The Chimera Project

by Rogue_Mando

Summary

When Death is denied that which she is due, she decides to step in. Two worlds collide when two universal forces come together and five of our favorite heroes meet five galactic scouts. Violence will ensue, Titans will fall, and a bit of romance will happen. Join the champions of Space and Time through their struggles and victories as a greater threat looms on the horizon.

Starts Season 6 Episode 1
Time Travel Fic w/OC’s

Notes

Hey guys! So this is my first fanfiction work, it will be set in the 100verse and incorporate ideas from Star Wars, Marvel comics, one or two of the Endless from DC, and trace amounts from Star Trek, Stargate, and Halo. Basically, you'll get some names from the franchise but no characters will make an appearance from the last three. There will be five characters that we are familiar with from the 100 TV show, that are stronger, faster and I like to think better than before. There will also be five OC's that I have created specifically for this, they are...
named after X-Men and Star Wars characters but they have not been used in a published work/fanfiction that I have seen to this date. If they have been I apologize and will give credit where it is due but until then I assume that I have created them. Other than those five characters, I own nothing. This story will contain spoilers up to season 6 episode 1 and up to the point a certain piece of tech is revealed in episode 3 or 4, the one made by Becca Pramheda. If you know, you know, if you don't, get to work on season 6! It's probably the best season after season 2. Thanks for checking this out, now onto the story.
"Clarke!" The young commanders voice rips through the air as the green light flashes through the clearing holding the small group.

"Madi!" Clarke tackles her daughter, holding her to her chest for what may be the last time. Looking up at Bellamy, Murphy and Octavia, she locks eyes with O only to see resignation in the fierce gona's eyes, and hears it in her voice when she whispers, "Oso gonplei ste odon…"

Clarke squeezes Madi to her as the temporal flare washes over them flinging them 132 years against the flow of time, but not everything survived the journey…

\[\text{Flashback}\]

\textit{Same day, aboard Eligius 4…}

"No Bellamy we can't take Madi with us!"

"And we can't take Blodreina either, Clarke! Madi is our best warrior, behind O, and our best diplomat and a nightblood if it's necessary to live on the planet's surface!"

"No Bell! She's my daughter!"

They continue to argue on and on until a certain feisty mechanic eventual decides to unthaw the pair of them and Murphy. The three of them arrive to Clarke holding Bellamy for all she's worth crying "I can't lose her too Bell… I can't lose her too."

Everyone's jaw besides Madi's hits the floor, she tackles Clarke away from Bellamy and holds her as tight as she can, "You won't lose me… mom. I may be the commander but you're still the one who raised me to kick ass," Clarke giggles through the tears slightly and kisses the top of her head whispering "I love you Madi."

"I love you too Clarke."

Clarke smiles at her daughter before freezing and looking over at Raven and the awake Octavia and Murphy.

"Raven," Clarke asks in a dangerous tone, "why are they awake?"

"You need a landing party princess and I got fed up with you and Bellamy forgetting about my geniusness over here and thawed out a Red Queen, a you part two mini commander and a certain cockroach that we can never seem to kill so why would this planet be able to? Also! Have you seen this aurora thingy? No? Well, that's where I'm going to get Shaw to drop you, have fun!"
"Murphy! Where the hell are you going?!” Octavia demands as John heads off into the forest toward the eerie green glow with everyone close behind.

"I'm going to get a look at whatever that is because there was nothing close to that back on Earth and you know it."

"That may be true but you're going to get us killed!"

"Fine! Then stay here! I'll go check it out, get a bonfire going or something." Murphy mutters before stalking off before anyone can really stop him.

"So we're just going to let him go?" Bellamy asks quietly.

"Not like we have a choice in the matter is it?" Clarke says back.

"C'mon, we left Shaw in the ship so we could get out of here as fast as possible if necessary and now we're letting Murphy go on a potentially hostile planet in the dead of night?" Bellamy fires back. But before anyone can answer Murphy shouts back "You guys aren't going to believe this!"

"What did you see?" Asks Madi in the hard tone of the commanders as Murphy comes barreling into camp.

Panting he looks up at Clarke and Bellamy, "We need to go, now!"

The Temporal Flare’s scream resounds through the clearing as the pulse of green rushes towards it.

"What the hell is that?!" Octavia screams in a panic.

"Clarke!"

Chapter End Notes

This chapter and the next will be rather short but will increase as time goes by.
Chapter Summary

First Introduction to our OCs.

Chapter Notes

I own nothing except my OC's.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Captain's Log: April 26th, 2147. Orbit, planet Mandalore.

Launch was a success, cryo-stasis was a success as well, team Mando One is in position above the newly christened Mandalore. US SOCOM has the Stormtroopers and SPARTAN units ready to deploy, should it become necessary, a short 1,000 miles outside of the pla… Mission log this is Colonel Logan C. Rucker, Vizsla of the Mandalore division of the Chimera Project, reporting that not only is this assumed planet in a binary star system but that said astral body is in fact a moon. We shall designate this moon Mandalore Beta, the planet shall be Mandalore Alpha for simplicity's sake. The suns are Rao Prime and Rao Lesser after the famous sun of Krypton from DC comics, fitting for the Chimera Project.

Resuming galactic forces layout, Stormtroopers and SPARTAN units are based 1000 miles outside of the moon's orbit, can arrive and deploy in 10 minutes if needed. Last resort shall be to utilize the Base Delta Zero tactic should the moon prove beyond hostile to life. Jaffa troops and the Spectres are being sent to a planet that has been proven hospitable to human life, by our unit, and are thus indisposed. This is the last of my mission logs from space, now it's time to go wake up Deshra, Detta, Fett and Kyramud and voyage to the ground. Maybe we can find humanity a new home, first section to map has a strange blue aurora like field within the planet's boundaries. We shall be taking our small scout star speeder with five cryostasis pods within it.

If all goes well, we shall settle here and call this planet home, if not we will return to Earth and this planet shall be drained of resources. If we do not leave this planet's Surface alive then the planet will be reduced to ash via orbital bombardment, aka Base Delta Zero. One planet killer missile is currently on board the star speeder given to the MANDOs.

Over and out, Ret'urcye mhi.

Chapter End Notes

Ret'urcye mhi - Literally: Maybe we'll meet again, or, as I prefer to interpret it, May we
meet again.

Next chapter we come back to the characters we all know and love and it will also be significantly longer than this one and the last.
Chapter Notes

I own nothing except my OC's.

The Flare rushes over the five dazed and confused Earth/Ark spawn in the clearing but their deaths did not come. Their bodies were destroyed but the 'anomaly' preserved their minds. The five are aware of their presence, aware of their surroundings, aware of each other but they cannot speak, cannot move, only think.

A deep voice rumbles through the darkness, a voice that sounds like crashing waves and gentle breezes, a voice so ancient yet so young. The voice of a paradox, but then what else would time flowing in reverse be? A pulse of green light fills the infinity surrounding them.

"I am Time." The voice rumbles through the chasm of emptiness, "And you, you are now my Five chosen in this universal plain."

"You have a choice," a distinctly female but infinitely greater than any of them had ever imagined reverberates as blue mixes into the green light, "To meet my five champions and heal this realm or to be taken back to when you were in stasis. To you, none of this would have happened. What say you Champions of Time? Will you join the Champions of Space to repair the Earth?"

"Why?" A frightened Murphy calls out through the abyss, "Why us?"

"My child," Time thunders in a gentle tone, "You cannot fight us, but you can fight for us, repair your world and peace shall reign, harmony shall be restored but one day, one day you shall return here and destroy those that have used technology to go against Death herself. This is why we have chosen you. For Death, she is an old friend of yours is she not Wanheda? Blodreina? Heda? Misters Murphy and Blake? You now have a chance to restore the balance. Death claims all but she is the balance."

"Yes I am," a shockingly teenage voice states from behind the five as white fills the area until a man in a green tunic and a woman in a blue dress are visible along with the five's bodies, "And the ten champions of Space and Time are my knights as well. Take these rings champions of time, they shall be proof to you that this is not your imagination. I shall also be returning another one of your numbers to you, although she's already here in silent spirit. Isn't that right commander?"

"Lexa," Clarke gasps out in shock, "you'll give Lexa her memories back?"

"Yes Miss Griffin, you shall have your greatest love returned to you. You shall also have her charisma, the support of the people and shall be armed with prior knowledge of her people."

"At what cost?" Madi asks in a small voice.

"The resurrection of the Mountain, the knowledge all will be for naught if you cannot stop Praimfaya, the fact you shall all be marked as nightbloods," answers the incarnation of space, "And the fact you will have to work with five others who are just as acquainted with death as you are Wanheda."

"Men and women trained to be the best killers as possible by the United States on an Earth where Becca Franco was never born, therefore ALIE was never able to launch the missiles. They shall have all their equipment and be de-aged to 21," rumbled Time.

"Granted powers just from the passage from their dimension," whispered Death.

"Woah, woah, woah! Powers? THEIR Dimension? I thought that was just science fiction crap," Murphy says incredulously, "and why do we not get powers?"
"For your bodies shall not be affected, considering you no longer have bodies to enhance, and we are not allowed to interact with mortals off of the planet you were just on. This dimension we are currently speaking in is the only exception as this is the realm my husband and I control." Space replied in a gentle tone but the steel could be felt even so.

"However you shall be enhanced. You have future knowledge, you know this planet exists, and mostly what will happen but things must change. To cope with this you will be given an eidetic memory, your brain power shall be five times stronger and you will be at peak physical condition."

Time explained, "but we can help you no more than that."

"Now, my knights, do you accept this offer?"

"One question?" The silence was deafening as Bellamy asked this, "You said there are people using technology to cheat you?" Bellamy asked a bit incredulously, "How is that even possible?"

Death responded in a dangerously quiet voice, "You know of Becca Franco, the Pramheda, you know of A.L.I.E. and the second that was up until recently inserted into Madi's cerebrospinal column?" A chorus of small yesses fills the area, "what you are unaware of are her passive mind drives. Chips that constantly record the daily experiences of the 13 men and women of the Eligius 3 mission to this planet, in fact, if you had gone the other way you would have run into the 12 and their descendants. However, a doctor that was sent on this mission managed to reverse engineer the technology to enable them to upload their mindscape into a new body. But there's a catch, like ALIE 2 the host must be a nightblood."

Clarke stiffens and pales rapidly. She turns to look at Madi, "they would take me as a host wouldn't they?" she asks in a small voice.

"Yes." The three cosmic entities whisper in unison.

For Clarke this was a no brainer, she could help her people even more, help them be more. She could see Lexa, her Lexa, again, Madi could have her family back but she would always be her daughter, and most importantly she could keep her mind to herself.

"What do I have to do?"

"I thought you would never ask," Death smirks at Clarke.

"Count me in," Madi says.

The Blake siblings look at each other and smile "Us too" they say in unison. Silence fills the air as everyone turns to the only one who has not answered yet.

"Murphy?" Time asks with steel in his voice.

"Immortality…" He says quietly, "It's possible?"

Death stares at Murphy and says, "yes, but you shall never attain it. You shall not even have the abilities granted to these four, those shall be given to Lexa, and a full recount of this conversation. You though? You shall die. And your death shall come soon, now begone from me." Murphy disappears in a scream and a flash of white, "You shall find him when you wake up back in the ark."

"The ark?" Bellamy asks stunned, "We're going back that far?"

"Yes," Time answers looking up at Clarke sadly, "We're sorry Clarke but we cannot save your Father, his death is a shatterpoint."

"Shatterpoint?" Asked a baffled Octavia.

"Yes, a term we stole from your old Earth that's used to describe a point in a timeline where things could go radically different if changed, even we are unsure exactly what would happen other than all life on Earth would be exterminated with the possible exception of Madi." Space explains sadly, "However in light of this, we've been granted a boon in order to affect your bodies physically and therefore it's permanent."

"Clarke and Madi," Time rumbles, causing other and daughter to look up from each other and at the cosmic embodiment in slight confusion.

"You both are already nightbloods which allows us to do this," with a snap of his fingers time transforms Clarke and Madi's bodies into something more and sends the Blake siblings back in a flash of green. "You are both now the embodiment of grace and speed, you shall be faster, stronger
and more resilient than any other human, your senses will be sharper, your brains will now be stronger. You are now ascendants. Use these abilities well."
"You did good kiddo."
Clarke turns around and nearly falls to her knees in shock and joy, standing before her is none other than, "Dad?"
"It's me, I'm so proud of you baby. Never doubt that. But who is this beautiful young lady with you?" Jake Griffin says with a broad smile.
Clarke's tears run into her smile as she holds onto her dad for dear life, "This is Madi, your granddaughter."
"Hi," Madi says uncharacteristically shy now, "Clarke told me so much about you."
"Well then come hug your grandpa, and welcome to the family, Madi Griffin," Jake says opening his arm that's not full of Clarke. Madi practically runs and hugs the man that was always her favorite in Clarke's stories and the man she always wanted to meet.
"Dad, how is this possible?" Clarke asks finally calming down a bit.
"Clarke, my beautiful, little girl, Death gave me this one chance to talk to you. She said she was going to be stealing you away from the afterlife for a good long time and that I wouldn't see you until then but you were supposed to be with me forever today." Jake kisses the top of her head as he lets that sink in.
"I, no we, were supposed to die in that flare weren't we?"
"Yes. Now listen to me, Clarke, live life to the fullest, go get your love and make sure little Madi grows up with two parents, can you do that for me?" Clarke can only nod into her dad's shoulder now, "And Madi, take care of your mother when you reconnect with her because I know heaven and earth would not stand in your way of getting to her again. Now both of you go, be happy in life and May We Meet Again."
"May we meet again" The two girls chorus through the emotions, and with those words, a green light surrounds the three of them and two of them awaken while one rests at complete peace.
April 26th, 2147. Astral Anomaly Site, Mandalore Beta. MANDO Star Speeder.

