giggles and gasps as Lexa tickles her and playfully bites at her neck and sides.

Clarke kisses the alpha softly and lays down letting the alpha cuddle into her arms.

She couldn't restrain the smile at how Lexa seemed to enjoy being held.

Lexa nods happily as she snuggles closer making the omega smile.

Clarke smiles when she realizes Lexa's already asleep again. Apparently Lexa was the type to conk out after sex.

The alpha gives a short snore in her ear and she can't help but giggle.

Clarke amuses herself playing with the alpha's hair, after glancing at the clock she decides to wake Lexa in an hour or so with enough time to get to the Lights festival.

Clarke looks back at the alpha, she can feel the come from her alpha leak out between her legs.

Wrinkling her nose, she decides to get cleaned up before seeing if she could tempt the alpha in playing hooky for the evening.

TBC
Lexa sat quietly, listening intently throughout the entirety of the meeting.

This, the latest Council gathering, to work out the last minute details to granting Skaikru sovereign territory where they had crashed and subsequently reside.

Determining the new Trikru, Floukru and Azgeda borders had taken the longest.

Each current territory representative had fought tooth and nail for every inch of their lands territories as the new borders were decided and adjusted according to the Councils decisions.

SkaiKru now reigned as the smallest independent clan in the coalition.

Its new acreage included enough fertile soil to begin farming efforts, the new access to the nearby rivers and coast line opened up new possibilities for expansion and fishing cultivation.

Monty and Kane had already been discussing hatcheries as a viable option for the Arkadians with the knowledgeable Floukru grounders.

Lexa reaffirmed to herself, this was a good move for SkaiKru.

She had to admit, when she had first received word of the fallen refugees she had had no inclination that conferring with the strangers could result in anything but bloodshed.

She was relieved that she appeared to have been wrong in the long term, largely thanks to Clarke. Okay, at times entirely because of Clarke.

The omegas inherent ability to talk her people out of trouble was quickly becoming legendary.

It was stunning actually to think, it was really happening, peace was lasting. After so many years it seemed surreal to see her ambitions and goals come to fruition.

Of course there were still the occasional skirmishes between clans. There always would be, that was simply the way of the world.

But the clans were addressing a majority of their issues in the Polis Hearings instead of waging war or sending raiding parties. Trade discussions and treaties were in the works for several topics among
the clans and issues were being addressed oftentimes before they arose.

It was just so strange and wonderful to see, she wanted to explain this to Clarke, the omega would understand. If anyone could appreciate this it would be her Lexa decides.

It wasn't often the alpha met someone who was a leader to their core, her companionship with the omega isn't something she would knowingly take for granted.

Lexa pulls her mind back from lingering on the omega to long. She was always somewhat distracted by Clarke, however now?

It was all she could do it seemed not to focus on her desire to knot and mate Clarke before, now that they had had sex?

And they were a couple!

Clarke herself had said it! Lexa squirmed unable to remain still in her seat as she felt herself all but radiate with happiness.

She would be embarrassed if she wasn't so confident in her ability to conceal her emotions.

To her, this entire Trial had been a revelation.

To find that the omega that had she believed rejected her, albeit politely, especially following the Mt. Weather betrayal, had in fact returned her feelings.

Lexa blushed at the memory of some of the more enthusiastic ways Clarke had shown her affection.

She had to be careful, earlier Titus had asked her to weigh in on the number of cattle being transferred to the Trikru Clan from the Plains Clans and she had been so caught up with reminiscing about being inside Clarke that she had suddenly needed to sit down and cross her legs.

She hadn't even answered Titus, merely grunted at him. The beta had stared blankly at his distracted leader, gave a long suffering sigh and changed the topic.

Anya had begun smirking from her seat across the room right about then.

Lexa grumbled in annoyance and kept minimal attention on the meeting as she mulled over what to do about Clarke.

Lexa knew that she wanted to help Clarke in these next Trials. To ensure that there was no way to really prepare or cheat in the Trials the last four challenges were chosen at random by the Flame Keepers.

She recalled one rather extreme scavenger hunt Costia had participated in.

The Ice Nation Omega had nearly lost a hand during an incident with an alligator.

Costia had won that particular Trial and had confessed her desire to bond with Lexa that night when they had been entangled in the blankets hastily thrown in front of the fire.

Losing her intended mate four months after caused a painful ball of heat to churn in her chest even now.

The alpha squirmed, a tiny part of her regretted that she now knew Clarkes feelings. She shook her head as though the physical motion would drive the fear away.
She now believed there was more to life than just surviving. That was because of Clarke and she would try not to give into her fears.

Not when it seemed she had a new chance for a family of her own.

Possibly.

After having the Mother she did Lexa vowed to be especially vigilant when it came to heeding an omegas personal ambitions.

Especially an omega like Clarke.

Sliding her gaze over to Titus, she admits he won't be pleased to know how she plans to parent her pups and not just serve as a sire.

Her own sire had been a former Heda and had died in battle early in the first year Lexa was given to Anya to begin training.

Young Lexa had been particularly angry and resentful of the new alpha in her life.

At seven years old she had naively believed that her sire would train her, her sire had always been a tall, brooding and distant idol to Lexa.

When the young pup revealed herself to be a nightblood after a painful stumble when she was five, Lexa convinced herself that her sire would finally be proud and acknowledge her.

Mother had been grief stricken when Jericho and Lexas sire had been killed.

Lexa could still recall the night the Flame Keepers Guild guards came to collect Lexa, she was the only Nightblood that her sire had produced and therefore was perceived to be more valuable than Jericho or any of the other pups sired by the fallen Commander.

The Flame Keepers Guild believed her to be their ward now that her sire was dead.

Moreso than the other Nightblood children.

Her Mother had disagreed.

Bo had shocked her children and probably the guards as well, when she had turned her swords on the warriors coming to collect the tiny girl instead of quietly handing her over.

Bo narrowly avoided execution for killing the guards. The fact that there had been twenty made Bo a notorious Trikru legend.

Bo's pardon rested almost entirely on her elder brother's intervention, First Shield of the Heda, Gustus Kom Trikru.

The mountainous male omega had appeared one dark night in their rooms at the Flame Keepers Guild Temple following their Mothers arrest. He had gruffly ruffled Jerichos curly hair before picking up a sleepy Lexa and carrying them both off into the woods to escape the Flame Keepers Guild reach.

Lexa learned when she was older, that Gustus had in effect held her as collateral to ensure her Mothers release and with the promise that Lexa could have a normal childhood training under a Shield trainee instead of only the Flame Keepers Guild influence.
She was a rarity even among her own people. She was unique because she was a pure nightblood. Both her sire and Mother were nightblood.

She was told once that her Mother had had an older nightblood sister who had died in the conclave of the Flame, fulfilling her families required firstborn nightblood noficiate.

The Flame Keepers Guild were adamant supporters of hers as Heda from the time her nightblood had been discovered.

Bo was eventually pardoned, her defense of Mate Loss holding in a time before Lexa changed the laws of territory defense.

This combined with Gustus's 'camping trip' followed by the lengthy negotiations of Lexas future was adequate for her release.

She had unsurprisingly passed Lexa and Jericho off onto her brother Gustus again before disappearing into the wilderness for the duration of her Mate Loss.

The process worked similar to severe chemical withdrawal. Oftentimes the remaining mate went insane with grief within days of their mates death.

Her Mother had returned a year after she was given to Anya for instruction.

Lexa determines then as she considers what she's learned from watching Anya love Bo all these years and from what she's learned from listening to Titus...

She had almost blindly obeyed his every instruction when Costia had died and Bo hadn't resurfaced. When they had been children Bo always ensured that Jericho and Lexa could reach her if needed. Lexa had never tried to reach her Mother when she had been working before so when she finally did, and Bo hadn't surfaced?

This last absence coinciding Costias death has obviously been devastating to their little family.

While Anya busied herself with being the only parent her children would ever need, Lexa had walled herself off in the Tower and denied everyone audience except for Titus and eventually Anya and Aden.

Gustus had left just after her first missive calling her Mother home to try and track his wayward twin himself.

Jericho had tried to comfort her, he had camped on the Tower steps for over a month until he finally relented to her rejection of his presence and went home to his fish hatchery.

Lexa couldn't face it then but she had unfairly blamed him for their Mothers absence again, it hadn't made sense but she had been so utterly broken and destroyed that everything and everyone including Jericho seemed a better target for her rage.

Lexa swallows and forces back memories from that darker period of her life. She was well, her people were thriving and Clarke was holding her own in this festival.

Surprisingly Lexa had to admit. She had seen Clarke run. She was not a friend of cardio.

Lexa ponders how much she could actually help Clarke? Would Clarke even need help? The state she had left Jules Kom Floukru in after the second Trial, even Indra and Titus had cringed when they'd seen the omegas injuries.
It would make things more difficult if she failed a Trial.

Costia had lost three, Lexa hadn't slept with the other Tributes then but her reluctance had been attributed partially to shyness over her age.

Now as a seasoned Commander there would be no social niceties to hide behind this time.

"Heda, if that concludes this fortnights Council Trade of goods and services concerning SkaiKru and Floukru, is there any other issues that need addressing today?" Titus asked the room. The beta was naturally oblivious to the constant fluctuation in pheromones and Calling that made up Alpha and Omega daily life but he had been an integral part of the Commanders life long enough to see that at this moment, her focus was non existent.

At this point nearing the halfway mark of the Flame Trials festival it wasn't surprising. She could however, never be less than the strongest alpha in a room and Titus freely admitted that the tonic was a taxing aspect of the Trials for the Commander.

Titus spent most of his time in these meetings redirecting attention as needed.

Manipulating the people that sought her guidance before they could detect any exhaustion on her part.

Arguably a large aspect of her ability to successfully rule was to maintain her reputation and the aura of unquestionable strength and wisdom that surrounded the seat of Commander.

He often could pump out enough of his own calming scent to conceal annoyance or aggression if need be.

It seemed however as he took in Lexas stiff posture and the light sheen of her forehead, he surmised quickly that her tonic was affecting her as well as idiotic Ambassadors with all their alpha posturing.

The tall beta scans everyone with the same droll stare until Anya who had been sitting quietly in the back of the room for hours slowly raises her hand.

As all eyes shift to give attention to the tall alpha.

Anyas eyes dart rapidly around the room as the lanky blonde grew more and more uncomfortable with each passing second.

"I have something to bring to the Hedas and the Councils attention." Anya says nervously, The normally fearless alpha never fails to become a bundle of nerves anytime she is forced to make any sort of public announcement.

"What is it that concerns you? Anya kom Trikru, First Shield General in the Commanders Army." Titus responds with the customary title announcement as well.

The Trikru representatives all shift, their attention to the General as any moment they made need to jump to Trikru's defense depending on what their general said.

"I have come across information that suggests that there are survivors on the far side of the Dead Zone. This information was given to me by a credible source." Anya stutters, flushing as she tries to dry her palms on the fabric of her leggings. "The Trikru Clan Navigator, Bo Kom Trikru, blood mother of the Heda Leksa kom Trikru and first sword to the Trikru Hefa Indra, has told me that she reached the far side of the Dead Zone and she was imprisoned there for over two years before making her way back. If this is true and we aren't the only ones left we should discuss reaching out
to them."

Several of the rooms attendants immediately begin talking amongst themselves.

Lexa cringes at the curious stares from the other ambassadors. Her wayward Mother was honestly the source of some discord between herself and several high ranking officials even years later.

The clans that the warriors her Mother had killed belonged to still held something of a grudge for the omega.

Honestly Bo could walk into a room and start a war in minutes. Her return wasn't going to go unnoticed by her sponsors.

Specifically, whichever sponsors paid in advance. Four years was a long time to patiently wait for services that had been prepurchased.

She wished Anya would have given her some warning before delivering that news. She glares at her former teacher and is placated by the regretful glint in Anyas eyes.

The insistent nagging regarding her family ties and loyalties were bound to resume now that Titus knew Bo was back.

"What of her death? She has been gone many years. Are we sure it's her?" Kit, the alpha Azgeda Ambassador. Lexa grinds her teeth at the man's stupidity. "Not to mention we all know it's impossible to cross the Dead Zone. If the exposure doesn't kill you then the acid lakes and poisoned lands will finish a man off in days." Kit continues with a superior sneer.

"It was four seasons. She is my Mother and she has returned. As for the risks of the Dead Zone, as im sure few recall my Mother is a Nightblood and as such may have been resistant to the poisons that would kill lesser men. " Lexa fixes the Azgedan Ambassador with a pointed stare. "Anya, I would seek private council. Are there any other issues on the agenda?"She asks, her tone bored as she impatiently waits for the council to either redirect to a different topic or vacate the room.

"Heda, all respect...shouldn't clan Ambassadors be present for any discussion regarding people beyond the dead zone?" The Azgeda alpha continues on, oblivious to the annoyed glares from Titus and various other members of the council.

Lexa swallows back a growl as she feels herself succumb to the impulse to assert her dominance through pheromones.

"You are new to your post yes?" Lexa asks narrowing her eyes at the alpha.

"Yes Heda. I jus"

"I believe your predecessor lost his position quite suddenly. Out those doors, as a matter of fact." Lexa says casually gesturing to the open double doors, adjacent to her ceremonial throne chair that she had kicked the former Azgedan Amabssador out of. The maids were still complaining about the blood stains on the streets below. "If you would like to stay, and question your role in the discussion of delicate matters perhaps your career path will follow a similar route?"

She smirked coldly when Kit kom Azgeda went pale and swallowed before mutely shaking his head.

"No Heda. That will not be neccesary." He said in a rasping whimper as he bared his neck as her dominant pheromones suffocate the room.
Every person present is suddenly incredibly agitated and overcome with the temptation to bare their
necks in submission to the Commander.

The urge has already taken over more than one of the rooms occupants as Lexa stares down the
disrespectful alpha until he's kneeling and his neck is fully bared.

"Very good. Now, if that is all..." Lexa trails off with a raised brow and a growl and Anya smirks in
amusement at how quickly everyone nearly trips over themselves to leave the chamber.

Standing Anya clasps her hands behind her back and approaches Lexas council chair.

"You look bored. And...well rested. Or not rested enough?" Her oldest friend asks with a playful
wink.

"Oh hush! Branwada!" Lexa laughed unexpectedly and then cleared her throat. "You've seen her?"
She asks solemnly.

Anya mutely nods.

"Are you alright?" Lexa asks gently.

"I am fine Heda." Anya replies with a relaxed tilt to her hip but Lexa is hardly convinced.

"Anya, I know we dont...discuss you and Mother." Lexa starts, she wants to be there for her friend
and teacher but they had established long ago not to allow their relationship to be impacted by Bo.

"No, we dont." Anya said, her words clipped as she fidgets with her collar.

"I am always your friend Anya."

"Of course you are. Your fucking lost without me. Now quit your sweet talk and either tell me if
Skaiprisa has you seeing stars?" She raises an inquiring brow, moving on at Lexas fuming scowl.
"Or we can discuss the exciting weirdos on the far side of the Dead Zone." Anya trails off, resigned.

"They might not be weird Anya." She says opting to largely ignore the other alphas statement.

"They're called Khanadans I believe and Bo says they ride long haired stags instead of horses and
hounds pull their carts. They're weird Lexa."

Lexa laughs unexpectedly.

Anya smiles softly, charmed by the happiness on the younger girls face.

"Very well Anya, what else did Bo say?"

TbC
Chapter Summary

Clarke gets ready for a Ball and for her next Trial
Clarke sees an old friend

A/N:

Hey guys! Wow this is the longest chapter yet! I hope you enjoy it! Happy reading and I look forward to hearing from you!

HAPPY READING

Raven fidgeted at Abby's doorway. Her coat was itchy and every time the lights caught the multicolored rhinestones sewn into the lapels she was reminded of the odd rather hideous jacket.

She had been standing here like an idiot holding the bouquet of lilies for ten solid minutes.

But see, there was a problem.

Tonight was the night the Heda was hosting a fancy festival ball.

She hadn't thought much of it until Clarke had shown up and shoved a pile of ridiculous formal grounder wear in her arms.

Clarke had then proceeded to ask for a favor Raven hadn't been expecting...

Raven hadn't even had time to panic over the fact that she was unexpectedly alone with Clarke.

This was the first she had seen of her since their little spat, she wanted to apologize but she didn't want to remind the blonde about their fight.

Decisions...

She herself had spent the evening after their fight hanging out with Aden and surprisingly enough Murphy.

The rat bastard had been surprisingly good with the kid.

She felt like a sexist dick for wondering if it was an omega thing? To just inherently be good with kids? She didn't know her sire, she didn't even know if his presentation was beta or alpha.

What if she was horrible at this?

She breathes deeply and calmly. She had worked herself into an anxiety attack obsessing about this exact situation last night.
Then Anya had been almost an hour late and seriously, Aden had been immune to the scent of sex on his sire but Raven sure hadn't! Raven had needed advice from her friend/ex on the sire issue and the knothead shows up reeking of the omega chick from earlier.

The Commanders Mom!??!

Somehow she had never thought of Lexa as having a mother before. After seeing the alpha in action Raven would have accepted that Lexa had been formed from clay and her dad was a lightening bolt God Wonder Woman style, if that was what the grounders had claimed.

The fact that she had a Mother. A hot one too, did Clarke realize Bo was hot? Raven then remembers Abby and the tiny bean growing inside her. Hers. Her pup. Raven sighed and let out a small grin. If her kid was as awesome as Aden then she was worrying over nothing.

Luckily it seemed Clarke was to distracted to dwell on the identity of Ravens baby's mother.

Raven found out why after she had shut the door behind Clarke, her arms laden with clothes as the omega walked right passed her to dump her own bundle of clothes and accessory options she had managed to squirrel out of the Tower staff onto Ravens favorite leather chair.

Clarke muttered quietly to herself for several long moments until Ravens nerves felt just about frayed.

Did Clarke suddenly lose interest in Ravens baby mama drama? Did Clarke figure it out? She silently studies the omegas expression.

No, not likely.

They weren't together and it was really only the one time. She wouldn't get to mad would she?

Okay, scratch that...She wouldn't kill her to much would she?

Raven swallows nervously and dumps the clothes next to Clarke's pile on the chair.

The omega had then begun puttering around Ravens room, cleaning and tidying.

Touching her things.

Tidying...

Messing with her tools...She reached the end of her patience when Clarke had begun toying with some loose screws lying on Ravens desk. Why did she have to touch everything? Raven had those screws there for a reason! She's sure she must at least, although looking at the screws now she couldn't remember.

Raven huffed and then smirked as she picked up the scents coming from the omega. She stares at the constant flush in Clarke's cheeks and as she sniffed.

Yep, she smelled like sex.

"So Clarke?" Raven asks smiling before her smile falls when she sees the atrocious top Clarke had brought her. Seriously? Why did her formal coat have rhinestones in it?

She didn't care what Clarke said, she was wearing her red bomber jacket.

"Hmm?" Clarke hums questionably. She doesn't look up from arranging her outfit on the bed.
"So how was your night with Heda Heart eyes?" Raven teases lightly. Her smirk growing as the flush spreads down Clarke's neck.

"The better question would be, how was last night...and this morning." Clarke responds with a mischievous grin.

Raven chuckles and motions for the omega to continue with a pointed shrug of her shoulders.

"I don't kiss and tell. Well...more than that." She says before she returns to fidgeting with one of the mechanics wrenches.

Raven feels a vein in her forehead pulse as she watched Clarke put her wrench back the wrong way. Ravens about to snap at Clarke about touching her tools. There wasn't exactly a hardware facility or 3D printer on every corner here!

Just as shes about to speak up, the omega makes an announcement that stops the alpha in her tracks.

"Lexa and I are now a couple or whatever."

"My god Clarke, could you be more romantic." Raven playfully sneers before she turns and with a grin says. "You stink like sex by the way."

Clarke flushes and shoves the mechanic playfully before she sets her attention back to the clothes, making sure Raven understands what her role is as Clarkes escort to this ball or gala.

"Okay so, I think it's like that clip from the historical document Titanic Professor Pike made us watch? Not the dying part, the fancy dinner part. Where you pair off and they announce you and then you eat and socialize in those weird clothes. I never thought that Grounders would have formal wear." She rambles on feeling the strange material, the maid that had loaned her the clothes said it was called satin. "Do you think we should match?" She asks, when she turns and sees Ravens completely clueless expression she just sighs and moves on.

Clarke smiles at the idea of seeing Lexa in whatever the Heda wears to events like this. She knows it's likely a dress similar to the one she wore when she swore fealty to the coalition.

Tomorrow at noon the next Trial would be announced and Clarke would have the afternoon to rest before participating.

She knew the rest of the Trials were a mystery but she decided so long as she didn't have to eat any bugs she would be okay.

Until then, there was a party, and afterwards. Hopefully she can get Lexa alone for the night?

Indra assured her there was alcohol at this party so it couldn't be to bad, she would figure it out as she went.

Clarke quickly made a mental note to check on O. She heard about Lincoln and no one had really seemed to see either Octavia or Indra for that matter. And where the hell was Murphy? Wasn't he a prisoner? Again?

"Why can't your new Commander girlfriend escort you?" Raven whines as she again, is taken aback at her disgust over the formal jacket, complete with purple and green rhinestones on the blue lapels.

The cut would flatter her figure, it was similar to a pirates coat which Raven liked...
It was blue...blue wasn't so bad. The jacket itself was more of a gray color and was offset by the blue lapels, thick black stitching was embroidered into vaguely floral designs over the expanse of the garment.

Why had she agreed to this?

Of course when Anya had suggested it she had also pointed out that it wouldn't hurt to get on Clarkes good side.

"Lexa can't escort me cause until this Trial thing is over so the couple status has to stay a secret until then." Clarke explained, she wished she could walk into this party on Lexas arm.

She couldn't even risk scent marking her! Her omega hadn't stopped whining all day over the injustice of it all.

Again with the hormones.

Raven scoffs as if shes insulted. "Oh so I'm just chopped liver! Well then." She says in a huff and crosses her arms with a pout.

Clarke throws a pillow at her before she returns to her inspection of the clothes.

"You are Raven Reyes, the most badass G2 mechanic to ever come out of the Ark and my best friend." Clarke says sincerely, Raven smiles as she's taken aback by the omegas genuine tone. "But yes, next to my super hot secret girlfriend you are chopped liver." Clarke says smirking at the outraged squeak of indignation she hears from the mechanic.

"Yea, your lucky I'm tired. I'd totally knock your ass out." Raven quips sarcastically at the gentle ribbing, before the alpha flops back onto the couch.

Secretly happy to get off her leg.

Clarke stops suddenly looking at Raven in a way that makes the alpha wish she could still run...If need be.

"I got something for her. The baby mama I mean, sorry if this is weird." She says as she lays down a rectangular paper wrapped box on the bed. "We don't need to talk about it until your ready. Whoever she is, she and that pup are damn lucky to have you. Seriously." Clarke said holding her gaze unflinching.

"I. Thanks Griffin." Raven turns away, fuck. Fuck she fucked up. But no, no she met Abby first on the Ark. They had never really talked about it, it being the sex. Not to mention, not long after Raven first realized she was having legitimate issues in the trouser region and she had gone to see Abby and they maybe would have had sex...

Well, no if the Rocket would have cooperated they definitely would have had sex in the middle of medbay.

"What's that?" Raven asks nodding at the paper package Clarke had carried in with the clothes.

"Its lilies, I don't know. Lexa has a garden on her floor and I thought you could give these to whoever she or he is and give them my best wishes." Clarke says seriously. "Its weird?"

Her brow wrinkles in distress and Raven worries her lip and decides she is probably the biggest bag of dicks ever.
"No Clarke, that's really great. SHE will like it." Raven says smiling, accepting the flowers.

Now how to give these to Abby and relay everything without making the Doc freak out? She may need help with this.

×××××××××

Bellamy smiled as he turned a corner in the bustling marketplace and saw the familiar squat little house just up ahead.

Seated between a tavern and a Blacksmith, Indra's tiny brown house is suited well to the older alpha.

He had been to visit Octavia in Polis twice since she had moved into Indra's house. The brooding serious alpha had slowly seemed to warm to Bellamy's presence.

Of course, when he had asked his sister if Indra was actually warming up to him?

Octavia had snickered and shrugged helplessly. "You are always on the team that delivers the coffee rations Bell."

He hadn't known why that mattered until later that evening. Watching in horrified awe as the older alpha slurped cup after cup...

Octavia had watched Indra with reproachful and amused eyes but Indra just sipped away.

Now though, he had just finished his rotation on guard duty and was using his vacation rations for a long overdue visit. It had been sometime since he had been able to come to Polis and visit O.

He was also excited to be able to see most of his friends and go to the festival. He had heard a lot about it on the road. Raven had radioed him about some sort of sex party contest, he would be lying if he said he didn't want an explanation about that.

He had been travelling with Sinclair to transfer medical supplies and equipment under the escort of what looked like, half the Hedas army.

As he approached the dark hut Bellamy paused. It was well after midday and the curtains were still closed and Indra's door was shut.

Typical grounder custom was to keep a door or the drapes open if your home especially if your expecting guests.

Bellamy frowned and thought back to the day before. He had talked to Octavia over the radios and then they had made plans to go to an actual ball, he had managed to find a tux leftover from Mt. Weather and he was thrilled at having an opportunity to wear it. Bellamy expected that it would be a lot like the historical eras parties that the Ark hosted occasionally in the past.

Stepping closer to the door, he leans in to listen. If it's quiet he will just go to the Tower and find whatever SkaiKru entourage had come to Polis this trip.


He backs away, apprehensive when he hears muted cursing and movement inside.

He jumps when the door suddenly whips open and a frazzled half covered version of his typically well groomed sister is glaring daggers at him and then her eyes widen and she pulls her sheet tighter
Bellamy growls in annoyance when his omega sister tries to block his view into the house wrapped in only a bed sheet. Her hair is mussed and her braids are twisted into large knots.

Were those bitemarks!??

Bell snarls at the angry looking purple marks lining Octavia's neck and most of her chest.

"Bell...hey buddy! Why...why are you so early?" Octavia asks blushing as she adjusts the sheet again.

"I'm almost three hours late O." Bellamy responds stiffly, glaring at the closed door.

"Did you and Lincoln fix things?" He asks somewhat hopeful. He had bonded with the beta after the couple had stated their intentions to bond, if they had reconciled they probably needed privacy.

"No...He already left. Umm, I'm not really dressed so why don't we just meet up later?" Octavia says quickly, already inching towards the door again.

"Well, I can just wait here until you change O. Its okay, I don't mind." Bell suggests kindly. Octavia decides she would feel more guilt over her brush off if he had stopped glaring at the door.

He wasn't worried, he was just being stubborn.

"No, no thats alright I'll see you at the Tower for the party tonight." Octavia protests.

She had told Indra to stay inside, Bellamy likely wouldn't smell sexual pheromones on his younger sister but she was almost positive he would smell Indras.

Not to mention, Indra was Indra so she was already lucky the alpha hadn't come out to see what the delay was.

"Who do you have in there Octavia?" Her brother snarls.

Octavia glowers at him and firmly shakes her head. "No. I'm sorry I'm late to meet you but I have a guest and I'm grown Bell. So, I'll meet you at the Tower. If your hungry Indra has a tab at the tavern next door. The bison poor boy sandwich is great." She says with finality, her expression firm.

