Challenges

by Khir

Summary

Clarke makes an impulsive decision that results with Lexa taking it as a challenge and their own personal battle ensues. Meanwhile the Mountain Men have some tricks up their sleeve that will put everyone to the test.

Notes

A lot of people are still reading and rereading this story which is great but I'm just going to make some notes.

1) I started writing this between Clexa's first meeting and Pauna so Lexa is OOC as hell, so my bad

2) it's not the best writing, I can admit that

3) Lexa has a penis oh shit

4) I'm happy to say I haven't gotten any hate for producing this work though I know some people despise it but respectfully keep it to themselves.

5) if you managed to stumble upon this fic, thank you for reading it or trying to read it if you end up not liking it.
Lexa looked at Clarke with a clenched jaw as the balmy breeze of night whisked her hair to and fro. The blonde was being a nuisance at camp this evening, arguing with generals and seconds about the best approach to take Mount Weather. Although they were obliged to listen to her, Lexa knew she could be irritating. With a quick motion, the commander began a swift walk toward the debating blonde.

The clamoring ceased and Clarke furrowed her eyebrows. Everyone was looking to her left and she sighed. Warily turning, she faced the piercing eyes of the commander, standing tall and proud before her. She donned her war paint and battle attire and looked formidable under the moonlight. There was complete silence now as everyone waited for a possible order, instruction or comment.

Raising her hand slowly and to the side, Lexa's head darted toward her fellow grounders. "You may all retire for the evening," she stated dryly whilst turning her head back to the blonde who now seemed infuriated. The grounders dissipated from their view as Clarke glared at the commander. With little interest Lexa continued. "You may return to your camp," she stated as her hands moved to rest upon the hilt of her sword.

Gritting her teeth, Clarke scoffed. "Is that an order?" she nearly spat eyeing the commander up and down. It was difficult enough to try and reason with the grounders without Lexa prodding in her conversations. There was no response so the blonde brushed by the commander roughly, whipping her head in the opposite direction in frustration.

Lexa knew there were many eyes on her and did not appreciate the brazen approach the blonde just took. Although she was satisfied with the union between their people, it would not be suitable to seem subordinate to Clarke at any moment. Reaching a strong, deft hand out, Lexa grabbed Clarke and spun her around. The shocked look on her face proved to be the catalyst to the blonde's loss of composure as the two women stood close to each other.

"It is an order," Lexa slowly replied, squeezing the girl's arm without hesitation.

A silent gust travelled across the bare skin of Clarke's neck and she let out a whimper. She quickly wrenched herself out of the vice grip and took a step back. "Don't touch me," she retorted, turning on her heel and walking away from Ton DC.

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The sounds of morning echoed through Camp Jaha as Clarke lay awake, eyes wide but weary, thinking of all that was occurring. Birds chirping, trees rustling and the sun rising made it all seem so peaceful and serene. It was an oddity that such beauty could exist in such a dire time of war and she wished for a brief moment that should could be lost in it; travel far away from here with it and never look back.

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The living were hungry, Lexa thought as she trekked through the forest in search of prey. As the sun began to creep up above the trees, she could feel the warmth on her tan skin sinking into her veins and igniting her soul. There was nothing like the thrill of a hunt, predator and prey, the grounders and their kill.

Crouching behind a thick shrub, Lexa nodded to her left where Indra and Octavia lay hidden a few yards away. Looking to her right she signaled to Fio who was at the ready. They waited patiently for the most opportune moment, the sun giving light to the enigmatic forest and waking all the fauna in its path.

And there he was, a giant boar, enough food for the day but an ominous task for the small team. The tusks were larger than anticipated and its size was hefty but it wasn't anything Lexa could not handle nor could her subordinates. She licked her lips and reached for her dagger.

Leaping up in a dramatic fashion, Lexa jumped over the shrub and toward the boar immediately garnering its attention. It saw only Lexa and was ready to fight as it charged after the fearless girl. Her heart palpitated as she ran past the boar. She could hear the hurried scurry of the beast right behind her, huffing air and raging angrily.

She raised her arm into the sky and Fio emerged from the trees running briskly behind the boar as it focused its attention on Lexa. Indra and Octavia followed suit from the left, as they all ran gracefully through the woods with ample speed and control. Fio held up his spear at the ready with a confident look on his face.

Indra darted her eyes toward him with a menacing look. "No Fio, em frag op!" she pointed to Octavia who had a look of sheer determination on her face.

Sweat was sparkling on Octavia's skin and this was another opportunity for her to show Indra how capable she was. She called at Fio who handed off the spear to her. Looking ahead of her, she pondered how Lexa was able to run so far and fast ahead of the boar, admiring her agility and courage.

With one strong heave, Octavia let the spear release from her hand as she watched it clear through the trees and its branches, stopping its target dead in its tracks.

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Ryder was waiting for her outside of her quarters at Camp Jaha. He was strong and sturdy man that she admittedly enjoyed having by her side. He never smiled, spoke or even did much of anything but she appreciated his watchful eye and continuous patience. Not all of the Sky People knew what to think of him and many were intimidated by his stature but Clarke would reassure them that he was harmless even if his stoic demeanor begged to differ.

She smiled up at him and was at a loss for words for a morning greeting. Thinking for a minute she looked away and breathed, searching her mind for something. "Choj?" she asked, unsure if it was correct.

Looking silently at the young girl he nodded, understanding what she meant and trying to be as warm as he could muster. He tried to respond with what the Sky People would call a smile and it
seemed to work as the blonde looked at him sheepishly relieved.

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Thinking about the previous night while taking a bite out of the freshly cooked meat, Lexa gazed off into the distance. It wasn't easy keeping the coalition together. For now, they all had a common goal but what would happen when the Mountain Men were defeated. What would she have to do to continue the peace amongst all the clans. There had been enough bloodshed and the demise of her people was the last thing she wanted.

Although stubborn, emotional and impulsive, Clarke could be the possible answer to everything. Lexa huffed and spat a bone onto the ground thinking about the blonde and what was best logistically for her people. She abruptly stood up and scanned the area as her eyes narrowed. "Okteivia!" she called, watching as her head shot up, looking immediately to Indra for permission. With a quick nod, the second quickly approached the commander.

This girl was doing very well as a grounder, Lexa thought while looking at the second. Indra had chosen well and although not everyone may have accepted her just yet, Lexa believed she would show her worthiness in due time. "Octavia," Lexa began in a gentle voice.

Not used to this sort of tone, Octavia gulped in worry of her performance with the boar. "Yes, commander," she replied respectfully as the air heated from the morning sun.

Lexa smirked and changed her stance to a casual one. "You did a good job today with the boar," she commented as the second instantly forced herself to contain a smile. The commander quirked her eyebrow at this response and the girl immediately went stiff. She contemplated what she would ask next but thought Octavia would be best to help with this situation. "I need your help."

Furrowing her eyebrows at the hesitation of the commander, Octavia nodded. "Of course, what do you need?" she curiously asked looking at the bright blue eyes of her commander. They seemed mischievous but sincere.

"Meet me in the war room alone when you and Indra are done your morning meal," she instructed.

Octavia went wide eyed and hoped there wasn't anything wrong. "Yes commander," was all she could say as she turned back toward Indra.

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"Won't you talk to me, Ryder?" Clarke asked in a soft voice as she looked out toward the thousands of tents surrounding Camp Jaha. She looked up at the large man and sighed. He didn't understand enough but she'd try to converse with him every so often. Giving up, she licked her dry lips and half smiled.
"Clarke?" asked a voice from a few feet away.

The blonde turned around and saw Raven treading lightly as Ryder had his hand on his sword. "Ryder, give it a rest," she stated as the man stepped back wondering what he did wrong.

Shaking her head disbelievingly, Raven pulled her hand out of her pocket and showed Clarke what she had been working on. "Check it out Clarke," she began to explain. "This particular high frequency tone generator can be split into ten smaller ones that last about two minutes before needing to be charged." Raven pointed to slits in the generator for the customization. "It's not as strong but it'd buy someone enough time to get away."

Clarke took it out of her hand and admired her work. "This will be great in a sticky situation." Clarke commented with marvel. "Raven, you're incredible," she complimented looking back toward the mechanic. She paused for a moment and smiled. "I'm sorry for being so harsh lately --"

"Don't worry about it," Raven interrupted, pulling her blonde friend in for a hug. She knew what Clarke was dealing with and the mechanic doubted she'd be able to handle it any better. "I know you mean well, Clarke. I'll do my best for you, always." She pulled away from the hug and saw her friend nodding with bright, happy eyes. The way the sun hit her golden hair and sparkled in those pools of crystal blue, Raven could see why Finn was enamoured with her. "I'll be back at the Ark, see you."

With that, Clarke felt happy, even if only for a moment.

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Beneath the ground of Ton DC, the commander and Octavia stood around the war table in private. The air was thick and the room silent as Octavia waited to be addressed. She hoped there was nothing wrong especially since she was told to here alone. Indra did not question it and allowed her to go with no reluctance.

Lexa could see the second was curious about this private meeting but it was difficult to put her thoughts into words. "Octavia," she began, pointing her chin up. It was nice to be out of war attire for the day as she felt the air get warmer. "I would like to know more about Sky culture."

Octavia pursed her lips and looked at the commander quizzically. She sighed with relief shortly thereafter being thankful that nothing was wrong. "What would you like to know?" she pleasantly asked, wondering if she'd be able to answer adequately.

"How are your leaders chosen?" Lexa asked, perplexed when she learned reincarnation was not the answer.

Thinking about the council, chancellors, voting and the delinquents, Octavia responded as best she
could. She noticed that Lexa listened carefully and absorbed all the information as best she could understand. When appropriate, Octavia would try to translate into Trigedasleng but it wasn't easy. "Only one child was allowed per couple as well," Octavia continued and briefly told her story.

This was intriguing to Lexa and she was finding the Sky People to be as savage as grounders in some cases. There was a pause as Octavia ended her explanation of things. "Tell me about Clarke," Lexa continued. "Why is she not the Chancellor?" this question almost made Octavia laugh but Lexa gazed with a serious face.

Biting her lower lip, Octavia began to tell Lexa what she knew about Clarke and about what happened with her dad, Wells and even Finn. The information kept Lexa interested for a good time and the second was finding her mouth dry from all of the chatter. She finished and looked to her commander for any further questions she could have. She didn't think there were any ulterior motives, just genuine inquiry.

Lexa noticed that Octavia was growing tired from the conversation and didn't want to keep her any longer from Indra. "Do you love Lincoln?" she asked, bluntly.

With a nod, the second replied. "Yes, very much." Taking a deep breath, she thought about her love for Lincoln and what she would do for him.

"You did not mind that he was a grounder upon meeting?" the commander asked.

"He saved my life, Heda." Octavia sternly stated, looking at her right in the eye.

Lexa's thoughts went to Clarke immediately. She thought about how she saved her life from Quint and how grateful the blonde was. Maybe this gratitude was similar to that of Octavia's for Lincoln, something more than life being spared.

"Thank you Octavia, second of Indra." Lexa nodded and bowed to the girl. "You may return to your general."

Octavia returned the bow and exited the war room in search of Indra. She thought nothing much of the private meeting but it made her feel good to help the commander.