Vizsla POV

"Artemis did we get a reading on what the hell that blue anomaly ever was?"
"No Logan I didn't or I would have told you already!"
"Actually I would have told you considering I'm our engineer, and holy shit these readings are incredible!" exclaims chief technician James Taylor, "Now if my idiot brother would quit cuddling with his bombs we may be able to do something about it."
"Are you saying we can go blow something up?!" Scott always gets a bit louder verging on yelling when he talks about blowing things up, the man always gets very excited about his explosions… maybe we need to get him back to the base therapist when we get back.
"Scott Alexander Taylor!" Scott flinches as he feels Silvie cuff him across the back of the head and I myself am jerked out of my train of thought, "No explosions unless ordered, remember?"
"Yes dear…" I grimace when the man says that I just know he's going to get it.
"Good, now Artemis get off the computer and let this idiot's twin do his thing instead of scanning the vegetation, and idiot!"
"Yes?" Scott answers automatically, he really needs to stop answering to that... Then again this is the man who wanted the code name Fett after all.
"Didn't I tell you back on planet Beta to quit calling me 'dear?" Silvie asks with a dangerous tone to her voice and I can't help but smile at the look on Scott's face. Scott gulps on reflex and looks out the window of the speeder his eyes widening to the size of dinner plates, "Vizsla we have a situation!"

I jump to my feet knowing that whatever it is it can't be good for the resident goofball of fifteen years to get that serious. I've known Scott since we've joined the MANDO program, well more like got selected. We were the smartest of the SPARTANS so of course, we've known each other for a while, for every stormtrooper legion of five thousand there are two SPARTANS and there are only two hundred and fifty legions. We were basically one man tanks, given the heaviest, most durable armor, a minigun that shot plasma instead of bullets, a whole array of grenades and our wits.

But the whole stand still and fire thing never appealed to me, so I trained as hard as I could with my partner Scott until we could outrun stormtroopers while armored and pick off targets at five hundred yards with a plasma-based rifle. This eventually got us noticed by the upper echelons of the Olympus Initiative, the United States version of the star wars armies. They were so heavily inspired by science fiction that they went through a multitude of shows and series to decide what to use! This lead to the Chimera Project: lion, ram, snake and eagle. The stormtrooper corps is the snake, with the SPARTAN program being the venom. The Spectre infantry is the ram head and made up of five million men strong. The Jaffa are the lion, the defenders and the feet. The Jaffa were based on the Stargate TV show and are usually used as bodyguards for admirals, generals, starships under construction or anything vital to the United States and eventually the Chimera Project was born from
The five of us, Me, Scott, James, Artemis and Silvie were all part of another one of these groups at a different point before being reassigned to the project. Obviously, we all accepted but what they did not tell us was that they would be injecting nanobots into our system. Apparently some government today figured that MANDO was a great acronym for "More AND Over" Nanobots and I agree they are more and over in execution and in use but being grafted to pretty much every cell in your body? That hurt. Badly. However, now we all heal like Wolverine did in that old comic book series. Our Armor is also far and beyond anything else Earth has ever seen, with all the capabilities a Mandalorian bounty hunter would have in the Star Wars movies. Dark grey steel with blue highlights and a dark blue bodysuit, a whole variety of weapons in the gauntlets alone, a jetpack and a full AI in the helmet, ECHO.

The best part is though that the helmet sensors respond to mental commands, thanks to the fact that all five of us had chips inserted directly into our brains to enhance our bodies and minds to unbelievable levels. The two chips, Heracles and Odysseus, were meant as a strength and brain enhancement but with the MANDO bots, the outputs of the chips were increased a hundredfold. Now we're twenty to thirty times faster than the average man, can jump 20 feet high with ease, and our senses are razor keened to where we could see an ant on a billboard from a mile away and hear a man's heartbeat from five hundred yards, thanks, Heracles! Did I mention the artificial eidetic memory? Thanks, Odysseus! Even if we couldn't hear, smell or see a target though, the UV/Infrared scanners in the helmets, along with the target painting system with a shot vector computer to complement the flight computer ECHO runs, would be more than enough.

Why do I mention that though? Because the sensors in our helmets are practically rudimentary in comparison to the ones in the computer array on the ship and we have absolutely nothing on whatever that blue aurora thing is that Scott just wonderfully pointed out was…

"It's right outside the speeder!"

Great. Sometimes I really hate being lead.

POV Switch, Third Person.

With only short notice of the unknown astral anomaly rapidly approaching their speeder, the MANDOs have no time to react to the blue flare washing over them. However, they are hyper-aware of the voice of the ancient whispering in their minds like a cannon blast, each word pulsing the gentle blue of the flare.

"I am Space. Go my chosen, your reality is safe and shall prosper but you shall be instrumental in the rebuilding of another reality's Earth. There you will find five of my husband's champions waiting for you back on Earth. When you awake you will find you have enough time to chart a course back to Earth, go now Champions of Space and save the Earth from itself. The champions you search for shall be in Washington DC, find Clarke and Madi Griffin, Bellamy and Octavia Blake, and John Murphy. John Murphy is an anomaly, he did not receive our gifts for he thirsted for that he should not drink, as such his life is forfeit. The fifth champion you seek shall be revealed later, she is known as The Commander, you shall know her identity quickly.

In this reality, Earth has been devastated by nuclear war, a rogue AI known as ALIE was developed in the year 2051. In the year 2054 Earth was so far beyond ravaged that life only existed in pockets in the United States, Canada, Eastern Europe, and South Asia. The only remnant of the United States is located in the Mount Weather bunker, they are hypersensitive to the radiation that permeates the planet. In light of this, you shall become what are known as Nightbloods, you will be able to
metabolize radiation at an absolutely astounding rate for humankind.

You must destroy this mountain as fast as possible. With the powers that you shall receive from traveling through dimensional radiation, this task shall be relatively simple for you. Slightly more pressing is the fact that you shall have 200 days approximately before the radiation-soaked world's nuclear reactors release a death wave killing every single life on the planet due to sheer amounts of radiation."

Another voice calls out of the void, one that pulses with thicker darkness with each word, a voice that sounds shockingly like a teenage girl.

"I am Death, you are not only champions of Space but you are my knights. You shall bring forth the balance to your new reality. You are Mandalorians for you have nothing to lose, and now the MANDO project is unnecessary to the people of this Earth. This planet is sacred to the celestials throughout the multiverse, and there are people in your new reality who defile it with their presence. Go my knights, your world shall be safe. Take these rings they shall mark you as an instrument of Death and shall be the proof that what you have witnessed here tonight is not a simple hallucination."

The voice of the paradox rings through the void, unavoidable and unforgettable. Each word throbbing with a sickly green light.

"I am Time. Go forth champions of Space. When you arrive on my chosen planet, you shall fall into my presence. Time shall fall away from you, enjoy it as a gift. Remember this, I am eternal but my domain is imminent. Do not squander the time the maker allows you, your time has already been extended as you would have died on this planet this day, but now? Now the maker has given you a chance to restore the Earth and the balance."

Blue, Green and Darkness pulse in harmony as with one voice, the entities speak one word: "Go." and the Mandalorians were thrown into darkness.

Chapter End Notes

Armor is based on Death Watch Armor from Star Wars The Clone Wars tv show. And for those who have not figured it out yet, Death is the Death of the endless from DC comics. Ret'urcye mhi!

**Clarke POV**

I wake up feeling like I'm falling, rolling off my cot I empty my stomach into the cold steel of the cell's toilet. Wait… Cell? I freeze and look down at my hands only to see a ring of black iron with a green stone set into the top sitting on my right ring finger, an ankh carved into the diamond hard emerald. It was real…

"Prisoner 319 is everything alright in there?" A harsh voice asks outside the cell.

"Yes, yes everything is fine." I get no response except a grunt and the guard walking away before coming back being joined by another set of boots.

"Prisoner 319, face the wall."

'Shit. It's happening, it's really happening. Again.'

The door hisses open and the guards come in, I face the wall without much fight this time knowing things will be okay. The guards' hands clasp around my wrist, I let them take away Dad's watch. He's at peace and that watch always will remind me of Finn now.

'Finn… he's alive. Shit. Wait, why didn’t they take my ring?'

"Clarke!" When did they drag me out of the cell?

"Mom! What's going on? They're going to kill us, aren't they? But we're supposed to get reviewed!"

"Shhh Clarke, you're not being executed, you're being sent to the ground!" I feel the needle slide into my neck and I slowly lose my grip on reality "The ground, Clarke." Mom whispers to me as I lose consciousness.

Same day, Earth's Upper Atmosphere, The Dropship.
'So much for being an ascendant' I think as I wake up next in the dropship.

"Welcome back." I freeze at the voice of another ghost from the past.

"Wells? What the hell are you doing on here?"

"When I found out they were sending prisoners to the ground, I got myself arrested. I came for you." I can't help but smile at this. Wells, good, strong dependable Wells Jaha. My rock for seventeen years and someone that I can't believe I ever thought would betray me. I cover his hand with mine and let my face slacken, looking into his eyes I still see the naivety that came from the sheltered life he lead. Eyes that beg forgiveness from something he didn't do.

"Wells... I know it wasn't you." I practically whisper this but his eyes go wide in shock and his dark face goes ashen.

"How… Clarke, what…"

"You would never betray me like that. But I know my mother would try to save the most people possible, a panic never would do that." I squeeze his hand reassuring him and see something out of the corner of my eye.

Finn.

'Dear Christ. Finn. He's right here in front of me.'

"Hey Jaha, looks like your father floated me after all."

"Shut up Spacewalker," I snap at him with no real heat "and strap back in if you want to live."

"I know you, you're the traitor that they locked in solitary aren't you, princess?"

"And aren't you Reyes' boyfriend?" His eyes widened as if I'd slapped him instead of saying something simple like that. I can only imagine what life will be like if Raven is on my side from the beginning instead of fighting her everyday because I slept with him. Then fight her for killing Finn, yeah those eighteen are most definitely going to stay alive this time.

"How do you know Raven?" He asks in a fake casualness.

"Strap in and I'll tell you." A laugh echoes through the dropship. I look up and see Bellamy and Octavia grinning like idiots while Murphy stares at the floor in almost abject horror.

"Did your plans to get laid by the princess just get ruined, Spacewalker?" Bellamy says in mock concern.

"No Bell, it's so much worse than that," Octavia says between the laughs "He never had a chance with her anyway and still tries." I grin at them and look back at the Spacewalker.

"Well, now that your plans are completely and utterly shot, still wanna know how I know
Raven?" He opens his mouth to reply but clamps up as soon as we hit the atmosphere. With a mighty jerk, the parachutes deploy. Seconds later the rockets engage and we slam into the Earth.

"Is everyone okay?" I yell out, and other than a few groans and the clicks of the belts being unfastened no one replies. I undo my own and step out of the seat and walk to the ladder, "C'mon slowpokes, the doors downstairs." I start climbing down the ladder with the hundred hot on my tails. I reach the exit door with Wells, Bellamy, and O seconds later.

"I don't think we should open it, the air could be toxic." A small voice says from the corner, Charlotte. Oh God, another to save… wait a second, the two who died on impact last time didn't. That's two lives already saved.

"Big brother, want to explain?" O asks to a chorus of 'no one has a brother' to 'my God, that's the girl under the floor!"

"Quiet!" Bellamy yells, "If the air toxic, we're dead anyway."

"He's right, but I don't understand why there's a guard down here" I turn my eyes to him with the question in them.

"I'm no guard, with what I did I'll be surprised if they don't execute me when they come down," he says lightly.

"What the hell did you do?" A random convict asks.

"I shot the chancellor, he was dead before he hit the floor in the ark." He says solemnly.

Well, the balance is restoring itself... There's number one.

Wells leans against me as the importance of this hits him, "my father's dead?" He whispers in a broken tone.

"Your dad was a dick, Wells!"

"He was awful!"

"Sentenced my mom to float!"

"Was an ass!"

"Alright shut up!" Bellamy yelled, "Yes I killed the arrogant ass, but no I didn't enjoy it. I have to protect my sister, no matter the cost. And Wells, for what it's worth, I'm sorry. The rest of you!" Everyone falls absolutely silent, "Don't you dare judge the child based on the parent, none of our parents are down here, none of our parents are us! Thanks to the council, half of our parents are dead. Here's what I say! We make a new council, a new society! One for us! Who needs the men and women who say we're expendable trash?! Let them come! But they're on their own, just like we are!"

Cheers erupt from the delinquents but Wells looks like he wanted to kill Bellamy on the spot, but in his eyes, his eyes say he understands. Family comes first. I hug him tight and pray he understands.
that I’m his family and will be as long as I live.

“Well then,” Wells says in a thick voice, “open the door.”

Cheers erupt again but this time I pull the lever this time. Octavia steps out first, again, standing on the ground she roars the famous battle cry “WE’RE BACK, BITCHES!!”

I can’t help it, I start cackling and hold myself using Wells. We’re back, bitches, and in more than one way for the four that reached Sanctum. Speaking of which...

I look over and see Murphy trying to sneak out to the woods only to be snatched off the ground into the trees. My eyes widen and my jaw hits the floor. I look over at Bellamy to see the alarm mixed with confusion in his eyes. So soon? Why did trikru take him this early? We didn’t even kick him out of the camp, yet...

The ring on my finger vibrates and I stiffen before I hear a voice in my head that I’ve never heard before.

“Clarke Griffin, Bellamy, and Octavia Blake do not panic. John Murphy was marked by Death herself to be claimed immediately upon your return to the ground. I am Colonel Logan C. Rucker, Vizsla of the MANDOs. Commander of the Champions of Space.”

My jaw hits the ground as the voice, Logan, finishes. Time and Space didn’t say that the others were going to be Assassins! Makes sense considering that we work for Death now but still would have been nice to know! But the balance is restored now, two were always destined to die when the dropship came down.

“Meet us in the clearing a hundred meters due north of your locational sundown and I will explain. My team is eliminating any natural viewpoints and listening post in the vicinity of our meeting area along with your campsite that could cause issues for you in the near future. We are unfamiliar with the people of this place, therefore we leave ambassadorial duty to you. Vizsla over and out.”