He huffs in annoyance as he slings his duffle over his shoulder and drops it on the porch.

"If I don't see you tonight I'll be by in the morning to bathe. Guest or no guest." Bell said, his dominant pheromones are wafting in the air like thick smoke.

"Thank you Bell." She says sincerely, she stays on the stoop ignoring the looks from Indras neighbors.

She waited until her brother had turned a corner before picking up his bag before going back inside. As she finally relaxes again she looks to the bed and is surprised to find it not only empty but made?

That hadn't been on the agenda twenty minutes ago...

Her eyes narrow as she scans the room finding Indra standing behind the rooms separation curtain. The alphas back is to her and Indra only wearing padded khaki linen trousers that end at the knee.
The garment is for warriors who typically wore some sort of light armor daily and Octavia bit her lip as she notices the way the thin fabric is molded around the muscles of the alphas rear and thighs.

The grounder was a great deal older than her but looking at her now you would never guess Indras age.

Her slender form was muscles but not overly so, although her back made the omegas mouth water.

She was bothered momentarily by the thick scarring that mars most of Indras back and intricate tattoos cover her arms and legs.

Indra turns then, her dark eyes finding Octavias briefly.

Quietly she turns back and splashes water on her face as she continues washing up for the day.

Octavia begins to scowl as she realizes that she is being ignored.

She studies the slender woman's posture.

She spent days, weeks, months learning to read the reserved woman's body cues. She was nervous. Was she angry too?

"Sorry, Bells gone. Are you leaving? I thought it was a lay in bed sorta day?" Octavia says flirting. She frowns when Indra just stiffens." Is something wrong Indra?" She asks softly stepping closer.

This close she can see the alpha is trembling softly.

Concerned now, she reaches out. Just as her hand lays flat on the scarred tattooed shoulder of the alpha she's suddenly on her.

Indra turns and she growls possessively and Octavias legs certainly don't turn to jelly in an instant. The alpha reaches over and tugs the sheet from Octavias fingers, and as the covering flutters to the ground the alpha is kissing her.

Her hands holding her face and Indra has her pressed to the wall and Octavia whines and moans as the alpha drags her lips across the omegas cheek and down her neck.

She purrs in response to Octavias almost frantic Call as she writhes under Indra.

The Grounders fingers and hands are all over her. Sliding down her sides to slide around her hips and massage the cheeks of her ass and as she's moaning and grinding against the firm cock pressed against her groin.

As Octavia gasps and growls in Indras arms, Indras hands slide from her ass, up her sides before cupping and massaging the omegas breasts.

"Oohohfuck. Indra, please." She pants and moans shamelessly pulling at the waistline of Indras trousers.

As soon as she has Indras cock free Octavia bites and sucks at the alphas neck.

Randomly worrying the skin as she arches her back. Looking above her Octavia sees a support beam just over her head, no more that two feet.

Grinning at the dazed and aroused expression on Indras face she jumps, grips the beam and wraps her legs around the alphas waist and locks their bodies flush together.
She smirks at the moan Indra lets out as her shaft is abruptly pressed to wet heat of the omegas slick folds.

"Indra please." Octavia whimpers as the alpha slides against her teasingly, the shaft drags deliciously over her clit as Octavia grips the beam.

Indra tilts her hips and leans in to scent the vanilla and honey tones emanating from Octavias scent gland. Hot arousal courses through Indras body as she grips the underside of Octavias thighs and she waits, a whirring growl calls to the omega until the girl is clenching around nothing helplessly.

"Pleae Indra." Octavia lets go of the beam and they crash lightly against the wall as the omega is filled in a single thrust.

"AHH!" The omega cries out before biting her lip as she claws and grips Indras shoulders as the alpha thrusts.

As stars begin filling her vision Octavia keens and tightens her legs as she feels her orgasm build. She can't believe how quickly she's reaching climax already and Indra is pumping into her faster and harder and fuck why hadn't they been doing this all year?

Back arching as white hot pleasure flooded her body and Indras hand is suddenly covering her mouth as she screams and thrashes through her orgasm only to have it roll into a second and a third when she feels Indras knot inflate halfway inside her.

Indra was the first alpha Octavia had been with and knotting? So far, she was a big fan.

Her muscles clench and expand with an audible slick pop, to take the alpha in as they collapse onto the floor once Octavias entrance seals around the alphas knot and the peak of their climaxes has passed.

Panting and sweating in a tangled heap on the floor Octavia comes to her senses only to realize that despite being knotted. Indra has her completely cradled in her arms and is snoring softly into her ear.

Affectionately tracing the tattoo that is curved around her brow Octavia decides she'll just have to find out what all that had been about when the alpha woke up.

She decides she'll make Indra her coffee once they're no longer tied. She preens as she decides that if Indra ever deserved a cup of her coffee, it was now.

Back to Raven lingering outside the Chancellors door...

She sighs and runs a hand through her hair and breathes. Its just Abby, they're in a good place. There isn't a reason to worry.

Aside from Clarke of course.

She knocks firmly and tucks the wrapped box behind her back. When the door opens and Abbys head pokes out.

Her expression is one of surprise, Raven can't see anything negative in her expression.

So...that's good. Okay, let's do this.
She smiles and holds out the hand holding the box. "This is from Clarke. To my baby mama."

Abby gapes at her for a moment before she smiles and frowns, puzzled over the odd gift. From Clarke?

"Why is she giving your pups mother gifts? Does she know?" Abby asks, her heart races over the prospect that Clarke knew. She wanted to tell her, herself. This was about them as a family.

"I'm not sure. Its a gesture though. A good one. She's also sort of apologising for the other day." Raven admits reluctantly, the alpha mutely glances away from the omega.

Embarrassed to admit to arguing with Clarke. Although, Abby was her Mom. She would probably get it.

"Well, okay. Why don't you come in and I'll open it. I'd like to discuss a project idea at the Ark if you have a moment." The omega says, gently taking Ravens hand and leading her inside.

As Raven uses the time Abby is out of the room to sit on the sofa and find a comfortable position before Abby can see any discomfort.

As she settles Abby comes rushing back in smiling broadly and opens a garment bag to reveal a plum colored formal dress.

The material was made from several different fabrics, all shades of plum, a sheer layer of vintage cream lace decorated the bodice and the back of the dress. It would look stunning on Abby.

Raven grins. "You'll look radiant Abby."

Abby flushes and bites her lip. "I'm supposed to be escorted by Kane but I wouldn't mind, if you...that is. Would you like to accompany me to the ball tonight Raven?"

Raven can't stop the broad grin before she remembers Clarke. "I'm sorry, I cant. I already told Clarke id take her so she doesn't get paired with one of the ambassadors." She rushes to explain.

The omegas face falls for a moment but then Abby nods and smiles softly. "I think the two of you will have alot of fun." She almost whispers. She's going to cry.

Fuck, her hormones are all over the place.

She knew of course, the fact that Raven couldn't take her to the ball shouldn't reduce her to tears but here she was. Barely holding them back as she shifts from foot to foot.

"I would love to see you in your dress though." Raven says softly, stepping closer.

Her alpha is eager to comfort the omega.

She whirrs and scent marks Abby instinctively. The alpha pheromones work to ease the omegas distress as Abby finds herself almost swaying on her feet from the heady effects of Ravens scent.

"Yes...yes I think I can do that. Stay here, I'll be right bacl." Abby says before turning and rushing into her room to change.

Raven hums and looks aro ubd the room before she scents the omega and she turns only to feel all the moisture leave her mouth.

The dress draped and hugged Abbys curves beautifully. The fabric fell attractively and the alpha felt
an almost violent surge of emotion when she saw the way the omegas belly was rounded and heavy with her pup.

Raven felt her heart race as she stood and stepped closer.

Raven swallowed and continued her perusal of the dress, the multiple types of plum fabric created a shimmering effect in the light.

She was perfect.

When Ravens eyes met Abbys she can’t stop the broad grin.

"Perfect. Absolutely perfect."

Flushing vermilion Abby smiled. "Thank you. If you wouldn't mind, could you finish fastening the back?" Abby asks with a hopeful expression.

The alpha nods quickly, because hello! She waits as the omega turns and sweeps her long hair over one shoulder.

Six wooden toggles make up the dresses closure and two are hanging open so she reaches for them.

As she fiddles with the large buttons her knuckles brush Abbys spine and she freezes when she hears a sharp inhale of breath.

Why are her hands shaking? Raven swallows anxiously and plasters a smile on her face just as Abby turns to face her.

Abby just stares at her for a long moment before leaning in and gently laying the softest kiss on the alphas lips.

Raven gasps and leans forward to deepen the kiss.

That Night at the Ball

Clarke breathes deeply and rocks back and forth on her feet as she waits for Raven just outside the ballroom.

The fact that there was a legitimate ballroom was something she still couldn't completely move past.

She is bathed, waxed (never again), perfumed and dressed. Granted no, that was not for her mechanic friends benefit.

No, that was for her very much missed and gorgeous secret girlfriend.

Where was she? Clarke groans and begins pacing when suddenly...Bellamy of all people is running towards her.

What?

Clarke frowns as the alpha slows, panting heavily. He's actually wearing a tux. She smiles bemused. "What are you running in that for?"
"I'm your date." He says. "Raven has a thing so she can't come until later so she paged me." He gives am elaborate bow and she just shrugs helplessly as she laughs.

"Alright, well let's go then Mr. Blake." She says in a faux posh accent which he readily joins in with.

"Very well Ms Griffin." He offers his arm and she giggles and takes his as they turn and enter the party.

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Four Hours Later

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Clarke laughs and smiles as she talks with her friends. She's sitting at a round table with Indra, Octavia, Monty, Alek, Murphy and Bellamy.

As she takes a unladylike bite from her turkey leg she turns as she hears the sharp whine of a trumpet horn.

Any officials that entered the ballroom were met at the door and searched for weapons. They were then turned towards the crowd and their names, titles and positions were announced.

At first Clarke had been surprised by some of the titles. The Grounders seem to have taken the most literal and blunt description of trade titles.

For example, Raven was a mechanic among other things including technical genius.

The Grounders described her simply as a 'fixer,' the entire system typically gave her a migraine.

She grins when she sees Raven step into the room wearing the pirate coat and a matching shirt and black pants.

Abby walks in after her and Clarke frowns, she can feel her paranoia flaring.

Everyone waits as Raven and Abby both lean in and list their relevant titles.

When Raven is listing hers to Titus, Clarke can see him stop and begin arguing with her before he seems to relent.

"I PRESENT HEFA ABBY GRIFFIN KOM SKAIKRU, FIRST FISA AND BLOOD MOTHER OF WANHEDA." Titus pauses and looks disdainfully at Raven before he continues.

She just beams back at him, Abbys arm was linked with hers and muted cursing omega was pressing against her lightly.

"HER ESCORT IS RAVEN REYES KOM SKAIKRU, FIRST FIXER AND TECH BUILDER OF SKAIKRU, G2 MECHANIC AND MISTRESS OF BADASSERY AND BOOM!" He trails off straight faced but his annoyance was plain.

Meanwhile Clarke can't help but stand beside Indra and Octavia and chuckle with them as they watch a proud preening Raven escorting Abby who can't stop giggling, down the staircase.

As she starts to head over to her Mom to greet her she sees Raven take Abbys wrap from her and as her Mom turns to face her she swears time slows.
Clarke freezes as she simultaneously registers the reddish faded bite mark on Abys neck.

Which eww.

And two, tied around her wrist was a lily.

Her eyes slide up to see the shock show in her Mothers eyes, looking to Raven she just stares.

"Raven?" Clarke asks quietly, her eyes fixed on how close they're standing.

Was that new?

"Yea?" Raven asks already realizing that she knows.

"Shes pregnant. Isn't she?" Clarke growls as the tiny box she had pushed all her paranoia and obsessive thinking steadily crumbles as she sees the proof right in front of her.

Her eyes fall and she sees it.

Dressed in a flowing evening gown the small but obvious bump showing through Abbys dress.

Clarke sees red.

TBC
Mud Trial Run part 1/2

Chapter Summary

Clarke confronts Raven

The Next trial begins.

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A/N:

Thanks for the comments and reviews and thank you for the open criticism. I understand the points of the comments. I'll admit this was supposed to be a short and sweet little fic and obviously it's gotten to be a bit more.

As always thank you for reading and I hope you enjoy it!

HAPPY READING

Raven wasn't typically one to dwell on wondering how she would die.

Even as a pup she had had a certain optimism about life, it had just been her nature.

Of course she had assumed when she did die, she would be much older...or in a million tiny pieces from an experiment gone horribly awry.

She was realistic at least.

She hadn't expected to see her death barreling towards her in the form of a slowly walking, furiously shaking Clarke Griffin.

The blonde omega was snarling, her shoulders hunched over.

Her blonde hair seemed to crackle with electric energy and Raven momentarily wondered if she should have worn a cup?

Clarkes enraged pheromones rippled out from her in ever thickening waves.

Abby breathes sharply through her nose, and stepped closer to her daughter pumping out soothing omega pheromones.

She hoped Clarke would still react instinctively to Abbys presence as her Mother.

The blonde omega snarled loudly, her eyes growing darker as her pupils expanded.

"Raven run." Octavia hissed quickly, the brunette omega bounced nervously in place.

Unsure whether she should intervene. Really unsure of what was going on?

And...since when was the Chancellor pregnant?
Octavia flinched and Indra scowls darkly when Clarke's more dominant omega yowled angrily at the brunette omegas warning.

No more running.

Clarke couldn't think.

She could barely breathe as her emotions ripped through her with fierce and assertive ferocity.

Her chest feels hot and tight, her breathing is labored as she struggles to rein in her emotions.

Red heat blurs the edges of her vision as she stalks closer to Raven.

The alpha immediately snarls at the challenge, partially because Clarke was an omega.

On a primal level, the alpha doesn't bow to the omega.

The alpha stiffened and Raven raised her chin but drops her gaze.

She can't look Clarke in the eye now.

"Its true. Isn't it?" Clarke asks quietly, now standing close to the alpha, her teeth were closer than was customarily polite to Ravens bare neck.

The room stilled, all waited for Wanheda to kill the alpha cripple. Surely the growing public display could only end in violence.

Everyone waited on baited breath, waiting for Wanheda to strike her.

To scream...something!

No one around the pair seemed to know what had drawn the legendary omegas ire to Raven, but as the omega challenged the alphas dominance the room waited.

Clarke's omega howls for blood.

Her thoughts are all a jumbled mess.

The alpha had been her best friend. Had she been sleeping with her Mother this entire time? Was this revenge for Finn? Did she breed her out of spite? Were they STILL sleeping together?

Her eyes zero in on the bite mark in her Mothers neck. Not a mating mark but definately hickey material, Clarke snarls.

If she's been lying this entire time. What about Anya? Clarke fumes. Her omega thrashed and snarls, she'll kill her!

Clarke's fingers curl into claws and she can feel her control slipping when Raven nods 'yes' to her question, and her Mother covers her belly protectively.

That motion strikes a nerve with the younger omega.

The sight of her Mother shielding her unborn pup.

From her.

Clarke freezes as she takes in her position.
Her Mother pumping out soothing omega pheromones like an omega air freshener dispenser.

She falters...hot anger fills her in a flash before its gone just as quickly. She realizes bitterly that being perceived as a threat by her pregnant Mother is an effective way to take the wind out of her sails.

Her omega snarls and stomps petuantley in her mind.

She needs to protect her Mother. Raven is the stranger here. She lied, she pretended to be her friend, she bred her Mother and didn't Mate her. Clarke Calls aggressively as the notion that her Mother had been taken advantage of enraged her.

Her Mother had suffered Mate Loss when Jake had died and Clarke had been stuck in lockup.

The few times she had been allowed a visit she had been haunted by the weight Abby lost and the shadows of exhaustion and pain on her face.

The rancid odor of grief had clung to her Mother even after reuniting on the ground.

Her omega snarls in her ear, telling her that Raven is at fault here. She is the interloper.

Turning back to Raven, the alpha isn't objecting to Clarke's dominance challenge in this situation at all, but she's also not moved from her place partially blocking Abby.

Clarke snarls. "Get away from her."

"If she wants me too." Raven says softly. Clarke realizes, she's saying it submissivelly.

Why isn't she fighting her?

"You do this like this? Did you think I wouldn't figure it out?" Clarke hisses, she's trembling with the effort to stay calm.

Bellamy is standing beside her clearly in shock over Abbys condition.

He had been gawking dumbly at her stomach since the start of this little confrontation. "Umm, Clarke. Maybe we should step out for this?" Bellamy suggests gently, his stupor has ended enough for him to realize all eyes were on them.

And that Titus guy looked pissed.

Clarke breathes deeply as she remembers they aren't alone.

"Clarke please, I was planning to tell you tonight after the Ball." Abby explains quickly, her own shock at the abruptly tense situation has passed. "I'm sorry, please let's go somewhere we can talk?"

Clarke growls. "You want to talk about it now?" She's about to lose total control. She can feel it tangibly slipping out of her fingers.

Then suddenly the heady intoxicating dominant scent of her Alpha surrounds her.

Lexa.

Clarke exhaled quickly as instantly she felt as if she could breath again. Biting her lip nervously as she takes stock of her position.

She an omega, had just gone full dominant omega bitchmode on the alpha head of SkaiKrus
engineering department in front of essentially, what amounted to the entire world.

Clarke wasn't sure how this measures with Grounder etiquette or manners but if they were still on the Ark.

She would be as good as floated.

Swallowing she straightens and meets her Mothers eyes for a moment and she glares and notices that Raven still hasn't moved.

The alpha is still baring her throat to Clarke despite the added presence of Lexas alpha pheromones.

Clarke glares but turns around, Lexas presence in the room seemed to agitate the surrounding crowd.

Clarke feels the air in her chest rush out when she lays her eyes on Lexa for the first time this evening.

The Commander had been stuck in meetings when the Ball had first begun.

The alpha is dressed in a shimmering black silken sheath, every curve and line of her body is displayed beautifully in the dimly lit room.

The deep V of the neckline, plunges almost further than is decent. Clarke swallows again as she sees the scoop of the alphas dress nearly exposes Lexas breasts entirely.

Her standard face paint is done perfectly and her hair is surprisingly void of its usual braids.

The brown tresses fall in soft curls and waves, when small flickers of light catch Lexas hair Clarke realizes that small intricately decorated metal beads are woven into the Hedas hair.

Clarke wants to get her alone very badly.

Lexa stood tall, her head tilted slightly she had an almost passive curious expression on her face as her eyes quickly raked over Clarke finding her thankfully unharmed.

"Is there a problem Clarke kom SkaiKru?" The Heda asks, this is definitely not Lexa asking her.

Clarke shakes her head. "No Commander, I apologize." She ducks her head.

"Clarke, you are Wanheda and Ambassador for the thirteenth clan yes? Your also the omega Tribute in this season's games?" The Commander asks needlessly.

Clarke frowns confused before nodding.

"Speak up. You have a voice in these halls. Use it." The Heda almost snarls. Her eyes are fixed past Clarke however.

They're fixed on the alpha that had drawn Clarke's wrath.

They're fixed on Raven.

Lexa had understood the situation perfectly from the minute she had seen the three people standing in a face off in the center of the room.

It hadn't been hard to figure out, Clarke poised ready to attack, Raven baring her neck as if she wasn't an exceptionally strong alpha herself and then Abby...
Pregnant it would seem.

Clarke had the right, according to Grounder Law as her late sires pup to protest a new alphas claim on her Mother.

If she felt her Mother was making a decision under the influence of Mate Loss or was being coerced somehow.

The grief and borderline insanity was the unfortunate price of Mate Loss.

The symptoms varied of course but it wasn't unheard of for Mates who survived the death of their partner to be manipulated into submission by opportunistic alphas.

From what she knows of Abby and Raven, she knows that it's unlikely that Abby is being coerced or that Raven would attempt such a thing.

Even so, she's fairly sure that if Clarke had known of Abbey's pregnancy or Ravens involvement prior to this Lexa is positive it would have been pillow talk at least once last night.

Clarke holds enough power as Wanheda in their communities to publicly challenge Raven if she wanted too.

Lexa hoped not.

She was starving. Not to mention that plans regarding these Khanadans across the Dead Zone needed to be made.

And when the hell did Bellamy Blake arrive? Her alpha huffs in annoyance when it fully registers that he's right there.

Why was he standing so close to Clarke? He's standing like he came with her.

Like he's her escort.

He's still standing right beside her.

Like he has a claim on the omega.

Lexa growls.

"No Heda. Nothing that cannot be resolved in private. I apologize for the interruption." Clarke says clearly, baring her neck still. Honestly after awhile this got uncomfortable. She just wanted to get outside and breath! She wanted to yell and scream. Everyone was looking at her.

"Very well. If there is no issue let us continue with the festivities. Tonight the Stag Race begins and tomorrow the next Trial occurs. Carry on." The words were said lightly but her meaning was clear as the crowd quickly resumed eating and talking amongst themselves.

She stood with her guards her eyes locked on Clarke and Bellamy.

Her alpha fumes as she registered every brush of his hand or body against Clarke as the pair moved through the crowd.

It seemed Clarke was leaving. With him.

Lexa couldn't go after her. She had to be careful not to show preference with the Tributes. Her alpha
seethes as she watches Bellamy disappear out the far double doors with Clarke.

Raven and Abby had vanished as well but that doesn't matter to Lexa.

The alpha boy that just snuck away with Clarke. With her...with her Clarke!

She chirrs dangerously and before she fully comprehends it she's moving to the double doors.

She knows better than this, she knows Clarke wouldn't simply toss her aside.

Her alpha chooses to point out that Bellamy hadn't been a present option the day before.

She snarls and barely restrains herself from slamming through the doors.

Clarke is hers!

Her alphas temper is silenced when she walks into an empty hallway.

They couldn't have gone far? She sniffs softly catching Clarke's scent instantly she follows it.

She follows the path of omega until shes in front of a plain wooden door.

She recalls that it's a storage room for recovered antique furniture as she quietly opens the door.

Immediately she's assaulted by the scent of blood and aggression.

She sees a flushed squirming Clarke being held from behind by Bellamy and she snarls as she sees her omega struggling in his arms.

Moving quickly and lethally Lexa has Bellamy face down on the ground in seconds, her boot on the back of his neck with her hand holding his wrist twisted painfully behind his back.

"LEXA!" Clarke exclaimed, as she stumble momentarily thrown off balance as Lexa appeared from nowhere.

"FUCK!" Raven shouts, Lexa suddenly notices the sarcastic alpha a few feet away bleeding profusely from her nose.

Abby seemed to be torn between checking on both girls but for the moment her omega demanded she stay beside her pups sire.

"HEDASTOPLEASE!" Bellamy whined from his place on the floor.

Lexa snarls and looks up to find Clarke looking frantically from her to the Blake boy on the ground.

She growls again. "What is the meaning of this?"

Lexa releases Bellamys arm and he immediately groans and grasps his wrist and rolls into a fetal position beneath her,

He needlessly bares his neck.

She's somewhat disgusted with herself.

She sees Raven hunched across the room holding her blood soaked hands to her face.

Abby is coaxing the younger alpha to let her look at whatever damage was beneath the alphas bloodied fingers.
She sees Clarke then, holding her fist.

Groaning she steps away and checks the door making sure it's still shut behind her.

"I believe I gave you the option to address your grievances earlier and you declined. So why would you wait until your open to consequence to draw blood Clarke!" Lexa hisses now ignoring the other people in the room.

If Clarke got herself banned from the Trials it would deem her an unfit mate for the Heda in the future.

Not that they were at that point yet Lexa reminded herself quickly.

"I'm sorry Lexa." She answers softly. She is sorry she let her temper get the better of her. But when she had bumped into Raven with her Mother in the hallway Clarke had just swung.

Turns out that all those sparring lessons with Indra paid off. She broke Ravens nose on the first punch.

"Clarke, right now your being watched by everyone. Your the Tribute for your people and not everyone is overjoyed that your being allowed to compete. There can be no more displays like this while the Trials are underway. If you truly wish to kill her after I'm sure we can discuss some thing." Lexa reasons firmly.

Clarke softens and Raven sputtered.

"HEY!" Raven protested, she was fine with Clarke kicking her ass but to hell with living with a sword dangling over her head everyday. "No, Clarke I'm sorry I should have told you. It just happened once and I just found out about the baby. I told you I'm not bailing on the kid." She says quickly, wincing as her face throbbed.

Clarke hates the pang of emotion she feels at the sincere expression on Ravens face.

"So...It was just a one time thing and you got pregnant?" Clarke asks sounding very reasonable all of the sudden. Uhoh...

"Well..." Abby starts, looking to Raven for help. Raven bites her lip she looks away and starts gauging her survival rate if she just dove out the window right now.

It was what? Seven stories?

"Wait...you have a hickey. You hesitated." Clarke snarls flaring up again as she realizes that they were both lying to her.

"We didn't have sex again we just..almost did...and then today she was so sweet before the ball." Abby rushes to explain.

"Oh well if she was nice! Sure that's the bar for fucking my friends!" Clarke hisses.

Abby glowers at Clarke, she decides she has had quite enough of Clarke's theatrics. "Well, if were going to mince details sweetheart, I fucked her before the two of you met so...She was my friend first."

Clarke gawks, stunned that her Mother had just said that. "What?"

"I know your upset Clarke. I honestly didn't expect this. Clearly there is more to my relationship with
Raven than you were aware of. Although to be fair, I didn't know you wanted to be updated on my bed partners."

Raven and Lexa were now staring dumbly between the two omegas and Abby just keeps talking.

"Tell me Clarke, because honestly not to be rude but your not overly interested in my personal life. So is it only when I get pregnant? Or do you wish to know which council members I messed around with before I met your Father? Thelonius didn't have a god complex for no reason. I can tell you that much." She smirks at the three horrified gasps from Clarke, Raven and Bellamy.

Lexa just seemed lost.

"No thats...I don't need to know that!" Clarke sputters horrified. "I'm not wrong to be angry here!"

"No your right, this is quite a shock. You need to understand I wasn't hiding it from you, I just wanted to figure out where Raven wanted to fit with this before I discussed it with you. I'm sorry this is how you found out Clarke." Abby finished softly. "Of course if you wish to discuss it further, perhaps we can also discuss the rumors about you and the Commander?"

"No, no...I..we don't need to fight anymore. Or discuss anything. With anyone." Clarke chanced a look at Lexa.

Her lips twitched at the utterly lost and confused look on Lexas face as well as the other bystanders to her Mothers rant processed everything.

Clarke sighs and scowls one last time at Raven. "We should probably get back." She says to Lexa who mutely nods.

Clarke smiles at the strange childlike frown on her face. "What is it?" She says in a hushed voice.

"I. I've just never heard the Chancellor talk that way before." Lexa admits quietly, she's still reeling. She had held Abby in some esteem because of her feelings for Clarke, that hadn't changed but she was surprised.

She doesn't often lose control of a situation but she had to admit, she had been shocked silent by Abby.

"That makes two of us. Now let's go before she starts talking again." Clarke says urgently, quickly helping Bellamy to his feet.

"He doesn't have to come." Lexa says quickly scowling at the other alpha.

Clarke rolls her eyes. "Don't you start. I'm pissed. I haven't eaten all day and I have that stupid Trial tomorrow." The omega sighs and puts her hands on her hips.