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"Ryder, it's nearly midday, we should head to Ton DC," Clarke stated while motioning toward her horse. The camp was busy with Sky People working hard, training and gathering supplies for the battles ahead. They all understood that she was the one the grounders would listen to and she was able to go and come freely to the camp as she pleased. She was hoping that she would gain some more headway today with the grounder generals as a new idea or two bubbled in her head.
She looked over her steed and smiled at its beauty. Strong and fierce this horse was and ready to take her where she needed to be. With one leg swooping over the back of the horse she was off with Ryder as the thunderous hooves of their stallions broke into the earth beneath them. It was a liberating sensation to be able to ride a horse. Never in her life did Clarke think that this would be possible and she felt very fortunate for the experience.

The landscape was beautiful on the way to Ton DC. The diamond like river was Clarke's favourite part as she took her horse to run alongside. The water would splash up like a cool mist and retreat back into the river with every gallop. This was her time to briefly escape the war and all the dangers that came with being on the ground.

Ryder looked toward the Sky Girl and thought she was a natural. He appreciated her gentle effort to talk with him and her ability to learn so quickly. He was happy to be appointed as her guard and enjoyed these ventures silently by her side.

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Lexa sat quietly in the war room contemplating the information she learned today. Candles lit dimly all around her as she crossed one leg over the other, getting lost in her thoughts and trying to figure things out. It was not a good life for many on the Ark and she pondered what she would do if she was in Clarke's situation. Her convoluted thoughts were disturbed with the gate shutting and a familiar voice piping at her.

"Where is everyone?" Clarke demanded to know upon entering the war room. She saw Lexa wave her hand, brushing her off. The blonde went wide eyed and repeated her question with emphasis.

Leaning back into her seat, Lexa tiredly sighed. "I let them have a break just for today," she drawled, not wanting to deal with the Sky Girl at the moment.

Clarke pressed on adamantly. How dare she cancel a meeting without her knowledge. Not only was it rude but it made her feel inferior. "Why was a I not consulted about this?" She questioned with anguish in her voice.

Clasping her hands in her lap, Lexa calmly replied. "It was an abrupt decision I made last night after you left. You did not need to be consulted."

"You should have at least told me --,"

"Shof op, Clarke." Lexa ordered, shooting dagger eyes at the blonde.

That was the last straw. The anger from last night in addition to the situation right now infuriated Clarke to no end. She began long, dangerous strides toward the sitting commander who simply
looked up expectantly toward her. Being told to be quiet like a child was uncalled for. Her hand rose in the air without thinking which caused the commander to dart to her feet, grab the blonde's arm, pull her in and smash her into the wall behind them.

With one hand around her risen fist and the other around her throat, Clarke realised what she did put her in a dire situation. She could barely breathe and was amazed at how agile the commander was without her even expecting it. The blonde whimpered and squirmed in the strong grip but Lexa did not let go. Instead she moved into her and glared into bright blue eyes just inches away from her own. The heat from the commander was making her burn up and she felt stifled.

Gritting her teeth, Lexa questioned, "What did you think you were going to do, Sky Girl?" Moving her head closer to Clarke, their foreheads nearly touching. Sweat began to form on the blonde, struggling beneath her grasp and gasping for air. This behaviour was unexpected and Lexa reacted defensively. Her rage began to dissipate and her hold on the girl as their bodies pressed against each other.

But before Lexa could move, she heard a deep breath and a deafening silence fell between them, except for the sound of Clarke's lips against Lexa's and the immediate grunt that followed. Clarke pulled back and licked her lips. Blood. There was blood. Clarke bit her, and bit her hard.

Lexa's eyes seared into the blonde with a death glare as a smug expression came across the Sky Girl's face. She bit her lip and it stung. Lexa licked and could feel the bruise that was caused by sharp teeth and a foolish girl. Fresh, red blood seeped over flawless skin. With one hand still holding Clarke against the wall and their bodies still flush, Lexa wiped her mouth and looked down into pleased eyes.

Clarke's heart raced between the commander and the wall, back and forth, threatening to jump out of her chest either way. She saw the bruise begin to sorely show on her bottom lip and for an instant she felt awful for doing such a thing, but that soon faded when she heard a scoff and those same lips came crashing back into hers with a malicious intent.

"You should not have done that," Lexa coldly said into the kiss, her hands wrapping around the blonde's body and holding her in place for what was to come. She could feel the sweat from her palms seeping through her light shirt as the kiss continued. Clarke could feel all the sensations running through her body.

Lexa darted her tongue out, pressing hard against soft lips to open and receive her. She swished her tongue around Clarke's teasingly and aggressively as she began to lick and taste every drop of the Sky Girl. Her strong hands held Clarke tighter and the space between her firm body and the wall seemed to engulf the furious blonde. One hand began to outline Clarke's slender figure yet not losing that forceful grasp and squeezing hard against their ever deepening kiss.

Clarke went wide eyed and began to tear up. Lexa bit her this time, and it was much harder than her bite. This was a slow and excruciating procedure, gradually piercing into her and letting the pain grow, unlike Clarke's abrupt bite. Lexa kept her lips pressed hard and bit leisurely, pressing further
until drops of blood managed to get through. This bloody kiss was not stopped while Lexa continued to suck and prod at the blonde's mouth.

In anger, Clarke tried to return Lexa's bite with another, attacking the old wound which she inflicted earlier. Blood flowed between their mouths as sweat emanated from their skin mixing with everything. Their hearts began to beat into each other and the pain was unbearable but neither girl was going to give up just yet.

Clarke was very close to tears but held them back because she did not want to show weakness in front of the commander. Her heart trembled with the movement of Lexa's lips as their blood raged with blood, sweat against sweat and lips attacked lips.

Lexa pushed in further and broke the kiss. If she continued, they would never leave the war room and a lot more than their lips would be bloodied. They were both breathing heavily and Clarke returned a deathly glare, a trail of blood trickling down her lips. Lexa licked the blood off Clark's chin and released her grip on the blonde. She stepped back and waited expectantly.

"This isn't over," Clarke barked, touching her throat, tender from the choke, walking toward the exit.

Lexa let out a long, deep, breath. "You have no idea what you have started, Clarke," she warned as the blonde turned her back on her and left the room in a blaze of gold.

Chapter End Notes

I only know of G!P fiction existing in the glee fandom which I do not read. Yes it's different but it's something I want to explore in writing because it can be just as steamy and romantic as any other fic. I think the pairing of these two strong leaders who are extremely open minded is a perfect opportunity for this sort of thing. Thank you for reading.

Come say hi! Khirstin.tumblr.com
Chapter Notes

Thank you for the positive response to the first chapter. Wasn't that episode last night awesome? I thought the Clexa kiss and their chemistry was perfect. Obviously this story is very different from what is happening on the show but I'll include some things from time to time.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Seeing his blonde companion exit the war room in a rush caught Ryder's immediate attention. She had her head down, as if trying to keep something hidden and walked toward the main exit of Ton DC. He followed suit like a gentle giant, not wanting to alarm her and giving her space in this apparent distress he sensed.

She needed to breathe, to unravel what just happened and the possible outcome for her. The last statement Lexa bared was a threat and was not to be taken lightly. Clarke looked up at the clear blue sky, a few puffy clouds making their way and sighed. Her steps were noisy and long, fully aware Ryder was a good distance behind. She appreciated the extra space she was given at this time.

Lip burning and body flushed, Clarke found herself back at the river where it was a rarity to see anyone. She pondered that maybe it was because of the river monster that bit Octavia and the fact that there were small bodies of fresh water closer to Camp Jaha anyway. But she loved this river, the serenity of it and the elegance of its gentle flow. Skimming the area, she found a flat rock to seat herself upon and rested.

Why did she bite Lexa like that? It seemed like the only reaction to have with her throat in a choke hold and one hand held above her head, though a foolish one, she sighed while pressing against her lip. Shaking her head, she gazed across the river, wondering if she could wash it all away within the enticing waters.

"Klok?" Ryder finally spoke up after much time had passed. The sun began to set and it would be dark soon. The calm river would not be the ideal place at night. She turned to him slowly and he saw the bruise on her lip. Losing his stoic composure, Ryder immediately reached for his pouch and pulled out ointment. "Ai fis yu op." He knelt before her and searched for permission.

Nodding her head, Clarke closed her eyes as if to hold back tears and then held still for Ryder. She noticed how careful he was being and there was a glint of concern and wonder in his eyes. With a mindful hand, he applied the ointment and there was instant relief for his companion. He tried to smile again and was content when hearing her say 'Chof'.

"Pro," said the haughty man, taking a seat next to Clarke on the large rock.

She knew they had to get going but Ryder was being patient for her. "We kissed, Ryder, and I don't know how to feel about it," she blurted out, looking at the hues of purple and pink in the sky. "When I see Lincoln with Octavia, it delights me but I'm wary of what the commander could want from me in that sense."
Being no expert in the field of lust and love Ryder simply put a hand on Clarke's shoulder. He was a warrior through and through and never had time to find a mate. He was hoping however, after the war with Mount Weather, that it could still be plausible.

"She threatened me." Clarke continued. "Told me that I have no idea what I started because I bit her first." She retreated into her thoughts wondering what it could mean. A battle of wits? Being kicked out of war meetings? Being omitted from the coalition? What could it lead to?

Ryder pursed his lips and turned to the Sky Girl. "Klok," he began to say in the coolest tone he could muster. "The Commander, will have her way with you if you continue to cross her." His voice was deep and masculine as he spoke.

Whipping her head to look into Ryder's face, she saw a stern look and unwavering eyes. "Have her way how?"

This question made Ryder uncomfortable as he searched for English words to explain. "A predator will have its prey by the neck," he began to say thinking thoughtfully. "You and the commander are equal in politics, but not in lust. She will vow to make you subordinate in bed."

Clarke got a hoot out of that and knocked her head back with a laugh. What was Ryder even on about. She looked at him in earnest and reached out a hand to cover his calloused one on her shoulder. "Thank you Ryder but I don't think the commander has time for that and neither do I," she pressed really believing so.

Confused, Ryder sighed and turned to the setting sun. "Klok, before we depart to Camp Jaha, I must retrieve some more ointment from Ton DC." he explained, motioning to his bottle.

Understanding, Clarke nodded and rose to her feet and took off toward the village with Ryder closely behind. It was refreshing to take that walk and she was excited to get back to her horse. She hoped she would not see Lexa just yet as she didn't know what to say or how to go about dealing with what happened. Hopefully they could forget about it and move on.

The village was busy and Lexa was nowhere to be seen. Clarke examined the area as Ryder approached from behind. He explained it would take some time to get more ointment as he had to look for Nyko. Clarke didn't mind and said she'd be in the area waiting for him. Her lip felt much better and she wondered what the ointment consisted of.

Looking around, she noticed two guards standing on either side of the war room entrance and thought that was peculiar. Biting her lip, Clarke's inquisitive nature got the best of her as she crept into the foliage around Ton DC and made her way toward the back of the brick building. She looked up and down at the stone and then crouched. Immediately she could hear noises, at least two different tones coming from the stone. A meeting without her? Who did the commander think she was?

Clarke gritted her teeth and pressed her ear to the stone. It was getting dark but near the bottom of the wall she could see light flickering. There was a small hole, so she got on all fours and peaked through. There were many candles but it was difficult to see. She blinked a few times and turned for a better angle.