I tap my ring twice and think of Bellamy, not knowing exactly why. “Bell?”

“Clarke? How are you doing this?”

“That would be because you all have the information to use your rings subconsciously downloaded to your brains, you’re welcome,” came the distinctive voice of Death.

“Thank you lady Death,” Bellamy and I answer simultaneously.
“Oh forget the lady part, totally not cool guys. I’m your friend and your patron, you guys can be chill with me.”

“Of course Death,” I say a bit awkwardly.

“Call me D Clarke, saying my name all the time has to be a bit unsettling, same goes for you Bell!”

“Thank you, D,” Bell says with a bit of a smile, “for the second chance.”

“And thank you for the asshole Jaha! I’m happy to be rid of his arrogant ass permanently, right now he belongs to Hades, but a few millennia with him will have him begging for oblivion, oh wait... No Hades got annoyed with his attitude too, looks like he gets Tartarus for the time being instead!”

“You’re welcome,” Bellamy says in a small voice face stark white.

“It’ll also make the ALIE problem easier since we have an idea as to where the Franco mansion is, that way we can go ahead and have the MANDOs take down ALIE.”

“They can do that?”

“Of course they can do that! Oh and if you’re wondering why no one can see your rings? Unless you’re a champion, you either have to tell them everything or about the ring itself, and don’t think about even taking it off because you really can’t. Well, I’ll be going now, next time you see me won’t be for a long time. Like I’ll have come to claim you, kind of long time. Enjoy life guys, restore the balance!”

My mind works overtime trying to process all of this. ‘Murphy’s dead or being questioned by assassins, we’re meeting said assassins by sundown, we just talked to Death personified and she sounds like she’s sixteen, also we can talk to other champions using the rings, can this day get...’ my mind freezes. ‘Talk to each other by the rings... Murphy wasn’t a champion... there have to be five...’ I tap my ring twice thinking of...

‘Lexa?’

‘Ai Hodnes?’

Chapter End Notes

Hey guys, so I noticed a comment that mentioned all the fandoms, please remember I’m new to this site and am still working out how it works. Right now the main fandoms I am working with are The 100, Star Wars, DC Comics, and Marvel Comics will play a big part in upcoming chapters. The ones that only rate a mention will be further explained in the MANDO POV chapters mainly. Like if you go back to chapters 2 and 4 you’ll notice I mentioned Stormtroopers, SPARTANs, Jaffa, and Spectre from Star Wars, the Halo Franchise, Stargate, and Mass Effect series respectively. These are the only things from those particular Fandoms that will be used in this story. Flashback
chapters are planned to show what life was like in these units and to expand on the Chimera Project and Olympus Initiative. For this story, they are military units assigned to space. If you're from the US think of them as the Navy, Marine Corps, Coast Guard, and Army respectively. Huge thanks to you guys! Ret'urcye mhi!
A Whole New World, Kinda.

Chapter Notes

I own nothing except for the OC’s I created.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

September 13, 2147. Temporal Forest, Sanctum.

Vizsla POV

"Anyone wanna explain what the hell that was!" Silvie yelled out, "And why the hell is coming back? And why is it green?!"

“Maybe it had something to do with the fact we just got kicked out of our universe and ordered by three, I say it again, THREE, cosmic entities to go back and fix Earth,” James said with a bit of hysteria in his voice. He cups his face in his hands and stiffens oddly dropping his hands down, “guys...” he whispers looking down at his right hand, “please tell me you have the ring too?”

No one can answer as the green flare washes over our ship just like the blue one did.

The light disappears leaving us in a ship that looks brand new and ourselves changed.

“Holy shit!” Artemis exclaims, “Logan! You’re like 21 again!” Obviously in a hysterical excitement, “And why do I sound like I’m in high school aga... Oh. My. God... we’re all young again aren’t we?” She says in a small voice, looking around the bridge. So apparently I'm 21, Artemis is 19, Silvie is 16 and the twins, gods above, of course they're 15...

“Apparently this is what Time meant by his gift.” Scott says somberly, "I really don't want to go back through puberty, even if it is only the last year or two..."

“So it's all real?” James asks in return still staring at his hands in shock, “we have the rings too...” he mumbles, but we all hear it anyway. Damn chips enhancing us... But I still can't help but look down at the beautiful black iron band with a sapphire lodged in the top with a stylized Ankh shaped into the middle of the stone settled on my right ring finger.

“Yes idiots one and two, it’s real. We’re champions of Space, whatever the hell that means.” Silvie says dryly.
‘It means exactly that.’ The teenage girl’s voice from early comes from... somewhere, actually where the hell is it coming from?

‘Your head. Katherine’s, Doreen’s, Scott’s, and James’ heads actually! Sorry, Silvie and Artemis, I forget you hate your first names. But anyways! Thanks to the rings, your helmet’s communication systems are rendered completely obsolete!’

‘Lady get out of my head!’ Scott’s voice echoes in my head, that’s going to take some getting used to.

‘Fett!’ I bark at him with his code name hoping it’ll help him see sense, ‘that “Lady” you just yelled at us Death herself. You don’t yell at her, understand?’

‘Yes sir Vizsla!’

‘And Kyramud, Detta, Deshra, do you understand?’ I get affirmatives from Silvie, Artemis, and James respectively, ‘Excellent, now what can we do for you Lady Death?’

‘You can start by plotting a course for Earth immediately, Champions of Space, soon you will be needed there. These are your coordinates for landing, good luck! Oh! One last thing,’ the image of a brunette with blue eyes flashes through the mental link, ‘this is John Murphy.’

‘The black sheep that didn’t get to be a part of this for some reason that you still won’t tell us?’ Artemis asks bluntly.

‘One and the same. He’s to be executed immediately once you reach Earth. Plans are in motion to execute a man by the name Jaha. His son is to be untouched,’ Lady Death says with absolute steel in her voice, ‘but other than that go restore the balance, being peace, kill a lot of people who need killing, save the ones that don’t and remember! Most importantly, and I’m talking to you Vizsla, call me D! Lady Death is such a bore, ta!’

I don’t know how but I actually feel Lady Dea... D’s... presence leave. And from the look on everyone else’s faces, they did too.

“Well what are you waiting for? Get to cryo, I’ll set the course.” I bark out in Mando’a. “Set my pod and I’ll be down momentarily. Echo!” I swap to English as the team races to their pods strapping on Armor and weapons before the journey, “Set course to Earth, fastest available speed!”

“Right away Vizsla. Warning: readings are showing this vessel can run at 200% capacity. The speeder will reach Earth in approximately 2 years. Warning: analyzing body structures of MANDO squad via nanobots, readings indicate new bone structures in Vizsla’s forearms. Scanners indicate the structures are razor bladed and harder than steel, possibly self-repairing with combination from MANDO nanobots. These new structures may be able to cut through steel.”
Shock. That’s all I can feel. I have claws now? How the hell did that happen? Wait a second... cosmic radiation? No way we pulled a fantastic four to turn into the Xmen. But the readings are conclusive, I have new bone structures. I will them out only to grunt in pain at the feeling of ten-inch blades of bone sprouting from my knuckles. I look down at them in complete and utter shock, I’m Wolverine...

I shake my head and walk to my pod, “Echo, set course for coordinates” I repeat back the ones that D gave me.

“These coordinates are for a location South and West of Washington DC, data banks say this is a residential area? Shall I proceed?”

“Yes Echo, do it.”

“Right away, sir.”

I strap my own armor on before looking down at my helmet’s T-visor, whispering the MANDO mantra: Ib'tuur jatne tuur ash'ad kyr'amur. I lay down in my pod and close my eyes.

Seconds later I wake up to Deshra, or maybe it’s Fett, hovering over me. Damn twins.

“Vizsla, we’re currently in Earth’s orbit making our approach to the coordinates.” He says gravely, okay so it’s James, Scott would be twitching like crazy right about now. “What’s the situation?”

“Earth is here sir but the scanners are only showing pockets of human life. Maybe a million humans are left world wide? And half of that is scattered throughout the Eastern US to the Mississippi and up into Canada. Eastern France and Northern Russia are the other more densely populated areas and Asia has groups of no more than 1000 people scattered throughout a hundred miles starting from what appears to be just outside of what a nuclear strike zone radius,” he sighs and pinches the bridge of his nose, “Sir, this Earth was torn to shreds. I’m not sure rebuilding is a possibility in our lifetimes, and more alarming is the fact that there are nuclear plants that we have to shut down one by one or else they’ll irradiate the world again.”

“Can it be done remotely?”

“I’ve had Echo start on it, but sir it’s the strangest thing. She almost performs better when I’m in contact with her, pretty crazy right? At this rate, she’s going every single active nuclear power in the world shut down in a month.” My eyes widen and I raise my fist willing my claws to extend.

“Not as crazy as this,” his eyes bug out of his head and steps back a pace, “I have a theory Deshra, do you remember any old comic books?” Thankfully the man now teen nods his head, “what do you remember of the fantastic four?” His eyes narrow and he frowns in concentration but when it hits him he falls to his knees in shock, his armor clanging on the floor.

“Sir, cosmic radiation?” I can only nod my head, and he gets back to his feet slowly but the wheels are turning, “so your theory is that cosmic radiation turned us into a knock-off X-men team?”

“Well, it’s fitting because I literally have all of Wolverine’s powers now.”
"And you think I'm a technopath now."

"A what?"

"Technopath, I can interface with machines mentally."

"Oh. That would make sense."

"Yes sir, it would."

"Wonder what the others got…” A scream sounds from the bridge.

"We won't have to wait long to find out, c'mon Deshra let's go see what happened." I slide my helmet into position and the sensors and HUD immediately pop into focus, giving me a complete field of vision and proximity warning in the back.

"Right away sir!" But mumbles under his breath "Oh what did my idiot brother do now?"

I crack a smile as we head up to the bridge not that Deshra can see it.

Arriving we find two of Scott, but one is glowing blue and we hear Silvie but she's nowhere in sight.

"MANDOS, ATTENTION!" I thunder through my helmet, and immediately the Scotts snap to attention and left Scott's glow fades, "Kyramud, focus on being seen again. Do not panic over these new abilities, if you do they will control you not you controlling them."

Slowly Silvie fades back into view, Detta becomes Artemis again with her helmet in place, and Scott's glow fades from view.

"Silvie your powers?"

"Invisibility and intangibility, sir!"

"Artemis, you're a shapeshifter?"

"Yessir!"

"Excellent, you'll be replacing Murphy on the ground and be our scout in the camp." Artemis shifts a bit, but it's more than enough for me to know she's uncomfortable, "Something you want to say Detta?"

"Yes, sir it's a bit, ahem, odd… to have the opposite parts, if you know what I mean…"

"You're a shapeshifter, keep the right bits until necessary to have the other."

"Yes sir," she straightens but her shoulders relax.
"And Scott, what the hell can you do?"

"Sir, I can blow shit up!" He says a tad to excitedly, "Like I can shoot energy pulses from my hands that explode on impact!"

"So, let me get this straight, of all the people on board this ship… you, the pyromaniacal, explosion-happy idiot… got the most devastating weapon on board?"

"That's right sir! There's apparently no upper limit to what I can output either!"

"You're a walking nuke?"

"Yes!"

"You're not Scott, Fett or any other name I can give you. You're Havoc. Pure and utter Havoc."

"Thank you, sir!" I go to pinch the bridge of my nose and my fingers run into my helmet. Speaking of which…

"Havoc?"

"Sir?"

"Where's your helmet?"

"In the cryo-bay sir."

"Go get it."

"Yessir." He walks off and Silvie looks at me, horror laced into every syllable she speaks, "We're dead. We're all dead."

"No, we're his family, we're safe. But his enemies? They shall know fear and his avatar shall be Scott Taylor."

"Sir," Echo States into the quiet that has descended onto us. "A vessel located 100 miles from us has launched a pod, what are your instructions?"

"Land either at the coordinates or 300 meters north of that ship, go in under cloak. There are locals and they may be hostile."

"Yessir, preparing for landing." She states, zooming toward the surface of the planet.

*September 13, 2149. Trikru Territory, Three Hundred Meters North of Ark Dropship.*

*Viszla POV*
Our speeder lands in time for us to feel the crash of the Ark's dropship, we don't have much time.

"Go, go go!" I yell at the squad, "Echo open dropship doors and return to orbit until called, stay cloaked!"

"Yessir, right away sir. Happy hunting."

I grin and tear out the doors at top speed, my team not far behind. We jump over logs, dodge around trees and sprint over the ground as fast as possible for the 300 yards.

I tap my ring twice thinking of Detta and Kyramud, 'go to the tree line, Silvie go invisible and strike him down. Detta you're to take his clothes if necessary, if not, take his place when you feel a pulse on your ring. I'm going to contact the other champions in this clearing. Do NOT return to the clearing until I've spoken to the Champions. Tap your ring once to signal affirmative, twice while thinking of me to respond.'

Repeating this process I think of Havoc and Deshra, 'The two of you, there's a clearing a hundred meters back. Sweep for any signs of local life and listening posts. Listening posts are to be eliminated for three hundred yards in all directions of that clearing and this camp. Any place they can watch or listen to the everyday proceedings of this camp, I want them destroyed. Tap your ring once to signal affirmative, twice while thinking of me to respond.'

I feel my ring pulse four times as I climb the tree using the climbing spikes in my gloves and boots. They also happen to be excellent for hand to hand combat, although I prefer my vibro-gladius in all honesty but it's back in the ship. That leaves my twin hand-blasters, gauntlet mounted flamethrower, poison darts (designed to instantly melt the central nervous system so a target can't even grunt before they die), whipcord, sleep gas, vibro daggers, vibroblades mounted in the gauntlets and greaves, grenades of all variety, and vibro-daggers and that's all standard weaponry. We all have jetpacks too but the attached rocket was something only Fett wanted. Personally, I prefer the blaster rifle design and pulse shield mounted in my left gauntlet.