Lexa smiles at the gesture and wishes they were alone so she could kiss Clarke.

"Clarke please take the Commander back to the party. Why don't we take some space tonight and we can sit down and have a conversation tomorrow night after the Trial?" Abby offers, she respectfully ducks her head to Lexa but she can't help the smirk when her pup nods and all but rushes Lexa out the door.

Leaving a bewildered Bellamy standing there slack jawed. "I'm just going to go." He says dryly with hardly a glance behind him. He was off to sign up for the Stag Race.
He had learned a lot about this festival tonight, the Stag Race was for all unmated citizens.

The competitors spent the night in a competition for a set of antlers and rumor had it, getting laid was the real purpose.

The Grounders couldn't let the Heda have all the fun after all.

The race being an excuse to sneak off into the woods with a lover.

So no, he wasn't going to be bothered by the fact that it seemed like all his friends were ditching him.

xxxxxxxxxxxxx

The Next Morning

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Clarke came awake with a jolt. Indra! And Octavia.

She narrows her eyes at them both and rolls back over into her blankets. She decides she's just going to ignore the two women standing next to her bed.

The night before she and Lexa had returned to the party but Clarke had been forced to stay and mingle with the other Tributes and guests while Lexa stayed in the far corner standing huddled with Titus, Anya, Bo which surprised her and a few other serious looking type's.

She doesn't think they had stopped arguing since Lexa's return.

Clarke smiles pleasantly and comments at all the appropriate times. A few of the guests introduce their unmated pups with polite enthusiasm and Clarke barely restrains herself from rolling her eyes.

No one thankfully makes any comments about the confrontation earlier or her short disappearance.

She lingers for close to an hour after Lexa leaves the party to head to her rooms. She wants to seek out the alpha but she had seemed busy and they hadn't discussed anything about tonight.

She shouldn't expect anything, she knew how busy Lexa was most of the time.

Of course as she shuts her door and is greeted by the sight of the Heda sitting stiffly on her sofa, she did so enjoy being wrong.

"I can't stay." Lexa says immediately standing to meet Clarke halfway.

Well fuck. She thinks bitterly. The omega does sigh happily and lean into Lexa when she pulls Clarke in for a hug. She lays her on the alpha's shoulder and purrs happily as Lexa rubs her back gently.

"I don't have a lot of time. I wanted to check on you. I was serious though, you need to be mindful of your surroundings for the Trials at least." Lexa says wearily. Clarke feels remorseful for any of the exhaustion or stress she's caused the alpha.

"That started out sweet. Ended sweet enough I guess. Your right though. I'm sorry I just...it's my Mom Lex. She's pregnant and my best friend is the sire." Clarke spouts quickly.

Lexa nods. "I do understand Clarke. I was not particularly thrilled when Aden was born. I was young when Anya and Mother told me, I tried to honor kill Anya several times." She says chuckling
fondly at the memories.

"You tried to honor kill Anya? That's funny to you?" Clarke asks sounding confused from her place on Lexas shoulder.

"Oh, she was never in any real danger. Well...mostly. I was twelve and had a lot of ideas on how things were supposed to go and to much free time it would seem. One scheme took me a week to plan and she deflected it with a brush of a hand. My point is. Anya was my friend too. I know your people are different but you can talk to me. I hope you know that?" Lexa asks softly, urging Clarke to look at her.

Clarke smiles and kisses the alpha softly.

"Yes." She whispers against Lexas lips before she deepened the kiss. She thrills at the way Lexa pulls her tight, the way her alpha calls to her.

She had meant to just give her a sweet kiss but Clarke quickly finds herself pinned to her bedroom door as Lexa is mouthing at her neck and chest. She writhes and pants hotly into Lexas mouth when the Heda suddenly slips her fingers under the waistband of Clarke's pants.

"I thought you can't stay?" She moans weakly and nods quickly when Lexas fingers stop and she looks at the omega questionably.

"I can't. I have a meeting and I'm not wearing...it." Lexa admits with a blush.

"It?" Clarke knows she's somewhat stupid when she's turned on but she really didn't remember what 'it' was?

"The knot band. If we...I can't stay." Lexa says softly sliding her fingers between Clarke's legs.

The omega shudders and moans as Lexa begins teasing her folds. She finds her clit throbbing under her fingers and Clarke arches and clutches her tighter.

She knows what Lexa was saying. If she stayed she would knot her. If she stayed she wanted to knot Clarke.

The omega writhes and calls shamelessly for Lexa.

The hormonal omega that lived in Clarke's psyche was irate that Clarke wasn't presenting herself for the alpha right now.

She wouldn't. But that didn't mean she didn't utterly soak Lexas fingers in the process.

Lexa snarls and as she slides her fingers inside Clarke, her cock throbs at the feeling of Clarke's body greedily accepting her fingers.

She pants and can't help but push Clarke's trousers past her hips before starting a slow gentle rythym. She wants to feel more. She curls and twists her fingers, adding two more digits as Clarke trembles and claws at her.

Her omega is ravishing like this.

Clarke's cheeks are flushed and her skin is throwing off heat like a furnace as Lexa finds that bit of rough skin inside of the omega and tortures it.

Clarke climaxes beautifully. Biting her lip struggling to stay quiet as she jerks and shakes in Lexas
arms. Lexa swallows hard, she wants to hear Clarke.

Her alpha growls wantonly as she stares at the omegas naked mating gland.

She pushes away the urge to mark the omega. Mark her before someone like Bellamy does.

The alpha pulls her closer, grateful to finally scent a break in the agitation of Clarke's scent.

Lexa forces herself to calm down.

Pulling back she looks down between them to her erection. The insistent pulsing desire to thrust into Clarke. What makes it worse is she now had intimate knowledge of what it felt like to have the omega come undone around her shaft, in her arms.

She hates the damned knot band, the material dug into her sensitive skin painfully whenever she was about to knot. She hadn't planned on this, and she really does have a meeting.

Although, looking at Clarke now...she supposes that if the Khanadans were a threat they would have made themselves known by now.

She grins and Clarke blinks owlishly up at her, she quickly scoops the omega up in her arms, a beaming smile when the omega shrieks as Lexa carries her to the bed.

Clarke grins and kisses her, pulling Lexa down onto the bed with her.

"I can't stay." Lexa starts to say and then Clarke's glaring daggers at her. She laughs before continuing "Long. That is" she says smirking until Clarke kisses her and pulls a throw blanket over them.

"Fine, well we'll just cuddle." Clarke says seriously and grins as she snuggles close.

She grins when Lexa once again moves to be the little spoon. "You could be knotting me right now I hope you know." Clarke says tickling Lexa's hip bones.

"Claaarke." Lexa whines laughing as she playfully swats at the omegas wandering hands.

"I'm just saying." The omega teases before relenting and just enjoying Lexa's company.

Lexa turns over facing Clarke. The omega worries that she said something wrong and then Lexa smiles deviously before leaning in and gently pressing soft kisses to Clarke's neck.

"Lexa, what?" Clarke gasps, her arousal is quickly building again as her fingers slide over the soft skin of Lexa's stomach and sides. Oh this girl is addictive! Clarke thinks as Lexa grinds against her ever so gently.

"Your right. I could knot you right now. And yes Clarke, I want to so badly. I want to see you take my knot. I want to see you like that. Coming for me. I want to see you get big...Then...Well I'm going to tell you the rest later." Lexa says, her voice is deeper and rougher. The timbre of her accent teases Clarke's ears even as she swats the giggling alpha.

Lexa hops out of the bed still laughing as Clarke follows her. Tickling and swatting any part of Lexa she can reach.

Lexa catches Clarke's wrists in each hand and pulls the omega against her for a kiss.

"I think I should go. But if your looking for reason to continue this conversation. Win the Trial
tomorrow." She whispers playfully and Clarke smiles as she kisses her again.

"Have a good night Heda." She says as she relaxes into her bed and watches Lexa leave for the night.

Clarke yelps as her blankets are suddenly snatched from her. The nerve! She whirls around with a snarl but Octavia stands there holding her comforter looking entirely nonplussed.

"Come on! All the good warm up plots will be taken if we don't get down there!"

"Does anyone know what this Trial is?" She asks as she stands up and stretches.

"Its the Mud Trial Run." Indra says holding a pair of metal hand braces towards her. "You'll need these to climb the posts." She says as way of explanation.

Clarke accepts the metal gloves and hisses when she nearly cuts her fingers on the sharp hooks protruding from the knuckle of the gloves fingers.

"We don't know that it's that one for sure." Octavia interjected sounding overly optimistic.

"They always call for the Mud Trial Run for the fourth or fifth challenge. The crowd loves the blood."

"The what now?" Clarke asks paying close attention as she pulls the gloves on ready to obey Indra without question.

"You'll be fighting your way through an acre of waist deep mud and in the center are two posts and you have to retrieve the flag from the top of the post and return it to the Heda unsoiled. They give one hour to complete the Trial and the only way to win is to bring the rag. The winner chooses the loser of the Trial. You're not popular enough to win a popular vote." Indra explains hastily. "Now, where is your coffee?" The alpha asks already leaving the two omegas to get ready to leave.

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Clarke breathes calmly as she walks up the steps alongside the other Tributes.

Indra had been right. It was the Mud Trial Run. Her rate raced erratically as she saw the open muddy field. She could tell just by looking at it that the mud was thick with a clay like consistency.

The raised wooden platform seemed to echo with every step of their feet.

Clarke looks around taking in her surroundings for the next Trial.

Lexa and the other clan leaders are all seated in shaded tents. The thick canvas was well suited to combat the scolding heat.

"Are you ready for this?" Octavia asks her softly.

Clarke nods. Thinking about last night. "I have to be."

TBC
Chapter Summary

Clarke competes in the Trial

Lexa makes a new friend.

A/N: As always thanks for the kudos and comments!

Your all awesome. Just a few things as they seem to be repetitive comments or questions.

This is a clexa centric fic yes but as is shown in the tags, there will also be Indra and Octavia and docmechanic among others.

It's happened, it's happening and it will keep happening.

There are fics that exclude other couples out there if that's more your thing. Also, this is not beta' d and I barely can work my Tumblr. I type everything on my phone and try my best with the spelling and grammar. I'm open to anything to assist the writing process but I don't know if working with a beta would help.

Genuinely though, I just hope everyone enjoys this and happy reading.

Clarke squints as the sun shines directly into her eyes nearly blinding her.

The blazing heat made her grateful she had dressed as instructed by Indra.

She was wearing her Ark issued athletic shorts and an old tshirt. Octavia had pulled all her hair back and braided it to stay out of her face.

She had to admit, she hadn't taken to combat training like Octavia. Honestly no one had. The younger omega took to Grounder customs like a fish to water.

However these past several months she could see improvement in her own body and skillset.

Granted she was a long way from qualifying as a Seken but she at least could hold her own in beginners sparring.

Okay yes, her classmates were all six year olds but everyone had to start somewhere!

And they were vicious!

She shudders then exhales sharply and shakes out her warmed muscles. She had practiced alot of hand to hand combat that morning.

She had lost of course.

She was fighting Octavia and Indra after all. But she hadn't been thrown on her face as quickly as last weeks training session.
So, improvement.

She had been warned that whatever clothes she wore today would be completely ruined.

She had also been given tips and advice, Indra had seemed a fountain of information that morning.

And Clarke hadn't missed the way Octavia had openly leered at the older alpha as they had worked through their routines in the early morning sun.

That was new, Clarke had thought.

Then she had a moment of crippling anxiety when her omega tittered that she could simply be the last to know again?

That hormonal omega hussy was seriously getting on her nerves.

She didn't want to think about her Mom or Raven...or the baby. Every time she did she got so angry she felt like she would howl from the rage. Then cry and snuggle up in her blankets and eat chocolate pudding.

Preferably with Lexa.

So instead she focused on what she now knew about this Trial.

Apparently in this Trial instead of the Tokens, tools and small weapons were buried throughout the muddy field.

They were there to aid the Tributes because as if the Trial weren't difficult enough, the Hedas Guards were going to fight them at some point.

Or so she had been told.

The Tributes were expected to work together to reach the Victory Flag.

Although as she slid her gaze to study her opponents as they prepare to fight their way to the flag.

She seriously doubted that would happen.

Clarke checks the fastenings on her clawed gloves again.

They felt bulky and heavy on her hands but she notices that the Tributes for Floukru and Stone Clan were already wearing theirs so she puts hers on.

She studies her Tribute opponents, they stood idly just out of earshot wearing what amounted to bikinis with the same style boots Indra had given her.

The alpha had given Clarke a pair of strange boots which went up to her knees, had reinforced padding in the shins, knees and were waterproof.

They had all been debriefed by the Flame Keepers as they waited for the other Tributes to arrive.

It was Echo, they were waiting on the azgedan omega and had been for close to an hour. When the pale haired omega had finally arrived she had drawn several curious looks because she reeked of alpha pheromones and sex.

Of course that had thrown the Flame Keepers into a tizzy and she and the other Tributes had waited
as they stood huddled like a flock of buzzards discussing lord knows what?

Clarke studies the terrain as they wait.

The acre long plot of land had been dug out to a depth of six feet and filled with mud and slop.

This was where they trained some of the war horses or where warriors would train to build endurance.

Apparently during the Trial it turned into what Clarke had quickly named a 'death pit.'

"Tributes! Let the delays be over. You have one hour to complete the Trial. Take your positions and prepare to fight for your clan! Remember, do not inflict mortal wounds on your opponents!" Titus announced, just as dramatically as always and as he finishes he gestures broadly to the open field.

Well alright then.

Clarke leaves the platform with the other Tributes and as they approach the field, she can see the bank of the pit had a small drop off. Scanning the surface of the pit itself revealed an almost swamp like appearance.

Steam rose as the mud baked under the hot sun. She could see several small reeds protruding from the surface of the mud as she tries to spy any tools that could help from her vantage point.

No signs of the hidden Trial aids.

Or these grounders they had to fight...

Clarke's counting to ten to calm her nerves as she steps off the small overhang and she sinks into the mud beside the other Tributes.

They all wait until once again, the large bronze gong to clang loudly in the spring heat.

Clarke wrinkles her nose and tries to ignore the wet dirt as it saturates her clothing and she sighs before just sinking up to her neck she tries to get used to the cool temperature of the mud.

She's waiting for it but still jumps when the gong sounds off.

And theyre off!

Like tortoises in peanut butter...

They all grunt and pant as they navigate their way through the thick dragging muck.

At first Clarke keeps her hands raised over the pit but when she sees the other Tributes dragging their hands through the mud, searching? The tools and weapons!

Clarke sinks her hands in and as she plods along she feels pebbles, clay, clumps of mud...nothing yet.

She becomes so focused on searching for something to aid her that she almost doesn't notice when her foot catches on something. Frowning when she can't seem to free her ankle Clarke realizes that its caught on some type of rope.

Looking over to her competitors she sees that they've all stopped as well and are just as confused as she is.
"Eyes front!" Echo suddenly bellows.

Clarke whips around in time to see something reminiscent of a nightmare.

At first she's puzzled by what she's seeing.

The reeds scattered around the posts in the mud were all rising. The reeds were rising from the mud and the earth was shifting as well.

Clarke realizes they're the grounders!

Oh what fresh hell is this!??

The reeds it seemed were hollow and used as breathing aids.

She can't help but be impressed for half a second before they all remove the breathing devices from their mouths and begin advancing on the Tributes.

Just as Clarke is stepping back to brace herself she suddenly sees a fist flying towards her!

Clarke barely stays on her feet when a lean mud caked grounder manages to slug her with a vicious right hook.

Clarke grunts in pain as she shoves past the grounders working together to shove the Tributes back.

Clarke snarls and hisses as her feet slip at the bottom of the mud and she stumbles and crashes into the gelatinous substance.

She scrambles to find her footing, as she sinks, her fingers brush something long and smooth in the mud. She clasps it tightly and surges back to her feet.

Gasping and spitting out dirt as she struggles to clear her vision to see what she had found.

She quickly shakes the loose dirt and as much muck as she can off whatever she found.

As the blinding light settled and her vision cleared the omega realized she was holding a longbow and tied to the shaft of the weapon was one arrow.

How was one arrow going to help?

Turning she stares into the sun to the two posts.

The tall timber logs had been stripped clean and yep...they were greased.

These sadistic weirdos sure know how to make a girl work.

Clarke huffs and starts to plan.

Looking downward she sees the other Tributes grappling with the grounders as they tried to reach the posts.

As tensions rose the Tributes began desperately swinging with their clawed climbing gloves.

The omega grimaces and begins pushing through the mud.

She flinched when she sees the first arcs and sprays of blood in the air as Echo, Jules aka bitch numero Uno and the stone clan tribute became feral against the other grounders as the hourglass
ticked on.

Clarke grapples with her own grounder, a tall slender male. He appears suddenly in her line of vision and she barely dodges his punch before she tackles his middle.

She can't smell his presentation through all the mud and grime but she swings her knee up to crash into his groin anyway.

That weak spot is universal after all.

The impact, of course, is buffeted by the mud but the man still screamed soprano and sank away from her grasping his groin.

Clarke whirls around when a war cry tears through the ruckus of the battle raging around her.

It's Echo!

The Azgeda Omega is launching herself from Jules back over the opposing line of grounders.

Oh, so apparently they were teaming up!

Well then...

Apparently, her invitation to the Avengers got lost in the mail.

Clarke fumes before she changes course.

Just as Jules Kom Floukru was punching her way through the wall of grounders and straightening herself...She finds herself abruptly shoved back down face first into the mud as Clarke kom Skaikru used her back to launch herself at the posts.

The Floukru omega howls in rage as she is now hellbent on just killing Wanheda.

She leaps into the fray with renewed vigor.

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Clarke grunts in pain and barely had time to brace her foot on the second post when Echos foot had shot down and kicked her directly in the skull.

The blonde omega snarls and jumps to the other post. Her grip is unsteady at first as the grease makes her already mud-drenched figure that much more slippery.

She has the bow slung over her back as she prays her plan will work.

She clenched freaking everything! She can't slip! She climbs snarling at the opposing Tribute with every swipe Echo makes at her.

They're nearly to the top when she snaps.

The other omega legs are long and she almost succeeded in kicking Clarke off the post with one well-placed strike to the omegas already injured hip.

She gasps and snarls before she lets out a feral roar as she bodily throws herself at Echo.

For once she and her omega are in total agreement.
This bitch is going down!

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Lexa sits poised on the edge of her seat as she watches Clarke fall back to the mud.

This should be entertaining to her, that was the point.

She had enjoyed the savagery of this Trial in the past.

She had felt nothing but admiration at Costias skill when the azgedan omega had competed.

But now, her alpha was snarling in her ear to end it. That was Clarke!

She had a difficult enough time restraining her bloodlust when she had seen one of the grounders punch the omega.

She squirms and freezes when she feels Titus eyes on her. She has never been sure why but she was always aware of his gaze.

Lexa looks over at her teacher with emotionless eyes and raises a questioning brow.

The flame keeper nods politely and goes back to watching the games.

A roaring cheer erupts from the crowd and Lexa turns back quickly.

Clarke!

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Clarke sputters and gasps when Echo flips them as soon as they land.

There fall is dampened by the mud but it still stings like you wouldn't believe!

She gasps and holds her breath as the other Tribute shoves her down into the mud. Darkness and a strange mumbled silence immediately envelop her.

She's momentarily overwhelmed by the sense deprivation. It only confuses her already stressed body.

She desperately grasps at Echos limbs as she begins to panic. Her chest burns with the need to breathe and she fights to remain calm.

Her omega is crying and growling urgently in her mind. Get up!

She can't reach past Echos midsection from her position and she can't gather enough force to punch the omega.

She uses the gloves to claw at Echos sides, she is quickly getting closer to the omega vulnerable belly but Echo just grips her tighter.

She's going to die!

Her body was verging on exhaustion from everything she had already done.

Spots dot her eyes vision behind closed lids as she begins to flail desperately.

Suddenly her mind flashes to the grounder she had kicked.
Clarke's hand shoots down into Echos bottoms and the azgedan omega only had a moment to be both confused and horrified by Wanhedas intent.

Suddenly the omega screeches as Clarkes fingers find the wiry hairs of Echos mound and she pulls viciously.

Echo releases Clarke and as soon as Clarke's head emerges from the mud Echo moves to strike her but Clarke's omega takes control and grabbed the top of the bow and single arrow still tied over her shoulder as she was coming back up and before Echo can strike Clarke swings her arm over her shoulder and plunges the arrow into the omegas side.

Everything goes silent as the two omegas go still.

Clarke panting, still holding the arrow and they both seemed stunned to see blood flowing freely over Clarke's fingers.

Suddenly Echo punches Clarke in the jaw.

Clarke yelps and moves back, taking the arrow with her.

"Fuck Echo don't move," Clarke says rushing forward to staunch the bleeding.

Suddenly two mud coated grounders are beside them and just as Clarkes about to verbally demolish them both for trying to engage them while Echo was injured...

"Calm yourself Wanheda. Echo needs a fisa." The smaller of the men say to her. "You have a race to finish yes? I have my best sword bet on you Wanheda. You should hurry. She will be fine."

Clarke is stunned when the grounders carefully flank Echo and each man has one of her arms around his neck and theyre lifting her and holding her hips as they gingerly move her out of the Trial zone.

Well okay.

Clarke breathes and as she turns to go to the post and resume her climb, Jules Kom Floukru drops out of the sky on top of her.

For fucks sake!

***************

Lexa grips the hands of her chair as she sees Jules Kom Floukru leap onto her omega!

She's on her feet with a snarl before she can stop herself.

She quickly adopts her customary nonchalant pose, her hands clasped loosely behind her back as she acts as if that display hadn't happened.

Oh Titus was going to lecture her on decorum until her ears bled.

She just knew it.

She sighs and is relieved when its quickly apparent no one had been watching her.

They were all transfixed by the competition. She cant blame them, it had been riveting to watch so far.
Of course her attention was dampened by fear. Did Clarke have any sense of self preservation at all?!

Lexa turns to accept a messenger from the field.

The young seken was a new face to the Heda and the pup was clearly exhausted.

The girl seemed no older than ten years old as she shyly approaches the Heda.

She's dressed in training clothes and has her dirty blonde hair styled into archer braids. Big brown eyes peered up at her in a sea of freckles as the girl began to falter.

She looked terrified.

"What is it?" Lexa asks, her tone is strong but she tries not to exude too many alpha pheremones.

She didn't want to frighten the pup, the girl was already trembling with nerves as she got closer.

"I have a message from the field Heda." The seken said quietly. Lexa sighs. The child is a warriors seken, she won't last long if she continues to behave like a skittish pup.

"What is it girl? What is your name?" The Heda asks her firmly, but gently.

"Tala kom Trikru Heda." The girl squirms anxiously and looked behind her. Lexa follows her gaze to an older male warrior, likely her sire, who is nodding, encouraging the young pup. "Can I say the rest now Heda?" The girl softly asks her.

Lexa bites her cheek as the girls trainer face palms behind her and the seken is pumping out enthusiastic excited hormones.

"Yes, what message do you have for me?" Lexa asks much gentler than she would with an adult.

"Tribute Echo Kom Azgeda is injured and has to forfeit from the Flame Trials." Tala says, her nerves forgotten as she unconsciously puffed up her chest with excitement meeting with Heda.

"That's unfortunate. Do you know if it's serious?" Lexa asks, she wasn't overly fond of Echo but the omega was Costias cousin so she tolerated the girls presence in the Trial.

She knew Echo didn't want her, the omega preferred males but like many Tributes, Echo was competing for the trade privileges that went with winning the Flame Trials.

She mainly wants to power through this part so she can turn her attention back to the spectacle before her.

"No Heda. They say she will be fine." Tala says eagerly, her earlier nerves forgotten entirely.

"And the other Tributes?" Lexa says carefully. Instantly she feels Titus's eyes staring at her.

"I think they're okay. I think Wanhedas going to win." Tala said quickly. "She always wins when people say she wont." The seken gushed, Lexa bit back another grin as the girls Trainer began heading towards them.

Presumably to collect his over excited seken from possibly offending the Commander.

Lexa subtly waves him off.
"Tala, I think you may be right. Would you like to join me for the rest of the Trial?" Lexa asks politely.

The pups eyes widened comically, her blonde braids bounced atop her head as she nodded frantically.

"YES! Yes.. I mean. Ugh...I'm honored Heda! Where do I sit?" Tala said excitedly, her strict discipline training quickly forgotten in the excitement.

This was turning into the best day!

Lexa stepped back, unable to repress a grin as she pointed to a small stool beside her seat and Tala giggles and runs to the empty foot stool.

The Commanders tent was honestly furnished more than necessary for the Trial which was just part of the day.

Her small freckled face was bright and eager as she looked from her Trainer to the Commander before she scoots further to the left, nearly falling from her seat to give the Commander more room to return to her throne.

Lexa inwardly laughs to herself as she walks back to her chair and turning carefully she sits, cautious not to let her ever serious expression slip.

She glances to Titus and sighs at his harsh scowl. Turning back the pup is vibrating with excitement and staring back at the Trial field Lexa ignores the flame keeper.

"Heda! Look!" Tala squeals pointing out to the tournament. 

*********

Clarke snarls and bites down hard on the Floukru omegas shoulder when Jules tries to drown her in the mud.

The Floukru tribute growls in pain and Clarke quickly pulls away from the omegas grasp. Jules snarls and advances, Clarke tries to avoid her moving steadily closer to the post.

When they're closer and Clarke's trying to get a grip, Jules catches up to her in the muck and tries to put Clarke in a chokehold.

Snarling Clarke throws her head back and hears a shriek when her skull slams into Jules face.

Clarke spins around and bares her teeth snarling ferally. Her adrenaline is skyrocketing and she is ready to just kill the annoying omega.

Jules moves to grab for her again and Clarke quickly uses a move Indra had taught her. She grabs Bitch Numero Unos neck and slams the girls face into the post.

Clarke growls as the omega immediately goes limp, unconscious.

She lets the omega go as a grounder guard heads her way to collect the Tribute.

Clarke huffs and begins to climb, she's running out of time. There's no way she's not getting close to the one hour mark.

Clarke gasps in pain as her bruised hip screams at her. The hot sun heats the grease and the omega
struggles to find a grip with her boots and gloves.

She climbs, the dim roar of the crowd registers to her but all she can see is the red wisp of cloth that served as the Victory Flag tied to the top of the post.

Clarke wraps her legs tightly around the post as she carefully untied the flag. Just as she has it loosened, agonizing over not touching the flag as much as possible as she deliberated on how she would get it to the Heda if the bow didn't work.

Clarke carefully pulls herself up to the top of the post and takes the arrow from the bow and gingerly ties it off.

Luckily the flag stays clean enough as she keeps wiping the mud from her fingers on the wooden post.

Clarke breathes deeply and tightens her legs and just as she is aiming for the Heda platform....honestly she has no idea whether this will work or not.

Just as she's loosening the arrow the post rocks sharply.

Clarke screams in shock and drops the bow to grip the post as the arrow flies.

Looking down she sees the Stone Clan omega which honestly had been entirely forgotten had somehow found an...AXE!

The omega was currently swinging the axe at the post. Her intent obvious.

Clarke is horrified over this turn of events when suddenly a scream of pain tears across the cacophony of the Trial.