Pale skin went white and blue eyes glazed over at the sight. Clarke gaped and could not tear her eyes away from what lay beyond the hole.
After the encounter with Clarke, Lexa needed to find release. It was difficult to control the rage inside her, mixed with the growing lust she newly acquired for the golden girl. Leaving the war room, she marched upstairs and walked through the villagers without a care. Her eye was looking for something, or someone to satisfy her need and it would happen how she wanted.

A regular lover of hers was helping to collect firewood in the surrounding area. She was nothing grandeur, but she would suffice for the moment. Walking over to the girl with only one thing on her mind, she called for her and the response was prompt. The working girl smiled and welcomed the commander without resistance.

With two guards appointed at the entrance, Lexa took the girl down to the war room. No one thought anything of it as everyone assumed their commander needed a break sometimes from war and politics. The villagers went on with their business.

In the candlelit room the girls gazed at one another. The two started voraciously kissing as Lexa pushed the girl into the table. Lexa was taller and bigger than the girl, her armor off and muscles glistening with sweat. Her lust, desire and need was driving her wild as the villager moaned into the kiss. She couldn't wait any longer and kissed her ever more forcefully, both their bodies pushing against one another and her hands groping roughly over warm breasts. Their bodies moved with each other as they nearly caused the table to shuffle.

Lexa moved her hot wet lips over the girl's neck and devoured her like a beast in heat, hands finding their way to her top and pulling it off aggressively. The girl gasped before the commander in a cloth bra, and the sight drove Lexa wild as blood rushed through her veins. As she kissed deep and hard, undoing the bra with one hand while the other searched for the waistband of the girl's pants, Lexa grunted into the kiss and felt herself becoming aroused.

The pants were slid down swiftly and as roughly as she could together with the last remnant of the cloth wrapping tightly around her breasts, chafing her legs slightly. The village girl's eyes jolted and for a moment they kissed again.

The girl was beautiful and naked in front of Lexa, as she ran her fingers all over her bare, smooth skin. Shivers ran through the commander's back, to the bottom of her thighs where they shook most violently as if ready to explode. She impatiently took off her shirt, her abdomen flexing and muscles working with great strength. With a few quick motions they were both naked and sweaty before each other.

Frazzled and hot, Clarke couldn't pull herself away from the sight. She also couldn't believe what she saw between Lexa's legs and took a large gulp in awe. Was this something normal for grounders? The girl did not seem bothered by it at all as she pulled Lexa into her embrace. A twinge of something coursed through Clarke's body. Could it be jealousy? No, definitely not.
Lexa licked all over the girl's neck and trailed hot wet kisses down to her bare chest, twirling her tongue around them seductively, as her own hands glided down between thighs. Her hands ran through the girl's hair and pulled hard as she moaned and began to take her hard tongue down toward the commanders defined stomach.

Feeling the wetness of the girl, Lexa felt the heat of her radiating skin which was burning with desire from within. The commander entered her in one quick forceful lunge, the sound of her loud solitary moan cutting through the silence of the room against the loud thud and force in which their entwined bodies made against the table.

They were just pure lust, carnal desire, animalistic instinct, panting against one another on the large table with flickering candles behind them. Lexa picked up her pace, faster and deeper as the girl's moan quickened, and she shook with her eyes closed, sweat streaking down her hot flushed cheeks, slowly in contrast to the force and speed of their bodies moving against each other.

One hand against the table, Lexa's strong body pushed her naked back down to lay, one slender leg wrapped around her waist, tilting her neck to the side so that hot wet lips could press themselves into the villager with the same force thrusting deep inside her. Lexa's hands were rough, her breath hot and it sent electricity through the girl as the thrusts got faster and harder.

The image of Clarke flashed before Lexa's mind and with a sudden blow, her back arched and head knocked back. She clenched the girl's hips and drove more fiercely into her. The culmination of heat and the tight core of the girl sent fire blazing through her body. She looked down at the girl and then to the wall with the candles.

Her eyes suddenly flickered and her body quivered wildly with the release of hot gushing liquid. Then she saw it, in the corner of the wall, a small hole, and the glazed blue eyes that turned to horrific shock upon discovery.

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Clarke reeled back when her eyes met sharp blue in the war room. She had been caught.

Chapter End Notes

Yes, there it is, Lexa has got a serious rocket in her pocket. What's Clarke going to do when Lexa questions her about watching?
Smirking, Lexa pulled the girl before her up and gave her a soft kiss. "Mochof," she thanked and helped the girl dress. Her mind was on those peering blue eyes that were probably in the forest, wandering aimlessly and at a loss for thought.

She pulled her own clothing back on and walked the villager out of the war room. Dismissing the guards and saying goodnight to the girl, Lexa looked around, only to see Ryder frantically searching for his golden companion. Lexa sighed and walked to her warrior. "Ryder," she called as he turned to face her.

Almost going red in his state, Ryder responded. "Heda," he began in his native tongue. "I cannot find Clarke," he continued, waiting to be reprimanded, his head bowing down. "Apologies."

Lexa calmed him by gently touching his large arm. "I think I saw her walking through the trees. Take a break Ryder, I will retrieve her for you," she offered as relief washed over him. He nodded and went to go speak with Nyko who was now nearby.

Spinning around, Lexa darted into the woods. The Sky Girl couldn't have gotten far and the night was now dark... and dangerous.

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Clarke heaved and wheezed as she sprinted away from Ton DC. She kicked herself for not getting her horse as this was proving to be a useless method for a speedy getaway. If she got far enough, maybe she could argue that she wasn't even near Ton DC during the commander's tryst. She could tell Ryder she went looking for berries or firewood.

Bracing herself on her knees, Clarke knelt over and caught her breath. She was kidding herself if she really thought the commander didn't know it was her. As soon as their eyes met, it was over. What could she do? It was embarrassing. Why even bother to run. If Lexa came out here, she'd be ready to face her. She just needed to breathe.

The cool breeze of night relaxed her body and the sweat began to dissipate from her skin. The moon was bright and illuminated her pale skin while the stars glistened in the sky as if calling to her to come back. She was the Sky Princess. When would she be Queen, she stupidly thought, licking her sore lip.

A voice from behind broke her from her girlish thoughts. "Did you like what you saw, Clarke?"

Turning around, Clarke's breath hitched. It was Lexa, sweaty and contemptuous. "Did you like what you saw?" she repeated, waiting expectantly.

Going wide eyed, Clarke didn't know what to say. "I don't know what you're talking about," she retorted, turning back to the moon, wanting to escape. These feelings she was having were complicated and grey. There was no more white and black, no more Commander and Princess, there was more and there was no explanation that could appease her.
With the lack of response the blonde was giving, Lexa was now irked and advanced toward the stationary body in front of her. "Answer me," she demanded, her breath hitching when wintry cold eyes turned to look at her.

"What's there to like?" Clarke spat, quirking her eyebrow, standing sideways to the commander, not giving respectful attention.

Chin up, Lexa accepted the challenge and reached for Clarke's hand. The Sky Girl did not move and let her hand be taken. There was nothing but the distant howling of a lone wolf, leaves stirring in the air and heavy breaths from both girls.

There was no running away and Clarke was growing tired from today's events. She allowed her hand to be taken and trembled when Lexa placed it where she wanted. "Would you like to answer again?" Lexa challenged, taking the pale hand and pressing against her groin.

Clarke could feel it, the heat from it and its faint outline through Lexa's pants. She didn't expect something so forward and perverse from the commander but she didn't back down. "No," she countered, keeping her hand in place as Lexa snorted at the response.

Without hesitation, Lexa scowled at the blonde, squeezed her hand and pushed them up and into her pants. She nearly let herself go as the incredibly soft skin wrapped around her girth and kept itself steady. This feeling was as marvelous as any girl she had been inside of. And if just this simple act felt incredible, what would it feel like to be inside of Clarke. Lexa clenched her jaw and pushed the thoughts aside.

Seeing that Lexa's thoughts wandered, Clarke moved her hand slightly over the member. "You're getting aroused, Commander," she indicated, not caring any more as to why Lexa donned this girth and no Sky Person she ever knew of was like this. Was this what Ryder was talking about earlier? If so, she would be no one's subordinate.

Feeling herself respond to Clarke's touch, Lexa put her hands on her hips and waited expectantly for the blonde to continue. "Finish it then," she ordered, pushing her pants low enough to allow Clarke better leverage.

Clarke briefly wondered how the commander could stand stoic in front of her and began to move her hand over the hardening length. She quickly looked down and held back a gasp from the sight. It was a good length and thick and clearly the commander was proud. She moved closer and faced Lexa while pulling on the taut flesh. "You fuck some girl then come to me for more?" she accused, moving faster with the warmth in her palm.

Lexa did not understand that word but her bright mind figured out the meaning. "Yes," she stated bluntly, feeling herself get worked on, closer to climax. Those fingers were so soft, gentle and ready to please. It was overwhelming for Lexa and she struggled to keep her composure. "Be mine and I will 'fuck' you like that as you please."

Forgetting to breathe, Clarke shook her head. "I'm not an object, you can't have me," she pointed out, feeling Lexa's member begin to excite in her grasp.

Unknowingly, Lexa sucked her bottom lip and looked down to the hand working on her under the moonlight. There was just enough light to see everything. She was so close. "Tell me if you liked it, Clarke," she demanded again looking into glossy blue eyes.

"I did," she admitted, feeling a sudden hand cup her face and pull her in for a ravenous kiss. Their lips still burned from earlier but the pleasure Lexa was feeling between her legs was immense. The
stroking increased in pace and grip and Lexa wished she could be inside of the blonde to release herself. "But I'm going to like this more," she continued, breaking from the kiss, pushing a flustered Lexa to the side and sprinting off toward Ton DC.

Aghast with the unexpected situation, Lexa enraged, feeling incredibly unsatisfied as she looked down at herself. Obscenities flew around in her mind, as she pulled her pants back up and tried to calm herself. Never had this happened before. Challenge - accepted.

Chapter End Notes

I'm working on a huge plotline in later chapters for this story. I'm on chapter 8 and I'm working with it. Since it's not the same as the show I have to make sure it all still makes sense. So bare with these first few chapters for now because things are going to get a lot more interesting for Clarke and Lexa as well as their friends.
The excitement and anxiety from what she just did drove Clarke to run all the way back to Ton DC without stopping. She searched for her horse and found Ryder standing nearby speaking with Nyko. She heaved and felt the high from her recent rendezvous begin to deplete as she made her way to the colossal bodyguard.

Leaping up onto her horse, Clarke called for Ryder. "I need to go back to Camp Jaha," she directed as he promptly followed. And they were gone.

**********

Groaning, Lexa walked slowly back to Ton DC. She was now tired and weary from the day's events and wanted to relax. It was astonishing to her that the Sky Girl did what she did. Not once had she ever been left in such a shameful state. It riled her and she balled her fists with heavy footsteps upon entering the camp.

"Heda?" a grounder asked in concern. She brushed him off quickly and walked to her living quarters set up in the village.

The night was winding down and many were on their way to sleep. She could see Indra and Octavia retreating to their home as Lincoln finished some work outside. Children were being scolded for playing outside too long and told to head inside. Elders sat around candle lit tables speaking of stories from times past and night watch grounders went to their positions to watch over their beloved village.