I get to my perch, activating the helmet's sensor array seeing Kyramud and Detta approaching the clearing. Something isn't right here, why haven't they opened the door yet? I tense up drawing my hand blasters and seconds later with an almighty hiss, the door opens and one teenage girl steps out. She hits the ground and shatters the silence with a "WE'RE BACK BITCHES!" This serves to break the ice as 100 teenagers come pouring from the dropship. Two walk a bit slower than the rest, laughing maniacally, looks like I just found the three champions of Time.

'In position, target approaching. Attempting to escape from the group.' Silvie's voice calls out
through the link.

'Affirmative, you have permission to engage in 3... 2... 1...'

Silvie grabs Murphy, shooting a poison dart into him at point blank range. He was dead before he was carried off. Detta moves to where Kyramud snatched him, I look up and see the Blonde's jaw agape and their names click. I tap my ring twice,

'Clarke Griffin, Bellamy, and Octavia Blake do not panic. John Murphy was marked by Death herself to be claimed immediately upon your return to the ground. I am Colonel Logan C. Rucker, Vizsla of the MANDOs. Commander of the Champions of Space.'

I pause for a beat to let them absorb this before continuing,

'Meet us in the clearing a hundred meters due north of your locational sundown and I will explain. My team is eliminating any natural viewpoints and listening post in the vicinity of our meeting area along with your campsite that could cause issues for you in the near future. We are unfamiliar with the people of this place, therefore we leave ambassadorial duty to you. Vizsla over and out.'

I climb out of my tree tapping my ring once signaling Detta. I start back towards the clearing, it's going to be a long day.

Chapter End Notes

‘Thoughts’ in italics
“Mando’a” in bold
“Trigedaslang” in italics
“English”

Finally got to label Scott the name every explosives expert should have, and I thought Havoc's powers would be a wonderful for him.

Oh and "Ib'tuur jatne tuur ash'ad kyr'amur" means Today is good for someone else to die.

Thanks for reading! Ret'urcye mhi!
A Broken Forever

Chapter Summary

A new perspective and a reunion.

Chapter Notes

I own nothing except the OC's I created.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Lexa POV

Pain.

Pure, agonizing pain.

My lifeblood spilling through my fingers, no my hands are at my sides, those are her fingers. Klark's hands desperately trying to stop the bleeding but it's futile.

"Klark..."

"I'm here."

"Ai gonplei stei odon..."

"No, no I won't accept that!"

"You were right Klark, Life is about more than just surviving."
"In peace, may you leave the shore. In love, may you find the next. Safe passage on your travels, until our final journey on the ground. May we meet again."

-(From Season 3 Episode 7)

Her lips touch mine and darkness claims me, I wake up in the throne room of the commanders.

I remember meeting Madi but its hazy, I know she's Klark’s daughter and I loved her like one even though I was just a spirit within the flame. She hid under the floor to avoid the scouts, that's why we never found her.

‘Wait… I remember?’

I open my eyes to my bedroom. My furs wrapped around me. My hand automatically goes to where Titus shot me, my eyes grow wide feeling the unblemished skin there, what the hell is happening here?

I run my fingers through my hair and stop at the feeling of cold iron against my scalp, I jerk my hand down and see a black ring with green stone with a hue I've never seen before on my finger with a strange cross-like design prominent under the stone. I try to pull it off but it doesn't budge, what is this?

‘Oh dear, it appears our idea didn’t work as well as it should have.’ A voice rings through my head. I grab my dagger and whirl around to face the man in my room.

Only to see nothing.

Bewildered I look around for where the voice came from.

‘Ah, yes, I do see why Clarke loves you so’ the man chuckles.

“Who are you?” I say to open air, “what do you want with me.”

‘I am Time,’ the voice says simply, ‘and you are my new champion, my final champion.’
“I never agreed to this.” There’s no heat to my words, you don’t argue with a spirit after all.

‘No you didn’t but your deeds in life and the words of your latest love, dare I say strongest love, have proven why you deserve this. Now moving on to the reason I am here. Obviously, the chip in your head does not react well to having the same consciousness in it again along with a mind that it hasn’t been in yet, by a sheer technicality. Therefore, you shall have all of Madi’s wisdom in battle, but not her mind for your sanity’s sake. This process will allow you to remember everything up to your death, but nothing further except battle wisdom. But, I will grant you this...’

I fall to my knees as the memory of what happened after the flare on Sanctum hits me.

“Ai gonplei nou stei odon…” I whisper to the void.

‘No, my child, it is not’ the spirit says gently, ‘rise, there is work to be done.’

I stand on trembling legs, shambling over to the bathroom I slip under the water wondering when I’ll see my love again. But until I can, I’ll protect her daughter with my life. Her daughter… I finish bathing quickly and send for Titus.

The man who killed me.

Unintentionally of course and the man had good intentions, but Becca Pramheda was fond of the quote “the road to hell is paved with good intentions.”

What to do with an innocent man who still murdered me?

The answer hits me like the pauna that chased me and Klark.

An hour later...

“Heda, you summoned me?”
I sit in the throne room wearing my full commander garb, “I did.”

“For what purpose, Leksa?”

“Rise Titus,” He does so and I play with my dagger for a beat before turning my gaze to him, "Because I have received word that Shallow Valley is hiding a nightblood from us. Find the nightblood, and bring them to me personally. You will have a platoon of guards but no harm shall come to the citizens of shallow valley."

“Heda, why send me?” The man asks obviously confused.

“You are my flaimkepa Titus, you know the most about nightbloods than anyone in the coalition. Find her, I wish to know how a nightblood could avoid your scouts so long.”

“Leksa, I am needed here…”

“You are needed where your Heda tells you,” I tell him with absolute steel in my voice, “you leave now or at dawn, it is your choice. I shall teach the nightbloods in your absence, I thank you Flaimkepa.”

“Where am I to start searching, Heda?”

"An Old World Village that survived Praimfaya, go there and you will find the child."

"Sha, Heda. As you command, I shall obey," he says derisively before bowing and walking out of the throne room.

I sigh and slump against my throne, “Gustus.”

“Sha, Heda?”

“Leave me.”
“Sha, Heda.” I step out of the Throne room back to my personal chambers, I see Gustus guarding the door and the memory of me stabbing him after the Death by a thousand cuts jumps to the front of my mind...

Another man who wanted to protect me but got himself killed instead, I’ll have to prevent that… then again if Klark, Bellamy, and Octavia remember maybe they’ll change their fate, all their fates...

‘Lexa?’

I freeze midstep and stumble. This can’t be… I tap my ring twice unconsciously,

‘Ai Hodnes?’

‘Oh my God you’re alive, we just landed today, Murphy’s dead, there are five highly trained assassins here as our counterparts, I haven’t spoken to Madi and I need to see you, badly.’

‘Klark, breathe.’ I smile at my love’s antics and sheer happiness she’s putting off, ‘Madi will be safe, I sent a few of my guards and Titus to go retrieve her, she will be in Polis by the time we finish business with the Mountain.’

‘Oh thank God,’ I feel Klark relax over our link, ‘but the business with the mountain will be over much faster than you think.’

‘How so?’ I ask out of curiosity, what have they changed so far that would let them defeat the mountain so quickly?

‘Those assassins I mentioned? They’re the champions of Space just like we’re the champions of Time. And they have powers apparently.’

‘Powers?’ what the hell does she mean by powers?

‘I’m not sure, but I’ll figure it out tonight when I meet the five face to face at sundown.’

‘That’s not far away, Ai Hodnes, you said you just landed?’

‘Like ten minutes ago.’

‘Go, organize your people, meet with these assassins and plan the strike on the mountain. Ai hod u in, Klark.’

‘Ai hod u in, Lexa’

Did her voice just break? How long has it been since I died? ‘Klark, how long have I been dead?’

I feel her sob through the link, ‘nearly six years.’
Holy Spirits, I was dead for six years and I returned ‘but how?’

Klark freezes ‘Lexa, did the celestials not tell you?’

Now it’s my turn to freeze, ‘Tell me what?’

‘We are champions of Time, the other five are the champions of Space, together we are the Knights of Death.’

Death.

We are the nights of death?

‘Capital D Lex, hi! I’m your newest patron spirit, by the way! Welcome to the Order of the Ankh, the balance of the cosmos, or, my personal favorite, the Knights of Me! And I mean knights with a k, warriors! And who better to join a band of warriors than the most badass commander this world has ever seen!’

My jaw hits the floor at this and I can only say ‘so the Death of all men is a woman after all.’ I smirk and Death starts howling in laughter at this,

‘Girl! Where did you get this sense of humor? I love it! Oh yes, you are a fine addition to the knights and Clarke you need to put a ring on her finger, a tattoo on her arm or however these people say “Hands off she’s mine and mine alone!” nowadays!’ She keeps laughing and I feel Klark’s amusement as a physical presence.

‘Oh I haven’t laughed that hard in eons! Thanks for that! Now go get your stepdaughter and plan a way to topple a mountain! And I’d rather you not kill them all but if you have to, set Havoc on them and he could rip the mountain apart boulder by boulder, now you two love birds hang up and go do your things!’

I laugh as I feel death leave us and smile at my love ‘ go talk to these assassins, ai hodness. Contact me when you’re finished. There are six years of your life I have to make up for.’

‘Ai hod u in, Lexa.’

‘Ai hod u in, Klark.’

Chapter End Notes

And Clexa has finally arrived! More fluff and stuff for them later on but now we have to get down to taking out a mountain, ret’urcye mhi!
Olympus Rising

Chapter Notes

I own nothing except my OCs

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Dropship Landing Zone, Trikru Territory.

With Bellamy...

‘Is that Murphy? They let him go? No way, they’re playing some game here, I know they are, D said his life was forfeit and they don’t seem like the guys to not carry out orders to the exact letter…’ I say as the devil stumbles out from the trees, headed to the dropship.

“Murphy? Right?” I say walking up to him, “Walk with me.”

“What the hell do you want with him?” Some guy who died in the original Trikru fight, Alex maybe? Yeah, Alex, he was one of Murphy’s lackeys last go round.

“A conversation, beat it asshole.”

“Not until you tell me what the conversations going to be about,” He says with a jutted out chin, and raised nose, ‘great, a guy who thinks he’s tough…’ I step into his personal space, pulling my gun and putting it under his jutted out chin.

“How about you beat it and I don’t put one through your brain?” He scampers off mumbling something about how I’d regret that and blah blah blah, “Murphy,” I jerk my chin toward the woods and start walking with him close behind.

“So Murphy, how much do you actually remember?” I ask bluntly as soon as we reach the treeline, but in a low voice so no one hears us before switching to Trigdasleng, “Or better yet, how did you get away from the assassins that are pretty much us but blue and much better trained?”

“Okay, I have no idea what you said,” He starts off and I feel like I just took a boot to the chest, does he not remember after all? “Which is impressive, keep speaking it and I’ll have it down in an hour. Chip really helps with that after all,” and there’s the sword to the gut, what the hell is he talking about with a chip?

“Murphy, what the hell…?”

“Murphy? Oh, I haven’t told you my name yet have I? And I’m still wearing his face, my bad! Hi! I’m Artemis, Detta of the MANDOs and Champion of Space,” He, no she, says as her face rearranges to that of the most gorgeous brunette I’ve ever seen with electric blue eyes, “Thanks to our little interdimensional jump, we got these awesome new powers and I can change shape at will.”
'Huh, so that’s what they meant by powers…'

“Like the Avengers?”

“More like X-men actually, considering I have all the powers of Mystique but so much more.”

“What do you mean?”

“We’ll tell you tonight but for now,” She shifts back to Murphy, “We have water to find and food to hunt, shall we?” She sticks out her hand to shake and I grip her forearm instinctively. She looks surprised for a moment and then smirks, “Well that’s new, people around here do that now I take it?”

“Yes they do, let me tell you though, it’s so much better than a sword pointed at your chest with men with bows surrounding you,” I say remembering the time on the bridge. Her eyes widen and she shifts back unconsciously.

“Swords? Bows? The bombs literally sent these people back to the stone age?” Paling rapidly with every word, “But what do they do about plumbing, hot showers!?”

I can’t help but laugh at the ridiculousness of it, only to stop at her glare, “it’s not funny!” She squeals, actually squeals and I start laughing even harder as she glares at me again.

“Sorry, sorry you’re right. It’s not funny, but let me tell you the ridiculousness of what you just said is what got me,” She looks confused until it starts to dawn on her.

“You’ve been through this and your thoughts most definitely were not on a shower…”

“Your right, they weren’t. My thoughts were always on keeping my sister safe, how many girls I could bed or staying alive. On the ark, we didn’t have showers, other than the sonic variety, because we couldn’t waste water like that. Everything was rationed. How much food you ate, the water you drank, the number of kids you could have, your blood type was even genetically modified to be O, half were negative and half were positive just so more blood could be used in medical.”

“Sounds like hell,” She mutters, “At least all my time in space was spent in Cryo, I spent 25 years in space but only lived 6 months of that out of cryo.”

“Our ancestors would have been in cryo if it weren’t for the fact we were in research stations that were put together two years after the world burned. Twelve nations that shot one out of the sky for disobeying orders, those were the people who wrote the ark’s laws. To survive,” I say in absolute disgust, “My sister was considered illegal, and all crimes on the ark were considered capital after 18.” Her eyes widened in horror.

“They executed every single criminal?”

“And those who weren’t sometimes. Clarke, the feisty blonde over there? Her dad is the reason we’re down here and not in the way you think. He was an engineer, the chief engineer actually, who discovered a problem with the Ark’s scrubbers. The problem was that the scrubbers were designed to take in a certain amount of air per day, the air on the ark is literally running out. We were sent down to see if the ground is survivable. We were given the wristbands you’ll see on everyone but the pair of us, to monitor life signs. They already know John Murphy is dead, or that he pried off his wristband somehow.”
“Well looks like John gets to die again before the Ark comes down, or I may be able to keep my cover,” she turns around before looking back to me and shifting again, “c’mon, we have to get moving or people will start to wonder where the hell we went.” She walks out of the treeline and I wait a few minutes before following.