Clarke looks back to see Titus flailing on the ground clutching the back of his hip.

Even from here she could see the small red flag still tied to the arrow lodged in his buttock, waving in the breeze.

Whoops.

××××××××××

Clarke shifts nervously on the Commanders platform.

She and the other remaining Tribute had been glaring daggers at each other since the grounders left in the mud pit broke up the fight and escorted them back to hear the Trial winner.

Clarke flushes scarlet when Lexa holds the bloodied, muddy Victory Flag.

Clarke can see lines of tension on Lexas face as the alpha moves to address the people.

"In the absence of Titus kom fleimkepa, I will be naming the outcome of this Trial. The victor is SkaiKru!...as the victor Clarke kom SkaiKru will decide which of the Tributes will not be moving forward in this competition. She will have until the next Trial to make her decision. Now, let the festivities begin!" Lexas speech is met with Cheers and as the alpha turns and her eyes meet Clarkes, the omega is overtaken by the impulse to kiss the alpha then and there.

The heat and desire in Lexas eyes called to her and honestly she probably had another concussion.
That Night.

Clarke breathes deeply and sinks deeper into the bath.

She’s not entirely convinced she would ever be clean again.

As she relaxes and waits for Lexa she mindlessly plays with the Victory Flag in her fingers.

Clarke sighs and stands, groaning before stepping out of the tub.

Walking naked to her wardrobe her omega begins to chirr nervously.

Something is tugging at her senses, somethings wrong...

Turning the omega jumps when she sees a cloaked figure standing in the corner of her room.

The area had been out of view from her bathing alcove.

The person was tall, broad and dressed oddly. A thick furred hood was pulled low over their face leaving their identity hidden.

She was too far away to scent them properly.

It was what was in their hand that concerned Clarke.

A hatchet.

Not Lexa.

TBC
There was a stranger holding a hatchet lurking in the shadows of her room!

Why? Why did this always happen to her?

Wait...Clarke studies the hulking figure.

Yep, definitely lurking.

She's also naked.

And so sore.

So so so sore...she snarls.

She did her fighting for the day already thankyousomuch!

Clarke snarls and steps to her wardrobe quickly, withdrawing the short sword she had hidden there.

Honestly...She's still not used to storing things like SWORDS in her belongings.

She sends a quick mental thanks to Indras naturally overbearing nature. The older alpha had insisted Clarke trade for her own blade when they had been in the markets earlier that year.

The sword wasn't intended for battle, the blade looked more like a straight bladed machete and in this
moment, she can't remember the last time she had sharpened it.

Clarke shivers and grips the weapon, pointing it readily at the stranger.

She growls again when they suddenly advance on her and she's about to just full on attack when the stranger steps into the light and threw off their hood with flourish.

It's Bo.

It's fucking BO!

"What the bleeding christ!!? I could have killed you!" Clarke shrieks as she waves the sword in Bo's general direction.

The older omega stills and stares at Clarke standing, naked and shivering in the fire light.

Gods, the SkaiKru omega is littered in dark bruises and scrapes. For a moment Bo questions how the younger omega is still standing.

Bo can't help but smirk. "I somehow doubt that Clarke."

Clarke shudders as she realizes Bo has the same accent as Lexa. Or...Lexa had her Mothers accent?

Either way it just sounded creepy coming from the older omega.

"What do you want Bo?" Clarke asks exasperated. She's happy she's not in another fight but she wasn't exactly expecting her girlfriends mom to be lurking in the shadows of her room.

Especially, when Clarke was expecting that same daughter for...well sex. Hopefully boring sex where Clarke wouldn't have to do alot of moving.

Clarke huffs and grabs her robe from the wardrobe beside her.

How had she even gotten in here? Clarke asks herself as she looks and sees her doors still closes, then she turns and sees her open window, the curtains shifting gently in the breeze.

Wonderful.

It would seem Bo had climbing abilities that would make a spider monkey weep with envy.

"Well...before I answer that...you haven't seen anyone else have you?Someone...suspicious? Here tonight?" Bo asks, still smirking insufferably before she begins to ignore Clarke in favor of searching the shadows of her room.

Clarke scowls at Bo. She personally hadn't spoken to the omega since the weird confrontation the other day with Anya and Indra.

She also hadn't brought it up with Lexa, surmising quickly that the Commander would tell her when she was ready.

Now though, she wishes she had at least pushed for the cliff notes version.

"Have I seen anyone suspicious sneaking around my room? I assume you mean, besides you?" Clarke says testily as she fastens her robe. "No Bo I haven't."

"Your awfully hostile for one attempting to court my child Clarke." Bo says drolly, her attention now
fixed on Clarke.

Clarke breathes deeply and studies Bo. The eerie way she's looking at Clarke bothers the omega until she realizes, the reason she's so bothered by Bo's mannerisms, is that they are exactly like Lexa.

Only now, instead of finding the movements and expressions intriguing as she did with Lexa. The tiny facial movements on Bo's face were bothering her.

Her eyes narrow and she can't stop the feral grin when Bo's words strike a nerve within her.

"I apologise, up until your arrival I was unaware that the Heda had a Mother." She snarls defensively, she doesn't know the entire story. But she knows enough, the sadness that always clung to Anyas scent, the agitation and pain in Lexas eyes when she had told Clarke she had returned. The way Aden skirted the woman and wouldn't so much as look at her.

Bo bristles and crosses her arms. The hatchet which Clarke realizes now is a climbing axe, still is gripped loosely in her hand.

Standing this close now, both sharing the light from Clarke's fireplace, the SkaiKru omega is close enough to make out the scars and dust coating the curved blade.

She also realizes that the cloak Bo was wearing was armored beneath the furs, lending to the illusion that the omega was larger than she was.

Clarke also realizes, she's never seen a design like that among the Grounders in all her time in Polis.

"Geography has nothing to do with the fact that Lexa is my pup Clarke." Bo snarls. "If the rumors are to believed, you have recently become aware of the many ways a Mother can disappoint her children."

"That's not the same thing." Clarke hisses, her fists clench and her omega is fuming, struggling to be let loose.

"No, but similar. I have a purpose for being here tonight Clarke. One that doesn't concern you. However as it seems you and everyone in Polis has an opinion on my duties as a Mother let's visit the topic shall we?" Bo's eyes narrow, Clarke recognizes that look.

It's Lexas patented death stare.

She had herself been on the business end of it the first time they had met.

"What exactly are you trying to gain from this? A Heda rarely takes a mate to Bond with, the life of a Hedas Consort is not an easy one Clarke." Bo tilts her head, looking at Clarke quizzically. "I doubt Jules Kom Floukru looks like she survived a Pauna attack because your interest is superficial." Bo finishes with a raised brow.

"You...you broke into my room!" Clarke shouts, suddenly very eager to get back to the important thing. "My feelings for Lexa are none of your business."

Bo was trespassing and she did not have to answer her!

Bo shrugs, nonplussed as she begins circling the younger omega. "Yes, but now were discussing your intentions towards my daughter. Not, the Heda. I hope you understand the difference."

Clarke sputters, furious at Bo for trespassing and honestly, her head hurt way to much to be talking
about this crap.

"Why. Are you in my rooms Bo. I am Wanheda, SkaiKru Ambassador for the thirteenth clan in her Hedas Coalition, and the last I checked your technically an outlaw for failing to deliver on three map routing agreements. I stabbed a girl today and shot the fucking flamekeeper. I'm pretty sure I am at the point that Mom or not, I will fucking knock your ass out!" Clarke yells, snarling and furious. "If you don't answer me!"

Bo balks and takes a step back.

Then her features twist in anger she snarls and confronts Clarke's dominance. "You act as if any of this would be yours if my pup didn't give it to you. Careful girl. She can learn to love again I'm sure."

"Oh...Fuck You." Clarke lunges forwards and tackles the other omegas middle.

She immediately slams Bo's wrist into the floor.

The older omega snarls in pain and loses her grip on the axe.

She then grapples with Wanheda and the younger girl is quite obviously fighting on an adrenaline high.

Bo snarls, annoyed as her hasty improvised distraction exploded in her face. By the Flame, Wanheda was stronger than she looked!

"Stop fighting me Clarke." Bo snarls and just as Clarke's about to pull away, because seriously. She just started a fight with her girlfriends Mom. She was fairly positive that was a cultural No-No that was universal.

Clarke breathes and as she's pulling back Bo suddenly lunges and reverses their positions. "You arrogant child." Bo growls, as she restrains Clarke. "I do see why she likes you. But your dangerous. That temper, you'll be her death. I would know. It's what killed her sire."

"Unhand her Mother." Lexa's voice suddenly broke through the rage and tension.

"It's not what it looks like Lexa." Bo says without moving an inch.

"Unhand her before I make you Bo." Lexa snarls, her warning more than clear.

Clarke gasps as Bo stands suddenly and as she climbs to her feet and shamefully ties the robe she crosses her arms and waits for Lexa's wrath.

"Well? What exactly is going on here?" Lexa demands. Her alpha pheromones begin the suffuse the room.

Clarke and Bo both stand silently before Lexa.

Neither can seem to look away from their shoes as the Heda stands there fuming, a partially crumpled bouquet of flowers in one of her hands.

Clarke's omega gushes at the sweetness of the gesture, even if the presentation had failed somewhat.

Then Clarke hisses to herself when her omega begins chiding her for ruining Lexa's surprise. As if her omega hadn't been an active participant in attacking Bo.
"Well? Clarke what is the meaning of this?" Lexa growls, her alpha is pushing out possessive angry pheromones and for a moment Clarke's confused.

Then she remembers, Lexa's tonic.

The alpha had been consuming a virility aid for days now. Clarke's own tonic had definitely increased her sex drive and she had already surmised that it lent her omega presentation a stronger control over her actions.

She didn't doubt for a second that Lexa was suffering from the same effects.

That would explain the possessive pheromones filling the room instead of just angry pheromones.

"I was having a bath and found her sneaking around my room and she wouldn't tell me why." Clarke is quick to explain, dread knots her stomach. "Then she made me mad and I. Well...."

"I provoked her Heda." Bo interjected, Clarke goes quiet in surprise. "I provoked Wanheda. I was curious what sort of girl you've been spending time with Lexa."

"So you are claiming that you wished to invoke her temper? I don't believe you. Why are you here? Why weren't you at the meeting tonight as expected? " Lexa snarls she advances on her Mother after setting the flowers on a side table. "You've better have answers. Mother or not, you've been absent for a long time only to return with your warnings of strangers across the sands? Then you fail to attend a meeting YOU scheduled and I find you grappling with my...with a trusted...with My Ambassador. Speak plain or your ending this day in the Tower Holding Cells." Lexa snarls.

Strangers across the sands? What? What was going on? Clarke doesn't dare speak a word right now but WHAT!

Clarke just folds her hands together and looks away from the pair. This seems like a private discussion.

She can go sleep somewhere else. No biggie. She really doesn't need to be here for this.

Mentally nodding to herself she's about to silently slip out of the room and go down to the SkaiKru Floor and find an empty couch.

Her omega doesn't even let her finish the thought before letting out a pitiful whine.

The last thing she wants to do is sleep on some century old couch. Probably lumpy...with rusted springs...

"Clarke, please excuse the Heda and I. There is some thing we need to discuss." Bo says as she maintains her posture, her neck bared and eyes averted from the alphas.

"No. You will explain yourself right now. If you didn't wish for your actions to be privy to Clarke you should have attended the meeting. Now speak." Lexa snarls.

Her typically stoic countenance is gone and she is radiating anger in such heady waves that Clarke's omega whimpers and Calls reactively in a attempt to soothe the angry alpha.

Even Bo is beginning to exude calming pheromones, her role as Lexa's Mother forcing her instinctively to attempt and calm her pup.

"I believe that I was followed back from the far side of the Dead Zone. I saw a person in a cloak like
this one scaling the Tower. I followed them but lost them in the climb. I found this just outside of Wanhedas window." Bo finally admits, pulling a long purple length of cloth from within her cloak. "It is a face scarf one wears to protect against strong winds and sand storms. This cloak, I received from my time in Khanada."

"You are claiming there is an intruder in the Tower? Did it occur to you for a second to inform the guards! If any blood is spilled over this it is on your hands Bo." Lexa snarls before she whirls around and storms out of the room. "Guards!" The alpha roars as the doors swing shut behind her.

Clarke sighs and moves first to the table to retrieve the crumpled flowers.

"I think you should go." Clarke says without turning.

"She will never trust me." Bo whispers to herself from out of nowhere.

Clarke glares. "Who she is, it's bigger than that." Clarke says putting the flowers in a cracked vase. "She would trust you. But it's more than that, she's the Commander. Everyone is expecting her to protect them, from the Mountain, from Space invaders, starvation, from disease...She doesn't have time to play guessing games Bo. If that's all you have to offer her, then no. The Heda isn't going to trust you. If you want Lexa to trust you. You can't keep secrets, I trust you know the difference?" Clarke says, her brow arched questioningly at the older omega. "The doors that way by the way." Clarke says pointing carelessly as she decides to ignore her lingering presence.

Bo nods mutely and as she's about to silently slip out of the room the large double doors swing open once again.

Clarke turns in surprise to see six armed Guards march into her room and draw their weapons.

The omegas are frozen in shock until the Head Guard, Clarke recalls his name is Markus. A stoically loyal Beta, the man's sandy hair is well hidden beneath his helm as he steps forward and speaks.

"Bo Kom Trikru, Blood Mother to the Heda, Lexa KomTrikru. You are being collected into the custody of the Flame. Please come with us, any rebellion will be met with swift punishment."

Clarke purses her lips and takes a slow backward step.

This wasn't awkward at all.

As she's securing the tie to her robe for the umpteenth time that hour she catches a movement, subtle and largely unnoticed by anyone else, it's coming from behind the drapes of her window.

Seriously, could their hiding spot be anymore cliche?

Clarkes eyes widen, before she turns away and she debates getting the attention of one of the guards but she doesn't want to give away the strangers position and alert them to the fact that they had been spotted.

She can see them clearly though, their silhouette is plain to her now.

They're wearing a cloak just like Bo's.

The older omega hadn't been lying. How surprising.

She watches as the guards quietly and effectively escort Bo from the room.

Clarke breathes deeply and silently walks to her wardrobe, the hidden intruder suddenly leaps from
their hiding place.

A dirk brandished wildly as the cloaked figure runs straight for her.

Clarke gasps and reaches into the wardrobe, whirling around she doesn't allow a moments hesitation before firing her pistol.

Honestly, she had barely aimed before firing. Ohhh, she's so glad Bellamy wasn't here to see that...

The stranger cries out and drops immediately.

Clarke snarls and advances, "Who are you?"

Clarke snarls and kicks the cloak off the stranger, she's surprised to see a dark haired girl not much older than her.

An alpha female, dark tribal tattoos line her face as she whines in pain and clutches her leg.

This is the supposed stranger Bo was after? Clarke frowns and is even more confused when she sees the girls misshapen hand, she's surprised to see that the girls fingers were fused together, either due to a birth defect or injury.

Clarke kneels and the girl turns and looks at her fearfully.

"What's your name? Why are you in my room?"

"Mon nom est, Emori." The girl manages to gasp out, Clarke rears back in surprise.

Was she speaking French!?!?

Clarke huffs, so far beyond annoyed she could scream. "Hold still. You understand English, do you speak it?" Clarke asks sternly as she takes the sash for her robe and ties off the girls bleeding thigh.

Emori scowls but nods before responding in heavily accented English.

"Yes."

Clarke rolls her eyes. "Good. Then you can start by explaining why you and Bo just had to screw up my evening. I had plans ya know. Plans that certainly didn't involve this."

"Plans with their Prime. Yes, she is formidable." Emori nods, she's beginning to feel light headed from blood loss. "She smells odd, even for one so strong." The girl says deliriously, almost to herself

"Prime? Wait...your a part of the coalition right? You know? The Heda?" Clarke asks confused now.

"Non, I'm here for the Doctoresse. Your people...they say one among you commande la mort ." The omega groans as she begins to sway before she falls over unconscious.

Well crap.

Clarke growls and slumps back on the floor utterly exhausted.

She was shocked, there were more survivors? And they were looking for the one who commands death?

Wanheda?
Crap.

TBC

A/N: I'm waiting to add this snippet because I didn't want to give anything away. Emori is essentially going to be the same character except she will be hailing from 'Khanada' and speaks French.

Anyone who can accurately translate a few phrases? It'd be greatly appreciated. Anyone who can just let me know on my Tumblr?

Thank you and HAPPY READING
Clarke didn’t have long to panic about the unconscious stranger on her bedroom floor. This was just her life now apparently. She reminds herself that the girl is wounded and the wound still needs attention. So she lets out a breath and she cautiously sets out to examines the girl. She concludes that the bullet had been a through and through shot in the meatier portion of the girl’s outer thigh tissue. The girl’s bleeding suggested that she hadn’t hit any arteries. Thank God. She quickly retrieves her medical bag and efficiently dresses Emori’s wound. Honestly she has half a mind to just let the girl stay where she lay but she’s her Mother’s daughter so she rather carefully picks up the alpha female. Clarke had excelled in her Ark Medical Courses so she knew, Alpha female and males were heavier than their Beta and Omega counterparts. This was due to the evolutionary trait which caused Alphas to develop a higher muscle volume. She knows this, but that doesn’t make this girl any lighter! Groaning and huffing Clarke practically drops Emori onto the couch. Panting Clarke looks down and rolls her eyes again as she fastens her robe yet again. Staring down at the unconscious Alpha Clarke worries her lip. What to do? What to do?
As she makes her decision she glances to the small table beside the couch. She studies the objects on its surface as her eyes began to water from exhaustion.

The objects are an oil lamp, her Dads worn copy of 'The Hitchhikers Guide To The Galaxy', her climbing gloves, rope, her long-range radio and her Shock Stick.

What to do? What to do?

********

Lexa snarls as she paces in front of the Flame Keepers Guild council.

She's in the heart of the Flame Keepers Temple several stories below the ground.

This rooms location was kept in the strictest confidence.

Many rumors suggested that the rooms location was in the domed attic of the Polis Flame Temple, and while yes many important meetings and artifacts were stored in the domed attic, the true treasure lay in this chamber.

The Vault of the Flame.

Here was where she had accepted the spirit of the Flame into her body following her victory at the conclave.

She was still foggy on the details she simply remembered being groggy for days as the back of her neck throbbed in pain.

She had at first assumed the pain was from the mark of Heda that had been tattooed there.

Then the voices of the past Commanders had begun to speak.

Things had certainly gotten interesting after that...

Here was also where the most urgent matters of state were discussed before appearing before the Clan Council.

If there was an intruder in the Tower, until they were apprehended or the threat proved false security would be on the highest levels.

Basically Lexa was facing the very real possibility of being locked in this ridiculous room for her own safety!

She growls as the three Flame Keepers flanking Titus all stare back at her placidly.

Honestly it was difficult at times to see the other Flame Keepers as being anything other than Titus' s puppets.

"Truly Lexa, you must understand that it's for your own safety." Titus says as he attempts to reason with the volatile alpha.

He's failing, miserably.

The Head Flame Keeper is reclined on a large pillowed chair as he attempts to appear unaffected by his admittedly comical injury.
Sharp eyes had silenced more than one snickering laugh with every pained noise he made.

"It is unnecessary, there has been nothing to merit the allegation that Bo made. Therefore I am not staying here. I have my guards and I'm going to bed wherever I please." Lexa growls firmly. Her Alphas pushing and prodding for her to return to Clarke.

She almost feels physically ill over the notion that she hadn't properly checked on her omega before leaving her again.

She knows if she can just scent Clarke she can calm down and relax.

However, Titus is being insufferable!

"You are better off remaining here until the threat can be resolved. Your not safe with Clarke, she is...accident prone." Titus says, she's surprised at how gently he's trying to argue his point. He is truly making an effort, well what merited an effort for him.

Also yes, she was well aware of Clarke's tendency towards disaster. Thats why she was fully in agreement with her Alpha on returning to the Omegas side.

"Bring her here then." Lexa suddenly snarls. "If I'm to be stuck in this damned box then you will bring me...the winning Tribute." Lexa feels off referring to Clarke that way but Titus wasn't subtle in his dislike for the SkaiKru omega before.

Now that Clarke had shot him?

She also has begun to notice the way her Alpha was unsettled in her mind.

Something was wrong.

Lexa pondered secretly hiring Clarke a bodyguard.

Nothing intrusive, she wouldn't necessarily tell the blonde. She didn't have to wonder whether or not Clarke would have plenty to say to having a bodyguard.

So no, it's definitely going to be her secret.

"The Tribute. Is that all she is to you Lexa? It's become known that the SkaiKru Omega has your favor. The other clans are becoming angry over your preferences." Titus intones firmly, the other Flame Keepers all nod in silent agreement.

"Clarke has fairly won the competitive Trials so far. She was given the same challenges as every Tribute and she won. The Trial tradition is that I visit the Trial Victors." Lexa growls, she hates when he insists on voicing his opinion about her supposed breeding obligations.

She was old. For a Heda, she was longest reigning Heda since the first.

She just had no children, if it came out that she was infertile and couldn't sire pups the Clans could revolt.

The coalition would most certainly crumble.

Much of their culture revolved around breeding and providing for children.

Children were the tactile evidence that their species would live on.
That they had a future.

An Alpha in her position being barren, it would be catastrophic to her position.

"Yes but your more than just mating with her Lexa. Your giving her gifts, spending free time with her, sleeping in her bed. You've not so much as flirted with the other Tributes." Titus drones on. "I believe it would be best for you too...spread your seed. At least until the first pup is born. If you wish to Bond with Clarke after then by all means." Titus waves off carelessly. His expression was both bored and angry.

"I am not a stud you can put out to pasture whenever it suits you. I am your Heda and you do NOT order ME! Are we clear!?!" Lexa snarls as she seethes at her former teacher.

The Flame Keepers had the good sense to look abashed.

Titus however meets her stare head on.

His musky soothing Beta pheremones are calming her despite herself but it still makes her nose itch.

"The Flame Trials festival is a foundation block of our people Lexa. It is a fertility celebration, not some party that you get to use to court Wanheda." Titus snarls. "You are the Commander and the Host of the Spirit of the Flame. That means that you have obligations that extend beyond typical romantic bonds. We had this discussion regarding Costia before. Must we have it again? I'm sure Clarke will come to understand in time. It would be beneficial afterall to mark Wanheda as your Omega. She has a growing number of supporters. A Mate Bond with Wanheda could have good political potential." Titus finishes with a smug knowing smirk.

Every expression on his face was stubbornly fixed in this decision.

Lexa snarls. "I will not be forced into a bed I want no part in. I am the Commander. I united the Clans when all there had been was war. You dare to disrespect the Spirit of the Flame by asserting authority over me? And you dare to say Costia's name? I don't need you to lead my people Titus. Just as I can be replaced, so can each of you." Lexa snarls, her Alpha pheromones flooding the room past the point of tolerable as she shook with rage. "I intend to Bond with Clarke. Regardless of her status in the Flame Trials. She will not be my submissive Omega. She will be my Mate. My Houmon and my equal. Does she know this? Not yet, however as you all seem so intent on having opinions on my decisions I suppose some additional notice is warranted." Lexa fumes as she finished off her rant.

Her face and chest burn with heat, so great is her anger.

What she's doing is dangerous, she had never so blatantly gone against the Flame Keepers.

She was an instrument of the Flame.

That at its core, was the role of Heda.

But she had proven that she was more.

She had accomplished more and she saw a different future. One without blood and pain.

One with Clarke ruling by her side. She just needed to make it happen.

"Your outburst has been noted Lexa. However it changes nothing. We have no way of knowing that Clarke is fertile, her Kru's strongest trade material are contraceptive suppressants afterall. You will remain here until the next Trial requires your attendance. For your own safety. I fear the Tonic is having a damaging affect on your psyche. In that time you will be provided viable omegas to see to
your needs until a Trial Tribute wins the final Flame Trial. If you choose to fight the decision of this council then perhaps it is, as you mentioned, time for a new Heda.” Titus snarls, his pheremones are now pungent and suffocating as she snarls in outrage.

Just as she is about to draw her sword and add to Clarke's injury on the man, the guards nearest the doors stepped forward in warning.

She realizes suddenly, she's in the vault of the Flame.

She's trapped.

The only guards down here owed their loyalties to Titus and the Flame Keepers Guild.

She has no allies in this moment.

Titus's betrayal burns a path of rancid emotion down her chest and into her core.

She wants his blood.

Snarling she releases the blade and forces herself to relax as the guards move to flank her.

'Now is not the time.’ A voice whispers in Lexas head.

She freezes as she realizes that the Hedas voices have returned. She sighs angrily, they were only ever vocal in times of great turmoil and strife.

Fuming she feels her face flush scarlet as she's led to a nondescript room.

The small cubicle shaped room held a small bed with a straw mattress, beside that was a single desk and chair and a waste bucket tucked into the corner.

Lexas Alpha quipped that at least it was nicely furnished for a prison cell.

It even had candles. This wouldn't be so bad her Alpha reasons hopefully.

She was inclined to disagree.

*********

Clarke is nearly asleep where she sits on the edge of her bed when her bedroom door creeps open.

Whirling she points her pistol, when Ravens head pops out from the other side of the door. Well, she can't say that her finger didn't itch just a little...

She had radioed the usual delinquents for help.

Well, the ones she could reach anyway.

She sighs wearily as Raven walks in slowly, a large duffel thrown over her shoulder. Anya, Murphy, Indra and Octavia all follow close behind her.

"Where's Bell?" Clarke asks when they all are beside her, they're all staring rather openly at the display on her couch.

She has a now, sedated Emori laid on the couch. Ropes were tied haphazardly around the Alpha female. Her wounded leg was bandaged and elevated and a field kit Saline drip was rigged up to the
"Umm, Clarke..." Octavia starts. The brown haired Omega isn't even sure where to begin.

"What the shit Griffin! Did you kidnap someone?" Raven exclaims, the Alpha seemed particularly distraught over the supposed display of violence before her.

"No, I...Well I think I technically have a hostage." Clarke says. "That's also sort of why I told you to get Murphy."

Clarke's nose wrinkles in disgust when she catches the Omega boy's scent.

He's definitely in Heat. Any suppressants he's on are fading fast judging by the dazed look in his eyes.

"Where the hell did you guys find him?" Clarke asks as she goes over to look Murphy over. He looked dangerously malnourished and dehydrated.

"He was hiding out in some hostel. We've got to get him to Abby soon or he's going to start attracting unwanted attention." Anya inputs helpfully, if not unnecessarily.

"Whatever you have planned, make it quick." Anya pleads.

Clarke can't help but smirk at the vivid purple marks that line the blonde Alphas throat.

Crap, Anya probably didn't know about Bo.

In light of recent events how much would she really care that Clarke picked a fight with her baby Mama?

Because, honestly Bo being arrested was a bigger deal right? And where the crap was Lexa? She knew she was off being the Heda but how long could it really take? It wasn't as if they were going to arrest anyone...unless...what if Emori wasn't alone?

"Well Murphy has been to the Dead Zone and he's well...sketchy. I'd say having a hostage counts as 'sketchy.'" Clarke reasons as she gestures from Murphy to the bound up Alpha girl.

"When you say 'hostage?'" Raven asks, her voice trailing off, coaxing Clarke to continue.