It all seemed to work perfectly under her command. As she entered her hut, Lexa let out a breath and wondered why Clarke didn't fit into the smooth operation of what she wanted. Sometimes she would talk too much, condescend generals, act on impulse and ignore orders. Worst of all, she took things personally and it clouded her judgement at times.

Lexa fell back onto soft furs and closed her eyes. She felt high and dry but didn't want to go after Clarke. She would have her chance again soon enough and the golden girl would not see it coming. It was an act of provocation on her part. It was a clear indication that the Sky Girl accepted the challenge put to her and Lexa would not lose. She would have Clarke on her back, beneath her, moaning in pleasure and pain before the war with Mount Weather was over. And with that, the commander fell asleep.
This morning was dark and dreary. Clarke felt her head hurt as she darted up in bed. It was raining and she could tell the camp was already bustling. She got out of bed and inhaled the damp dew of the humid air, enjoying the feel as it filled her lungs. She liked when it rained as it calmed her nerves. The best part was that she could have a shower in it by the river with no one to bother her.

After devouring some nuts and berries for breakfast, Clarke went in search of Raven to accompany her to the river. She found the mechanic eagerly working on tone generators while stuffing what seemed to be a root vegetable down her throat. After a few loud crunches the blonde interrupted. "Raven?" she softly said watching as the mechanic gaped with her mouth half full of food. This caused Clarke to chuckle.

"Sorry Clarke," Raven quickly replied. "Whatever this stuff is, it's good!" she pointed to the root. "Ryder introduced me to it actually."

Clarke nodded and was impressed. "That's great, he didn't tell me about it."

"I think you were sleeping, Princess." Raven joked, setting the vegetable down. "What's up?" She gazed at the blonde, checking her over. "What happened to your lip?"

A hand quickly covered the disappearing wound. "Ah just an accident, no big deal," Clarke brushed off, walking closer to the mechanic. "I was wondering if you wanted to take a break from this and go to the river for a bath?"

Raven went bright eyed and thought about how she was feeling rather vile the last few days. "It's raining today, we should definitely go." She paused for a moment. "What bout that river monster, I heard about?"

Clarke smiled and began to whisper. "I haven't told anyone, but there's a good shallow spot Ryder showed me that it can't get to." She pulled on her friend's arm and they left the Ark.

Ryder was waiting patiently outside and nodded to Raven. He was with Octavia who was not in her battle attire, smiling as she saw her two friends come from the Ark.

"It's a rain day," Octavia said excitedly, holding out her hand. "Are we going?"

With smiles, both Clarke and Raven nodded and they walked to their horses. Ryder followed suit, lifting Raven onto his horse and galloped in line with the Sky Girls so they could chat amongst each other. Although the morning was with a dark, gloomy sky, it offered a mystical beauty in the forest that they didn't experience very often. The girls felt happy and free.

"Indra allowed you to come?" Raven asked her braided friend while holding onto Ryder.

Smiling, Octavia nodded. "Yes, she has some matters to attend to at a village meeting today in Ton DC. Nothing that I need to be present for. It's for the villagers mainly."

Clarke felt a ping when the memories of last night flushed back into her mind. She licked her dry lips and commented, "That's great Octavia, it's nice that we'll get some time together today."

The strong horses made their way through the trees and there it was. The river was calm even on this rainy day, and Ryder took the lead to find the safe, shallow spot. The water became crystal clear and the girls could see right through to the rocks and sand beneath. This was going to be fun.

"Do Skai Kru, like fish?" Ryder asked, pointing at some edibles in the water.
The girls weren't a hundred percent sure but nodded anyway. What would be the harm in trying something new especially if Ryder was going to do all the dirty work. They stopped their horses by a tree close to the river and let them graze nearby. Ryder helped Raven get down and she thanked him. He pulled a satchel off his horse and took out the contents. There were blankets, food, ointments and extra dry clothes just in case.

"I wish I had one of those," Raven commented, pointing to Ryder impressively. "Care for a trade, Clarke?"

Clarke pretended to contemplate the idea and put her hand to her chin. "Nah," she replied as the girls burst out into giggles. This was already turning out to be more fun than expected.

They walked to the water in unison as Ryder prepared things on his own. Although it was a fun day for the Sky Girls, he still had a great responsibility. He had a watchful eye on the surroundings even if it seemed like he didn't.

Undressing into their undergarments, the girls took in the breathtaking view surrounding them. Octavia was first to jump into the shallow water. It was up to her knees and it felt wondrous on her skin. Clarke took a few steps and almost recoiled at the cold. She turned around to Raven and let our her arm. "Raven this will be really good for your leg. There's no pressure when you're in water," she encouraged, as the mechanic took her hand and walked in next to her.

The three Sky Girls walked to the middle of the river and crouched down so the water was up to their shoulders. The sand beneath their feet was exfoliating and the gentle current massaged their bodies. They spent time, picking up sand from the river floor and wiping it onto each others backs and skin, washing their hair and playing together from time to time.

Raven felt no pain in her leg and this made her ecstatic. She floated around the water with ease and enjoyed the pitter patter of the raindrops falling into the river. This was almost as marvelous as walking in space.

"Hey is your lip okay?" Octavia asked her blonde friend as she pushed Raven to float elsewhere. The girl giggled and splashed water at her. "Clarke?"

Clarke smiled and pushed at Raven also. "Oh yeah, thanks for asking, was just an accident," she looked over to Ryder who clearly overheard and turned away as to not give up her secret. He was busy fishing and making a fire.

"Ah this is so refreshing," Raven cooed. "If only we had some of Monty's still."

Clarke agreed. "We'll get Monty back, don't worry." There was a moment of silence as the three friends thought about what was going on.

"Skai Girls!" Ryder hollered, beckoning for their attention. "Choj op!" he pointed to the fish and some other edibles he wanted to treat the girls to.

With stomachs rumbling, the girls walked out of the water with ease. Ryder could not deny the girls were stunning and he was happy to be their companion. He handed them blankets to wrap themselves in and they all sat for a lovely meal.

**********

At the villager's meeting in Ton DC, Lexa had only one thing on her mind. She completely zoned out of what Indra was saying to her people and sat in silence amongst others. The meeting was moreso for the people of Ton DC if they had any questions or concerns and contributions to the
village. Many people had complaints about the union with the Sky People but Lexa quickly reminded them that anyone who stood in their way would be killed.

One woman, whose son died because of Finn, was in hysterics and Indra tried to calm her. The general looked over to her commander who rolled her eyes and sighed, standing up.

"I'm the one who sent three hundred warriors to attack the Sky People. I'm the one that continued the war and I'm the one to be blamed for their hostility. Finn, was guilty but I am to blame." Lexa motioned her hand for the woman to sit down. She nodded her head and sniffled to herself. Indra continued.

Golden hair and embarrassed blue eyes flashed through Lexa's mind while taking a seat once more. She was pensive and it bothered her. There was never a time where she could not get what she wanted and right now she wanted Clarke. Feeling fire burn up inside herself, Lexa left the town hut for some fresh air.

The gentle rain was welcome on her face and she revel ed in the warmth outside. Taking a deep breath, she almost wanted to smile and looked up to the dark skies above. It would rain for a while longer, she guessed and thought it would be a great day to go fishing. Some time alone and away from politics would be good, so she went to her hut to collect some items and was on her way.

*********

The three Sky Girls were so full and thanked Ryder for his generosity. They sat under the shelter of the tree, warm and dry from the fire, fresh and full. The rain was slowing and would soon stop as the girls discussed heading back before it got too late. They were having such a nice time and didn't want it to end. The scenery was beautiful. There was no blood here, no war, no sorrow.

Octavia stretched and yawned. "I should head back to Ton DC," she said slowly, not wanting to go. "Indra probably has a million things for me to do." She got up and walked to her horse. Running her hands through her hair she looked stunning. They were all fresh and clean for once.

Clarke looked up with bright eyes and waved. "It was nice to have you here today," she said with a smile as Octavia waved back, fixing her braids.

"See you," Raven called, rubbing at her leg. "Clarke, we should go back too, before the sky gets too dark."

Nodding while looking up at the Sky as the rain came to a halt she agreed. "I'll probably start again, those clouds are so grey." She stood up and looked around. "There are some berries in the area that I really love. Ryder, stay with Raven, I'll be back shortly."

"Get some for me!" Raven called as the blonde walked into the forest. She looked over to Ryder who was stuffing his face, grabbed the food herself and ate it. For an instant he looked upset and she laughed at him. He reached for his satchel and pulled another out twice the size and Raven's face sunk. The joke was on her.

*********

Walking along the path of greenery, Clarke saw the shrubs she wanted to find as well as the berries. Opening her sack, she knelt down and picked at them, eating one here and there, excited that there were so many. This would be more than enough for her and Raven to munch on.

Standing up she was about to turn back to her friends but heard loud splashing nearby. The rain stopped so she wondered what it could be. It was difficult to see through the trees and leaves but she
could see water nearby. Walking toward the sound, she halted immediately. It was too late though, she snapped a large twig and cursed at herself for doing so.

Lexa whipped her head around and peered into the trees, throwing her fish into a basin nearby. That was probably her fifteenth fish so far. She washed her hands in the sparkling water and walked out of the river. "You might as well come out," she informed while crossing her arms over her chest. "I'll catch you in a second."

Gnashing her teeth together, berries in hand, Clarke revealed herself from the foliage. "I need to get back to Ryder," she warned, knowing he wouldn't come after her. "He'll come after me," she lied.

Looking at the berries and then up at the blonde, Lexa quirked her eyebrows. "Give me those berries and then you may go," she suggested.

Clutching her satchel, Clarke went tight lipped. She saw Lexa begin to move toward her and recoiled back as if to get away. "These are mine," she stated indignantly.

Finally reaching her target, wet with matted hair with only light clothing on, Lexa glowered at the blonde. She reached out to the satchel and was met with instant diversion. Clenching her jaw, she pierced sky blue eyes with her own.

Stormy like the day, were Lexa's eyes on this occasion but Clarke did not back down. She herself only had on light clothing, a pair of worn shorts and an almost see through camisole. Not knowing what to do, she remembered there were many berries back in the bushes and thought she could get more anyway. Maybe if she just gave up her prize, she could leave in peace. She was not in the mood for another challenge like yesterday.

Waiting in anticipation for the berries, Lexa reached out a hand to the blonde's face and traced a finger over her bruised lip. "This is healing nicely," she commented, feeling herself rouse as Clarke closed her eyes unknowingly for an instant, then immediately turn her head away.

"Thanks to Ryder," Clarke explained, standing her ground. "And, no thanks to you."

Wanting to laugh at the blonde, Lexa continued to stand straight faced. "I did not bite first," she reminded, raising her eyebrows. Leaning in closer, hot breath on pale skin she continued, "Give me the berries."

Disliking the clear disregard of personal space, Clarke spat out "No," reached into her satchel, pulled out a handful of berries and shoved them into her mouth.

Not knowing how to react to this, Lexa darted her eyes around Clarke's face, watching as she chewed victoriously before her. There were clearly too many berries in the girl's mouth but she did not care and chewed as best she could. But before she could swallow the last bit, Lexa wrapped one arm around the blonde's waist and the other went to her satchel, pulling out a lone berry.

Clarke gulped in fear, as she saw Lexa pull the berry up to her face. It was all that was between their lips and she stared at it. "Eat it, then," Lexa cooed, pressing the berry to her mouth. The blonde did not accept it at first, her eyes raging and body wanting to get away. Lexa pushed harder and her lips opened ever so slowly.