Minutes later…

“We got problems,” I hear Wells say to Clarke as she marks our location on the map again, I glance down ‘yup… exactly the same place as last time,’ “The communications system is dead. I went to the roof. A dozen panels are missing. Heat fried the wires… any idea of how far away we are from Mount Weather?” I stiffen before forcing myself to calm at the thought of that demonic place.

“We can’t make it to Mount Weather tonight, it’s 20 miles away. We’ll have to wait for dawn, for now, we find water right now. Start downhill and you should find something nearby,” Clarke says calmly.

“Okay, we’ll try that,” Wells says uncertainly.

“We send four teams to the cardinal points, each of them scouts out two to three hundred yards to see what we can find. I’ll take Bellamy and Octavia and search North.”

“We should bring Murphy too, keep an eye on the little snake.” Clarke looks at me confused before she sees the ‘I’ll tell you later’ and she looks back at Wells.

“You take Roma and Atom to search west, we can have another three go east and another three go south. Go assemble the teams and head out, we need to be back by dark. That gives you about four or five hours.” Wells nods his agreement and walks off before the spacewalker drops down from the dropship.

“Do you want another for your team, princess? Or should I go find another team to join?” Oh, this is going to end well…

“Finn, I’m flattered, really. But here’s the deal, look behind you,” He does and sees Octavia bending down to pick something off the ground, “You appreciate that view, I know you do, don’t deny it. But here’s the deal, I am much more interested in that fine ass than whatever tackle you may have.” She says with an uncharacteristically playful grin and I cough bringing my hand to my face to hide my smile. His eyes widen as he finally gets the message.

“I… I think I’ll just go over,” he looks over his shoulder again but turns to the east, “there, I’ll join the east search team. See ya around, princess.”

“What was that about, princess?” I ask grinning.

“Lexa’s alive, a champion, and going to save my daughter. I talked to both of them, they’re alive and happy Bell,” she says smiling like I’ve never seen her smile before.

“That’s great, we’ll get your girls soon Clarke,” I can’t help but smile only for it to falter, “you saw Murphy come back?”
“I did.”

“That’s not Murphy,” her color fades away as her eyes widen, “look at his ring and you can tell he’s friendly but not one of ours. His stone is blue, but here’s the weird part: he is not a he at all.” I let that sink in, her jaw is hanging open before it clicks.

“Powers?”

“Yes.”

“Shapeshifter then?”

“As far as I can tell.”

“Wonderful, absolutely wonderful.”

“She is.” Clarke looks at me strangely, “what?”

“Don’t tell me you’re falling for a space assassin Bell,” she smirks playfully and pushes my shoulder gently.

“Echo’s still down here Clarke, I love her but she’s still in the mountain and I can’t help but wonder if something will be different in there this time.”

“Like what?”

“I don’t know but I can’t shake this feeling…”

“C’mon let’s get going,” Clarke says, “we have water to find.”

Moments later…

‘Champions of Space this is Bellamy Blake, the three Champions of Time are northbound to the clearing. ETA, Five minutes. We’ll see you soon.’

Five minutes later… Northern Clearing.

Third Person POV

The three Champions of the Ark and of Time stride confidently into the clearing with the Champion of Space. The four remaining Astral Champions stay hidden in the trees until the three Temporal Champions arrive in the center of the clearing.

Bellamy calls for a halt but Artemis, Detta of the MANDOS walks forward ten paces. Turning around she morphs from John Murphy’s face to a blank, T-visored, steel grey helmet with blue
highlights. Armor starts to appear over her body and a backpack of some sort appears too.

“Welcome Champions of Time,” the armored woman intones as a roar fills the clearing, “We are the Champions of Space.” Four more bodies, three very large men and another woman, fly through the air before landing next to Artemis.

“My commander, Logan, Vizsla of the Mandalorians, will take over from here.”

The largest man steps forward. His armor glinting dangerously as he steps forward. Reaching up, he removes his helmet, revealing the face of… a teenager?

“Strange isn’t it?” The man states seeing their obviously confused looks, “just yesterday I woke up on a star dreadnaught and saw a mid 50’s man staring at me back from the mirror but now? Now I’m in my twenties again thanks to your patron.”

With Bellamy…

‘Mid-fifties? Time sent them back to their younger selves too? Wait a second, how old is Artemis then? She doesn’t look any older than O!’

One by one each of the Mandalorians, whatever that is, remove their helmets starting with Artemis.

“D. Artemis Houser, Detta of the Mandalorians.”

“K. Silvie Blake, Kyramud of the Mandalorians,” is a small blonde with wide grey eyes removed. ‘Odd, she seems to be a lot more dangerous than the face would make her seem, she’s the one to watch out for. But more importantly, She’s a Blake?’

“James Taylor, Deshra of the Mandalorians,” said a man with mousy brown hair and a bit of an awkward disposition.

“Sup fuckers, I’m Scott Taylor. Fett of the Mandalorians and Havoc to all enemies,” the man looks just like James but he gets slapped in the back of the head by Silvie automatically, “owww! What was that for!”

“Stand on ceremony idiot! We’re in front of people to impress!”

“No need to impress us,” I say offhandedly. All the Mandalorians snap their heads to me, “what?”

“We invented that language just for us.” The Vizsla says slowly, “but I’m not entirely shocked, and
wouldn’t be if you could speak it fluently thanks to our mutual friends.”

“But you can’t speak Trigedasleng,” I say in confusion.

“Because we can learn languages in a matter of hours if immersed in it constantly.”

“Oh,” I say dumbstruck.

“How?” Octavia says in confusion.

“Because SOCOM decided to implant us with universal translators in our heads along with another chip to enhance us physically. Along with the nanobots, we’re practically superhuman.”

All three Champions of Time’s eyes widen in shock.

“Like Clarke?” O says still reeling.

“What?” Scott says bluntly, “I doubt it honestly, we’re the pinnacle of human enhancement.”

“I was turned into an Ascendant by Time, Space and Death herself.”

“Oh.” Now it’s havoc’s turn to reel.

“Now do you mind explaining how this SOCOM, whatever the hell that is, was allowed to implant your brains with two chips?”

“That’s kind of misleading actually, it’s SOCOM for the Olympian Council, our direct superiors,” James said.

“Woah woah, slow down,” I’m way too confused, “Olympian council? What’s that supposed to mean?”

“Maybe it’s easier to show you,” Vizsla says to us, “Echo play original video footage of Olympus proposition.”

“Right away, Vizsla. Please extend gauntlet. Feedback beginning in 3...2...1…”

Vizsla extends his arm and I quirk my eyebrow only for my jaw to slacken and eyes bug when a little blue man pops up from his left gauntlet and starts talking.

“Today ladies and gentlemen, today is the day I propose a solution. Not to an immediate conflict, but to a future issue.

As of last week, the Eligius Corporation has discovered a method of reliable interstellar transportation. Not only that, but they have discovered three planets, not the one that we have been searching for, for decades but three planets, suitable to host life. This leads us to a problem, do we send civilians to these planets? Valuable scientists, geneticists, biologists, doctors, and more that are
needed here on planet Earth, or do we send soldiers? People trained to kill since they start their training, people who would sooner kill a planet than study it.

Let me ask you, ladies and gentlemen, are either of these feasible? They are both viable options, excellent options in fact, but the problem would occur when we send our men of science to a potentially hostile environment with no idea of what could happen on the planet and could kill them... Or, do we send soldiers with no idea of what could happen on the planet that could kill them? Do we send men to study these phenomena or do we send men to destroy them?

I propose something different entirely.

I propose that we train men and women in different task forces, specifically trained with the purpose to study when possible and kill when necessary. A group of elite scouts that would be a galactic discovery team forging the path for our scientists, and later, our civilians who want a new home, or if, God forbid, the worst should happen to the Earth we would have a world to escape to.

I propose the Earth build a galactic force, not the United States, United Kingdom, United Nations or anyone with a space station in orbit, but Earth. Every country donating men, money, and resources to build the best forces the galaxy has ever seen.

These men and women would be heroes of humanity, and that is why I propose the Olympus Initiative. To transform men into heroes.

I have here the plans for the first motion of the project, the Chimera Project. If passed this will create a galactic expeditionary force divided into five teams. This force will only answer to the UN and eventually an Olympian Council for day to day operations. Ladies and Gentlemen, thank you for your time.”

“Hologram playback complete, Vizsla,” Echo’s voice rings into the clearing.

“That man was Sebastion Shaw, his son, was a pilot for the Eligius Four on our world.”

“Miles is a pilot for them in this world too, he’s a good man.”

“Wouldn’t know, never met him. Eligius four was lost years before this video was even taken, she never returned to Earth.”
They don’t return for another six years here, with all the crew but Shaw dead,” Clarke fires back.

“Huh what do you know, they may return after all, Shaw died thinking he lost his son… but other than that the man was the ambassador to the UN, and let me tell you the man was shrewd but a military man through and through.”

“When was this taken?”

“June of the year 2052, it was Shaw’s way of staying active once his son ‘died’.”

“That explains why we don’t have our own Chimera Project, Apocalypse One happened in May of that same year. What?” I say as Clarke stares at me in disbelief, “Ark history was pretty clear as to when the Earth became hell, and I had to teach Octavia all she knew myself.”

“Hold up,” Scott said incredulously, “the only difference between our worlds so far is that yours went to hell?”

“Actually I think it’s more than that,” Clarke says carefully, “what do you know about Becca Franco?”

“Who?” James and Scott say in unison, equally confused.

“Exactly,” Clarke looks directly at me, “are you thinking what I’m thinking?”

“They come from a world where Becca either didn’t exist or she never found that pathway, just like Space said.”

“Obviously someone did find the pathway though.”

“She had a partner didn’t she?”

“I think so…”

“What if the partner found the pathway and she perfected the chip to interface with it?”

“That would have been relatively simple wouldn’t it?”
“Alright you two, explain!” O yelled looking incredibly confused along with Scott, Silvie and Artemis. James understands perfectly and it’s obvious Logan is catching on too.

“The difference between our universes is that one woman either didn’t exist or didn’t do something, this lead up to ‘Apocalypse One’ here, the question is now what she didn't invent on our Earth?” James asks his mind whirling through the possibilities but Octavia rears back as if slapped.

“ALIE…” O whispers in horror.

“Who?”

“An AI that ate through government firewalls like acid, killed her own kill switch and decided humanity would be better off without itself. She then decided the best way to exterminate humanity would be to nuke the planet using the launch codes she stole from Government databases across the world.” Clarke said heavily. You can actually watch the gears grind to a stop in James’ head when that information hit him, then watch as the horror dawns across his face.

“How did anyone even survive?” He asks in a small voice.

“Sheer luck and a mutation in the genome that allows people to process radiation much much faster than any pre-disaster human.”

“Then how are you alive?” Scott asks bluntly.

“Solar radiation for generations is much, much more dangerous than what happens down here. Same for you obviously. Others on the ground survived by a serum that Becca developed that makes our radiation proofing look absolutely non-existent, but there’s a side effect,” Clarke draws a knife and pricks her finger, “Black blood.”

“Although, there’s a cell of humanity that drained all radiation from their lives, the mountain men.” Octavia says grimly, “They would kill for the nightblood serum but we’re going to kill all of the ones that need killing then inject them with the nightblood serum once our doctors come down.”

“And why would we help with killing people in cold blood?” Artemis asks with a hard slant to her voice, she doesn’t like this. ‘Time to step in.’

“Because when they took Clarke in, they were all hunky dory let’s be friends! We have chocolate cake on Tuesdays and feather down mattresses because we’re going to integrate you wonderful
English speaking people into our population. But when they took me in, they hosed me down, scrubbed me, boiled me alive, injected me with a tracker before locking me in a cage and stringing me up by my ankles and draining my blood to heal themselves because we process radiation better than them. That’s when they thought I was a grounder, but when they found out I was Skaikru they figured out that we process radiation ten times better than any Earthborn. That’s when they started harvesting, they may have volunteered but there’s no doubt they were harvesting, 47 of the kids down there they had in the mountain. One girl started exploring the mountain trying to find a way out, she found her way to being strapped face down on a medical table with no sedatives and a drill in her hip while being reaped for bone marrow. Why did they do this? Because sedatives were for the people of the Mountain and couldn’t be bothered to use on us outsiders so they wouldn’t feel the pain. Because they wanted to feel the rain on their face and the wind in their hair and the sun against their skin. Because they couldn’t get out of that bunker fast enough. They turned good men into murderous, cannibalistic monsters to be their foot soldiers and kidnappers for fresh meat because they drain their blood bags dry too fast.

Why? Because their people matter most. Anything will go to save their people, damn the world if they have to. That’s why we have to take them down, that’s why we killed all 300 mountain men the first time. But, there are people in that mountain that are innocent. People who helped us. We have an opportunity to save them, we are going to take it. Now the question is: are you in?” I look at Artemis pleading with her. Her eyes soften before her lightning colored eyes sharpen to a killer focus.

“I’m in,” she says quietly.

“We all are Artemis.”

“Thank you, Vizsla.”

“Now here’s what we’re going to do…”

Chapter End Notes

Alright, guys so I've decided that we'll have a cast list for this story:
Artemis is played by Kaya Scodelario,
Silvie is played by (every Harry Potter fan's beloved) Evanna Lynch,
Fett/Deshra is (for all you real Spidey fans out there) Tobey Maguire, and
Vizsla is played by Josh Brolin.

Thanks for reading! Ret'urcye mhi!
September 16, 2149. The Mountain Control Room.

Deshra POV

‘Two days. Last time it took them weeks to bring this mountain to its knees and break into its brain, and that was after the dropship fell. Before then these grounders had been trying for 97 years, and then our guys come down and the mountain falls in three months and they only knew about it for two. Without our powers, it would have taken us at least a week to even develop an airtight strategy (survey guard rotations, find power supplies, takedown defenses, etc.) and in a month had it executed, but with these powers? A day to plan and a day to execute and this mountain already falling like a domino.’