Clarke shrugs. "She broke in. I shot her, she's not a Grounder. She's from the other side of the Dead Zone and apparently the French survived." Clarke looks back at her friends. Her eyes narrowing a bit at Raven. "Some thing weird is going on. More than just the Flame Trials. Bo broke in here tonight looking for her, she's called Emori, she's from another population that survived. And she wants Wanheda."

"Not my problem Princess." Murphy snarls, he's feverish and his stomach is twisting in painful knots.

He's neglected his Heat to long and he's to starved to suffer through it unassisted.

It was making him feel rather unhelpful.

So whatever mess Clarke had landed herself in now, not his issue.

As he's turning to go Indra is suddenly behind him.
The tall stone faced Alpha casually sips her coffee as she blocks his path no matter which direction he tries.

"Fine! What! What do you want?" Murphy snaps, snarling at Clarke as Indra just smiles sweetly at Octavia and sips her coffee.

"You are the only SkaiKru person I know to have met anyone from the Dead Zone. Is it true? Are there others?" Clarke asks calmly. She knows it's been a very long day and she can see that Murphy is in a great deal of pain.

She makes a note to give him some morphine before he leaves tonight.

"That's what they say. They also talk about some City of Light. Could be the same place for all I know. Why don't you ask her?" Murphy snarls pointing at the sedated Emori.

"Well, for starters she speaks French. She's also looking for a Doctoresse. I want to ask, what is it people say about me out there?" Clarke asks as she studies the sweating Omega boy.

Murphy snickers and runs a shaky hand through his hair. "They say that you can kill hundreds with a flick of your wrist. That your Omega Call has bewitched their Heda. They say you bring fire from the heavens and burn every soul that crosses you." Murphy explains as he squirms under Clarke's stare.

"Well fuck Clarke. That's some reputation." Raven mutters sarcastically.

"Your the one that knocked up her Mother and angered her." Indra suddenly pipes up unhelpfully. The taciturn Alpha smiles proudly to herself over her declaration and sips her coffee.

"To soon Indra." Octavia is quick to whisper as Raven had immediately gone red faced as Clarke was suddenly fascinated by her shoes.

Something seems off to Clarke.

As she turns and studies the sedated girl Clarke suddenly yearns for Lexa desperately.

Even if it was watching Lexa be the Heda, the cold distant persona could be seductive at times.

However now, now that she had seen the Alpha woman laugh and giggle as they talked into the night. Felt how Lexa would just melt into Clarke's arms...it was intoxicating. She wanted more of that.

"Right, I apologise Clarke. Octavia suggested I try to participate in conversations more." Indra says stiffly as she shifts from one foot to the other.

Sipping her coffee loudly.

"No harm done Indra. I promise." Clarke couldn't help but be charmed by the wide grin that flashed across Indras face. Of course it was gone in an instant but it was adorable and she could see why Octavia was so clearly smitten.

Clarke watches as Indra goes and sits in an overstuffed lounge chair and Octavia casually sits beside her...well more accurately, shes practically in the Alphas lap.

Clarke finds that she's envious, they seem lucky to be able to be open with their affections.

"Does anyone know if the grounders ever call me a Doctor?" Clarke asks impatiently. She has a
troublesome theory but she hopes she's wrong.

"What? Well...no, not really." Anya says shrugging. "I think your occupation as General Pain in my Ass pretty much eclipses your other hobbies." She snarls playfully.

"Haha." Clarke smiles back sarcastically.

"Why do you ask Clarke?" Raven asks paying close attention to the Alpha stranger.

"She said she's looking for the Commander of Death. But she also said, Doctor I think. But if your right, the grounders as a whole dont consider me a doctor." Clarke explains, she's so exhausted. She needs to sleep and she needs Lexa.

"So, you think they're looking for a Doctor?" Anya asks cautiously.

Clarke nods mutely as they all turn to stare at the slumbering girl.

TBC
Tu Sens Le Sexe

Chapter Summary

Clarke handles the situation

Lexa makes a surprising discovery in her cell.

A/N: Thanks so much for the help with translations! Also with the kudos and reviews! I hope you guys keep enjoying this and there will be more Clexa next chapter as well as the next Trial.

Happy Reading!

Clarke groans as she begins to wake up.

Her eyes still burn with exhaustion and she could so easily fall back to sleep...

Ugh, her legs felt like burning dead weights as she grimaced in pain over the slightest movement.

So...moving was out for the moment. Clarke groans and burrows deeper into her pillow.

The sun had been just beginning to rise on the horizon by the time she and the others decided to turn in for the night.

Of course as she scans her room sleepily in the mid morning light, no one seemed to have actually left.

After Murphy got rapidly sicker she and Octavia being the only Omegas had to intervene. It was not pleasant.

She along with Octavia had eventually cuddled up with Murphy on her bed to help assuage some of his Heat symptoms.

She's immensely relieved Lexa hadn't come back while she had been asleep which would have likely prompted an awkward discussion.

In the absence of a suitable mate and with his Heat already underway his options for a healthy remedy were limited.

Especially, because of his poor health.

The medical student in Clarke had no desire to see how his body would respond to more suppressants.

Judging from the ashen tone to his skin and ragged breathing, he was far to weak at this point to try more suppressants. He had no choice but to ride it out.

So, as uncomfortable as it had been. And best believe, uncomfortable hadn't begun to cover it...

She had convinced Octavia (more bartered coffee and Clarke's agreement to help Octavia with a
unnamed purchase in the near future) to try and do an 'Omega huddle.'

The practice was very much out of date however it had been proven that Omegas in Heat could be soothed temporarily by close contact with other familiar Omegas.

Clarke breathes and looks behind her to see Murphy sleeping peacefully between Octavia and herself. Of course Indra was spooned over Octavias shoulder, drooling and snoring steadily away into her pillow.

She's relieved to see that color had returned to the boys cheeks and his breathing was less labored. It had worked.

As she breathes a sigh of relief she looks over to see Anya fast asleep in front of the fireplace and Raven was sprawled over a large chair.

Emori is also still seemingly asleep.

Clarke takes the moment to contemplate the night before.

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Last Night

***************

She felt crazy but she was positive something was wrong. Everything just felt off and her Omega hadn't stopped pacing with agitation since shortly after her friends had arrived.

She had meant to be discreet, she was positive she could be.

Okay so she was working on it, these things just take time.

So of course when she had admitted her offset theory about the 'doctor' everything else that had happened last night had come tumbling out in a rush.

Anya had nearly exploded when Clarke had told her about Bo's arrest.

She hadn't so much as blinked when Clarke had stuttered her way through confessing that she had actually tackled the older Omega.

The Mother of Anyas pups...

Lexa's Mom...

She had tensed expecting outrage but Anya just sighed and shrugged her shoulders in a resigned almost amused way.

"If you were actually trying to hurt her she would have probably killed you. Or maimed you somehow. Trust me. On who's authority was she arrested?" Anya had asked curiously.

Clarke had blinked owlishly, was there another authority besides Lexa? The Heda?

"Ummm, the Flame? That's Lexa right?" Clarke asks, she's curious about Anyas meaning.

"Yes, that's Lexa. She will be fine then, Lexa will release her after she's done being angry with her Mother." Anya says shrugging and nodding reassuringly, probably to herself.
Clarke's pretty sure Anyas the only one here that is really concerned for the Omega but she doesn't dare say that.

"Does anyone else have authority in the Commanders Tower?" Clarke asks curiously.

"Just Titus, well the Flame Keepers Guild to be specific. But thats really just meant for when the Heda is away or incapacitated. The Guild is mainly responsible for preserving the Flame and keeping it safe." Anya explains as she impatiently eyes Clarkes bedroom doors.

She wants to find Bo...

"They're not the same thing?" Clarke asks honestly confused now.

"What? Oh...well Yes the Heda and the Spirit of the Flame are seen as one entity but it's up to the Flame Keepers Guild to protect the Flame. Why?" Anya asks feigning interest in whatever Clarke's thinking about. Was Bo hurt? Clarke was proving herself to be a resilient fighter in the Trials. She had also seen Echo and Jules...Wanheda could clearly do some damage when properly motivated.

Anya eyes Clarke suspiciously as the omega prattles on...

She should probably listen...

"...The protocols for an intruder in the Tower? I mean, your like her head bodyguard right?" Clarke finishes with an earnest expression on her face.

Crap, Anya sweats and struggles to remember anything Clarke had said in the last few minutes.

"What?" Anya says dumbly. Clarke rolls her eyes dramatically and the Alphas eyes narrow...what did Lexa even see in her? She was bossy! And annoying!

Anya growls to herself, and she stares down Clarke. "I'm sorry but why are we really arguing about this? Just turn her in Clarke."

"Yea Princess. I'm sorry but even if she was planning some thing, you've got her hogtied to your couch...still needs a Doc in case you all forgot?" Raven says as she maintains her position across the room from Clarke. The mechanic gestures to the tied up Alpha female. "I doubt she's going to get far with a hole in her leg...trust me."

The mechanic had been rooted in an old recliner with her injured leg propped up on an ottoman. The Alpha sat quietly fiddling with some gadgets as they all argued about the hostage.

Occasional muttered curses drew Clarke's attention to the Alpha as Raven continues to work on whatever gadget is in her hands.

Clarke bites back the desire to ask what Ravens do fixated on?

She sighs unhappily, she misses her friend. She can't help but to be simultaneously smug and horrified at the matching black and purple bruises surrounding Ravens nose and eyes.

They hadn't spoken since the Ball fiasco.

Clarke worries her lip and nods in agreement. "In the morning we will see what she knows and someone will get my Mom, quietly. I don't want to drag to many people into this before we turn her in." Clarke decides.

According to Indra 'Captive' was the correct term versus 'hostage.'
The older Alphas random input had of course halted the conversation in its tracks...

Murphy had face palmed and sat on Clarke's bed groaning theatrically.

He of course completely ignored her scathing glare.

"Well it's nice to see that there are manners when it comes to kidnapping with you people. " Murphy mutters with a huff.

He needs to get to a private room, his condition was beginning to have...obvious...effects on the unmated Alphas.

Which was to say, Anya, Indra and periodically even the still unconscious Emori had suspicious bulges in their trousers.

So, all of the Alphas minus Raven oddly enough.

It wasn't funny at all. No sir. There was nothing funny about Anya and Indra spontaneously sneaking off to Clarke's washroom and returning with their own vaguely unsettling sated expressions.

She did notice that Raven hasn't so much as flinched whenever Murphy's Call would flare up. She and Abby hadn't begun a Mate Bond had they?

Clarke decides that if they do that without giving her a heads up she'll have no choice but to shoot Ravens other leg.

And demand that the baby be named after her. Because why not?

Clarke turns and studies the strange Alpha girl, Emori. She hasn't sedated her that deeply? Was she faking it?

Just as Clarke's about to check somehow, well...shes probably going to wind up pulling her hair or something just to be sure the Alpha girl isn't faking, Murphy collapses into a shivering heap.

Groaning loudly in protest Octavia had caved quickly to Clarke's demands for the huddle much to everyone else's amusement as they all carefully help Clarke and Octavia get Murphy into the bed.

As Clarke and Octavia cuddled up to Murphy Clarke can already feel the soothing Call her pheromones are sending to the sick Omega.

Raven quietly watches the entire exchange before returning to her project.

She had decided to try and build a mobile for her pup. She was growing more and more excited, she had even been able to scent the pregnancy in Abbys scent that morning.

She was really going to be a parent.

She happily ignores the group once it seemed the chaos surrounding Murphy was calming and she concentrates on fixing the motor she was planning to use for the mobile.

She had been surprised when Clarke had paged her.

She had momentarily considered that Clarke could be planning to kill her and stuff her down a laundry chute. The tower had dozens of the chute doors on every floor. It was plausible.

Regardless, she hadn't hesitated to gather up everyone and get to Clarkes rooms. As Raven eyes the
unconscious girl, she does wish Clarke had given her a heads up about that situation at least but oh well.

She looks up and is surprised to see Clarke watching her from her place huddled with Octavia around Murphy.

Raven grins when she sees the way Indra is pacing impatiently on the side of the bed where Octavia is before she growls and climbs into the bed to spoon the Omega.

Octavia smiles and turns her head to meet the Alpha for a soft kiss before she turns back to continue Calling to Murphys Omega to relax and rest.

The boys Omega was likely delirious and without a mate he was becoming frenzied and the stress could be to much for his heart if they can't calm him in time.

He needed rest, his Heat combined with his malnutrition wasn't allowing his Omega to focus on that. That hopefully, was where Clarke and Octavi's Omegas would contribute.

While yes it had been true that upon landing they had all been malnourished. That had simply been a fact of life on the Ark, however while they had all been on steady diets, especially since Trades improved with the other Kru's. Murphy however had only gotten worse following his self imposed exile into the Dead Zone with Jaha.

Raven smirks, it's cute how smitten Indra was she thinks to herself as her attention shifts. She hadn't ever considered how the older Alpha would be in a relationship.

Raven decides she may need to go ask for some pointers from Indra.

Octavia wasn't exactly warm and fluffy but she seemed equally as smitten with Indra as the Alpha was with her?

Raven had already decided she needs advice, she's not sure how to broach the subject with Abby. They were starting out with a pup already on the way. That had to change things right?

Any a was out. They were happy as friends and Anya was knee deep in Bo and she was still an ex, so not an option.

And Clarke would probably stab her.

Or punch her again...Murphy and Anya had both teased her over the matching black eyes she had and her nose still throbbed painfully whenever her allergies acted up.

It hadn't been broken thank God. But so damn close.

Plus, Clarke was an Omega.

Certain things only other Alphas understood.

Sort of like this Omega Huddle. It looked ridiculous but Raven has read the studies.

It was similar to the 'Kangaroo effect' found in some premature newborn cases.

When one newborn is not thriving as expected, sometimes when placed in close proximity to either a warm body or newborn, the premature newborn would begin to stabilize and thrive.

Hopefully it worked. She didn't really have any feelings on the guy living or not. He was basically
her nemesis.

But she did not want to have to explain to Abby why Murphy had died AND Clarke had taken a hostage.

Her not girlfriends kid was kinda weird.

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Flame Temple Vault

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Lexa paces the length of her cell.

She scans every inch carefully, looking for anything she could use.

The large stone blocks that made up her cell walls were painted black but she could just bately make out faint claw marks along the door frame.

When she had realized that that was what the marks were, her Alpha had recoiled before thrashing in panic.

‘Get us out of here!’ Her Alpha snarls in her mind.

Lexa snarls in response as she whirls and strikes out, her arm scattering the sparse items on the bedside table.

A candle, with no firekit and a flat metal plate.

She's panting and shaking as she tries to calm herself.

She's going to get out.

She's the Heda, she does not bow to the likes of Titus.

The Flame Keepers Guild was granted overriding power when a Commander was either mortally injured or if a Commader went insane or was deemed a threat to the Flame.

That had happened once that she knew of, it was said that the third Hedas body rejected the Flame slowly causing severe rapid mental decline.

The commands given in the mans deteriorating mental state had nearly caused war among all the Clans.

It had planted the first seeds of animosity between Azgeda and the other Clans.

In that case, the Flame Keepers had stepped in and removed the Spirit of the Flame.

Effectively killing the Heda at the time.

She however was perfectly sane and there was no indication that she couldn't have pups.

Her decision to refrain from siring pups until now had been a private one.

She was one of many children for her own Sire.
She had however, been the only Nightblood.

She had always been a stalwart follower of the Flames teachings. It was only in this that she hesitated. She had been ready for pups with Costia but had lost interest when her lover had died.

Also after growing up, she now knew it was likely that her Sire hadn't been permitted to spend a great deal of time with her or Jericho. Much less whatever children she had had.

She didn't want that for her own pups.

She had been quietly changing the laws and treaties with Indra and Anyas help.

Indras daughter, Gaia proved to be a loyal ally within the Flame Keepers Guild.

She had clashed violently with Titus over the years but something had been building since Clarkes arrival into her life.

She had felt it in her bones, now suddenly the faint whispers in her dreams that always scared her awake? She reasons they were the past Hedas coming awake to guide her...

So she breathes as she finally lands on the first thing she needs to try. She's going to talk to the past Hedas.

She picks up the plate and candle, carefully centering the candle on the plate she prays this will work.

To contact or hear them clearly she was taught to focus on the center of the flame in a lit candle.

Focusing and clearing her mind had been her method before. Now though, she was going to have to try this without the flame.

Her Alpha encourages her to try body slamming the door again first. She snarls, no, that is definitely not happening again.

Her left side still feels numb.

She grunts as she sits on the floor and crosses her legs.

She begins breathing in even relaxed breaths as she focuses on the unlit tip of the candle and let's her mind go blank...she waits...

And waits....

And waits...

"Lexa?" She perks up when she hears a voice!

"Lexa? Honey?" There it is again! But wait. That's not in her head?

She turns confused.

"Yes?" She said loudly, she really hopes she didn't imagine that.

"Over here. Behind the bed." Its her Mom? Lexa frowns as she reaches out and pulls the bed away from the wall to find an old metal vent. Peering through she can see her mother crouched down looking back.
"What are you doing here?" Lexa asks as she settles on the ground. She had sent for her Mother to be taken into custody for questioning, not imprisoned down here in the Vault.

Not only that but Lexas fairly sure she's been down here for at least a couple of hours.

"Well I think you may have heard but it seems that you have a mutiny on your hands. What do you plan to do?" Bo asks through the grating of the vent.

"Hes going on the tree." Lexa snarls out with venom. Her Alpha roars in agreement.

"That's my girl." Bo responds sounding overly proud.

************
Back to Clarkes post impromptu sleepover
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Clarke stands over Emori.

She has Indra, Anya and Octavia beside her. Murphys sleeping peacefully in her bed and she has him sedated and on antibiotics.

Now, on to this problem.

She carefully reaches out and shakes the girls shoulder.

She's not dead, she had already checked the girls pulse pleased to find it steady and even.

The Alpha girl groans as she slowly comes awake. Clarkes almost bemused to see Emori stretch sleepily before the girl gasps in pain when she tries to move her injured leg.

"Hello Emori, now that your awake we have some questions." Clarke says, Emoris eyes narrow and she growls before struggling.

Luckily it would seem that Clarke's bindings were holding. "I'd stop fighting if I was you. Even if you get free these three are pretty badass fighters. Also don't forget, I have a gun." Clarke says gesturing to the women standing beside her.

It would help if Indra would stop sipping coffee like a bored spectator!

Seriously it wasn't helping them sell this 'tough' image.

"Clarke just turn her over to the Heda." Anya says again.

Clarke growls, annoyed.

She knows Anya wants to go find Bo and Clarkes told her to go repeatedly!

However Anya seemed to be staying out of some personal obligation. Clarke guesses that Anya felt like she had to stay because she was the Commanders Shield and so long as she was aware of a threat she had to stay until it was resolved.

Okay so Clarke was grateful Anya hadn't ratted her out...she just didn't want Skaikru to land in another scandal if she could get ahead of it.

And where the fuck was Lexa?
"Who are you here for? Are you alone?" She asks, staring down the Alpha girl hard.

"Va te faire foutre" Emori says, her lip curling back in a snarl.

Clarke scowls. Turning to look at the others. "Anyone get that?" She asks.

Her friends all shrug and shake their heads.

"Didn't sound like anything nice." Raven offers.

Clarke groans.

"She said 'fuck you'." Murphy says suddenly from his spot buried in her blankets.

"You speak French?" Octavia says surprised.

"My station was built by France. All of our equipment was in French. So yes. Je parle français bitches." The Omega says sarcastically as he sits up and turns around.

As his eyes meet the 'captive' from across the room he suddenly sputters and flushes. He hadn't expected her eyes to be that beautiful awake. She also looked ready to claw his eyes out.

He might be a little bit in love.

"Tu sens le sexe!" Emori shouts before shouting at him.

Clarke and the others groan as Murphy and Emori immediately launch into a screaming match, all in French.

Ugh, she doesn't have time for this. The next Trial was tomorrow.

At least they had found a translator.

TBC

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French Translation

Va te faire foutre - Fuck you

Tu sens le sexe - you stink like sex

Je parle français - I speak French
The French Mistake

Chapter Summary

Lexa escapes from the Vault

Clarke competes in the final Trial against Jules Kom Floukru

smut warning!

A/N: Thank you for all the comments and reviews! All the usually warning apply, this is coming to a close quickly.

"Are there any vents in the ceiling?" Bos voice asked through the vent.

Lexa stood with her hands resting on her hips as she tried to scan her cell in the dim light. The only light source came from a torch in the hallway that shined through the barred window of her door.

She had already tried to use that to contact the past Commanders but so far it hadn't worked.

She was beginning to wonder if her anxiety could be why? She wasn't willing to wait and see whatever Titus had planned for her. She certainly didn’t want to have to confront him in the presence of whichever poor Omega he manipulated into his machinations.

The duplicity of his betrayal burned away at her core. Her Alpha raged and frothed, snarling for vengeance.

It hadn't been until she had written away their own relationship as student and teacher that she realized what he intended. Really it was the only logical explanation.

He intended to breed her, kill her and trigger the Conclave.

The seat of power among their people had always remained tentative once their new government had been established. One of her first lessons as a Night blood novitiate, was never think your throne couldn't be taken from you.

She must ever be vigilant.

The early survivors had instilled a strong sense of independence and rebellion in their children and so on and so forth.

This independence bred a willingness to revolt against a leader that was deemed weak or corrupt.

The legends said that the people would always follow the strongest leader, the leaders before the bombs fell had been weak and greedy.

Lustful only for wealth and power even when their environment had turned to dust around them.

Never again, the survivors vowed.

Therefore, after the bombs, when Becca Kom PreimHeda had appeared with the Flame, a beacon of
hope in a wasteland of death.

The people had rejoiced and followed Becca and those after her because she had been the strongest leader and the Spirit of the Flame continued her legacy.

The only way Titus could possibly get away with betraying the Heda was if he did it quickly without an audience.

She surmised that it was unlikely he intended to allow her to live much longer.

He would have to kill her quickly and quietly. The easiest would be if he had a scapegoat.

Someone to blame for her death?

Her stomach was already twisting in knots as she realized she was also well past the appointed time for her tonic.

She had never been so grateful that her Mother couldn't scent her sexual pheromones. Her erection had started roughly an hour ago and hadn't showed any sign of waning.

If anything could make that situation worse, her Mother was the only person in earshot of her. Pheromones or not.

That was horrifying.

"Lexa, are you there?" Bo's voice pulls her from her thoughts and she quickly adjust her groin before she checks her room one more time.

"Yes, I don't see any vents Bo. I have to admit; these rooms have been kept up well." She says absently, almost to herself.

She was slightly impressed despite herself. The cell was windowless due to being subterranean, but it was clean.

The bed was decent quality. The old metal frame was freshly painted even if she knew it was entirely rusted beneath the paint. How long had he been planning this?

The Tower cells in comparison were what you would expect from a jail cell. Dirty, straw strewn everywhere, the odor of sickness and urine always hung in the air.

She had been planning to divert funds to renovate the cells as they were also near the main foundation for the Tower, but Titus had claimed a lack of funding. She was certain she was standing in part of that 'funding.'

"Well of course, he gets to play God on your budget. You do realize that he’s been a bit power mad for years, right?" Bo asks, sounding very incredulous.

Lexa rolls her eyes.

She was sure there was some truth to her words, but Bo was generally a paranoid person by nature.

She had become somewhat numb to her Mothers rantings over the evils of the Flame Keepers Guild. She had just assumed that her Mother was bitter over her Sire dying and the Flame keepers stealing her away to Polis.

She shudders as she contemplates that maybe her Mother wasn't so crazy after all?
Personally, Lexa had always thought if her Mother could leave a place without making equal enemies to her friends she wouldn't look over her shoulder quite so often.

"I'm sure your right Bo. For now, let's just try to find a way out." Lexa says. She can feel a headache starting and she moves to sit down quickly.

No matter what, Titus couldn't do away with her so long as she still possessed the Spirit of the Flame. Her people followed the Flame, who ever had it, had the power.

"Lexa?" Bo asks. "Will Clarke be safe? Until we get out of here?"

"Clarke's a smart woman. She's not Wanheda because she smells flowers Mother." Lexa says lightly. She sits on the bed and shrugs off her jacket.

'It is time. You must escape. End the betrayer.' Lexa sighs. "I know Bo. I'm really open to ideas? Between the two of us, who has escaped more prisons?"

'The Flame strengthens what is inside. You are Heda.' Lexa frowns...wait?

"Bo...did you say that?" Lexa stands and looks down to the vent adjoining their cell walls.

"Uh...no, wait you called me Mother?" Bo exclaims excitedly, wonder plain in her voice.

"Shh, someone is talking." Lexa says standing perfectly still.

"Lexa it's just us here." Bo says dejectedly. "If it was a mistake I understand. I. I want to be better for you Lexa."

"Shhh!" Lexa hisses, she feels horrible because how often does Bo ever apologize for anything?

Of course, it would have to take them both being imprisoned but Lexa is nothing if not flexible. Now is just not the time.

'The end is near.' The voice which she realized is most definitely NOT Bo drones on. This one is female. Great, the voices were multiplying. Before she always spoke to a Male Heda.

The end is near? Are you fucking kidding me! Lexa snarls and sits down again.

"What am I supposed to do?" Lexa says to the room.

"Are you talking to me?" Bo asks sounding confused.

"No, please be quiet." Lexa hisses quickly.

The past Hedas were contacting her on their own! She wasn't sure what they could do to help?

'Apologize to your Mother' the female voice instructs sternly.

"We don't have time for this. I have to stop Titus!" Before he hurts Clarke, goes unsaid but she knows the Voices hear it anyway.

'Apologize to your Mother. She is a horrible Mother, but she will be an admirable Grandmother.' The female voice stated

"Okay fine. Bo? I'm sorry if I hurt your feelings and we can talk about it later if you want but right now I really need to listen to the voices in my head." Lexa says before glaring at the room. She
wishes she could see the Hedas as they spoke to her.

This just made her feel somewhat crazy.

"Umm...okay well I'll just be here." Bo says sounding thoroughly weirded out.

"I'll explain later I promise." Lexa says quickly before shutting up.

'The only way out is the only way in.' The female voice says. Well that's unhelpful.

"The door? Yeah, I figured that out. So, what? I just wait for them to come to me?" She didn't like the odds of fighting her way out of the tiny cell and into the narrow hallway.

Her odds would be good if there were multiple assailants, the narrow hallway would allow her to control their advance. The downside however was that she had no weapons and no idea how many there would be. She was the Heda, Titus wouldn't be careless enough to send less than entire unit to handle her. She was arguably the greatest warrior alive but even she balked at the idea of fighting her way uphill to lord only knows what waiting for her on the surface.

'No, if you are here when he comes for you. You will die.' The voice warns.

Growling Lexa stands and paces.

"All I have is the candle the plate and this bed!" Lexa snarls before lashing out and kicking the bed. The old metal frame screams in protest before crashing against the wall and crumbling on one side. Great she broke it.

"Umm...Lexa not to interrupt your...talk." Bo suddenly says sounding puzzled.

"Yes Bo?" Lexa says exasperated. She rubs her brow gently trying to ease the throbbing pain. Out of curiosity she glances down, yep she’s still erect.

"Is your bed metal?" Bo asks. Of all the things to ask her right now?