Breathing out, Lexa enjoyed watching the berry go into Clarke's lips. She watched as her mouth opened slightly to take it in. What a teasing sight to see, up so close. If they weren't nearby to a searching Ryder, Lexa thought she could just take Clarke right there on the river without anyone or anything interrupting.
Feeling the tasty berry enter her mouth, Clarke whimpered. She thought about the previous night, Lexa's length in her hand and how it felt. Then an idea dawned on her. Before Lexa could pull her hand away, Clarke stuck out her tongue and pulled a finger into her mouth. She heard the commander's breath hitch, but her face was placid. Looking into her eyes, she could see the sparks flying even though it would not show in her face.

That was different, Lexa thought while seeing her finger disappear into a warm and welcoming mouth. She worked hard to control her breathing and her body from ravaging the blonde. This was not the time or place to do that and she did not want to risk being caught in an intimate situation. She felt herself being worked up and tried to calm herself from the seemingly meager act.

Clarke pulled another finger into her mouth, swirling her tongue around slowly and sometimes biting. She continued with her massage by engulfing the two fingers completely and then gradually pulling away, waiting for a reaction from the commander. Though her face may not have allowed it, the swelling between her legs could now be felt.

Pulling her hands away, Lexa stepped back. "I would have you here, right now, if Ryder was not looking for you," Lexa claimed, peering into the woods. "But it would not suffice to be caught in such a situation."

Thanking herself internally for making the bluff, Clarke grabbed at her satchel again. She pursed her lips and gulped. "Do all grounder women have that, or just some," she asked bluntly.

Shaking her head quizzically, Lexa looked around. "Have what?" she genuinely asked, losing her stoic demeanor for a second.

Licking her lips and thinking about how to appropriately explain, Clarke moved her hand to her stomach. "You and I..." she began tentatively, "We don't have the same parts," and she pointed toward Lexa's crotch.

Going wide eyed and still in disbelief, Lexa crossed her arms over her chest. "We are all born in different ways, Clarke," she began to explain nonchalantly. She did not understand what the concern was. "I would not care what you had or did not have. Why should you for me?"

Clearing her throat and nodding. "No it's fine," she quickly said. "I've just never known of a Sky Person, who was considered a woman to have what you have."

Quirking her eyebrow, Lexa thought deeply. "This is considered normal, but uncommon, in my culture. I cannot speak for people who may be of other lands," she stated not knowing or really caring if everyone in the world was like this or that. "Can you bare children, Clarke?" She asked, eyeing the blonde up and down.

Almost choking on her own spit, Clarke took a deep breath. "I think so, well I hope so," she replied. She cocked her head. "Can you?..."

And for the first time in days, Lexa gave the smallest smile, and stepped close to the blonde again. She put her mouth near to the Sky Girl's ear and whispered. "I cannot bare children Clarke..." she slowly said. "But I can give them to you." And with that she stepped back far and away from a flustered Clarke as Ryder and Raven did come searching for her. Raven bustling excitedly after seeing the large bin of fish Lexa caught, and Ryder seeming oddly embarrassed.
Oh these little trysts are getting to be too much for our two leaders! Thank you for reading, I do appreciate it!
The Berries are Out of the Bag

Chapter Notes

Wow thank you all again for the wonderful and thoughtful comments! I'm so happy that many people are enjoying the story so far.

The rain stopped but left behind vibrant life within the forest as the small group walked toward Ton DC. The trek was slow as they had to bring back meat and snacks they had acquired during the day. The air was warm, yet damp and the horses seemed to enjoy the leisurely walk they were taking.

Raven did not have much of a liking for Lexa but knew she was imperative for the rescuing of their friends. She noticed Clarke walking way in front and Lexa behind, with herself and Ryder in the middle. Pondering why there was such distance, she shrugged to herself and eyed the food for the millionth time.

She remembered how her mother would give her rations in exchange for moonshine on the Ark. Raven was left hungry and ill, many times because of her mother until Finn came around to help her. Having food now was a blessing.

Quickly looking back, Raven eyed Lexa for an instant and noticed a similar bruise to Clarke's on her lip. She furrowed her eyebrows and immediately looked ahead, scrutinizing Clarke with her eyes.

Lexa was sure footed on the damp forest floor, unlike Clarke who was ridiculously noisy and Raven with her distressed leg. "Why don't you get on one of the horses, Raven. I can carry something," Lexa offered genuinely.

Turning around to face the commander, Raven smiled as best she could. "It's okay, it's not much further right?"

Looking around and securing their location, Lexa shook her head. "We still have about an hour if we continue at this pace," she noted watching the mechanic's mouth gape open. "Ryder, hand me the satchels of berries, I will put them on my shoulders."

Stopping one of the horses, Ryder took the satchels down and handed them to his commander as if they were feathers. It was absurd how many berries Clarke decided to pick but it was nothing Lexa could not handle. "I see your wounds have healed Raven," she continued as Ryder lifted her onto the horse. If she had truly known Raven was not the one behind the poison she never would have hurt her. "Apologies," Lexa said slightly bowing. "I took no joy in that."

Going wide eyed at the memory, Raven grimaced and sighed. "It's okay," she replied showing off her healed arm and then pointing out her toned stomach. "Perfectly fine."

Clarke turned around to look at this point and saw Raven poking at her stomach with Lexa looking her over. Narrowing her eyes at Lexa she decided to interrupt. "Is everything okay back there?" she called as Raven waved upon the horse, Lexa diverting her attention to the blonde. Biting her bottom
lip Clarke turned around and began to walk again. What was that? Do I want her eyes on me? I shouldn't care.

Ryder who knew exactly what was going on felt awkward and feeble in the situation. He could not think of one battle he had that was as deathly as what was occurring between the commander and Clarke. These were things he was not expecting to have to deal with as a bodyguard and he did not know if he could help his companion without disobeying his commander. He looked at Lexa with glinting eyes and knew that she knew.

"Raven, why don't you go keep Clarke some company," it was more of an order than a suggestion as Lexa nodded toward the blonde. "I must speak with Ryder."

"Okay," Raven replied. "Maybe you should get me my own Ryder," she proposed winking at the hefty man and galloping up to Clarke.

Quirking her eyebrows up at her warrior, Lexa began. "What has Clarke told you," she demanded in a low voice.

Gulping, Ryder looked to the ground. Although Lexa was only half his height, she had the presence of a mammoth. In his native tongue he began to speak. "She is unsure how she feels, Heda," he honestly explained. "And I do not know how to help her." He looked up with sparkling eyes as they walked.

Seeing him in such a state caused Lexa to take a deep breath. She needed to handle this delicately. "Do not tell anyone, Ryder," she stated. "Suggest to her that I may have feelings for her, but do not let it be known." Looking ahead and seeing the blonde and mechanic chatter incessantly she thought. "Also... I do not intend to harm her but I will make her want me... and that is when this will be done."

Ryder was happy as he was previously worried for his blonde companion. He knew she meant well even if there were some bumps and bruises along the way, it would be up to Clarke to make the final decision to lay with Lexa or not. "Yes, Heda," he bowed his head once more and looked up to the sky with what the Sky People would call a smile.

**********

Back at Ton DC, Octavia and Indra were busy helping villagers with daily errands. Because it rained, the well was full and people were filling up their personal canteens, bottles and jugs to take home to their huts. Octavia heard rustling in the trees and saw a few warriors go toward the village entrance. She looked over and smiled when seeing her friends along with an unexpected Lexa. Villagers took some of the food, the small group brought back and thanked the commander for her efforts. Although the impending doom of Mount Weather was a consistent worry, the villagers made the most of each day and appreciated small things.

Then Octavia saw it. Just like Raven she noticed a similar bruise on Lexa's lip to Clarke's. She walked over to her friends and greeted them happily. She wasn't expecting them back at Ton DC but was glad they were there. She eyed Raven and mouthed 'lip' to her silently seeing the mechanic perk up and nod. "Clarke?" Octavia piped at her friend who was making sure there were still some berries left.

The blonde was satisfied and gave her attention. "What's up?" she asked, as the two friends stared her down. Taken aback, she sighed and bit her lip as if that was going to really hide it at this point. "Let's go over there."
The three friends, who looked more like the three stooges at this point walked to a quiet area and then all hell broke loose.

"What's up with your lip?" Raven pressed, leaning in to take a look.

"How come Lexa has a similar bruise?" Octavia added folding her arms over her chest.

"And what sort of accident was it again?" Raven quirked her eyebrow as the blonde flushed red in dismay.

"Tell us," Octavia ordered, looking at Raven and back at Clarke.

Holding her hands up in defeat, Clarke gulped and made sure Lexa was far away. "I bit her!" she whispered seriously. "So she bit me back."

Octavia's mouth was slightly open and she too looked to see that the commander was far away. "Did you kiss?" she was so puzzled.

Hesitantly, Clarke nodded. "Please don't tell anyone," she pleaded and felt like the bunch of them must've looked like buffoons standing there gawking at each other. "Fix your composure, we're standing out like sore thumbs here."

Raven coughed and rubbed her leg. "I'm not going to say I'm happy about this," she stated, thinking of Finn. "I don't particularly like Lexa but I can tell she's done what's needed to be done. So what will you do?"

"I don't know," Clarke replied, shrugging her shoulders.

"We won't tell anyone, Clarke," Octavia promised. "But you do know what she's going to want from you right?"

Wanting to laugh, Clarke replied, "What to bed me?" This was almost as amusing as Ryder's response.

"Clarke!" Octavia hissed, "It's grounder culture."

Raven keeled over coughing again because she didn't know what to make of the whole thing. There she was asking the commander for her own personal 'Ryder' to find that she was sucking off her friend's face. "If you need anything... mechanical... let me know Clarke!" was all she could manage to say.

They stood there staring at each other for a few minutes silently. They all pondered what it could mean to be like this with the commander. Did the commander 'date'? Did she have an interest in having a partner? Or did she just want to have fun? If Costia were still alive, would they be married? They were reeling like high school girls.

Shaking her head in disbelief, Clarke cleared her throat and sighed. "You two are insufferable," she groaned, reaching for her berries. Nothing. They were gone. Surveying the area, she saw Ryder busy with Nyko, Indra talking to some generals and then Lexa walking off with the last berries into her hut. This was nonsensical. "She took my berries," Clarke gritted out.

"She what?" Raven questioned. "She took your cherry? What?" She keeled over again not knowing if she should be angry or happy for her friend.

Octavia smacked her on the back. "Oh quiet, Raven," she shushed watching her golden friend walk
off angrily. "Now what do we do?"

Standing back up with her eyes glinting, Raven put on a sheepish smile. "Wait and see if the hut breaks down?" she suggested, and Octavia smacked her again.

**********

Clearly no one cared if Clarke entered the commander's hut. She could go freely as she wished as long as guards were not appointed. The blonde looked around and admired the small space. It was cozier than Lexa's tent near Camp Jaha and it donned various mediums of art, literature and other paraphernalia that she didn't think grounders were interested in.

Seeing the satchel on a nearby table, Clarke scowled and walked over to the bag ready to snatch it until that same strong hand came crashing down to hold hers. She could feel a hard body press up behind her and a smooth cheek brush against her own.