“Citizens of Mount Weather,” Silvie calls through the intercom, “Please report to the mess, there has been a recent development and we would like all citizens to be a part of this wonderful discovery, thank you and have a nice day,” she uses her child calming voice, the one that usually has people eating out of the palm of her hand in an instant. I tap my ring and think of Artemis and Logan.

‘Control room breached. Mission is a go.’

‘Roger Deshra, take down all defenses and offense, standard encryption will not be enough. And look out for—’

‘The backdoor, Yessir.’

I disconnect the mental link, taking off my glove I touch the computer screen with my bare-hand. Closing my eyes I feel the data pour through my head, I feel the information for the self destruct system, emergency self destruct system, airlocks, scrubbers, doors, acid fog… ‘Cerberus? OH! That’s just vile!’ All systems are locked down one by one. No one but me will be able to enter the commands, mostly because they’re in Mando’a now but that’s beside the point. I tap my ring thrice, ‘All defenses are down, all inside doors locked and secured. Breaching the mountain is now
possible. Godspeed ladies and gentlemen. \textit{Ib'tuur jatne tuur ash'ad kyr'amur, ret'uryce mhi.}'

Flashback...

\textit{September 14, 2149. Trikru Territory, TonDC Proper.}

\textit{With Octavia …}

We walk to the statue of the giant bearded man, Abe something I think? And into TonDC cautiously with hands raised in surrender, our weapons already stowed in a secure location with the Mandalorians. Two gonas jump from the trees with bows at the ready.

\textit{“Who are you?”} The one on the left demands. I understand every word but just look absolutely confused, Clarke appears to be trying to work it out.

\textit{“We cannot understand you, we mean you no harm. We do not have our weapons, we came here expecting it to be abandoned.”}

\textit{“Gonasleng! Mounon! Mounon!”} The one on the right screams in panic, Clarke drops to her knees calmly in response along with Bellamy. I follow the act quickly.

\textit{“We came alone, unarmed, and we surrender. We wish to speak of peace with your leader.”} They look at each other in confusion.

These are \textit{mountain men}, walking without their suits, and asking for peace? Something is definitely not right. The right-hand warrior grabs Bellamy by the shoulder and ties his hands behind his back before doing the same to Clarke while Nyko, as I recognize now, does the same to me. They lead us into the village and shove us to our knees in the square. Indra and Anya walk out side by side.

\textit{“Nyko, what is the meaning of this?”} Indra asks in a tone harder than steel and colder than ice.

\textit{“They arrived at the edge of town, unarmed and saying they came alone. They wish to speak to our leader.”}

\textit{“Heda?”} Anya asks quietly.

\textit{“I don’t think they know Heda exists Anya, they said they expected this area to be empty… I believe they could have came from the falling star scouts reported earlier.”}

Indra and Anya both fall silent, Indra turns to Bellamy, “which of you lead?”

“She does,” he says indicating Clarke, “she’s our chief doctor, our healer, and also one of our
leader’s daughters.”

“Not the man then?”

“I may be a man but I am no leader.”

“Perhaps you may be wiser than you appear,” turning to Clarke, “What is your name?”

“Clarke Griffin, I am a daughter of the Ark. A space station, or skyship, designed before the bombs fell and fire razed the Earth. My people have been trapped in space for nearly a century. All we want is to come to the ground, and now we’re here. Some of us, at least. The people sent down were all considered expendable, but me? I was considered a traitor for warning my people they have a year to live, I’ve been in a cell alone for 10 months. To our leaders, I was the greatest threat aboard the Ark. The Ark has four months of air left, two months maximum before they have to come down. They will probably come down in less than a month. Before that happens, we can gift you the people who interfered with our computer systems causing us to crash off course. People live in Mount Weather don’t they?” Indra hissed and drew her sword but Clarke stayed calm.

“You dare speak of them?”

“I do not know them, I do not know their capabilities. I speak of something I do not know or fear, but I can tell you how they’ll fall. Vizsla?” A blaster bolt tears through the clearing impacting against Indra’s sword, ripping it from her hands.

“Vizsla there could have had you all killed with a twitch from one of his men,” the five Mandos fly in with their Helmets under their arms and weapons put away while I break the ropes behind my back standing up, “these five are members of a group that just recently returned to Earth. Before the bombs fell technology had advanced so far that men explored the cosmos, one team found a new home, one team was lost and one stands before you. They will help us bring down the mountain.”

Indra looks at Clarke with almost respect in her eyes, “I’m listening.”

*September 15, 2149. Trikru Territory, Dropship Crash Site*

*With Clarke...*

Discussions with Indra yesterday lasted throughout the night but she agreed that ten gonas would help defend the camp and lead us to food and water.

For the price of tearing down the mountain.

The rest of the 100 were shocked that people still lived on the ground but were curious rather than terrified, good introductions always make life easier.
Ar first, Indra didn’t believe us when we said we could turn reapers back to men, laughed when we said we could take the mountain in less than a week, shut up when Havoc started glowing blue and Indra stared back at herself without a mirror in the room thanks to Artemis. Logan’s claws probably helped too, and watching Silvie disappear is disconcerting as well. But Havoc is the one that interests me, and until Raven gets here I won’t be able to prove my theory right. I don’t believe he controls cosmic powers but radiation itself, according to all the books on radiation in the ark, a high presence of radiation burns blue. Like Scott’s energy beams. This man probably controls radiation and doesn’t even realize it yet. The Earth itself is giving him strength and standing on its surface he’ll probably never lose charge but in Mount Weather? Well, that’s a problem for another day.

Getting into Mount Weather? That’s a strategy for now.

“Do we have an accurate map of the compound?”

“No, but let me see if this works,” I concentrate and pull up a map of the mountain in my head, pushing it through the ring bringing up a large, green hologram.

“That’s new,” James whispers as he stares at the hologram in awe, “It’s perfectly detailed but doesn’t include entrances?”

“This is the exact map they gave me when I was still in the mountain’s good graces, this,” I focus on what the mountain really looked like and force that through the ring, “Is a full map of the compound and the tunnels surrounding it. Echo can probably get you the maps of the original facility’s blueprint. The mountain is powered by a dam and there’s a tunnel there that is rarely monitored since it’s on the dam. That would be your best point of entry. Go through the harvest chamber and into the med-bay, then get to the control room. Silvie, Deshra, cake walk for the pair of you.” They nod and look over at Logan.

“Not bad, but we need to take out the reapers and, if at all possible, start replacing them with our own men. The only problem is that they drug the reapers after a successful hunt, we’d have to take the Mountain down hard and fast so they don’t notice.”

“There’s a sound that nullifies the reapers, Raven said it was 1760 hertz sawtooth?”

“Echo?”

“Right away sir,” She plays the tone and I nod in recognition.

“That’s it, if you play that tone, it’ll sedate the reapers.”

“We have the Trikru already creating the restraints that we’ll need to hold them until we can run the drug out of the systems.” Bellamy says.

“How do you plan to get all these men into the tunnels, and the reapers out, without the mountain knowing?” Silvie raises a good point.

“That’s where you come in, I know you can become intangible and invisible but can you, for lack of a better term, ‘share’ that to other people?”

Her face lights up in understanding, “You want me and Deshra to go ahead and infiltrate the control room, and then you’ll launch the assault… That’s actually brilliant.”

“I like the way you think miss Griffin,” Vizsla smirks, “but the only obvious problem is that I’m
betting the mountain doesn’t think the savages speak English, you forging an alliance with them would look awful suspicious otherwise.”

“True, but we can figure that out later.”

“We don’t have a later,” Scott says impatiently.

“We need some sort of connection, an ambassador…” Bell looks over at me our eyes connecting and the penny drops.

“Octavia!” We shout together before barreling out of the tent to get our Red Queen.

Later…

With Octavia…

‘They really had to have me do this?’ Trudging down the hill I finally reach the cave I’m very familiar with, ‘I mean yeah, I want to see him, hell I only agreed to come back to see him but he won’t remember me, and after the bunker…’ I shiver thinking about those years ‘he’d think I was a monster, but he’d understand, he always understood.’

I step into the entrance and step inside only to be hit by a massive wall of flesh with arms wrapping around me, a face buried in my neck. I draw my knife ready to stab the man I once loved when...

“Octavia, you came back.”

I freeze. I can’t help it. This isn’t possible but, “Lincoln? Is it really you?”

“It’s me, O, it’s me. I don’t know how this is possible, but I was given a second chance by the spirits.”

I pull back to look him in the eyes, “Which spirits?” I bring my ring up to eye level and his eyes widen, “I don’t know, she never said her name,” he brings his right hand up and sitting on it is a navy blue champion’s ring. My eyes widen as I take in the implications, “we need to get back to the camp, now!” I take his hand and start running back to the dropship explaining everything as quickly as possible: Praimfaya, the bunker, the garden, how Earth died, what happened on Sanctum, when we’re going to take down the mountain, and the Mandalorians. He runs beside me and, to his credit, he only falters on hearing I’m a knight of Death and the fact that five of the others are from a different dimension entirely. We barrel into camp and grab Clarke and Bell before diving into a tent.

“We have a situation, like a massive situation. Bigger than Praimfaya if this means what I think it means.”

“Octavia! Slow down,” Bellamy barks at me, “and who’s your friend?” He looks at Lincoln a bit confused.

“Hey Bellamy,” Lincoln says simply and holds up his fist, Bellamy actually falls into a chair his mouth moving but words not forming while Clarke taps her ring three times.

‘Mandos, report to strategy tent. Now!’ Clarke’s voice rings through my head.
“What’s the sit…?” Logan says cocking his head at Lincoln in confusion, “Who’s the big guy?”

“My boyfriend,” I breathe barely daring to believe it, “and he has a perfect memory…” Lincoln raises his fist, finally letting me see the two concentric circles connected by four triangles embossed into the deep blue metal. Logan’s eyes widen in shock as he realizes the implications too.

“Who else?”

“We don’t know, right now we assume there are four more people with rings and pray we don’t have to deal with anyone that wants us dead,” Clarke whispers.

“Two my dear, and, I must admit, even I did not see this one coming.”

“Lady Space? what’s going on?” Clarke sounds almost defeated at this point.

“The Spirits, as you refer to them, come in three varieties: Elder, such as myself and Time, High, and lower. We prefer to call ourselves the celestials, and the beings higher than the elder celestials are called the Ultimates. Beings such as Death. Throughout your history, ‘gods’ are truly celestials. However I digress, Elders are allowed five champions, High three, and the lower, only one. Hope is high celestial, as such she is allowed three champions.”

“Yes, that’s great and all, but who do we have to worry about?” I bark out getting highly frustrated with the celestial.

“Thankfully for you, Lincoln here is not an instrument of one of the Ultimates or else I could never hope to tell you who his ‘teammates’ are. That being said, Raven Reyes and Marcus Kane are the other Hopebringers in this world.”

I nearly fall to my knees in relief, “When did they come back?”

“I became aware this morning, I remember saying your people’s words then being shot by Pike… then coming face to face with a woman who said that this world would need her more than ever and if I accepted that I would help change the world,” Lincoln says softly.

“So it’s a good assumption to make that Raven will be coming down as soon as she gets the clearance from either Abby or Kane now to fix that dropship,” Bellamy says with a relieved tint to his voice.

“And Kane won’t execute the 320 to buy time. In a month the Ark will come down.” Clarke says relieved, “He’ll also be chancellor and know to arrest Diana Sydney for treason, the Exodus ship won’t destroy most of the Ark!”

“Who knew shooting Jaha would actually work in our favor,” Bellamy whispers to himself before he looks up at the top of the tent, “May we meet again.” Clarke, Lincoln, and I all whisper the benediction in return.

I see Logan’s head snap up at that phrase, I dismiss it for the moment and look back at the war council.

“Okay, so we’ve established this is a good thing, a great thing in fact,” Clarke says with the voice that she always used in the beginning, she’s about to point out what could go horribly wrong, “But what if Hope isn’t the only one with Champions in this time?”
“Then we pray we don’t run into any other Champions who lived the future.”

“And if we do?”

“We make sure that damn mountain falls tomorrow and deal with it then,” Bellamy says heavily, “has Echo finished synthesizing the nightblood serum?”

“Serum is ready to be injected at a moment's notice, there is enough for 400 fully grown men to be injected.”

“Thank you Echo,” Bellamy says absently.

“Now what?” O asks.

“We get ready to take the mountain.” Clarke bites out.

“Lincoln? You don’t have to be part of this,” I put my hand on his shoulder and squeeze.

“This body has not tasted the Red but my mind still calls for it, even after all this time… I don’t think I could do it O, I failed last time…” surprisingly it’s Bellamy who answers.

“Lincoln. It worked out. The mountain fell, we cured you and now you’re alive again. We can make it through this again,” he offers his arm, “Brother.”

Lincoln looks down at his hand and then into his eyes, “Brother,” gripping Bellamy’s arm.

“I’d say protect my sister but she could kill every reaper in that mountain by herself now, you go and be our ambassador. We already made peace with Anya and Indra, Lexa’s back to and Clarke can talk to her so that’s already given.”

“Now that the sap session is over,” Scott’s voice calls out, “can we get to planning on bringing down a mountain and figuring out how the hell your boyfriend here is back after the immediate threat is dealt with?”

---


*With Bellamy...*

“So, Scott.” It’s just the two of us for now, with Lincoln watching the entrance using the trees.

“Yes?” The helmeted man says back to me.

“What was up with Vizsla when we said ‘May we meet again’? He seemed a bit jumpy with it.”

“You would be too if you knew the last guy who you knew said it was set to murder millions of people, we assassinated the man and took the phrase for ourselves as a reminder of what we fight against. But what the hell, just coincidence right?”

“What was this guy’s name?”
“Phillip Green,” ‘Oh hell, it can’t be. The only Green on the ark was the tree and -’ “He liked to say it to his sister apparently, nice girl, met her once before the US put her on a long term research station in orbit.”