Lexa frowns and shrugs. "Yes. It's completely rusted. Broken now too." She says as she studies and crumpled heap of metal.

"...Lexana Bob Kom Trikru! We have been in here for hours and you never once thought to tell me your beds METAL!?!" Bo is shouting by the end of her rant. Lexa flushes and scrabes the toe of her boot on the floor, unaware that she resembles a pouting pup.

Well then...

"I take it that's helpful?" Lexa asks weakly.

"Yes. Yes, Lexa it is helpful. Hand me a piece, at least a foot long. Curved if there is any." Bo says sounding suddenly very annoyed. "What did they teach you in that stupid school?" Lexa slides the requested scrap of metal through the vent. "Oh, they made sure to teach you all of the fancy ways to braid your hair and flirt with pretty Omegas or talk to voices, but they couldn't be bothered to teach you to pick a damn lock!" Bo snarls and her voice fades as Lexa realizes she's moved away from the vent.

Lexa worries her lip. The voices have faded for the moment and Lexa can only sit confused as she listens to a series of grunts and curses from her Mothers cell.

There a loud snap and creak then nothing...
Was she okay?

"Hello Lexa." Bo says happily as she appears through the window of her cell door looking incredibly smug.

"You got out?" She said excitedly going to the door.

"Yep, these old locks really only need a firm push to open. Most people don't know that though." Bo explains, basking in the admiration she sees looking back at her in her daughter's eyes.

"Great, now let me out." Lexa says.

"First." Bo says, Lexa instantly narrows her eyes. "The voices aren't telling you to hurt anyone are they?" Bo asks suspiciously.

"What? No... well just Titus." Lexa says quickly. If she thinks now is the time to play games...

"Good enough for me. Stand back I may need to give it a nudge." Bo says as she quickly aligns the metal rod into the lock and slams her hip into it. The lock gives a loud screech as it breaks, and the door opens.

Lexa steps out and smiles. "Thanks. You’re going to have to teach me that."

Bo nods and steps forward to impulsively hug her pup when Lexa suddenly blushed pulled her jacket shut and shrugged past her.

Well that wasn't rude at all! Bo fumes as she follows Lexa as they carefully sneak down the hallway.

"Did you count how many were posted when they brought you down here?" Lexa asks as they walk. Bo huffs but answers her.

"No one brought me down here. I escaped your guards and I heard the Flame Keepers Guards whispering about a coup, so I followed them. I followed them until they said where you were and here I am." Bo says as they are approaching the main room where she had last been with Titus.

"But you were in a cell?" Lexa asks confused.

"Hmm? Oh well yes, it was very dark and I accidentally broke into the wrong cell and well..." Bo trails off.

"You locked yourself in the cell?" Lexa deadpans. Seriously she cannot believe this.

"The important part is I broke us out." Bo says hastily before turning to study Lexa carefully. "Please don't tell Anya I locked myself in a cell. The woman is relentless." Bo pleads.

Lexa bites back a smile and nods.

They both peek around the corner. The main room is furnished with a desk and several bookshelves house the most precious books preserved by their people.

Flanking their way to the surface were six guards.

She was slightly offended as she realized that Titus really expected to succeed with his plan.

"You ready Bob?" Bo asks quietly as she plans her path of attack.
"I've asked you not to call me that." Lexa hisses. She knows Bo is only saying that to get her riled up but still.

"Ugh, fine. It was my Mother’s name you shouldn't be embarrassed." Bo admonishes quickly.

"I will leave you here I swear to god." Lexa snaps, thoroughly annoyed. She has things she needs to do! Stopping a violent takeover didn’t leave time for heart to hearts.

"Great, they heard you. I've got left!" Bo yells as she sprints into the fight as the guards come to investigate the noise.

Lexa just exhales slowly before she runs after her Mother to confront the guards.

Lexa snarls and slides to her knees when the guard before her swings wide with his sword. As she skids to a stop from her quick maneuver she throws sharp jabs into his abdomen.

Snarling she’s up like a shot, she snaps his arm before whirling through the air to tackle another guard to the ground.

Growling she pins him down and blocks a kick from an opposing guard as she lets her Alpha run loose and she is snarling and punching as her senses become suffused in a red haze.

Lexa returns to herself several minutes later, she’s panting and standing in the threshold of the rooms entrance.

Her mother is standing a few feet behind her breathing hard and they're surrounded by the unconscious guards. Lexa eyes one nearest the wall and wonders if he’s alive? She huffs and shakes off the adrenaline and they turn in sync and stalk into the upwards corridor.

As they ascended to the surface, Lexa and Bo dodged and engaged several guards until as they were breaking through the corridors entry doors they could hear screaming and orders being shouted as soldiers of the Flame Keepers Guild scrambled to meet the threat rising from the Vault.

A feral Commander is what she believes they had been told.

Lexa can’t help but be stunned at the open revolt in her presence. Yes, she could most certainly use a bath, but she was obviously not feral. She also realizes as she surveys the room that there are no familiar faces. No sign of her own hidden bodyguards that she kept hidden in plain sight. She assumes that if they are not lingering outside the Temple then Titus has already succeeded in killing them. These guards she realizes after studying their armor, were hired mercenaries. Where were her guards?

Lexa turns to Bo and sees her Mother brandishing a candlestick like a weapon as they were slowly surrounded.

Turning back to the crowd.

She was the Alpha of all Alphas for a reason.

“I am Lexa Komi Trikru, I am your Heda, if you oppose me you commit treason!” She throws in just enough of a lip curling snarl as her pheromones Call to quell the guards into submissions.

“The Master of the Flame has instructed that no one leave this chamber until the next Flame Trial. You will not be leaving.” A guard near her said firmly.

She nods slowly before she spins, snatches the candlestick from her Mothers hand and hurls it into
the guard’s eye socket.

She maintains a blank expression as the man shrieks in pain and crumples on the ground as blood poured freely down his face and wrists.

“Do you really wish to have this confrontation? I am the Heda, even if Titus kills me I will live on in the next Commander. So, you can either bow before your Heda or I will lay down to rest tonight bathed in your blood. Its up to you.” Lexa intoned as she gently folded her hands together in front of her. Her expression remains neutral as her Alpha Call extends to fill the room until each Alpha, Beta and Omega present were compelled to take a knee and bare their necks in supplication to their Commander.

She ignores the wounded guard scrambling and bleeding on the floor as his comrades attempted to help him stand.

‘This is our land.’ The male Heda voice suddenly intones. Lexa nods to herself, yes, it is.

Clarke breathes as she paces and tries to loosen her muscles.

This was it, the last Trial.
With Echo defaulted because of her injury that only left Clarke, Jules and the Stone Clan Tribute… she felt badly now to realize that she didn’t even know the girls name. she would have to name the loser, that was a perk of her last victory.
This was it, the last Trial.

Well. The last trial with the Tributes.

The ‘Final’ Trial was the sex party one she had learned. The one where the ‘victor’ would get horizontal with Lexa. She was adamant that there was no way it was going to be anyone but her. She had come to far.

Not to mention she was very bothered by the fact that it had been nearly two full days since anyone had seen Lexa. She and Anya had reached that startling conclusion a few hours ago when they realized that while Lexa was chronically busy with her duties as Heda, she was ever present in some way.

She was always seen lingering around Clarke at least in the evenings, she was missed in the early morning practice fields as warriors sparred. Anya hadn’t seen her at all during the midday meal or following meetings. She had even asked Aden and he hadn’t heard anything. What was troubling being that just as they were realizing that no one had seen her Anya received contradicting reports stating that the Heda was in meetings with the Flame Keepers Guild.

Rumors had exploded like wildfire when Clarke emerged looking especially rumpled. The rumor mill took that as proof that the Omega had been visited by the Alpha and all was well. It was hypocritical how the expectation that Lexa should as an Alpha alleviate her lusts with the Omegas, but she was expected to refrain from knotting to prevent pregnancy. The immediate assumption about Clarkes appearance hadn’t been well received by the Omega. She had been perhaps overly sensitive over the looks regarding her appearance. She was tired, there was virtually no down time between these Trials and Lexa had ghosted.
Not to mention that she hadn’t had a moment’s privacy since summoning the A-Team as Raven and Indra had taken to calling themselves. This fact was only adding insult to injury given that she had been having some rather racy thoughts and fantasies about Lexa while she meandered and waited for things to progress and no one would leave her the hell alone!

Her Omega was becoming especially pathetic over her longing for Lexa.

Clarke had half a mind to go slam her head against the ceremonial gong if the hormonal hussy didn’t stop whining. She couldn’t stand the plaintive whines and pleas insisting that something was wrong! She had Emori freshly tended to by her Mother who she just knew was waiting for the proper moment to give her a scolding of a lifetime.

She was curious to see how her Mother would try and chastise her for…kidnapping?

The waspish French Alpha female had warmed immediately to Clarke’s Mother. She had apparently been seeking out the Doctor Who Commanded Death.

Clarke had to assume that there had been something lost in translation.

Emori had, once the screaming match with Murphy stopped explained that she was indeed from Khanada.

That she was a merchant by trade and her people had known about the Grounders for generations. They simply never felt compelled to reach out because anytime a grounder would wander into Khanada territory they were either physically deformed and rejected from their society or criminals.

Emori spoke of how her father was one of the deformed travelers from this land many years ago and her hand was attributed to his blood.

She went on to explain that a year ago the heavens had exploded in fire.

Enormous metal ships crashed in their lands one quiet summer night and the Khanadans retained enough knowledge of the old tech to access the personal files on a still functional database.

It had been there that Emori had discovered Abby Griffin.

She had devoured the reports on Dr. Griffin’s plastic surgery reports and then one day just before the Primes favorite slave Bo escaped, a man wandered in from the Dead Zone. He had been dehydrated and nearly delirious.

He had rambled on about a mountain, Reapers, the Commander of Death and the Doctor who could bring a man back from death. It hadn’t been until he had spoken of space invaders that Emori found every reason to be within his presence.

Those caring for him in his last moments had ignored his ramblings, but not Emori.

She had instead immediately set out to track Bo when she had made her escape after their leader, the Prime had announced intentions to reach out to the Others. It hadn’t taken her long after she had picked up Bo’s trail to determine that she was herself being followed.

The route through the Dead Zone had been harrowing and there had been several times she had nearly faltered. She had eventually been forced to divert course to mislead the bounty hunters tracking Bo to return her to Khanada.

Emori had stayed ahead of them and managed to reach Polis not far behind Bo.
However, the culture shock had been a bit much and she had gotten a bit drunk in a tavern before deciding that drunkenly climbing the Tower to find the Doctor seemed like a good idea.

The rest as they say, is history.

As Emori had finished off her story and Clarke as well as the others just stood there dumbfounded. This was all some big misunderstanding? She couldn’t possibly be telling the truth. Clarke groans and sighs as she reaches up and starts binding her hair back into a single braid.

“Well okay. We’ve got our ears out and no one seems to be looking for you. And she’s going to have a look at your hand. She’s the best. Really.” Clarke says awkwardly. Abby looks at her in surprise and smiles softly.

“Thank you, Clarke.” Emori said, her accent was thick and lilting and Clarke grimaces at the way Murphy all but swoons in the Alphas presence. “Don’t mention it. You can borrow some clothes but keep your hand covered. It won’t be received well here.” She warns. Emori nods gravely in understanding and Clarke turns to leave for the Trial. As she’s pulling her jacket on Anya approaches her.

“Bo escaped custody. There are rumors that Lexa is on a bender with her Mother. A bonding mission some say.” Anya whispers conspiratorially to Clarke.

“Its been like a day.” Clarke says dumbfounded. That seemed a bit out there, she couldn’t imagine those to having any sort of fun together.

“The Heda is the most watched person in the world Clarke. She treasures her privacy because she doesn’t get any. She is in the capitol. She has a duty to this festival. She wouldn’t just disappear, especially right before the final Trial.” Anya argues. Clarke sighs and run a hand through her hair, ruining her braid instantly.

“What do you think we should do? Should we talk to Titus?” Clarke asks. Her Omega huffs and snarls in her ear.

“That’s the thing. The only reports of her are meetings with him but I cannot imagine what could be so urgent that I was not summoned as well at any point.” Anya hisses back, real worry is leaking into her voice and Clarke whines in response.

“How am I supposed to do a fucking Trial if she’s missing!” Clarke whispers back panicked. “That’s what your saying right?”

“No, no I’m not saying that. I’m going to summon her guards and we will find her. Someone in this city knows where Lexa is. You just go win the Trial.” Anya says with a peppy grin. Clarke wanted to smack her. Even if the core of her encouragement was genuine.

“Go Clarke. Unless you WANT to lose to Jules Kom— “Anya huffs as Clarke stalks past her in a huff and she trails off when Clarke goes crashing through the doors to stomp her way out of the Tower to go to her last Trial.

Lexa and Bo are panting with sweat and exhaustion as they scale the Tower.
The scalding heat of the sun beat down on them as they climbed.

The sharp glare from the sun and shadows of the uneven structure hid them from the casual observer.

They had made it out of the Temple with the simple mission in mind. Retreat and regroup. Well, Bo called it retreating. To Lexa it was hiding in a secure location until she could ascertain what the current loyalties were. Titus could not have attempted something like this without some support from the movers and shakers of her coalition. She had a feeling she would be appointing many new heads of state in the coming weeks.

Grunting Lexa rolls over the railing and drops onto a balcony.

Bo drops down beside her in a heap of exhaustion.

Panting she looks around in confusion.

“Lexa, where are we?” Bo asks as she struggles to wipe the sweat and dust from her face.

Lexa sits up and pulls off her shirt and wipes her brow.

“Clarkes rooms. She will be at the Trial and her room has a hidden closet behind her headboard.” She explains.

“It does?” Bo asks in surprise. She looks over to the area in questions unable to see anything that suggested there was a hidden room.

“Yes, she is unaware of it. The purpose is for my safety. There are several rooms on each floor intended for my safety should I need them. Not even Titus is aware of them, we are going to hide here until we can reach out to Anya and my Shield-Scouts to call forth my most loyal. I need those loyal to Lexa Kom Trikru, not the Spirit of the Flame.” She says with finality. There was a change coming with this decision, she knew it. To call forth her peoples’ allegiance based on their loyalty to her and not the Flame, it was a rebellion to everything she had been taught. But it was she that wielded the Flame, she was the one that bore the weight of it. Not Titus, no one else. Just her. It was clearly time she reminded them of that fact.

So tonight, it was fitting that this would happen on the day of the final Trial.

She would cut away the Flame Keepers power the way one cut away diseased flesh and incite a war with the Guild until they remembered who it was that was in charge.

But she would win with Clarke by her side and if she had her way. She already had the perfect replacement for Titus in mind.

She would send a falcon for her within the hour she decided.

“Umm, Lexa?” Bo suddenly said pulling Lexa from her scheming.
“Yes Bo?” Lexa asks as she flexes her shoulder to try and stretch her shoulder muscle.

“Clarkes room is occupied. By, well all her friends it would appear.” Bo says sounding smug.

“What?” Lexa hisses and crawls over to where Bo is and peers through the curtains and yep. There’s Raven and Indra and Abby. Who is that? Lexa snarls when she spies the new Alpha female wearing Clarkes clothes sitting on her couch beside her MOTHER! Lexa snarls, she should be the one covered in Clarkes scent, borrowing her clothes and joking with her Mates Mother. Or cowering in fear. Either was an acceptable option in a Mated pair.

They’re not Mates yet she reminds herself.

The other Alphas in Clarkes life didn’t bother her, aside from Bellamy. It was like the man strived to be as annoying as he was, but she didn’t like this one, this soft faced Alpha female being so present when her own scent has already had a few days to fade from Clarkes sheets…she would have to fix that.

This was a disaster!

Clarke grunts as she falls and slams onto her back and skids to a stop as Jules lands a harsh blow to her chest.

Her lungs scream in protest to the treatment and Clarke barely manages to duck out of the way before Jules is swinging her club down towards her again.

She had been surprised to find upon arriving to the Flame Trial that the Stone Clan Tribute had been attacked the previous night leaving a Tavern leaving only Jules Kom Floukru to compete.

Titus had been dressed in what seemed, overly garish robes as he announced the final Trial. He had stated that the Heda was attending to important business and she would be present for the final Trial with the winning Tribute.

In the mean-time the Trial had been announced.

A good old-fashioned fist fight.

Clarke hadn’t been to worried, she has beaten the tar out of this woman all week. What’s one more fight? Yea, she had truly underestimated how much one person could hate her in a week. It hadn’t been until she had been kicked to her back for the third time that she realized she was well and truly
Clarke snarls and lashes out, blocking a thigh jab before she throws a wild punch. She snarls when she hears Jules teeth crash together as she tackles her to the ground. Just as she’s about to deliver her final punch and knock the annoying Omega unconscious Clarke finds herself in a strangling hold. Jules is suddenly wrapped around her and her arms are cutting off Clarke’s airway.

Clarke gasps and claws at Jules arm frantically as she struggles in her arms she feels her Omega whining and crying in despair as the world goes dark.

She’s lost…

Clarke’s feet drag as she absently closes her bedroom door behind her. She had lost, she hadn’t seen Lexa at the Trial celebration and it had been a close fight, but she had just wanted to run.

Her friends had all been there and Anya had been adamant that Lexa would never touch the Floukru Omega.

Clarke sighs mournfully and starts to undress. She has her room to herself finally again, she has banished everyone to the Skaikru floor for the night at least. As she begins to run the water to fill her tub she plays with the stream as it fills slowly.

“You look stunning.” Lexa’s voice says suddenly from behind her. Clarke turns and gasps.

Lexa is freshly bathed, and her braids are loosened and she’s wearing some of Clarke’s old Ark issued sweats and t-shirt but Clarke’s pretty sure the Alphas never looks so delicious.

The smug smile on the Alphas face suggested that she had some idea of how adorable and sexy she looked.

“How have you been?” Clarke snarls and pushes the Alpha. “Do you realize how worried I’ve been? Anya was starting to sound like a fucking conspiracy nut and I lost the fucking Trial Lexa.” Clarke cries, fuck! She can feel hot tears sliding down her face.

“You lost?” Lexa said woodenly. “Do…do you think that I really care about that Clarke?”

“You lost?” Lexa said woodenly. “Do…do you think that I really care about that Clarke?”

“Don’t you? I’ve heard the stories Lexa, you were a festival baby. It’s a whole thing.” Clarke sniffs.
“Clarke look at me.” Lexa says softly as she gently cups Clarke’s face and moves Clarke to look her in the eye. “This week, you threw an Omega off a building, shot a traitor, faced off with reputable warriors. Your amazing Clarke. You were before, and you are now. I want you to know Clarke. I want you by my side. I wish for you to consider becoming my Mate, I’ll be making some changes to Polis and I think your talents will come in handy. If you’re interested that is?”

“Did…did you just ask me to marry you?” Clarke asks skeptically. She could be hallucinating…that was very possible.

“Yes. It is time Clarke. If you need time you have as much as you wish. But I don’t want you to think some competition is going to dictate my feelings for you Clarke.” Lexa says firmly. She leaves no room for discussion and Clarke’s certain that her own Omega is all but fanning herself in excitement.

How could Lexa smell SO appealing right now?

It was as if it was the most natural thing in the world to lean in and softly kiss the Alpha.

Lexa purred and pulled Clarke closer. The Alphas smoky pine scent teased at Clarke’s senses. Her bath was forgotten entirely in favor of Lexa bodily picking her up and carrying her to the bed. As Lexa rumbled and deepened the kiss, Clarke slides her fingers over the lean muscled expanse of her Alphas back.

She can feel every divet and scar. She can feel the heat as it flows off Lexas skin like a furnace as her Alpha begins to kiss a heated path down Clarkes neck and down to her rose-colored nipples.

As Clarke moans and whines when Lexa begins to softly nip and lick the sensitive flesh. She whirs and Calls to the Omega. This is her Mate, she’s done waiting. If Clarke will have her Lexa will claim her right here.

Growling possessively Lexa unconsciously grinds her hips into the bed as she’s sucking a bruise into Clarkes hip and the Omega squirms before Lexa spread Clarkes legs and dives in.

The Alpha slides her tongue strategically over Clarkes lower lips, she sucks, and hums as warm wetness soaks her taste buds and as she’s dragging her tongue across Clarkes swollen clit and sliding her fingers teasingly across her opening the Omega trembles and orgasms as her Alpha growls happily as she laps hungrily at the Omegas pussy.

Clarke is clutching at Lexas hair when the Alpha suddenly stretches out over the top of her, she moans when she feels Lexa hard and aroused as she pressed tightly to her. Clarke purrs when she realizes that Lexa is scenting her, waiting for her to give the green light.

Clarke Calls to Lexa and wraps her legs around the Alphas hips and Lexa growls as she begins to slide inside of the Omega. Clarke gasps and her mouth gapes as she takes the Alphas shaft, she feels hot and sore and so incredibly sensitive as Lexa growls and pulls her closer, prompted to comfort her
Omega and Clarke moans shamelessly when the Alpha begins rocking faster and faster.

The straining stretch doesn’t cease to be intense as Clarke arches and moans under the assault of Lexas hips against hers. As the Alphas pelvis slammed repeatedly against her ass the Omega writhes and whines she’s burning for the bite of a Mate claim. Had Lexa been serious? Did she really want her?

Clarke shrieks when Lexa snarls suddenly and grips Clarke’s hips and picks her up, spinning them until she’s against the wall and Clarke gasps.

Not at the rather forceful maneuver, no…she can feel Lexas swollen knot fully inflated as it begins to stretch its way into her! Clarke keens and trembles and she’s relieved to see the way Lexa shakes and bites her lip as she rocks her hips with Clarke and they both climax when the Omegas tight canal finally loosens enough to suck the Alphas knot into her tight channel.

Lexa moans and Clarke loses control as she’s shaking, and she is subjected to an endless stream of colors as they flash in a psychedelic symphony with her orgasm. The blinding cacophony of lights go off behind her eye lids as she has no choice but to ride orgasm after orgasm.

As she is coming down she realizes she tastes copper in her mouth, she regains awareness to realize she’s bitten Lexa! Her teeth have blatantly and completely claimed the Alphas Mating gland.

She realizes that the upward way she had bitten the Alpha had prevented Lexa from returning the bite and the Alpha had bitten her own forearm apparently, judging from the blood smeared bite mark Lexa was now sporting.

TBC
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Clarke gasps and slumps back against the wall, her legs still locked around Lexas hips as she moaned weakly with the Alphas gentle rocking.

She feels the tendrils of heat and arousal as they pulse through her body and as she opens her eyes to take in her Alpha.

Lexas jaw is clenched, her neck is straining as Clarke stares, fixated at the fresh bite.

She moans, she wants so badly to bite Lexa again and feel her Alpha come for her…

She gasps and wraps her arms around the Alphas neck to pull her down for a kiss but Lexas teeth are locked on her arm again as her knot pulses thick ropes of her cum into her Omega.

Clarkes Omega whines plaintively in her mind. Why hadn’t Lexa bitten her? She wants to ask but all that comes out is a weak whine.
She feels languid and starving for more, more Lexa. More of this, with her Mate. Whenever Lexa got around to biting her that is? Clarke flushes and suddenly she’s groaning and moaning with Lexa again as she becomes caught up in the Alphas rhythm. She grasps and claws at Lexas shoulders as she feels the knot, snug just inside her entrance shift and the ensuing sparks of light and sensation? Well they’re just marvelous.

Clarke shakes as she feels her climax growing, fuck she didn’t expect this.

Normally her experience with Lexa at least, was that sex took a bit of a pause once Lexa came. Right now? Well, Clarkes Omega is utterly thrilled with how deeply Lexa is moving inside her, she feels a delicious purely Omega thrill with how thoroughly she’s being bred by her Alpha. Her Mate, hers. A possessive snarl passed through Clarkes mind when she suddenly has a thought, she could be pregnant with their own pup right now? A tiny curly haired child with perfect green eyes? She will NEVER admit this to anyone who wasn’t an Omega but that thought alone throws her into a startling explosive orgasm which frankly, scared the hell out of Lexa.

“AAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH” Clarke suddenly screams in Lexas ear.

“Wha-fuck?” Lexa asks gasping as she forces her teeth out of her arm. Oh…well apparently, she could have bitten Clarke?

In Trikru culture, the Alpha traditionally made the first bite, it was customary for the Alpha to ask permission prior to Mating as judgment during mating couldn’t always be trusted. As she’s about to ask Clarke what happened? Clarke faints, she gasps and moans as she quickly grabs ahold of Clarkes hips as the Omega slumps into dead weight in her arms. Oh god…. did she kill her?

Sure, she had joked about this sort of thing in her prepubescent years, but she had been ten and well, she had been an idiot. Suddenly the reality of that scenario made her blood freeze in her veins.

She shifts and quickly walks them back to the bed.

Clarke remains slack and falls to the bed, their pelvises were still pressed together, locked in the tie.

Lexas Alpha whines in distress…what happened?

She feels cold panic grow in her chest until she’s able to properly count the Omegas heartrate through the pulse of her neck. She’s asleep?

Wait? A thought occurs to Lexa and she is unable to stop the Cheshire grin that grows on her face.

She wasn’t terribly experienced, of course she had always had opportunities, but she had only ever been with Costia. So, when she had started sleeping with Clarke, Lexa paid close attention to the signs her Omega was having an orgasm.

Lexa thought back to a few minutes ago as she carefully positions them on the bed.

Yep, Clarke had orgasmed, strongly based on the way her walls had gripped her knot. The Alpha shudders as she remembers the sensation… Now Lexa just smiles as she watches the blonde slowly regain consciousness.

Clarke’s eyelids flutter softly as wakes up confused? When had they gone back to bed? Nooo…. she shrinks in horror. Had she really passed out on Lexa?
She cringes, that had happened once with Finn. It had been boring, he had of course been livid.

Lexa certainly wasn’t boring and that had been a stellar orgasm…would she be mad?

She keeps her head ducked as she feels her cheeks flush. She begins to bite her lip when she feels Lexa softly begin to stroke her side. The gentle soothing action pulled an unwilling purr from the Omega. Clarke flushes again as Lexa laughs softly. “What’s wrong Clarke?” The Alpha asks gently.

“You upset?” The Omega asks bluntly, braving a look to her Alpha. Clarke’s eyes freeze and lock on the vivid red bite mark centered in a large purple bruise. Woah boy…that had to hurt?

Medically Clarke knew that the Mating gland secreted its own enzyme that accelerated healing for Mate bites.

The hormone secreted also caused a euphoric sensation rather than pain if the person was properly aroused and ideally, orgasming.

That was why it was important to only attempt a Mating Bond bite while in orgasm.

“Did you mean it?” Lexa asks, her expression though gentle, suddenly gives away nothing.

Clarke studies her for a moment. “What does it mean to you? Its not permanent until its shared.”

Clarke says, this is such a stark contrast to a few moments ago when she had been basking in post coital bliss. This right here is what was wrong with waking up! Her Omega sniffed moodily. Clarke mainly ignoring her, the only thing her Omega wants is to get back to the mating minus the conversation.

“Did you mean it Clarke?” Lexa asks her again; this time Clarke can see the stubborn glint in the Alphas eyes. Oh, so this was apparently the perfect level of smolder Clarke decides as she studies Lexa. The Alphas features take on a growing fierce intensity. She’s so gorgeous Clarke’s sure she defies evolution. Suddenly everything is on the line and Clarke has never been so aware of to seriousness of a question. “Yes.” The Omega whispers as her eyes slip to the mottled flesh just above Lexas collar. She feels ridiculous as her gums throb while she stares at the fresh bite.