"Where is your mind, Clarke?" Lexa asked, pressing into the girl. "You came into my quarters without permission and look at the result."

Pushing back against the lithe body, Clarke growled. "You took the last berries, those were for Raven and me." She felt a firm arm slide around her waist and hold her still. "Let me go."

"Yes, your friend Raven, the mechanic." Lexa drawled, gripping Clarke's right hand with her own. "I regret slicing her with my knife."

Wanting to turn around, Clarke wriggled her body but to no avail. There was something about the heat emanating from the commanders body that she found so enticing yet harrowing at the same time. Her mind screamed for one thing but she reacted in another. She felt the hair on her thighs and legs stand up, sweat beginning to perspire on her neck and her heart palpitate through her shirt. "Let me go," she repeated sharply.

"Fine," Lexa receded and let the girl go.

Shocked, Clarke grabbed the satchel and whirled around to exit. Ready to dart out of the hut, her body clamped up and to her painful unwelcome delight, there Lexa was, standing in only a cloth bra and shorts. The bra was beautifully laced and evidently hand crafted in black for the commander to fit perfectly. It enunciated all her features and her breasts were lavish. The shorts were also black but simple and light for summer weather.

Without knowing, Clarke let her eyes travel from bottom to top. Athletic legs, solid thighs, thin waist and hips, defined abdomen, an intricate tattoo on her right arm and then that expectant, stoic face as the commander crossed her arms over her chest. 'Is something wrong,' Clarke heard still entranced by the sight.

Growing impatient, Lexa took a step toward the stationary girl. "Is something wrong?" she pressed, raising her eyebrows.

Snapping herself out of the gaze, Clarke looked up at the proud girl clearly unashamed of her body. Clarke silently cursed herself for eating so many berries as they went directly to her stomach. "Lexa," she said in a daze. "I don't have six pack abs, I have six pack flabs..."

Lexa scrunched her face in disdain, unable to keep a straight face feeling offended. "What does that mean?" She noticed Clarke look at her stomach and thought that this wasn't going how she wanted at all. "Your eyes are burning my skin, Clarke."
Did she just say that out loud. That was supposed to stay in her brain not come out like vomit. "What, sorry, no I'm going," she quickly said, pulling the satchel close to her body.

"Give me your hand," Lexa stated before the blonde left.

"Now you're asking?" Clarke retorted, looking away.

"No, I'm commanding." Lexa corrected, reaching for Clarke's right hand.

Before she knew it, she felt taut, sinewy flesh beneath her soft hands. She looked down and could see her palm placed over the commander's abdomen as it flexed and relaxed. The skin was so tan, so sun like, earth like, she thought. The satchel fell to the floor without a care.

Lexa worked hard to control herself. She enjoyed the curious hand that slid across her exposed skin, never going too far down or too far up. Either way it felt good and she could tell that Clarke was enjoying her self whether she would admit it or not. "I'd like to feel you, Clarke," she declared, raising her hand slowly.

It seemed only fair right? Clarke was debating in her head. "Okay," she agreed as a warm, slightly callous hand slipped under her shirt. She gasped at the feeling but it was gentle and moderate in comparison to their previous trysts.

While doing this, Lexa had to get her mind off her groin and control herself. "Would you like children in the future, Clarke," she asked conversationally enjoying how plush the blonde's stomach was. Is this the 'flab' she was speaking of?

Grazing her hand over Lexa's hip and back up, she looked up into the commander's eyes and licked her bruise. She swore she could see her eyes glaze over if only for an instant. "In the future," Clarke began to say. "Maybe one or two. But not any time soon."

Lexa agreed and nodded. "I'd like several," she proclaimed, searching the blonde's face for a reaction.

Clarke sighed and rolled her eyes. "It's different, you don't have to carry them or go through the process. It's not that simple to have numerous children."

Pulling her hand away from the blonde's stomach and watching as Clarke's pulled away as well, Lexa pondered. "But I am to be the one to provide for them until they can for themselves," she debated with the Sky Girl. "The clan works together. When one is in need, we all help."

Looking into intrigued blue eyes, Clarke kept hers locked on the commander. "And what of your partner?" She questioned as Lexa inhaled.

"Ai houmon ?" She saw Clarke put on a puzzled face. "My wife?" Lexa asked as Clarke nodded. "I would be there for her until her spirit can no longer stay."

Struck by the sentiment, Clarke picked up the satchel and licked her dry lips. She was surprised that the grounders used those terms. "Well," she began to say. "Your wife would be very lucky to have you." And with that she left the hut.

Chapter End Notes
Clarke is a lot of fun to write, Lexa is a bit tougher but it's a good challenge. They're obviously starting to feel things for each other and aren't sure what to do with the feelings. Clarke isn't just some girl and Lexa is finding that she can't just have her way all the time. I'm working on chapter 14 right now but I don't want to go posting everything in case the last two episodes of the 100 are insane and throws my story way off the charts. Thank you again for reading!
They Want Her Alive

Chapter Notes

Wasn't last night's episode incredible! I loved it but I wish there was a bit more combat. I know many of you are probably really upset over what Lexa did but you need to put it in perspective. Her people come first she always said that and they were being slaughtered at the mountain. She was given an opportunity to save her people and she took it. She is sacrificing the most out of anyone, the alliance, the Sky People, Ton DC, 300 warriors at the drop ship, reapers and most of all a chance of being with Clarke.

Who knows what will happen next week but I do not blame Lexa for making this decision. Hopefully there is something more we don't know about! Until then, there's fanfiction!

Finding it peculiar that Lexa had taken such a gentle approach with her in the hut made Clarke wonder what could be going on with the unwavering commander. Things were usually so brazen and harsh when it came to Lexa, but that was tender and not forced.

Looking at his companion, Ryder could read her face and thought of what to say. "What is on your mind?" He began to say, as the blonde opened her mouth. She was about to speak, but then stopped. "I am here to listen."

Clarke paced back and forth at Camp Jaha, her arms crossed over her chest, contemplating different things. "She was gentle this time Ryder," she began to explain, not looking at him but at the ground. "Usually she's so bold with her actions."

Thinking of what Lexa previously told her, Ryder thought this would be an appropriate time to help out his commander. After all, his loyalty was to his Heda and not to Clarke. "She could possibly care for you, Clarke," saying her name in English and not his native tongue.

Clarke stopped her pacing and looked at the brutish man. She was incredulous to the idea and shook her head. "Lexa is heartless, Ryder, that can't be it," she remarked.

"Clarke," Ryder continued. "The Commander, has a wall up. I think you are breaking that wall." He waited for a reaction, anything as the Sky Girl stared at him trying to figure out what that could mean. "I see the way you look at her, how your body reacts to her and how she reacts to you."

"So what then," Clarke questioned, stepping toward the tall man. "She wants me? She'll have to do better." Looking at Ryder who seemed disappointed she shook her head at him. "Be here tonight Ryder, you're taking me out." She left the bodyguard and retreated to her quarters.
Thinking about her previous engagement with the blonde, Lexa lay awake in bed debating how to next approach the situation. It wasn't easy to feel vulnerable and she definitely did not want it to be known that she could waver. She pondered if Ryder had done her bidding and if it would influence Clarke in any way.

It was difficult to handle her emotions around Clarke. Being callous and firm proved to be effective with her role as commander but did not bode well with the Sky Girl. Closing her eyes, Lexa let herself think of Costia for a brief moment. There was love, romance, tenderness and then only pain. Darting up in bed, Lexa looked to the door of her hut. She needed to get out, breathe some fresh air and calm herself down. This was the worst time to show any sort of weakness and she had to get rid of it. She had to remind herself that her people came first before anything else. It was a difficult battle in her head.

Standing up she gathered some clothing and got dressed quickly. Exiting the hut she welcomed the quiet of the sleeping village. Only the night watch guards were on duty and paid her no attention as the commander walked off into the forest. She made sure to carry her knife although she was certain there were no threats in the surrounding area.

The night was clear and the stars shone brightly down illuminating all that it touched. The moon was close to full and guided the commander's path as she gracefully made her way through the muddy terrain. It was a beautiful night and she yearned for the day it would be safe and free from danger.

She came to a halt and crouched down immediately upon hearing scampering in the trees. Looking around, she silenced her breathing, closed her eyes and listened. Her ear pulled her to the left and she opened her eyes to scan the area. She saw it, something rustling in the shrubs. Not knowing what it could be, she stalked her prey for some time until it stopped.

There was an odd sound and Lexa instantly knew it was some type of radio. Peering up and over the bushes, she motioned for her sword.

Then she heard a voice, a mans voice, then the radio again. This was not good.

"Yes, president Cage, I'm almost at Ton DC," the voice reported. "I'm going to scope out the area where the Command has been staying and the area surrounding Camp Jaha."

There was static from the radio and a voice came through on the other end. 'Make sure the Tree Clan Commander is taken alive, I want the rest, including Clarke, dead.'

Lexa's eyes went wide. She knew the Mountain Men were spying on them but why would they want to take her alive. Something was really wrong. Getting ready to confront the spy and kill him, Lexa took a deep breath and unsheathed her knife. This would be easy, she thought, feeling the anticipation of a fight bubbling in her stomach. The Mountain Men would not dare send another spy after she was done with this.

Ready to leap into action, Lexa halted when seeing golden hair flash before her and hearing the man grunt in shock. He reeled back in his Hazmat suit, gun falling out of his hand and radio sending static through. And there was Clarke, standing angrily before him, gun in hand, pointing at his head. "Was my message not clear enough?" she barked, cocking the gun. "Or did Emerson die before he could make it back?"

The Mountain Man started laughing, and put his arms up. "Kill me, I don't care," he egged, insulting the blonde. "There will be another after me and we will win this war. Kill all your friends and suck their bone marrow dry."
Clarke grimaced, feeling the anger rise up inside of her and getting ready to shoot the man into his grave. But all that went to dust when feeling her legs knocked from beneath her and her body falling hard into the ground. Her head reeled and she felt hands on her, a gun to her head and then a clicking noise.

Then it was all taken away. She opened her eyes and heard a cry from the man. "No, no, no!" he wailed uncontrollably. "Don't let me die like this!"

"Burn, Mountain Man," Lexa chided, sword in hand and looking down in hatred.

The Hazmat suit was completely deflated and the man was dead. Just like that within seconds, and Clarke groaned, struggling to stand. She saw Lexa turn to her, first with the look of concern on her face then instant rage.

"Where is Ryder!" she demanded to know, looking around for the brutish man.

Licking her lips and touching a sore spot on her head, Clarke finally found her feet. "You don't understand. I told him to let me handle it," she groggily said, watching as blue eyes scanned her body up and down. She didn't get to finish her explanation before Lexa went off again.

"Let you 'handle' it?" Lexa questioned, pushing on the blonde to stand up straight and look her in the eye. "I'm going to kill him."

Clarke pushed Lexa's hand away and looked at her incredulously. "I gave him an order and he listened. It's not his fault!" Clarke argued, as Lexa went to search for the bodyguard.

The commander, whipped around to stare down the blonde. "My orders are all," she reminded the blonde. "Yours do not oppress mine."

Chasing after the hellish commander, Clarke struggled to keep up. She hoped that Ryder would be out of sight but knowing how large he was, it would not be difficult for Lexa to find him. Continuing to wail at Lexa about stopping only seemed to fuel her more, so Clarke stopped and hoped to find Ryder before Lexa. She remembered where they left off and darted away in the right direction before Lexa could see.