“What was her name?” ‘Please don’t be who I think it is…’

“Anna Rae, awesome girl man. Smart and pretty? Oh Lord, they just don’t make ‘em like they used to anymore! And her - dude, are you okay, you look like you just saw a ghost.”

“That’s because that space station was one of the twelve that made up the Ark, Anna Rae Green was one of the grounders. The Ark’s first generation,” I say in a small voice.

“Anna Rae was real here? Wait you aren’t saying -” I cut him off,

“I’m saying that your ancestors could have lived here, just like Phillip’s live on even now. Monty? He’s a delinquent, he’s on the ground and a nephew of this Phillip guy. And even worse... Silvie Blake?”

“Oh hell no! You aren’t thinking that she may be your long lost interdimensional grandma are you?”

“Did she have a relative named Tracy?”

Scott goes quiet, which is disturbing for him, before he whispers, “That was her sister, she was on board the same space station as Anna come to think of it, they were best friends. Silvie’s was the one to pull the trigger and Anna hated her for it since then Silvie’s been in Cryo on and off for almost 75 years. We assassinated Green and then went into intergalactic exploration, Silvie never got to see her sister again.”

‘Oh, this is absolutely wonderful, I’m an intergalactic assassin’s long lost, great to third nephew from another dimension… Where’s Monty at with the moonshine? Two, three weeks out from completion?’

“We can discuss this more after the mission is complete, I already need a drink and seeing if the grounders can spare some before we take down the mountain isn’t the best idea.”

“Probably not.”

We pause a beat and I call out for,

“Lincoln!” A dull thud sounds from behind me, “you wouldn’t happen to have warpaint on you, would ya?” I turn to face the man and he smirks slightly,

“Thought you’d never ask Blake.”

“And I never thought I’d do it, brother.” He hands me the jar and disappears back up the trees.

“Annnnd why do you need that?” Scott says a bit incredulously.

“Because if we’re going to war…” I tap my ring twice thinking of Octavia and Clarke while letting Scott in on the action, ‘We’re going in as a unit, paint up with the MANDO’s helmet design.’ I swipe two fingers across my eyes running from temple to temple before taking three down from the bridge of my nose to my chin.

“Badass my dude, badass.”
With Clarke...

Octavia nudges me with her elbow, “You heard Bellamy, paint up princess,” She smirks and hands me the jar and I make the pattern standing out on Vizsla’s helmet.

“Interesting choice in warpaint, what’s the reason?” Vizsla asks with a hint of amusement.

“United front, we’re showing those fuckers in the mountain who’s boss.”

He looks away and then James’ voice rings through my head,

‘All defenses are down, all inside doors locked and secured. Breaching the mountain is now possible. Godspeed ladies and gentlemen. Ib’tuur jatne tuur ash’ad kyr’amur, ret’uryce mhi.’

It’s go time.

Vizsla takes his hand blaster and fires it into the air, the red bolt streaking into the sky, Indra and Anya’s forces advance to the reaper caves with Bellamy’s team and mine leading the charge. Vizsla and Scott set their suit’s volume setting to the max and pumping out that God awful noise, but it works. The reapers fall left and right but make no attempt to move. Sick bastards probably hit the button, shock ’em and drug ’em. Indra’s forces restrain the reapers and carry them back to the cave entrance; stripping their weapons, tying their hands, and muzzling them as they go. Soon enough all the reapers are clear and we reach the first door. I tap my ring thrice,

‘Golden team in position.’

‘Black team, ETA two minutes. Clearing last reapers.’

‘Requesting entry to harvest chamber,’

‘Entry granted, golden leader, good luck.’

‘James! I told you not to call me that!’

‘Yes ma’am.’ He says dutifully as the door light turns from red to green.

We make our way to the harvest chamber. Seeing the cages, Indra’s teams shout in outrage and the men in the cages scream in hope. Immediately, the teams get to work breaking the locks and in twenty minutes the cages are empty. In thirty, Bellamy, Octavia, myself and the two other Mandos make our way to the entrance of level five meeting Silvie on the way, “James still in the control room?”

“Yes he is.”

“Excellent,” I tap my ring and think of James, ‘James is everything set to go in Medical?’

‘Yes ma’am, Artemis just finished preparation down in med-bay. The nightblood serum is ready to inject every into every single mountain man here.’
‘Good work, how long has Artemis been in here anyway?’

‘Since we decided it was go time, she’s been the resident doctor today. The real one has been in her closet tied up with one of her own dresses.’

‘That’s how you got past the alarm system then?’

‘Yes it is.’

“The hunter is in position, let’s go tell them we’re here, shall we?” I let the question hang in the air before getting,

“We shall,” from Vizsla, who I can tell is grinning maliciously under that helmet.

Same Day. Mount Weather, Level Five, Mess Hall

With Dante Wallace…

‘Doctor Seng was just found tied up in her closet, but she was in the medical facility this morning. We cannot access any level but this one, any attempts to do otherwise fail miserably. The elevator won’t even move if someone is trying to leave this level. Something is horribly wrong here. The stair doors are locked, the front door to the mess is locked, no one can get out but people can get in. We can’t even leave by the garbage chute or risk death by radiation.’

“Mr. President, the people are starting to get worried, sir.”

“They should be, something is very wrong here.”

“What do we tell them?”

“To remain calm, there has been a small radiation leak and it will be fixed soon, there is nothing to worry about.” That would have been great had six people not walked in the very moment I said that. Six people, that I had never seen before. Three had highly advanced armor with faceless visors with weapons practically bristling from their bodies; swords, handguns, rifles, and God knows what’s all in those belts. While the other three, a blond with two brunettes flanking her, had warpaint matching the masks the armored men wore while wearing savage armor with furs layered over them while pre-disaster rifles hung from their backs.

Screaming ensued almost immediately until confusion reigned when the Blonde knelt down and waved at a small child close to her while smiling, “I’m not going to hurt you, buddy,” the blonde said in perfect English, I gained a bit of my complexion back at that. The savages don’t speak English, this must be one of the people who fell from the sky.

“What’s your name?” She asked the boy who slowly approached her.

“Joshua.” He said in a small voice.

“Well Joshua, do you want to know a secret?” the boy nods his head slowly and she reaches out to
take his hand, he doesn’t flinch back, “How would you like to be able to go outside tomorrow?”

The room falls completely silent in response as the child gleefully nodded his approval, “why don’t you go find your mommy and daddy, and your friends and their mommies and daddies and go to the doctor’s office okay? The grown-ups need to have a little talk now.”

“Thank you, miss!” The boy said absolutely radiant with excitement, she rubs his head and sends him back to John and Carol who pick him up.

“All parents with children twelve and under may go to the infirmary, any with children between the ages of thirteen to seventeen may send them on to be seen when you arrive. The rest of you eighteen and older please, have a seat. There are things we must discuss.”

Chapter End Notes

Hey guys, made a few minor edits to the rest of the story, will not affect it majorly but it gives me a bit more to work with. But like always, thanks for reading! Ret’urcye mhi!
September 16, 2149. Mount Weather, Level Five, Mess Hall.

With Dante Wallace…

“All parents with children twelve and under may go to the infirmary, any with children between the ages of thirteen to seventeen may send them on to be seen when you arrive. The rest of you eighteen and older please, have a seat. There are things we must discuss.”

‘Good news, she’s letting the children live… Bad news, we’re about to die.’

“Who is the leader here?” The largest man in armor steps beside the blonde with the question.

“I am the President here, and who are you?”

“Colonel Logan Rucker, Vizsla of the Mandalorians, and galactic scout. Ex-captain, United States Marine Corps. With me are Havoc and Kyramud of the same unit.”

“Clarke Griffin, junior medical doctor on board Ark Station, de facto leader of the 100 skyfallen,” the blonde, Clarke, answers, “with me are Bellamy and Octavia Blake. Now if I were you, I’d have your men lower those guns.”

I look behind me and see every single security officer in the room with their guns raised, “and if I don’t?”

“Then I get to blow you up!” The other male says in a shockingly young tone but that doesn’t change the feeling of dread that shoots down my spine.

“What Havoc means to say,” Clarke says in a tone that promises nothing but pain and death, “is that he has a rare genetic condition that, not only makes him completely radiation proof but, allows him to control and store ambient radiation within his body. He can let out a pulse that stings,” She gives a hand gesture and the man pulsed with an eerie blue light that burns every single one of The People within the room, “To something that could kill even us, and the radiation levels outside are lethal to you but nothing to us… now Mr. president, the guns?”

“Drop them,” every man drops his rifle as if burned, which they were, “what do you want?”

“Three things: one, why are there 400 people in cells behind your medbay?”

“Radiation poisons us, their blood is the treatment to that.”

“Interesting, so the two strung up women we couldn’t save were just blood bags to you, with the other 398 being reserves… I see. Two, who were against these treatments? No need to answer Mr. President. Please step forward at this time,” About twenty-five people step forward, “This is all?”

“Yes,” a small voice came from the middle of the line, “Some of us had no choice but to take it though…”

“What’s your name?” The female in armor asks.

“Maya Vie, please have mercy,” she begs in a small voice.

“Please step to the side,” Clarke says in a gentle tone, “We understand not having a choice better
than anyone probably, we were stuck in space not knowing if Earth was safe or not. For you though, seeing people who can walk around on the surface while you sit here in this tomb rotting? I can sympathize. Please, step to your right.”

‘What the hell is going on here? She says she can sympathize but took the children out, has asked who refused treatments, and is…’
“What do you think you’re doing?!”
‘Oh you fool of boy.’
“Coming into our home, separating us into groups, locking us away?” Cage yells at the group of six. Clarke’s eyes narrow.
“Just for that, and your precious Cerberus, you will not be tried by us, but the grounders. Question three, who here had any part in the abduction and direct murder of the grounders?”

All of Security, the doctors, Cage and I stepped forward.

“You see we have a way to get all of your people out of this mountain in a day. The price? You’ll be tried for your crimes. If you are innocent, you have three choices: We can integrate you into grounder society where you’ll be looked at like a demon, integrate you into the Ark’s population when it comes down and you’ll be among people like you, or we can put you in cryo to be sent off to a new planet entirely,” She waves a hand at the people standing beside me, “everyone behind these men will be given a trial by a jury of my people, grounders and mountain men. Everyone in this line will be given a trial by the grounders,” I fall to my knees and so does Cage.

“You’d sentence us to die…” Cage whispers.

“As you did for them,” she turns to me, “Tell me, Mr. President, how many people died from wandering too close to the mountain on a hunt for food thanks to your acid fog? Or how many missile strikes have you ordered on villages that managed to find guns and, in their curiosity, brought them back to their villages only to die minutes to hours later because of it? Or, better yet, when did you order the reaping of the grounders?”

I pale as her words hit me over and over again, but I cannot respond.

“Good, save your voice. You’ll need it to confess to your crimes later. We already have access to all Mount Weather databases, thank you for all the proper documentation of all the evils you have committed. Now please stand and follow me to medbay, soon you will stand trial in the sun.”

**Mount Weather, Level Three, Medical Facilities.**

**With Artemis**

“Good afternoon ma’am,” I say to what’s hopefully the last patient I would see, “today’s procedure is relatively simple Miss...” I take the vial and syringe with and eyebrow arched gently at the woman.

“Lovejoy, what exactly will be happening?” The woman asks nervously as her son sits by her side.

“Nothing painful if that’s what you’re worried about ma’am. Just an injection, like a flu shot, nothing to be worried about.”

“The after effects?”

“Radiation metabolism on an inhuman level,” I say in a light tone raising the needle, “please hold still.” I inject the serum into her arm and bandage the area, “oh! I forgot to mention, there’s a slight side effect but nothing to worry about. Now it’s your turn buddy.” I raise another syringe and pick up the boys arm, finding the vein I inject the serum.
“That hurt!” The boy says indignantly, but deflates and asks, “when will daddy be able to get his shot?"

“What’s your daddy do buddy?”

“He’s a guard! He keeps us safe!” The boy says excitedly, and the smile freezes on my face, ‘oh boy…’

“Your daddy will get his shot soon buddy but it’ll be a little while.”

“Thanks miss!” He and his mother stand to leave as the champions walk in,

“DADDY!!” The boy screams and barrels to a guard walking through the door. The man moves to the left, dropping to one knee catching the human missile and picking him up off the ground.

“I love you buddy,” the guard whispers with tears streaming down his face openly, “Daddy loves you so much, be good for your mommy for me?”

“Daddy?”

“I love you, I love you so much.”

“Love you too Daddy.”

“Scott, Scott what’s wrong?” He kisses the woman and then pushes her toward the door, “tell our son about me, I love you. Tomorrow you’ll see the ground,” the woman’s eyes widen in horror as Scott and Logan take her arms and escort her out gently.

“Ladies, Gentlemen, please take a bed,” Clarke motions to the beds, “today you’ll be injected with a drug to turn your blood black and act as a catalyst for radiation metabolization, this procedure will be quick and relatively painless. Any questions?”

“How long will this take to affect us?” His name tag labels him as Langston.

“About two to three minutes for your blood to turn, an hour for your bone marrow to be completely modified.”

“Then why do we have to wait for tomorrow to go outside?”

“Oh, you don’t. You get to go outside and start the hike to TonDC for your trial, it’s set for tomorrow, that’s when we announce the trials for everyone. The rest of the population? They get to wait on the supreme leader of the outsiders to come and tell the people that they’re innocent and will be tried separately by a jury. They won’t like it, they’ll hate it in fact, but a few deaths will mollify them.”

The population pales and one takes off toward the sealed door, failing to exit obviously. That’s when Vizsla walks up and hits him with the sleep gas in his gauntlet. The man falls like a sack of potatoes only for Logan to catch him and carry him to the bed.

“Looks like we just found our first volunteer,” Clarke restrains the man and takes an alcohol swab to his left forearm, “injection into the lower brachial vein,” she raises the syringe and raises it for the men and women to see and inserts it to the man’s arm. No one speaks as Clarke glances at the watch she requested from us, the correct time passes and she takes a needle to the man’s finger getting a small amount of blood from it.