She wants to bite her Alpha again, she wants Lexa to bite her back! Clare growls. Her Omegas whispering encouragement as Clarke leans in to scent and Call to Lexa. She gasps when she feels Lexas cock give a twitch deep inside of her.

“You…did you mean to bite me Clarke. Did you mean to claim me?” Lexa asks, gone suddenly is the fierce front and Clarke is frozen as she realizes, she’s seeing Lexas honest expression. Not the Heda front she’s struggling to hold in place.

“Yes. I. I wanted to claim you, I know Omegas aren’t supposed too. I want you Lexa. I should have told you a long time ago. I want to be your Mate, I want to be your Houmon.” Clarke says seriously, for once her Omega is sitting down and shutting up.

“You don’t have to marry me to be my Mate. A marriage binds us into a single force, it’s an incredibly complicated process.” Lexa explains, it was flattering and the prospect that Clarke would make that offer knowing the gravity of that union.

They would never be permitted to bed another, in general Mate bonds; should improperly timed Mating cycles like Heats or Ruts affect bonded Mates they could sate that cycle with a friend if necessary. The standard practice was to allow paired couples their privacy during the requested times during Mating Season. In instances when one Mate was travelling?
The affected Mate was permitted to find a ‘solution’ if need be.

The difference was that Married couples were not permitted to do this nor could they rebond if one outlives the other.

The perception of a marriage proposal was the typical ideal mating goal for those with serious romantic inclinations.

Lexa happened to be such a person.

The idea that Clarke would freely ask that was overwhelming. She knew she was getting ahead of herself, but it was difficult not too.

“I love you Clarke.” Lexa says softly. Her heart races as her Alpha frantically tracks every minute expression on the Omegas face as she waits for a response. Clarke looks up her and cups her cheek softly. “Lexa, breathe. I love you too.” She says gently, almost by reflex her fingers find the raised skin of the bite.

Clarke’s exhales softly when she sees Lexas gaze turn molten and intense as the Alpha began to Call to Clarke.

“Clarke, may I claim you?” Lexa asks suddenly even as she’s moving into a standing position on the floor, her knots deflated and feels smaller, but she’s still locked inside by Clarke’s anatomy.

The Omega Seal, a ring of muscle whose sole purpose was to lock an Alphas knot inside.

The Alpha rumbles as she moves her Omegas knees up over her shoulders and Clarke moans as she’s bent slightly, and her Omega just about dies when Clarke sees Lexa there, between her legs covered in sweat.

Every lean muscle is tensed, her gorgeous full breasts make Clarke’s mouth water as she stares.

The Trikru Commander looks every bit her part as Warrior Queen as she snarls before gripping Clarke’s hips possessively and begins to thrust as her knot begins to shrink enough to release the Omega. Clarke groans at the odd sensation of Lexa withdrawing from her.

Already a gnawing emptiness plagues Clarke’s mind, she needs her Alpha back inside her. She needs to finish this Bond before her Omega goes insane inside her mind!

“Are you hurt Clarke?” Lexa asks as she steps back from Clarke and gently lays her legs down, the Omega groans and Lexa steps away to retrieve a towel.

She hadn’t really planned this.

She hadn’t wanted to assume that they would jump directly into bed when they saw each other, her Alpha guffawed at the stupidity of that idea.

She should probably tell her about Titus before they preform another tie...

Already just standing there, she has her hand gripping the remainder of her knot as Clarke lazily cleaned herself up.

“No, as a matter of fact…I think I think you owe me a bite...Alpha?” Clarke says, flirting as she tosses the rag aside and spreads her thighs.

She slowly reaches down between her legs and traces the puffy soft flesh of her labia as she watches...
her Alphas eyes turn seemingly black staring at her. Clarke is surprised to find she wants to suck on Lexas cock and taste her, as Lexa has done for her. She’ll have to ask the Alpha about that at some point.

“Do I?” Lexa says smartly, pulling Clarke flush to her. The Omega gasps and feels a fresh flood of wetness as her Alpha positioned her.

The primal display of dominance was instinctual, but she knew Lexa would stop if she asked and so would she.

“Or should I just tell people that Wanheda is so captivated by my wit and charm and cock that she grew impatient?” Lexa teases with a playful cocky grin.

Clarke giggles mostly in affection at the happy relaxed look on the Alphas face.

“Oh, certainly that. I hope you don’t mind.” Clarke says, a light teasing tone drew the Alphas curiosity as the Omega leaned back onto her elbows and she slowly parting her legs in a suggestive manner which attracted the Alphas attention like a moth to a flame.

“Mind?” Lexa asks blankly, staring down now at the glistening entrance that pulsed teasingly at her.

A feral territorial snarl built up in Lexa every time she saw strands of her seed drip from the Omega entrance. She needs to knot her! The impulse is overpowering, she snarls possessively her hips jerking in response.

“That I want everyone to know your mine. I want them to know my Alpha, that when we go to bed I bend over and I’m the one that takes your knot. I want your bite Lexa, I need it please. I need your Claim, I want you to have your pups with me. Fuck the other Omegas.” Clarkes voice is suddenly harsh with want. She had started out saying that to entice the Alpha and somehow gotten herself all worked up in the process.

Although, thankfully judging from the full raging erection and the way Lexa was currently moving into position to mount her, Lexa was having a similar reaction.

Clarke gasps when she’s abruptly flipped over onto her stomach and pulled down to be kneeled on the bed.

“Mine.” Lexa snarls harshly as she tries to control her shaking hands, forcing herself to slow down. She didn’t want to hurt Clarke! She growls, and Clarke whines and arches her back, fully displaying her pussy. Lexa snarls and falls onto Clarke. “Do it, please just- “The Omega begs before her words trail off into a moan as Lexa slides into her Omega.

Hers.

She growls possessively and thrusts her hips, moaning at the flood of sensation as Clarkes walls flutter and soak her shaft further.

“Yours. Please, Lexa fuck me.” Clarke begs as she fully presents herself for her Alpha and moans shamelessly.

For once her Omega is perfectly satisfied as Lexa begins to slam into her, the Alphas growls as she can already feel her knot growing.

“Please make me yours Lex. Ai hod yu in (I love you)” Clarke moans helplessly as she feels her arms give out as her orgasms begin to build under her Alphas attention.
“Mine, my Mate.” Lexa growls, her Alpha is fully in control as she fully let’s go and loses herself in this moment with Clarke.

Thanks to the first knotting earlier, the second time Lexa presses her throbbing, engorged knot into Clarke's entrance her Omega is enthusiastically pressing back to ease the knots entrance.

Lexa slides her hands under Clarkes front to circle and grip the Omegas shoulders as her thrusts become deeper and rougher as her orgasms tears through her and she can feel her cock twitching and filling her Omega. Clarke, filling Clare, her Mate. Lexa snarls and rears downward to Claim her Omega.

Her teeth find the swollen sweet-smelling gland effortlessly and as she bites down she feels Clarke shriek and spasm as the Omegas comes apart in her arms and Lexa loses herself to the euphoria of claiming her Omega.

For this moment everything is perfect.

TBC
Clarke lay stretched across her bed with Lexa spooned in her arms. The warm press of their skin as Lexa rested her weight on Clarke's chest soothed Clarke's Omega in a way that the young Omega could never recall feeling before. Was this what being 'Mated' meant? This languid, weightless peace that had suffused her body as she absentingly stroked her fingers up and down the length of her new Mate's spine as the Alpha slumbered quietly?

Clarke sighed as she let her head relax into the pillows behind her as she relented to the internal purrs her Omega was letting out. They had their Alpha. They had Lexa. Clarke had no idea how they would begin to tackle the situation with Titus or the Trials. She knew she would normally be halfway through a revolt right now if she didn't have five feet, six inches of snoring Alpha laying on her.

She knew this but after everything that had happened since the Trials started…well, since they landed really. After everything that had led her to this moment she just wanted to enjoy it for a moment.

She opens her eyes and stares down at Lexa; the older girls typically serious expression and stubborn countenance had completely softened in sleep. The Omega cannot help but smile tenderly as she carefully traces Lexa's jawline.

No. They can have this moment at least.

The Alpha had fallen asleep almost immediately following their last tie. She couldn't blame her, she herself felt like she had been hit with a ton of bricks.

However, she had to admit as even now, nearly an hour after they finished, she could still feel the sparks and races of pleasure suddenly suffuse her senses as Lexa's knot remained locked and still erect inside her as the Alpha’s orgasm still pulsed weakening strands of the Alphas come long after the girl had drifted off to sleep.

Clarke knew that the Alpha was experiencing a prolonged orgasm and ejaculation due to the tonic that Lexa had been drinking all through the Flame Trials to increase her stamina and fertility. At that moment, the Alphas hips shifted in her sleep and Clarke winced even as she moaned as soft sparks of pleasure and discomfort flared from where Lexa’s Knot was still locked inside by her Omega Seal. Clarke had to admit, even if it felt good. Really good…amazing even…her body needed a break
from sex for a few hours at least. As she softly massaged Lexas back and coaxed the Alpha back into a deeper sleep Clarke began to plot…

Titus had betrayed Lexa. Clarke regretted how surprised she was by that fact. She realized she had, without realizing it. Associated Titus as a ‘Sire-figure’ to Lexa and had naively assumed that there would be a limit to his machinations. However, now, her lack of suspicion was irrelevant. He had betrayed the Heda. He had betrayed Lexa, so clearly, he would have to die.

That was all there was to it.

There was also the issue of the Flame Trials. She had lost. And instead of Lexa visiting Jules Kom Floukru…the ‘Victor,’ the Alpha had come to her…and not only that, she had Mated her. Clarkes Omega gave a haughty superior, not at all self-satisfied sniff as Clarke felt herself begin to fall to sleep.

Her entire body was sore, most of it was a delicious post coital buzz, however she decided, there wasn’t enough sex in the world to undo the pains of her injuries from the Flame Trials as the older injuries made their presence known as her muscles and legs began to ache dully.

She knew that was also in part because of the Trials. She had come to terms with the fact that a large portion of her body would be black and blue for at least the next few months.

Although she can't stop the smug grin that grows on her face as she remembers their night together. The feeling of climaxing with her Alphas knot inside her? Her teeth deep and possessive in her Mating gland? Seeing and feeling how utterly undone, Lexa became in her arms. Clarke couldn’t seem to recall when exactly, but at some point, Lexa had ceased being ‘Heda’ in Clarkes mind, and was simply her Mate.

Worth it. So worth it.

Clarke glances down to check and make sure she hadn't disturbed Lexas rest.

Rather than be annoyed Clarke found the Alphas post coital pattern amusing and endearing, the Heda, Alpha of all Alphas possessed a seemingly unconscious preference for being held in the Omegas arms when they slept.

Clarke was positive that the harsh Grounders probably wouldn’t like their fearless leader cuddling up with anyone like a drowsy pup, even if it was their Mate. Well, fuck them all Clarke decides. She tightens her hold, kissing Lexas brow softly when the Alpha purred in response.

Admittedly the entire mating process hadn't taken as long as she had always expected? It seemed so strange to think that after one properly timed bite their lives were joined together forever...

She also realizes that the entire ordeal had been built up in her mind.

She didn’t feel any different? Her Omega had been rather quiet since Lexa claimed her, and had been radiating nothing but a serene happiness, aside from that?

Everything was the same...

Although to be fair no one had really prepared any of them for what life was like without the constant presence of suppressants.

The first time her own Omega had surged forth and asserted itself had been in the first days on the ground…she would never forget it.
It had been during the death of Atom. When she had killed him…

She’s surprised to find she feels such a sharp pang of sadness over the boy’s death, even now a year later. He hadn’t lived long enough to know how good life would become for all of them. Well… aside from Mt. Weather…and the bombing in TonDC…and…there was good. A lot of good she quickly reminds herself.

She shakes her head softly, as though the physical action would drive away the dark thoughts and focuses on the memory of her Omega making its entrance that day. There had been more than one occasion since that day, since that first emergence of her Omega, that Clarke had determined that that moment was the moment she embraced being a leader for the other delinquents.

Everyone had been shocked by how strongly their individual presentations asserted themselves in those first weeks. Bellamy and the other Alphas had been fighting and stinking up the entire camp with their combative pheromones, the Omegas and weaker Betas had begun to travel in small groups everywhere they went. Then Octavia had gone into Heat…

Clarke had witnessed her friends all stumbling through an onslaught of overwhelming pheromones and losing control to their instincts frequently in those first weeks on the ground. She had wondered when it would happen for her?

It was reminiscent of having an entirely different person living in her subconscious. Clarke had been sad and sickened for the boy, appalled by Bellamys selfish refusal to end his suffering.

She still didn’t recall making the decision to kill Atom herself that afternoon in the clearing. All she remembers is the way her Omega had snarled its anger at the injustice of the boy’s pain before doing what their Alpha ‘Leader’ had not been able to do. Her disgust in the older Alpha, for all his swaggering and boasting of Honor and Alpha ‘might,’ in the face of Atom, shivering and whimpering in pain, was enough to draw Clarke’s Omega from her slumber beneath the weight of a lifetime of suppressants to reveal herself, Clarke had snarled savagely at Bellamy, before she turned to Atom, Clarke recalled the very moment she slid the blade into his neck, however she knew she was not the one in control.

That a ‘weak’ Omega had made the choice that the Alpha should have made, had cemented in Clarke’s mind, that it would be up to her. It would be up to her to ensure the 100’s survival.

The growing presence of her Omega within her mind had taken some time to get used too but it had been easier on her than others...

Other delinquents hadn’t adjusted as easily, she concluded that looking back? Octavia had had the easiest time adjusting to her Omega whereas at the time, many the kids had lashed out unable to fully master their impulses in the early months.

She had thought it was just them, and then the adults had landed on the ground and had been just as lost as dormant instincts began to emerge.

Clarke sighs and lazily strokes her Mates hair. Her Mate…she has an Alpha. Her Omega purrs low in her chest. This moment is overwhelming and precious to the Omega when Lexa begins to drool lightly into Clarke’s breast, the Omega giggles before attempting to shift them onto their sides but the Alpha makes a noise of discontent in her sleep and tightens her hold around Clarke’s waist.

‘It’s like cuddling a koala.’ Clarke snarks sarcastically to herself.

Her Omega is immediately alerted by her shift in mood. Clarke huffs as her Omega unhelpfully coos over the sleeping brunette. ‘Yes, yes…she’s adorable but we have to make a plan.’ Clarke growls
insistently to her Omega. The Omega seems to stretch and sigh in a way that sounded…exasperated? Scoffing Clarke growls softly and forces the seductive pull of her senses as her Omega is suddenly focused on the idea of awakening their sleeping Alpha.

Clarke whines as she begins to imagine her Alpha rutting into her again, knotting her again, her Alpha wanted only her. The Omega moaned, arousal flaring even as she forces her inner Omega down. If she wasn’t pregnant by now she would be shocked…granted yes. This was the first-time pregnancy was a risk as knotting was required for conception to be a possibility outside of a Mating Cycle.

As she shifts she can feel more of Lexus seed leak out of her. That had been another aspect of Mating she would have liked some heads up on…true, she should have known…gravity and all that, but she hadn’t expected something so arousing to get so…cold and uncomfortably damp after a while…

Okay yep, and she’s up. A little drool is fine and it's not that Lexas seed bothers her. I’ll in fact her Omega is becoming irate that she’s ‘wasting’ it! Oh, for fuck’s sake! Clarke snarls audibly a little too loudly in annoyance at her Omega, and suddenly Lexa is up, the Alpha, still tied to her Mate, springs up onto her hands, Lexa growls lowly as she sleepily, but suddenly adrenalinized, searches for the cause of Clarkes sudden snarl? Clarke gasps as the movement jostles their hips, her legs still wrapped snugly around the Alphas waist, tighten as Clarke grips Lexas shoulders.

“Everything’s fine. I’m sorry, I got carried away with my inner thoughts.” Clarke explains, an embarrassed little shrug musses her hair and Lexa can’t help but smile sleepily in affection.

“Its alright, I’m just glad your okay.” Lexa says sleepily as she relaxes back into Clarkes embrace, her voice rasping with sleep.

“Lexa…what are we going to do?” Clarke asks, she’s to awake now to fall asleep and she kind of needed Lexas help if they were going to somehow get out of this without starting another war!

“WE are going to sleep until the morning and then you will challenge Jules to a rematch. That last Trial is invalid. I was not in attendance and I did not give Titus my endorsement to sit in my place. Therefore…” Lexas voice trails off and Clarke moves quickly, meeting Lexas gaze.

“Seriously, woman you had better go all silent and brooding AFTER you finish that sentence.” Clarke snarls playfully in Lexas ear.

Chuckling softly Lexa leans up onto her elbows and grins at her Mate.

“Titus, I have not dealt with him yet. I had had plans to change certain things about our customs for a long time, I believe now with everything that has happened. Now is the time to enact my plans.” Lexa says as she stares admirably at the curvature of Clarkes breast.

“What are your plans Lex?” Clarke asks. She can see Lexas heated glances at her chest and inwardly she grins, her Omega of course is preening proudly under the attention as Clarke realizes she’s already begun pumping out her pheromones. The familiar scent of her Omega pheromones are clouding the area around them regardless of how badly Clarke is blushing and chewing her lip.

Serious conversation.

They were having a serious conversation!

Smiling, Lexa ignores the anxious chewing Clarke is doing on her lip and she simply kisses the omegas chest and clavicle before relaxing and sinking into her Omegas warmth.
“Well, I’m sure you’ve guessed the part about killing Titus?” Lexa asks. Clarke nods.

“Yes, that’s my favorite part so far.” Clarke says sharply, the growl evident in her tone. Her fury beginning to spark to life again at the mere mention of the traitor’s name!

“Yes. Well…after he and his followers are dealt with we can arrange a rematch. It may be a solution for morale…” Lexa says. “Or…” The Alphas voice trails off softly and the brunette suddenly buries her face in Clarkes neck and the Omega is alarmed when she realized how rapidly Lexas heart is racing.

“So what?” Clarke asks, grinning, the uncharacteristic nervousness in Lexas scent was endearing.

It reminded Clarke of a bashful pup.

“Or, I depose him and his followers and…if you are willing. We…get married in secret. When it comes time to address the Flame Trials, our union will release me from any mating obligations to the other Tributes.”

“…” Clarke stares, a dull ringing sounded in her ears as she debated whether the sudden light headedness was due possibly, to shock?


“Are you serious?” Clarke asks slowly. Her attention fixed on every inch of Lexas face, determined to sus out the truth…marry her?

“Yes. It is the only way I can see to avoid war. You may need to forget about the other Trial Winnings. The Consort Dowry to a Heda is quite large. If a portion were paid to Jules, I’m sure she could be convinced to forgive my absence from her bed.”

“You. You want to marry be, because of politics?” Clarke asks, incredulous. Of course, she saw the logic behind it. And being married to Lexa? Was it the same as marriage on the Ark? It had been a rather archaic practice; most couples simply completed a mating bond.

But MARRIAGE!?! Wait…should she be offended?

“No, well, not JUST because of that. Clarke, I don’t want another. I love you Clarke. I want you as my Houmon, and it would solidify the treaties between our people Clarke. There would be no more worrying about Fertility Rites or the Flame, or any of it.” Lexa finished passionately. Her lip that had been turned back in a frustrated snarl softened and Clarke watched as sadness entered Lexas expression. “I love you Clarke, there are very few ways that I can show you that. Show the world that. This is one way, if you are willing. I will never force you Clarke. You don’t have to answer me now. I…I will need an answer soon though, the manner in which I handle the crowds following Titus’s death are dependent on your answer.” Lexa finished seriously.

“So…no pressure huh?” Clarke scoffs lightly. Her mind abuzz in…shock.

Yep, loads of shock!

“His death must be public. To many of his followers are unknown to my forces, I need them drawn into the open. My actions after they are dealt with, will determine if there will be a war. Blatant refusal of a Flame Trial Victor for anything less than a marriage bond? Yes, it would mean certain war. An insult like that wouldn’t be ignored.”

Clarke sighs resigned and pulls back to look Lexa in the eye. “Well. It looks like we had better get
some rest then.” She says softly. “We’ve got a big day tomorrow.” Her fingers tenderly comb through Lexas gently curls.

Lexa swallows, a knot of nerves twists and pulls in her gut as she waits in anxiety fueled silence for Clarkes response. After several moments and after the Omega doesn’t continue, Lexa pulls away to peer curiously at the Omega.

She is surprised to find the blonde staring at her so tenderly. “Yes. Yes, Ill marry you.” Clarke says.

TBC
A/N: Hey ya’ll! IM BACK! I hope…anyways I hope ya’ll enjoy this update and I’m working on the next one. Where Titus gets his butt whooped! Anyways, happy reading!
“Why do we have to be the ones to look out while Clexa gets their freak on?” Raven asks grumpily, her irritation made all the worse because her skin feels overheated and sensitive and she doesn’t understand why? The slender Alpha leans back on the small chaise that is tucked beneath an alcove in the hallway just off Clarke’s room. The largely unoccupied floor echoed faintly with every noise that sounded from Wanheda’s private chambers…

She huffs to herself, irritable she knows because of her stupid leg and her stupid overheated skin, the damaged limb ached and protested with every move she made, and she felt like she was starting to run a fever.

Just wonderful.

She just wanted Abby and an ice bath for her pained limb. She didn’t really care about the sex noises, they were awkward of course; the Heda was a noisy one apparently but growing up on the Ark in such close confines left few secrets when it came to mating.

No, it wasn’t the sex noises or the arguably AWFUL timing to spend hours in bed when they had a coup to stage. No, it was the threat of imminent death, and NOW was when they wanted to have a sex marathon…while she, Raven Reyes, G2 Mechanic, Resident Badass and now, Ravyn Kom SkaiKru, The Gimp, was drafted into impromptu guard duty. And why was it her and not someone else?

Because everyone was getting laid except her and…her eyes slid over to her companion…Bellamy.

Even fucking John Murphy! The rat bastard had shacked up in a vacant room down the hall with the French Alpha over an hour ago. Thankfully, those two were far enough away that they’re…’odor’ didn’t reach her nose. Good riddance, his pheromones smelled awful to her, his overly sweet Heat scent clouded her senses as her Alpha status made her susceptible to an Omega in Heat. Even though she found him repulsive, biology dictated that she would be unable to ignore his presence entirely because of his Mating Cycle; even if she didn’t currently possess the ability to ‘perform,’ the fact that
the person responsible for her injury, was currently working through their own Mating Cycle didn’t encourage her to feel any sympathy at all.

Raven sighed despondently, she was worried she wouldn’t ever go into her own Rut. She of course knew, she WOULD cycle through her Rut just like any young Alpha, what concerned her was the fact that she hadn’t yet, and she was confident her injury was the reason. The fact that she was due to be a Sire would resolve some of the growing expectation her people were feeling to procreate. Abby was insistent that the urgency for healthy pups among the SkaiKru settlement was partly because of the hope children inspired, and partly because they were approaching their first full year on the ground as well as moving into Spring, the season the Grounders all agreed was ‘Mating Season.’ This was because of the increase in Ruts and Heat Cycles among healthy Alpha’s and Omegas. Either way, she was quite aware of the pressure to do everything to ensure Abby and her pups’ survival.

Her child would be the second born on the ground. Although, the Arks new archives wouldn’t ever publicly record the first Arcadian grounder. The stillborn child had been deemed bad for morale following Mt. Weather and the tense atmosphere among their people. She hadn’t agreed, and as the new Department Head she had a place on the Council. However, she had been overruled.

Her eyes slid over to Bellamy as she recalled when Gina had secretly given birth one night shortly before her death, her pregnancy had been the first on the ground. It was kept secret from the Ark population due to the fragile state of morale in the aftermath of Mt. Weather and coming to the ground. Gina had been a month away from being considered ‘safe’ to announce her pregnancy when she had miscarried suddenly.

Raven had helped Jackson deliver a tiny stillborn pup, the Chancellor and high Council had been away in Polis when Gina’s water broke. A female child, to early to determine her second gender had appeared in Jacksons hands after hours of pained labor and only after Gina had crushed all feeling from Raven’s fingers as a result of her efforts. The only feature Raven had seen was the thick patch of ginger curls that topped the pups head as Jackson swaddled the infant and passed her to Gina. Raven still had to swallow back a ball of pain in her chest as she recalled sitting silently beside Gina for hours as the Omega cradled her tiny pup. When several hours passed and Jackson returned to collect the tiny infant for burial preparation, Raven had comforted a hysterical Gina but ultimately, she found herself sworn to secrecy about the stillborn pup. Sinclair had radioed Kane and the council suppressed news of the little girl’s delivery. Very few had known Gina was pregnant, Bellamy hadn’t been allowed to know because he had been with the Council in Polis serving as a Guard. Due to his history of volatile behavior, and the sensitive political climate the Ark Council had been in at the time, it had been determined that Bellamy wouldn’t be told about the baby until returning to Arkadia. However, when a week later, Azgeda had conspired and destroyed the Mt. Weather bunker, it had been forgotten in the chaos.

Raven had avoided the Blake siblings for months.

Bellamy had mourned Gina, longer than Raven would have expected. She reasoned, perhaps he had been in love with Gina Afterall, despite his aggravating personality. The stink of grief still clung to the faintest parts of his scent. Now being back in Polis, forced into the same confines as Bellamy Fucking Blake…she didn’t believe she would ever be able to tell him. She sighs and pushes the bad memories from her mind, she ignores his curious look as she jolts, hearing a low growling moan come from behind Clarkes door.

Raven groans and decides to go for a walk. Standing she stretches and starts to pace the hallway, hoping to ease her painful muscles.
“What do you think is going to happen?” Bellamy suddenly asks.

Raven shrugs, “Well at this rate, they’ll be pregnant by morning.” She responds dryly as she absently wipes her brow, was the room heated?

Bellamy laughs and nods in agreement.

“Probably, especially if they become Mates, but I mean tomorrow? I don’t know the set up here that well, but I know that Titus guy was the Commanders right hand, right?” Raven nods so Bellamy continues, “Does that mean he’s going to go on the tree? Like Gustus?”

Raven sighs, “I don’t know. But…if it goes anything like before…its going to be bloody. And a lot of people are probably going to die.” The Alpha says softly, crossing her arms and reclining against the far wall. Raven shifts her weight as she tries to find a way to stand that doesn’t make her body ache.

She hears the other Alpha mutter something under his breath.

“How will you take care of O? If anything happens to me?” Bellamy says suddenly.

“Fuck off Blake, you’re going to be fine.” Raven rolls her eyes, ready to ignore the younger Alpha.

“Please Raven?” Bellamy presses, her voice suddenly earnest and serious and he was staring at her with sickenly sad puppy dog eyes. Dammit.

“I’ll look out for her, not that she needs it, but you’re going to be fine. And it’s a stupid thing to ask because nothing is going to happen.” Raven snarls. She huffs annoyed that he’s bringing this up. She didn’t want to think about tomorrow. She could feel her heart begin to race as a sweat broke across her brow, they were going to have to fight.