Feeling invigorated, Clarke began to run, not hearing Lexa behind her and ready to warn Ryder upon sight. She weaved through trees and jumped over logs. There he was, standing by their meeting spot, looking worried and wary. "Ryder!" Clarke called, waving to him as he met her eyes. "We need to get out of here!"

Ryder saw that his companion was harmed and swiftly moved toward her. He was not aware of what was going on but knew he had to aid the blonde at this moment. But then to his surprise, he saw the commander, sprinting behind Clarke, a predator about to kill its prey and he was immediately confused. "Heda?" he called, and saw Clarke go wide eyed, scared as he had ever seen her and breathless as her small body crashed into his and then turning around as if to shield him. "Klok?" he questioned, furrowing his eyebrows and eyeing his commander.

Clarke pulled out her gun and pointed it at Lexa without hesitation. The commander stopped dead in her tracks, knife in hand, ready to attack. Without even thinking, Clarke spat "Jomp em op en yu jomp ai op."

Eyes flickering and going wide from shock, Lexa receded, lowering her knife. Using her own words once said against her in this situation was intriguing to the commander and she scoffed. "Ryder, gon we o wan op," she ordered.
Finally understanding what was occurring, Ryder nodded. "Sha, Heda," he bowed and looked at Clarke apologetically. He had his orders but placed Clarke above it.

Clarke watched her guard take his leave and hoped he would go wait at the river for her. She didn't know what to expect at this point but was glad he was still alive. She turned to Lexa with pleading eyes and holstered her gun. "Don't hurt him, Lexa," she implored, watching as the commander stood straight faced, still angry and unmoving. "Beja," she was desperate.

The stunning moonlight accentuated all the perfect features of the commander as Clarke carefully eyed her up and down. She could see the outrage being covered, the concern she had and the sorrow she would have to hide if she really did kill Ryder. It was so easy to read the stoic girl and Clarke knew that Lexa believed she couldn't see a thing. "Beja," she lamented, hoping it would work.

"Begging by saying 'Please' will not save him if it ever happens again," Lexa warned, taking a threatening step toward the blonde. "He has orders, do not dissuade him."

Clarke looked into piercing blue eyes and nodded. "Thank you for saving me," she said and Lexa continued to stare.

"I wouldn't have had to if Ryder was by your side," Lexa reminded, folding her arms over her chest.

"I didn't know it was a Mountain Man," she began to explain. "I thought it was a small boar... I wanted to catch it on my own for Ryder and myself. So I told him to stay here."

Shaking her head at the foolish girl, Lexa sighed and put on a pensive face. "The Mountain Men want to take me alive and kill the rest, including you," she began to say as Clarke stiffened. "Why would they want me alive?"

Breathing out and critically thinking, Clarke clenched her jaw and it worried her. "I don't know," she said breathlessly. Her forehead wrinkled and she closed her eyes, trying to remember every single detail about what has been happening. There was so much going on these last few weeks that it was difficult to keep track. Then it donned on her and her eyes opened in dismay. "Lexa," she slowly said, looking at the expectant commander. "What about the Ice Nation?"

Lexa shook her head. "What would they have to do with this?"

"They've had low status footmen at camp for days," Clarke began to explain her thoughts. "I've seen every other clan's Commander except for the Ice King."

"He's probably just busy. Besides, Atohl is in the forest with us," Lexa drawled, not understanding where this would lead to.

"Do Mountain Men ever turn Ice Nation into reapers?" Clarke pressed on.

"They are the furthest north. Mountain Men and reapers rarely cross paths with the Ice Nation," Lexa stated, slightly annoyed.

Clarke felt nauseous and hoped this accusation would be untrue. "I think the Ice King is plotting against you."

Lexa furrowed her eyebrows and was aghast with the idea. "Why would he at such perilous times?"
Feeling her body turn cold and empty, Clarke looked at the commander and fear ran through her body. "Did you not threaten revenge after Costia was beheaded?" she asked, looking into blue eyes that glazed over with dread.

"Yes," was all Lexa could manage to get out.

"Well, Lexa," Clarke began to warn. "They are working with the Mountain Men, to get rid of you."

Going pale with this information, Lexa stepped back. "That is a dire accusation, Clarke of the Sky People," Lexa slowly said, regaining her composure and raising her chin.

"How can we find out for sure?" Clarke asked, looking to the commander.

Letting out a huff of breath and creasing her eyebrows, Lexa hesitantly replied. "I have an idea, but it will be very dangerous for you, Clarke. Dangerous for the both of us if it's really true."

Feeling a clot in her throat, Clarke could tell the commander's idea would not be favourable. "What is it, Lexa?" she asked, almost wishing she didn't.

Pressing a hand to her bruise, reminiscing in the feel of Clarke's lips against hers, Lexa exhaled. "I will make the Ice King or whomever may be against us believe you know all of my secrets. I hope you're wrong about this."

Clarke gasped quietly, thinking instantly of Costia and her fate. She was going to be the bait in the middle of a very dangerous war.

Chapter End Notes

What is Clarke thinking? Is someone really plotting against them? She's definitely jumping the gun here but we'll see what happens!

In concern to the show, remember up until episode 2x15 all the feelings and emotions between Clarke and Lexa are REAL. Deciding to put her people first doesn't change that Clexa is real. Not everyone can ride off into the sunset so easily. Thank you again so much for reading, the comments, kudos and support!
A Bet

Chapter Notes

Woohoo! There is so much debate going on about The 100 and it's so exciting to me. What will happen! Who knows. Also, I really appreciate all the kudos and comments I've been getting. I just cannot believe it, I really can't! I have so many ideas on where to take this story, it's unbelievable but I don't want to go too far from canon unless I really need to. Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

This was going to detract from how she wanted to pursue the blonde. Lexa groaned, waking up the next morning and looked over to her new counterpart who lay on her bed in the hut. She told Clarke to sleep in her quarters for the next few days as a ploy to get the Ice Nation footmen pondering their relationship with each other. This had to work and hopefully work out best for everyone and not the way Clarke thought.

Getting up from furs she placed on the floor, Lexa eyed her sleeping companion back and forth. She looked so peaceful sleeping like that, as if all was well in the world. Feeling a twinge of pain, Lexa rubbed at her back, cursing herself for degrading to the floor. This would not happen again tonight. She would claim her bed or make Clarke sleep with her.

Standing, she walked to her eating area which was stocked full with different breads, fruits and vegetables. She thought of going to the smoke house to get some meat but opted not to when she heard the blonde grumbling from behind. Lexa grabbed some berries she knew Clarke would like, and placed it in her mortar. She began working it expertly with her pestle until a paste was created. Using a small dull knife, she spread the paste over the bread certain that Clarke would like this.

Pouring water into a worn pot, Lexa placed it in her three stone stove she already lit into a small fire. She thought about how useless the Sky People were when it came to surviving on the ground. They did not know how to hunt, cook or make use of the world's oldest technologies. They relied too much on machines that only sent them falling to doom from the sky.

The boiling water snapped Lexa out of her thoughts and she reached for aromatic loose leaves to make tea. The smell was fragrant and spicy and Lexa hoped the blonde would like chai. Taking the pot off the stone, Lexa put out the fire and turned around to the still sleeping girl, slightly annoyed. How could she still be asleep, on her bed, of all things.

Taking a sip of tea and a bite of bread, Lexa walked outside. The morning was fresh and crisp and the sun welcomed her out into the world. She would have to go back to the war camp today. It was nice to be in Ton DC but she needed to be where her army was camped.

"Heda?" a hesitant voice asked.

"Ryder," Lexa acknowledged, as the man stood guard by the hut door. "Did you tell anyone?"

"No," he promptly replied, looking down.

Lexa was unsure of what to do about the man who towered over her but was under her command.
She did not appreciate the danger he put Clarke in nor did she like that he knew about their relationship. It was too much of a risk. "I will ask you this once, Ryder, and answer carefully," she began with her chin up looking dangerously at the man. "If I asked you to kill Clarke, would you do it?"

The air went still between the two warriors as villagers began to wake and start their day. Ryder did not know how to answer. He didn't understand his feelings and an answer that should have been a simple 'yes', did not come. "No, Heda," he replied honestly, getting down on his knees, ready to be punished.

Clenching her jaw, Lexa looked around the quiet village. Even on his knees, Ryder was still up to her chest and she looked down at him, defeated and waiting. "Come in here, Ryder," she ordered, opening the hut door and waltzing in. She narrowed her eyes at Clarke who was stuffing her face full of berries and eating the bread and paste she had made earlier. "Who said you could have that?"

Looking surprised at the abrupt entrance, Clarke shoved the remaining food into her mouth and swallowed. "You made it for me did you not?" she commented, smiling at Ryder who followed into the hut. She was happy and relieved. "That was awesome bread and jam. Maybe we could find peanuts for next time."

Lexa could not stand that Clarke was behaving so flippant in a serious time such as this. "Clarke we need to discuss this plan," the commander prompted, motioning for Ryder to stand at the table in the middle of the room. "Who else knows about us?"

Taking a sip of her tea, Clarke walked over to the table and smiled at Ryder and then looked at Lexa with irked eyes still unhappy about last night. "Octavia and Raven know about us," Clarke said looking for a reaction. "Are you going to have them killed?"

Lexa glared at the blonde and turned to Ryder. "Fetch them immediately," she commanded as he nodded. "Tell them to meet us at my quarters near Camp Jaha." With that, Ryder swiftly left. She turned back to Clarke and eyed her up and down. "Clarke..." she began to say.

Ready to argue and debate about a million things, Clarke leaned over the table and opened her mouth.

"Clarke," Lexa said again. "You have paste, on your face."

This was not amusing at all to the commander so Clarke felt embarrassment run through her body. Keeping her composure, she looked for a cloth and wiped her mouth. "Is it gone?" she asked, scanning the cloth for red jam.

"No," Lexa stated, stepping around the table and walking toward the blonde. She looked for blue eyes to meet with her own and when they did everything stopped. They gazed into each others eyes for a moment, a foot apart, silently.

"What?" Clarke breathed, feeling herself begin to burn up again. She couldn't control it when she was close to the commander like this and she hoped it would go unnoticed. Clearly it didn't as Lexa smirked, about to turn away. Clarke felt offended, and grabbed Lexa's arm, spinning her around and into her soft body. "Help me get it off, if it's not gone." She leaned up and took the commander by surprise.

Lexa's eyes fluttered shut as she felt soft lips on her own. This was so different from their first kiss that was angry and rough. She could still feel the sting of the bruise but this time her lips we treated nicely. This was the second time that Clarke went for her mouth and she wondered if there truly was
something more than just raw, carnal, desire between the two of them. There had to be. Maybe there was a lot more to this than just wanting Clarke to be underneath her in bed.

Sighing into the kiss, Clarke felt tingles up and down her spine as Lexa unleashed her tongue to lick off the jam. She rested her hands on the commander's strong arms and enjoyed this gentle approach as opposed to their painful first kiss. Was it just an excuse to kiss her that first time? It was so easy to write it off as an act of hostility when she unexpectedly bit her. But now it felt like the commander wanted her, even if she wouldn't admit it. Worse yet, Clarke felt like she was falling. Falling into the unknown of having feelings for someone so powerful, she could get herself killed at any time or worse, break her heart at any time.