“As you can see,” she starts off walking by each man and woman letting them see the vial, “the process was a success.” She looks at me and nods. I nod in return and with a snap of my fingers, restraints pop up from every bed pinning down every doctor, soldier, and politician. Havoc wheels the unconscious man to the harvest chamber as the people start to struggle and scream in protest, “administer the sedative.”
A group of grounders walks in from the harvest chamber with strips of cloth in their hands. Pressing them to the faces of the restrained, they fall bonelessly to the mattresses.

“Now, shall we begin the process?” Clarke says with a predatory smile on her face.

“We shall miss Griffin, we shall.” Vizsla’s dark amusement fills his voice as he takes a syringe and injects the President.

Later…

*Mount Weather Harvest Chamber…*

*With Lexa…*

“By the spirits,” I whisper to Anya, “how did they manage this so fast?”

“I’m not sure, Second, but it is very impressive.”

“Speak English, bitch!” A rude voice echoes from the corner, Cage Wallace. You’d expect more from a future President, well... not anymore.

I walk to his cage and stand in front of it, “Well? Is that all you’re going to do, savage, stare at me all day? I’m not scared of you.”

“You should be,” I whisper but so only he can hear, but it’s enough to make him step back in his cage. I smirk and turn on heel, walking to where I know my love is.

“Get back here!” Cage roars, “I’m not through with you!”

“Maybe not, but I’m done with you.”

“I demand to speak with your leader! I am Cage Wallace! The future president of this mountain, I deserve better!”

“Cage!” Dante’s horrified, ‘interesting… maybe this man is like Klark said he would be, if so there may be hop…’ “Do not speak like that! I raised you better!” And there it is, he’s angry at his child’s tone of voice to another person, a savage even. Amazing how life threatening situations change a person’s perspective.

“No, dad! They’re going to kill us anyway! I want to see this great leader face to face before that, some town chief will probably execute us anyway.”

I laugh maliciously at that, “I am the supreme leader and will execute you myself.”

Dante and Cage pale simultaneously as I walk to where I know my love is.

*Same time…*

*Mount Weather Med Bay…*

*With Clarke…*

“And that’s it,” I sighed in relief, ‘about time too, 382 people? Too damn many to convert to nightbloods in a day...’

“Clarke, an entire platoon of grounders just turned up in the harvest chamber,” James’ voice says through the earpiece I’m wearing. “Thank you for informing me James, let me know if something important comes up.”
“Of course, two are headed your way now. Looks like they scared the shit out of Dante and Cage though.”

“Excellent, those two shits need it.”

The door hisses open and I turn expecting to see Anya and Indra striding across the room only to see, “LEXA!” I barrel across the room and she does too, not caring that the Mandos and the rest of my team can see me. We crash together in the middle of the room, our arms wrapping around each other.

“My love, you came back to me,” the smile on my face is probably the biggest it’s ever been since my days on the ark.

“Forever. my spirit chose wisely and the Spirits were good to us,” she pulls back from the embrace and puts her forehead on mine, “I’m never losing you like that again.”

“I was the one who lost you,” voice breaking I look into her green eyes, full of life and so unlike last time I saw them. I feel her breath on my face, feel her heart through her chest, her eyes shining from behind her war paint, the smell of pine and grass. Lexa.

“Klark,” She whispers and I lose it.

“Everybody out,” I bark to the room and then kiss her full on the lips, my hands tearing at her clothes while people rush from the room as fast as they can.

Later…

With Lexa…

I lay there panting beside my life, my love, my eternity. ‘How many rounds was that?’

“Lex,” I hear her breathe my name, I turn my head and look into the smiling face of my love.

“Klark,” Her sky blue eyes glance down at my lips behind her now thoroughly smudged war paint, “I think it’s time for us to get back up,” my arms are wrapped around her waist and her hands are still firmly on my rear.

“Not yet,” She says firmly, “I just got you back, I’m not leaving this bed with you firmly in it.”

I smile gently at her kissing her nose and then her forehead, I try to extract myself from her and partially succeed, “Klark, there won’t be a repeat of this until Polis if you don’t get up right about now.” She immediately jumps up and starts picking up her clothes and I can’t help but laugh at the sight, the great Wanheda nearly panicking over a lack of sex? I’m halfway through this thought as I pull up my pants and glance around again, we made love in the mountain. How’s that for a fuck you?

We get dressed quickly and Klark taps her ring.

‘Deshra, how much of that was recorded?’

‘Um…’ I actually feel the man swallow from here, ‘all of it…’

‘Bury it so deep that even a nuclear bomb couldn’t touch it, you count hack hack it, or, better yet, scrub it from existence.’

‘Yes ma’am.’

‘And James?’

‘Yes?’

‘Scott may be a pyromaniacal, explosive loving, radiation-generating idiot but at least he’s smart enough to know not to perv on the Heda and Wanheda.’ I feel myself instantly react to the tone of command in her voice.
“My tent would be more than safe, my love,” I walk behind her and bite her ear lightly, I place my hands on her hips and kiss her neck before pulling back and retrieving my bag. Pulling out a jar of warpaint we both reapply our respective patterns, my tears and her T.

She taps her ring twice and calls out to the group as a whole,

‘Alright you idiots it’s safe to come in here now.’

The door to the Harvest chamber opens with a thunk and with Bellomi, Ocevia and Lincoln smirking, Anya looking horrified and the Mandos still the emotionless masks.

“Leksa, what is the meaning of this?” My old first practically demands of me.

“That is none of your concern at the moment, just know that this is not the first time we’ve met and, thanks to the spirits, this will be the last time we have to remeet each other.”

“The spirits?” Anya says so bewildered she swaps to English, “the spirits blessed this?”

“Lady Space and Lord Time themselves, along with Mistress Death if you must know, Fos,” I hold my black and green ring up for her to see, “we, Klark and I, are two of the five champions of Time.” Klark, Bellamy, and Octavia all hold up their hands showing the Cross-embossed rings. Anya takes a step back as if dazed and Lincoln holds up his fist showing the navy ring,

“I am different. I remember a future gone and a woman in blue. She was the lady Hope,” Lincoln says softly.

“Impossible…” Anya breathes out, sitting on the bed frame.

“We can discuss what is and isn’t possible later, Anya, right now we have people to escort out of a mountain.”

“Sha, Heda.”

Later…

Trikru Territory, TonDC Proper, Judgement Square.

With Wells…

‘What the hell is going on here?’

Ten more grounders came into camp yelling something about a mountain, the other ten got went from shocked, to pissed off, to absolutely relief to seriousness. Whatever was said didn’t bode well. They woke us up early this morning and got us moving, I panicked when I couldn’t find Clarke, or Bellamy for that matter. But the grounders wouldn’t let me and Finn look for them. It’s only been two days and this guy actually may keep us alive if the grounders decide to abandon us.

We walk for hours without end only stopping to eat once and relieve ourselves then back to the mind numbing lope through the trees. Finally we reach a statue of Abraham Lincoln, then I look again and realize with some degree of surprise that it’s the statue of Abe Lincoln, exactly the same statue from the books on Washington DC in the Ark’s library. We walk a bit further to an already intense crowd masses around a platform with twenty people on it.

My eyes bug out when I see Clarke standing on stage with a sword belted to her side, in armor and wearing face paint. In my shock I still register the Blake siblings on stage but the eye catchers are the
three men and two women in full Mandalorian armor, dad had the collection of all nine Star Wars movies on board the Ark, I was never really a fan but I’d recognize the armor Boba Fett - ‘actually closer to Jango Fett’ - wore in the series. Then I see the woman in furs and wearing the most terrifying war paint I’ve ever seen with a cog in the middle of her forehead.

She calls out in the language that the Grounders use, but none of us know but, thankfully, the large man beside Octavia translates for the sake of the 100, but he doesn’t look at us. He looks off to his left, I look over there and stop, gobsmacked. ‘Another group of people?’

The woman’s voice echoes over the mass of people and the large man translates instantly, “My name is Lincoln kom Trikru, hear the words of Heda and fear! Men and Women of TonDC! I am your Commander!” The burly man’s voice rings clear, “Today! Our greatest enemy has fallen!” ‘Oh you’ve gotta be shitting me.’

“The Mountain men have plagued our people for centuries, and thanks to the people behind me they are no threat!”

The crowd roars it’s approval and the second group shrinks in on itself. The woman says something, ‘Skaikru... I actually like that,’ and indicates us.

“Here before you are the rest of the Mountain Men and the Sky People, today the Mountain will be judged. We will judge with a group of the Mountain who fought to save our people, the Skaikru, and our own people!”

The crowd shifts at this highly uncomfortable, “However! Dante Wallace, Cage Wallace! Step forward.” The two back into the crowd but four warriors grab their shoulders and haul them forward. Clarke steps down and looks into their eyes.

“You are responsible for thousands dead, Dante Wallace and for that, Blood must have Blood.”

I rear back in horror as the crowd around me roars their approval as the man translates back to the crowd.

‘Clarke, what have they done to you?’

“They shall die by the death of 1000 cuts, Skaikru if you do not wish to see this an Elder shall escort you away from the bloodshed.”

The crowd whispers furiously as the younger kids, Finn, and a few of the girls step out. All in all 30 of the hundred leave the crowd.

“Those who remain, you will be loaned a dagger if you wish to participate. However I ask you not to,” The woman says in a tone of steel, “these men have wronged my people, not yours, not yet. Let us have our blood.”

I look to the left and right, no one will give an answer. I step forward, “Our ways are not your ways, for this we will watch. But we will not participate.”

“I thank you…”

“Wells, Wells Jaha.”

“Then I thank you Wells Jaha, jus drein jus daun!”

“Jus drein, Jus daun!” The crowd thunders as the two Wallaces are tied to a stake. In the middle of the village.

“Mountain Men, if you are found guilty, this is to be your fate, wan kom thauz kut op. Guards of Mount Weather, this is to be your fate regardless. Death from one thousand cuts. Spirits rest your souls.”

The large man and a woman with darker skin then mine step forward, tying then to a post. Fifty men fall to their knees as the warriors deliver the first cuts to the Wallaces.

“NATBLIDAS!”

“Shof op!” Clarke yells through the clearing, “Lincoln, translate for me,” the large man nods and turns to the crowd.

“None of these men, or women, were born Nightbloods. I made them into that. A long lost potion used to change the blood from red to black. These men behind me,” she indicates the armored people who still have not moved a muscle, “had that knowledge in their computer. We created it to bring them into the open air to finally face judgment. Let their last moments be utter torment as your lives
have been!"
The crowd roars once again, ‘what happened to you, Clarke?’

Later…

With Finn…

‘The screaming finally stopped,’ I think miserably, ‘that death makes floating look tame by comparison.’
The girl I’m holding finally stops shaking and wraps her arms around my neck and is pulling me down into a kiss before I can stop her, ‘Raven… I won’t see her again… the ark won’t be coming down…’ I kiss the girl, Glass, back heatedly. In the middle of the group. I pull back and look her in the eyes, looking over to the Elder I apologize with my eyes before pulling Glass into the surrounding bushes. The sounds of her ecstasy fill the day not unlike the screams of the dying did moments earlier.

With Lincoln…

I look over to where the Skaikru were lead by the Elder. I go over to retrieve them and hear the sounds of a couple rutting, I raise my eyebrow at a large boy with blonde hair and brown eyes who obviously came to help the children deal with the screams of the dying.

“Who?”

“My ex and the spacewalker,” the boy says in a tight voice. I take this news in stride, I know Raven loved a boy they called the Spacewalker. And Clarke did too, this is the boy Clarke killed.
I stride over to the area where the sounds are coming.

“Come,” The sounds stop and a dark headed boy’s head pops out of the bushes eyes wide in alarm, “Heda requests all Skaikru in the square. Get dressed, you idiot boy, and remember where you are.” He flushed in embarrassment but pulls his shirt back on and a very embarrassed girl scrambles out of the bushes back to the safety of the group.

“Come,” I call to Skaikru, “Heda awaits.”

With Clarke…

“…in the bushes, rutting like wild animals.”

“I’m honestly not surprised, Lincoln, he thinks I’m only into women and that Raven is lost to Space. He’ll definitely be thinking that when she comes down between a week and tomorrow.”

“True enough, but we have to get on with the trials for now.”

“Yes, yes we do.”

“Also, your friend, Wells? He has been looking at you strangely.”

‘Oh. Hell. He’s not going to get off my case now.’

“Thank you, I’ll talk to him now go translate for our Commander,” I shove his shoulder playfully and he smirks at me.

With Lexa…

“People of TonDC! Two have tasted death, behind me are those that shall be tried. However we must deal with a larger issue first, the innocents and children of the mountain.”

Murmurs raise from the crowd at this, children were held sacred and even children of the mountain would be cared for here.

“They who have seen less than ten summers will be scattered throughout our people if orphaned by
the end of these trials. Those who have seen between eleven and seventeen will be allowed to integrate with the Skaikru, should they allow it.” ‘More murmurs but no protests, better than expected.’

“We allow it,” the large dark boy, Wells I believe, ah yes. I remember his father now, Jaha… the leader of the ark. Discreetly tapping my ring twice I think of Bellomi, ‘tell me, is his father still alive?’

‘No, and Kane is the leader of the Ark now. He remembers everything too.’

I almost lose my composer hearing that but I keep my eyes on Wells,

“Very well, Wells kom Skaikru. Your kindness is appreciated.”

He bows his head and steps back in line.

“I am afraid now we must decide on what to do with the mountain men who fought…” I’m interrupted by a flash of fire and an impact from a hundred yards away, my eyes widen in surprise ‘A dropship?’

Little did she know that she was far from the only one thinking that.

Chapter End Notes

I’ll admit it, I’m not very good at smut but if it’s requested enough I’ll add it in later on.

But for now, enjoy! Ret’uryce mhi!

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