People were going to die. People she knew possibly. Maybe even some she liked. But not Blake, not Abby and not her kid. They would all be okay. Clarke had a knack for the impossible, and the Commander, as ruthless as she seemed to be, her Alpha trusted her instinctively. Pack instinct and all that. But she would worry about that tomorrow! Not now, but Bellamy was just running his mouth! Freaking drama queen.

Several minutes pass in awkward silence before Bellamy suddenly says, “After this is over we should have a serious talk with Clarke about getting involved in political takeovers and breeding with War Chiefs.”

“Definitely.” Raven responds with a snort. They couldn’t be doing this nonsense with pups underfoot…could they? Just then another drawn out overly sensuous moan reached their ears. “Think she’s pregnant yet?” She says, her voice light even as she cringes.

“Yep.” Was all Bellamy said. Raven smirked at the rose tinge flooding his cheeks as he struggled to appear nonchalant.

Octavia had led a clearly smitten Indra back to the TriKru Chieftain’s Polis house in the square; Bo had disappeared with Anya and they were all supposed to meet in the morning after Clarke had had a chance to ‘talk’ to Lexa. Clarke had dismissed her guards, claiming exaggerated shame over her loss in the Flame Trials.

Raven looks at her old analog watch, 04:36am. They were meeting in two hours…she should try to sleep. It wouldn’t be the same as sleeping next to Abby, but Clarke had asked her to keep watch…

“Do you think Clarke asked you to stay so she knows you’re not with her Mom?” Bellamy says
evenly without looking up from his book. A faded copy of Tarzan had been keeping him occupied for most of the evening. Raven scowled, even as she growled, it felt hollow. She knows he’s probably right.

“That’s over the line Blake!” Raven growls, her Alpha snarls out possessive, protective pheromones. Her Alpha is galled that Bellamy would use what was such crude language! it’s ridiculous, she is well aware of that, but it doesn’t stop her from being outraged all the same! That was the Mother of HER pup…the absent Mating mark on the older Omega’s neck taunted Raven and her Alpha growled, panicked now that they suddenly remember with vivid clarity, the very naked expanse of tanned flesh that covered Abby’s Mating gland!

Raven swallows, her throat suddenly dry and she intakes a breath of air as she opens her eyes and realizes how badly everything suddenly aches.

“Raven?” Bellamys voice cuts through the sudden fog of discomfort she was feeling.

“What?” Raven says testily. Swallowing painfully, she wonders if she’s got the flu? She was vaccinated but that didn’t always matter on the ground apparently.

“Your starting to stink.” Bellamy says after a moment of prolonged silence.

“Well I’m sorry Bellamy but running around for Clexa can get a girl a little sweaty.” She snarks sarcastically, Raven eyes the couch she had been sitting on for half a second before flopping down on it and pulling her shirt away from her skin. Why was she sweating? God, everything ached. Her back, her neck, her…wait? Raven blinks owlishly down at her crotch. She has an erection. She’s to stunned to really consider what any of this might mean? Her heart begins to race as she begins to realize what’s going on? Leaning forward she puts her elbows on her knees and groans, heat and small prickles of sensitivity race down her spine.

“I meant like sex Raven. Your stinking up the hall with your Alpha Call. If your Rutting why didn’t you go find Ab…company? Oh my god, your worse than John. Can’t you turn it off?” Bellamy recovers lamely, a deep blush flushes his cheeks even as he indiscreetly covers his nose.

“What happens next?” Raven asks after she is able to recover from the shock and rationalizes that this is her first Rut. She was due and she’s around A LOT of Alphas with the Flame Trials, and her desired Omega Mate was carrying her pup, and a much more dominant Alpha was flooding this floor with her Call…Raven managed to put the pieces together quickly. She needed to start paying more attention, especially given that she was entering her Rut…sitting in a hallway with fucking Bellamy?!

“Stop growling at me.” Bellamy snaps irritated and sounding slightly offended by the push of different strong Alphas Calling out.

The strongest was the Commanders of course, however he had long learned to tolerate the overpowering dominance in her Call, the French Alpha had a weaker smell than Raven but equal to his Alpha…Raven though…she was unquestionably among the strongest SkaiKru Alphas. She had been given the name ‘Gimp’ by the grounders and several Arkers had snickered. Bellamy knew better though, he had listened when Anya explained that a ‘gimp’ is a title given to those that are injured in combat. It denoted a respect that had followed Raven as she moved among the Grounders long before she had ever noticed it.

She was also his friend, and he wasn’t threatened by her, normally that is…but the insistent aggressive way her Alpha was calling out, broadcasting loudly, was chafing at his senses! His own Alpha was beginning to chirr and call out warningly to her Alpha.
Going into Rut would make her more volatile, possessive and territorial. She was beginning to look more and more like a threat…

She knew he was right, but she was in Rut, or would be, before the following night. That did explain why she felt like this…She didn’t doubt for a second that Clarke didn’t want her anywhere near Abby, especially if she was on the onset of her Rut. Raven had agreed to keep a polite distance where Abby was concerned with Clarke, she had built a mobile and was waiting on the space themed figurines she had designed and commissioned from a local woodworker in the city; and a motor to attach to a cradle, so it would self-rock to the sound of her pup crying while she waited out Clarckes temper. That had been before, before her Alpha was snarling and fighting her for control. She couldn’t go bother Abby, they were in a weird place. She would not be a slave to her Alpha.

Her Alpha had begun to rage and seethe over its frustration over her desired Mates unhappiness following the confrontation with Clarke after the Ball. The strain on the relationship between Abby and Clarke bothered Raven. Oh, she would never admit it! However, she couldn’t ignore her Alphas insistence and stubborn desire to cater and spoil the older Omega. Her Alpha was certain that reaching some type of truce with Clarke would begin to heal some of Abby’s pain. They had been spending as much time together as they could manage. Raven was pleased to note that Abby seemed just as eager to be in the Mechanics presence as she was to be in the Doctors.

Would Abby turn her away? Did the Omega even want her still? Raven’s Alpha rolled its eyes at her insecurities even as she pulled her tote bag across her lap to vainly attempt to conceal her condition. Raven concluded that she didn’t know you could feel such elation and mortification at once before?


Bellamy just stares. “How did you get the Chancellor pregnant if you don’t know what to do?”

“Ugh, no…I mean with the Rut. I can’t do anything about it right now Blake. We got a suicide mission this afternoon. You’ve had two cycles; how do you deal? “Raven said, her head began to pound as she clenched her fists.

“Why did you say, ‘suicide mission’?” Bellamy asked sounding more concerned as he studies Raven.

“Never mind that, we’ve got hours until that’s happening. What’s the trick? Masturbation? Tonics?” Raven says, ready to argue and negotiate even as her mind fogs, heat suffuses her body as she recalls the way Abby smells. She could still remember how it had felt up on the Ark, minutes before her launch, being tied inside of the Omega. The heated rush of that entire encounter had been the single most erotic moment of Raven’s life until that point. Being with Abby, even though it had been cut short. They had been forced to work Raven’s knot out of Abby’s Omega Seal when security had begun pounding on the doors. Her quick exit onto the escape pod and rapidly become priority then. Her cock still gives an insistent twitch at the memory, awakened, finally by Abby. She’s really not surprised.

“Nope, your first Rut. You’ve got to have a partner or your going to be miserable.” Bell says, he waves grandiosely, oh he was going to be insufferable about this, she just knew it. “Seriously. Go find Abby, ill cover for you.”

“Clarke will kill you.” Raven says gravely.

“Clarke isn’t going to know I knew anything about it. Ever.” Bellamy insists seriously. “Now, go… before I change my mind.” He growls, his teeth bared. He holds that expression until finally Raven breaks his dominant gaze in favor of standing to pace the hallway. She might be stalling. “This isn’t where you should be for your first Rut. Raven!” Bellamy says, Raven turns to meet his stare
unflinching, again even though something about it makes her want to break his nose. “Don’t wait to tell her how you feel until it’s too late. I did. I wish I hadn’t.”

“I’m sorry Bellamy.” Raven starts but stops when he raises his hand in a silencing motion.

“I can handle Clarke. Just tell Abby the truth, start there.” The Alpha boy says distantly, his tone, overly unaffected. His focus is back on his book even as Raven realizes she’s being dismissed. Raven is halfway to the lift before she realizes that she’s taken a single step.

She makes it down the lift, to the three floors below where Abby’s private rooms are. Raven realizes as she reaches Abby’s door that her body aches and the way she’s sweated through her clothing, she knows she’s a mess. Even through the fog of lust and need that had become her central focus, she is still vulnerable to her own fears.

Just as she’s about to knock, Abby’s door swings open. Raven is stunned to see Abby standing there in the dim light of oil lamps aglow in Abby’s room. The pregnant Omega was breathing heavily, her cheeks flushed, her hair was mussed and tangled about her head even as the thin sleeping gown flowed and began to slip off one shoulder. Raven chirrs, her Alpha is unable to resist the urge to call to the Omega when she catches her scent. Abby smells like sweet Omega arousal, her pheromones were thick in the air surrounding the older woman. She calls to Abby. Her Alpha is calmer now, in the presence of their Omega. The beguiling smell of lavender and Abby. The faint scent of their pup, just beginning to emerge separately from Abby’s scent soothed Ravens frantic instincts as she Called to her Omega.

The scent and intoxicating aroma of Abby filled her nose, Abby wasn’t in Heat. Such a thing wasn’t possible when she was already pregnant; however, her scent was calling to Raven, a sympathetic reaction to Ravens Rut. Her Alpha thrills at this, if Abby’s Omega was synced with Ravens cycle, then perhaps she truly wasn’t alone in her feelings? This may be a good time to ask?

“Raven.” Abby finally says, breathless, her chest heaving as she took quick almost urgent breaths. “What is it?” The Omega finally chokes out, she prays that Raven cant smell her arousal.

Abby could feel herself flush from embarrassment as she considered whether or not Raven could tell she had been masturbating? It wasn’t her fault her hormones were on overdrive and Raven had been smelling like the perfect Alpha all day and it had been driving the Doctor to distraction, masturbating because her pregnancy hormones are on overdrive and just as she was about to climax, she had scented Ravens Alpha, its urged her to the door before the Alpha had even had a chance to knock.

“Do you want me Abby?” Raven says bluntly.

Abby simply stared owlishly for a moment, studying the Latina girls face. Wordlessly Abby reaches forward and pulls Raven flush to her, their lips meet passionately, albeit awkwardly, her swollen belly proved to be a hindrance but neither of them seemed to mind at the moment.

Just as the velvety pull of Alpha flowed over her Abby realizes that Raven is having her Rut. A burning flash of lust radiates down her body when Abby realizes that Raven is hard as the Alpha presses the Omega against the wall beside her doorway, grinding deliciously against the Omegas groin as Abby realizes she managed to sling one of her legs around Raven's hip. Securing the Alpha enough leverage to grind firmly against her as the mechanic kisses and teases her lips down the Doctors neck and clavicle until Abby is whimpering and grinding responsively.

Suddenly anything short of getting Raven into bed is out of the question. Scenting Ravens Alpha in Rut is overwhelming. Feeling her full lips and teeth trace and scrape along her skin…feeling them torment her Mating Gland had Abby right back on the edge of climaxing again. She mewls as Raven
suddenly growls and bites down firmly, not hard enough to break skin, but hard enough that Abby wishes she would. Abby groans and grips Ravens hip, her nails dig into the Alphas rear as she grinds. When the Alpha slips her fingers down into the waist of Abby’s panties and her fingers slide through hot, slick wetness that had Raven growling into the skin she was still biting as Abby’s hips jolted.

“That’s it. We’re going to bed.” Abby said breathlessly as she pulls away, unconcerned by the feral snarl that Raven gives off. Her Alpha is desperate for her. Abby feels her knees weaken at the knowledge that this brilliant young woman responded to her this way. The knowledge that she didn’t absolutely hate the idea of being her Mate, was one she was coming to terms with every day. Somewhat aided by the baby growing inside her, yes, but progress was progress.

Raven chirrs and growls lowly as she kisses Abby and guides her back into the Chancellors rooms. As the doors shut behind them, all the guards present within earshot sighed wearily.

Well aware of the awkward noises that were already beginning to emanate from within.

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Octavia loved the ground. She loved the colors, the smells the sights. Just all of it. However right now, standing in the middle of the cold down forest with Indra in the rain…she was not loving this. She shivers and pulls her fur jacket tighter around her. It was a good coat; one Indra had made her months ago. True at the time they had only been training together but Indra had confessed, she had had feelings even then.

Octavia was amazed by how much her life had changed since Lincoln had left.

She did miss him however her feelings for Indra were different somehow. More permanent, inevitable perhaps?

Although, if the universe was accepting feedback, fewer cloak and dagger meetings in the forest at night would be great.

Indra had told her that they were meeting an ally and had begun to behave strangely every step of the journey.

The alpha had been fidgeting and nervous, Octavia had initially chalked it up to caffeine withdrawal, however, Indra had finally told her the name of the person they were meeting.

“Gaia,” Indra’s Beta daughter, the Flame-Keeper Kom Floukru. Octavia didn’t know the entire story; however, she knew there was some conflict between Indra and Gaia because the Beta daughter of the Trikru Chief had taken her vows under the Floukru Order. They hadn’t spoken in years apparently, now out of nowhere they were marching through the muddy, rainy woods in the dark, to meet this estranged daughter.

Octavia understood why her lover was so agitated.

After walking until Octavia could no longer see the lights from Polis they came to a fork in the main road. Indra gently took her hand and led her soundlessly through the brush, they hike and navigate the pitch-dark woods until finally, they are stumbling into a clearing. Octavia is pulling twigs from her hair when a lone hooded figure appears from the shadows.

The hood drops to reveal a beautiful Beta woman, her features left no doubt to her Sire Octavia decided.
"Hello Gaia.” Indra finally says after several minutes of Gaia and Octavia simply staring at one another.

Clearly, sizing the other up.

“Sire. Why does this outlander smell like you?” Gaia said, her tone adopting a superior snarl that has Octavia’s Omega gearing up for draw blood!

“Because she is my intended.” Indra replies. “That is, if you wish for that in the future.” Indra says to the Omega as an afterthought.

“Your actually serious?” Gaia scoffs. Her brows raise as she observes the much younger Omega woman. She was attractive, lean and healthy…just so young! And she was SkaiKru, they were a questionable people from what she had heard.

“Yes and no matter what our relationship is, we have grave matters to discuss daughter.” Indra reminds the two younger women as they begin chirring challengingly at one another.

“Yes, what is the matter so urgent that you send for me under the Hedas banner? Gaia asks archly, Octavia growls at the distant way Gaia speaks to her Sire.

“Titus has betrayed the Heda. He has conducted a Flame Trial without her support, imprisoned her and organized a mutiny. He must be dealt with. His followers intend to kill the Commander. We need to find a Flame Keeper to take his place.” Indra explains quickly.

Gaia stares helplessly before she looks from Indra to Octavia, concluding they were entirely serious. “Mother, he is the Prime Flame Keeper…his followers are many.”

“Leksa Kom Trikru is a Heda unlike any we have ever seen. She will lead us into a new world. Titus and his followers will only keep us in the past.” Indra interrupts.

Gaia nods and seems to withdraw into herself as she thinks over what Indra’s said.

“Did you have a candidate in mind? “Gaia asks. She had a feeling…

“I believe I can offer a guess?” A new voice suddenly cuts into the conversation.

The three women freeze as they recognize the new voice. Titus.

Lexa could feel the harsh pull of consciousness pull her from her sleep.

There had been a noise? Something had awoken her?

Squinting against the morning light, she leans up onto her elbows, her front feels plastered to Clarkes back from dried sweat. She groaned when she realized her cock had softened and finally slipped free of her Omegas intoxicating channel in her sleep. Exhaling softly Lexa leaned down and tenderly kissed Clarke's shoulder as she reminisced about her night with her new Mate.

Wonder and happiness seemed to ooze from her Alpha, they had Mated Clarke.

She was a Mate to Clarke Griffin Kom Skaikru.

To Wanheda.
Lexa pushed away from the nagging fears that threatened to twist to the forefront of her mind. She couldn’t worry about that now. So, she reminisced about Clarke…

She had awoken in the night after they had fallen back to sleep following her proposal just in time to see Clarke's mouth sliding downwards over her erect shaft, swallowing her head and half her length in a single go.

The novelty or this sex act she had heard rumors of among her warriors, it was a practice that seemed unique to the SkaiKru and she had been curious but copulation between Grounders typically revolved around procreation, a tribute to the early days following the bombs when repopulation had been a top priority. It hadn’t been until her Sire’s reign, that the urgency for pups eased noticeably.

She had studied the archives closely, disease had decreased, their people were living longer, the occasional border skirmish notwithstanding. With the new addition of the SkaiKru medications, Beta’s and Omegas could have more say in having pups. Lexa had also heard from Omegas who were prone to miscarriage ask for the suppressants.

Lexa had been taken aback to realize, she had never considered that angle to accepting the medication into her Trade Supply.

However, she conceded, there was perhaps a great many things she hadn’t considered before? How she had gone her entire life without ever having felt this before? She admitted she had no idea even as her head dropped back and she gasped as her hips tried to move deeper in the Omega’s mouth.

She had been curious. Now, she concluded, she was most definitely a fan.

The feel of the Omegas hot mouth had driven all reason and thought from Lexa's mind. The young Alpha forced her hips to stay still as Clarke's mouth moved in a tandem and rhythm that Lexa couldn’t begin to predict but drove her senses wild all the same.

It hadn’t taken any time at all for the SkaiKru Omega to have her Alpha Mate whimpering and pleading, her body half curled over her lap, gasping and moaning, one hand braced for support behind her as Clarke's tongue and mouth coaxed a seemingly endless stream of precome and increasingly shameless moaning from the pleasure stricken Alpha.

Lexas other hand found its way into Clarkes hair, as she shuddered through wave after wave of intense pleasure all centered around Clarkes mouth. Her Omega continued to perform nameless wonders with her mouth and tongue.

The Alphas toes curled, and she could feel the heated pressure build in the base of her shaft. Finally, just as she felt the intense beginning to an explosive orgasm, Clarkes mouth suddenly disappeared, leaving her Alpha a sweaty panting mess, staring down at the Omega, helplessly as she struggled to get her mouth to work enough to find out what had gone wrong?

Her Alpha snarled in her mind and alternately, whined pitifully. They wanted their Mate back!

“Cla…wha happened?” Lexa whined, immediately flushing in embarrassment at the sound of her own voice. She was suddenly struck by how she also didn’t care. She didn’t have to be strong around Clarke all the time, she knew that. She sighed, feeling better as she watched, bewildered as Clarke moved away from her to crawl onto the bed. Lexa watched, stupefied as the Omega suddenly dropped to her elbows, leaving her on her knees, her ass and pussy on full display…

Moisture suddenly fled Lexa's mouth entirely and she quickly gripped and squeezed the base of her shaft that would expand into a knot. Already the skin felt hot and swollen. The tension and need to finish inside her Omega and flashes of her shaft buried inside Clarke ran through her mind! Her eyes
drifted down to the dried blood spatters on the linen sheets, evidence of their Mating bites. Mate with Clarke. Her Omega, her Mate. Lexa growls low in her chest and she can see her Omega tremble slightly, the sweet aroma of Clarke's arousal and pheromones increase and suddenly Lexa cannot understand how she could stand to be anywhere but inside Clarke at this moment.

Her gaze drifted back to the perfect view that she had of Clarke on full display for her.

Lena moved behind her Mate, her skin tingled everywhere that she touched her Omega. Heat filled her vision as Clarke moved to expose herself more…

”Lexa, please. I need you to knot me again.” Clarke pleaded.

A low resonating growl of dominance rang through the room before Lexa could stop herself. Her Alpha was panting and craving her Omega again! And her Omega was being so good! Her Omega, her strong resilient Clarke was presenting for her! There were times like this one when the Alpha was certain that this had to be a dream.

Lexa knew, if Clarke didn’t want to be here, didn’t want her, she wouldn’t be. The knowledge that her Mate loves her and trusts her this way temporarily chokes her with emotion before her Alphas desires abruptly push those emotions down so that she could return to the business at hand…

Her pheromones cloaked them rapidly even as she restrained herself from simply slamming into her Mate again. Lexa smooths her palms down the sides of Clarke's hips, her fingers stroking the Omegas thighs, sliding to the soft skin of her inner thighs as the Alpha grinds slowly, Clarke shivers and moans, she exposes her neck and Lexas teeth are there, teasing and chewing the swollen gland. Several long minutes of soft bites, and the feel of Lexa's velvet tongue teasing the shell of her ear before the Alpha suddenly pulls back.

Teasingly she studies her Omegas opening, the pinkened swollen flesh was slick and Lexa was certain she could finish out her existence doing this with Clarke forever. Purring possessively as she slid two of her fingers into the Omega to test her readiness, although, considering the obscene way that Clarke whined and moved back onto Lexas fingers, the Alpha knew her resolve was as good as dead and buried.

Chirring low she calls to her Mate, she’s certain the building could crumble around them and she wouldn’t be able to move from this spot. When Clarkes Omega chirrs back in response, her Alpha pushes through the last of her restraints, she hisses as the Omegas hips move back to press into her shaft and Lexa can’t stop the snarl that breaks from her mouth as the Omegas slick lips rubs against her own sensitive flesh, Lexa grips Clarke's hips and she grips her cock, her heart pounds in her ears as she is careful to slide in gently, groaning as the satiny warm walls squeeze her cock the deeper she goes…

Groaning, Lexas hips spasm and colors blind her as she feels Clarke orgasm unexpectedly, the Omega is thrashing and shaking in her arms as she comes, Lexa grips Clarke's hip and alternating shoulder, her Alpha is torn, elated and proud over causing their Mate or come, but growing more determined to bite Clarke again and knot her. She is suddenly very aware that she wants to breed Clarke.

She wants to mate with her, Lexa growls as she pushes the idea away. It was possible, she knew… she had already knotted Clarke. And Mated her, those two things meant they would sync up in their Mating Cycles soon and they would experience a rise in their libidos due to the Bond.

She pauses, waiting for the Omega to come down from her climax.
Growling low she braces one hand on Clarke's shoulder, the other she lays across the small of her back, she stays still...she has no idea how? But she does...until finally her Omega starts the shift and squirm in her arms. “Lexa, Move. Please?” Clarke finally whispers, her face half buried in the blankets, her voice rapidly fills the room with shameless moaning as Lexa begins to thrust. She knows that Clarke must be sore, she’s sore herself and as much as she simply wants to rut into the Omega right now she can’t.

She must think of being gentle, and she manages it. She really does, she stays gentle and measured, even when sweat began to drip down her back, even when her fingers gripped Clarke's shoulder and hips, but when Clarkes Omega pheromones succeeded in fogging Lexas senses entirely...she thrust harder and faster, rougher and deeper, when Clarke keens loudly and moans, her Omega completely presented, her neck bared. Lexa snarled and lunges over Clarkes back, driving her flat onto the mattress even as her hips move faster, the sound of her skin slapping Clarke's hips fills the room, Lexas teeth find Clarke's neck, the Omega moans, and tangles her fingers in Lexa's curls as the Alpha loses herself to her rut.

Lexa's mouth quickly found Clarkes Mating gland and as she licked and sucked the area, she felt her knot growing. The throbbing point in the base of her cock begins to grow, she groans as her knot expands and she must get inside Clarke.

Chirring in response, her Alpha called to her Omega, she wraps her arms around Clarke, pulling her body flush, Lexa tilts her hips and presses forward, growling low she finds Clarkes Mating Gland and bites again, just as her hips snap forward, the heated grip of Clarkes Omega Seal accepting her drives Lexa mad as her knot is driven into the Omega.

Clarke mewls and moans as Lexa’s knot is locked into place and she feels the intense heat and swelling of Lexa's shaft inside her as the Alpha gets pulled into her rut, driving and pounding into the Omega as hard and deep as she could. Clarke claps blindly at the sheets as her orgasms slam across her, one after another. Lexas teeth, locked deep in her neck, the Alpha thrust faster, blind and desperate in her desire to Mate Clarke, she waits and waits, her thrusts growing more and more desperate until she counts three orgasms from Clarke before she allows herself to begin to come.

The intense, flashing lights nearly stun her senseless as they fly across her consciousness, something missing? Growling, Lexa pulls away and shakes off the impulse to go right back to Clarke's gland.

Snarling possessively, Lexa shifts her legs and adjusts her hips, before thrusting again and hitting a new angle that makes Clarke squeal before Lexa leans down, now her own gland is exposed to Clarke. The sudden desire to feel her Omega claim her isn’t something she’s inclined to ignore. Lexa feels Clarke bite her immediately, the feel of her Mate claiming her again, is enough for Lexa to grip Clarke's hips in a white-knuckled grip as she releases into Clarke.

Euphoric ecstasy blindsides Lexa as she can’t stop herself from rutting into her Mate, the sound of their hips slapping echoed in the chamber even as she releases, she reaches around to the front of Clarke's body to tease, and stroke the Omegas swollen, sensitive clit. The Omega howls and gushes hotly around the Alphas knot.

“Oh yes, fuck me Lex. Oh...oh, yes.” Clarke moans, Lexa responds, growling as Clarke moans in her ear and she can feel her pace quicken until she’s thrusting blindly into the Omega. Her arousal stoked by the Omegas words. Therefore, when Clarke's next words registered with the Alpha, Lexa is glad she had already been inside the Omega.

“Oh, I love when you fuck me. You feel so good inside me. Do you like the way you stretch me, Alpha? I’m your Omega, oh...yes baby...yes, I want you to bite me again. I want you to bite me and breed me Heda.” Clarke's voice cut off into a shriek when Lexa did just that. The Alphas teeth
clamped down, biting a fresh claiming mark as she rutted mindlessly into her Omega.

The Next Morning

“Where is everyone?” Murphy griped as he straightens the collar of his freshly cleaned shirt. He was finally passed his Heat, for now anyway.

Although his eyes slid over to Emori, he wouldn’t mind the onset of his symptoms when they began again in a few hours.

He hadn’t expected that they would be the first and apparently, only attendants to the secret meeting Clarke had decided they would be having a 7:30 am.

It was now after 9 am.

It wasn’t like anyone wanted to sleep in after going through a Mating Cycle but noooo…. here they were.

“I do not know John…is this the right place?” Emori asked even as she discreetly crossed her legs after she realized she was responding to Johns presence. His Heat was satiated, for now, only now his Omega was Calling to hers shamelessly to maintain interest for the rest of his Heat. She needed other people to show up or she would be trying to convince him to have a tryst in one of the many linen closets she had seen on their way to the designated meeting spot near the kitchens.

“Yes, we were late. They should be here by now. Somethings wrong.” John says gravely. “Fuck this. We need to leave. Right now.” The Omega turns quickly and grabs Emoris hand, the Alpha stands and begins to follow John quickly. “We have to find the others. We're going to go to a place in the market I know.”

“John, why do you think somethings wrong? They could just be late.” Emori reasoned as she limped after the wiry Omega boy.

“No, its always something but never that. We’re going to rendezvous and regroup.” John says. “We have to find Clarke.”

Just then a trumpet bellows through the morning, disrupting the usual bustle. John and Emori both freeze as they realize that the noise has some meaning as the other people in the tower all seemed to be taking pause over the trumpet blast.

What was happening?

TBC