Breaking the kiss for a moment, Lexa still had her eyes closed and leant in again for more. She could feel the blonde's hot breath on her lips, the sweet taste from her mouth and then the sudden pull away from her body. The commander opened her eyes and looked into a radiant blue she had never seen on Clarke before.

"I'm sorry," Clarke began to say, looking down and back up again. "I'm afraid if we continue, we'll end up over there." She pointed to the bed and watched as Lexa nodded in understanding. "I'm not ready for that yet."

Although she wanted to continue and wanted to throw Clarke onto the bed, Lexa calmed herself and understood. "I've been much too forward with you, Clarke," she stated, thinking of forcing the blonde's hand into her groin the other night. "I'm used to having women do what I please."

Clearing her throat remembering the village girl in the war room, Clarke shook her head. "I don't do things if I don't want to," she stated firmly, reminding the commander she was not to be toyed with. "But this 'challenge' Ryder told me of," she continued, noticing Lexa take in a deep breath, "to make me subordinate in bed?"

"Yes," was all Lexa could get out.

Clarke quirked her eyebrows and reached out a hand to press against Lexa's toned abdomen. "Let's sweeten the deal," she cooed, moving her face close to the unwavering commander. "You want me on my back, do you not?"

Feeling those soft hands on her body caused Lexa to slightly lose her composure but she stood her ground. "I want you on your back, moaning in pleasure and pain as I take you for the first time," Lexa replied as if it was going to happen exactly like that.

Clarke's breath hitched and she could tell that Lexa was being very serious. "Well then, Lexa," she continued on, tracing her fingers over the outlines of muscle beneath the commander's shirt, "I want you on your back moaning in pleasure and pain, as I ride you until I'm satisfied." Raising one eyebrow, waiting for a response, Clarke leaned back and searched the commander's face.

Gnashing her teeth together, balling her fists at the arrogance of the blonde, Lexa nodded. "We will see who ends up on their back in the next few days," she agreed, raising her chin wanting to snarl an obscenity but controlled herself.

"Days?" Clarke questioned, sucking in a gush of air and moving back from the commander.

"Yes, days," Lexa replied looking at the blonde quizzically. "How long did you want to wait? I should just have you right now. If this plan is to work, we must let it be known."

"Let what be known exactly?" Clarke was incredulous as to what Lexa was trying to get at.
"That we are, 'fucking' right?"Lexa answered, looking for approval for the word used.

"What the hell," Clarke creased her eyebrows and rubbed her forehead.

Not knowing what to say, Lexa reached out for Clarke's arm and squeezed gently. "Clarke," she started. "I cannot force you but I want you to want me." The blonde looked down, uncertain about the time frame surrounding the situation.

"It's not that," Clarke slowly said. "I just don't want it to be rushed."

Removing her arm, Lexa searched for the right words. "It will come naturally," she paused before continuing unsure of how Clarke would react but went for it anyway. "You and Finn," she started, seeing the blonde look up wide eyed and almost startled."It took days did it not?"

"A few only," Clarke blushed and felt heat rising through her body.

"Well then," Lexa turned to the table and looked at the door. "We will see who ends up on their back."

Chapter End Notes

These moments between Clarke and Lexa are so fun to write. I wish they had more time on the show to do things like this but obviously not considering what is happening. Right now I'm actually on chapter 17 of this story but I need to wait for the finale to see where exactly I will take it. You guys have no idea what's coming next! Thank you for reading!
Raven and Octavia waited patiently around the war table located in Lexa's tent as the commander and Clarke walked in. They greeted one another and watched as Ryder struggled to get through the tent flap to stand before them. This was a meeting they were not expecting and they knew many eyes at camp were likely on them. They had to tread carefully.

Standing at the head of the table, Lexa bowed and welcomed her guests. "Octavia, Raven, thank you for coming." She looked over to Clarke who stood close to her friends. "We have reason to believe that one of the clans is plotting against us." She motioned for Clarke who cleared her throat. "Clarke, will you continue."

Looking to her two friends who were deeply concerned she explained the situation to them. They were instantly distressed and began to prod for solutions to the problem. Octavia suggested to just keep them out of the loop while Raven thought it would be best to carry on like normal but keep eyes on the commander at all times.

"No," Clarke stated, knowing those options would just reveal that something was wrong. "We have a different idea but we'll need your help."

Octavia looked at the commander and then back to Clarke. "Okay, what is it?"

Clarke took a deep breath and laid out the plan. "We have to get these Ice Nation footmen to report back to the Ice King that Lexa and I are a thing," she watched as Raven recoiled from the idea of putting her friend in danger. "If they take the bait, I'll be able to find out what's going on. If they took Costia, they'll take me, even if only to have a Sky Person to get information out of."

Rubbing her neck and feeling stifled from the information, Octavia's mouth went dry. "We can't risk you Clarke," she quietly said not wanting to look at Lexa because it would just enrage her.

"Clarke, you're our best friend," Raven added, frowning at the thought of her friend being harmed.

Clarke licked her dry lips and looked her friends in the eyes. "Listen, it may not be true. Maybe they're not plotting anything but the Mountain Men wants everyone dead and Lexa taken alive. Someone would need to help them with that because there are grounders everywhere here now."

"What about people who may hate dislike Lexa, Clarke?" Raven suggested rubbing her chin. "Is there anyone else who would want to give Lexa over to the Mountain Men?"

"A Sky Person, possibly?" Octavia replied, knowing there were many who did not trust the grounders.

"Good point Octavia," Raven commented, feeling completely stressed out.
Clarke agreed and Lexa simply nodded. "Raven, if you could find out who in particular at camp despises the grounders maybe we could make some headway. And Octavia, if you could get to know some of those Ice Nation footmen, that'd be very helpful," Clarke designated tasks to her hesitant friends.

"Wouldn't the Mountain Men know that we know what's going on?" Raven added thinking of the man Lexa killed.

"If they know that we know Lexa is to be taken alive then they will most likely expect us to double the guards around Ton DC and her quarters," Clarke said, thinking more about the situation. "Possibly have a bodyguard follow her everywhere and for us to be inseparable."

"This is a tough situation," Raven closed her eyes and took a deep breath. "I need to go check in with Bellamy. So far he's been hiding out in Maya's dad's home."

Hearing about the safety of Bellamy made Clarke feel an instance of relief. "Is that safe?" Clarke asked, finding the situation strange.

"Bellamy says that he's a revolutionary and doesn't agree with what's happening so he's helping him out," Raven explained, thankful for that situation. "But he still needs to find the acid fog and I need more data to go off of."

For the first time in the entire conversation, Lexa decided to speak. "If it comforts you Octavia, you may guard Clarke and I will take on Ryder," she suggested, seeing the brunette's eyes glint. "Train with Indra at whatever location Clarke needs to be." Turning to the blonde, Lexa eyed up and down. "And Clarke... no more going to that river for the time being."

"They want you alive, not me," Clarke reminded, not wanting to be ordered around.

Lexa breathed out exasperated. "No one goes to the river, it's too much of a risk," she warned, seeing as Octavia agreed. "They want you dead, and they will kill you once given the opportunity."

Rubbing her leg and wincing, Raven also agreed. "Clarke, just stay either here, at Camp Jaha or Ton DC if you’re on your own," she pressed to her friend.

Wanting to lighten up the situation a bit Octavia had a thought. "So, where do I go when you two are copulating?" She blurted out, fingering her lip in mockery.

Clarke went wide eyed and Raven held in a laugh not wanting to offend the commander before they all were beheaded. Octavia really knew how to nip it in the bud. Ryder who was standing silently the whole time, grunted and went red in the face. Lexa could care less and stood with a steel face as her blonde counterpart hit Octavia in the arm.

"You simply wait outside. Or let Ryder know if you need to be with Indra if you do not want to wait," Lexa simply stated not seeing what the issue was.

"We all have our roles here," Clarke wanted to change the topic. "Can we please stick to them? And let Bellamy know Raven, maybe he can eavesdrop for us. Find out what's really going on."

Octavia and Raven nodded. They wanted to win this war. They wanted to save their friends. The last things they wanted though was for anyone else to get hurt. And if in fact someone was working with the Mountain Men under their noses, it would not end well for that person.

**********
"Bellamy," Raven spoke through the radio. "Are you there?"

Waking from his dreadful sleep, Bellamy sprang to his radio. "Yes, Raven?" he replied, waiting for a response. "I'm here."

"We have some bad news," Raven began to say. "For some reason, the Mountain Men want the commander taken alive. Have you heard anything about this?"

Closing his eyes and thinking hard, Bellamy couldn't come up with anything. "No, I'm sorry, but that is not good at all." He replied. "I need to find another route to the acid fog. Maya's dad has a plan."

"Take a breath Bellamy, we're okay for now," Raven calmed trying to make him feel better. "If you could take the ascending vents to their control room, maybe you'll be able to overhear something."

"Good idea," Bellamy replied, looking at the vent located in the room he was staying at. Thank goodness for those things, because they went everywhere. "Just guide me through from Maya's place in the right direction. I will do a stakeout and let you know what I hear."

"Okay Bell, here we go." Raven began as she started to guide her friend through the mountain. This was going to be a long day.

**********

Octavia was sent off to find out what she could about the Ice Nation footmen who scampered about the camp with the other grounders. Everyone was busy training, building, gathering and hunting. There were many mouths to feed and every few hours a hunting party would go off only to bring back several kills which fed the masses. It was incredible, everyone working together all because of a young girl who ascended, Lexa Kom Tri Kru.

Bringing Indra into her tent, Lexa nodded and began to explain the situation. "This is very dangerous for Octavia as well, Indra," the commander warned.

"This is war," Indra knowingly responded, completely understanding.

Appreciating the support of her general, Lexa continued. "I want to take Clarke to the Wheel," she admitted, looking to see if Indra approved.

"You haven't been there since - -" Indra started to say but stopped when Lexa's hand went in the air.

"I know Indra," Lexa interrupted, closing her eyes briefly and thinking of the past. "But we need to put on a show for these footmen. My only hope is that Clarke's accusation is untrue."

Standing tall and proud, Indra looked to the tent flap and then back at her commander. "Octavia, Lincoln and I will ride with you and Clarke to the Wheel," she offered, peering outside. "Ryder should come too, especially if we cannot trust the Ice Nation."

"Then it is done," Lexa concluded, walking around her tent to pack a few items. "We will get there before sunset and come back tomorrow morning."

Bowing and taking a step back to leave the tent, Indra walked outside. She worried for her commander and for her people. She only hoped that no one was plotting against them and that the Ice King had good reason for not arriving yet.

**********
Walking over to Octavia who was chatting with an Ice grounder, Clarke hoped she had good news. It was impressive to listen to her friend speak conversationally in Trigedasleng. There were few things Clarke herself knew and she wished to learn more but Octavia was taking it to another level. She looked to the sky and saw the sun almost at its peak. It was almost noon by this time and the day was beautiful.

"Clarke," Octavia greeted cocking her head to one side, presenting the grounder. "This is Tahreo."

Stunned at the sight of this man, Clarke halted in front of Octavia who gave her an inquiring look. He was tall, bright grey eyes, pale complexion and a strong handsome face. His attire was different from the Tree Clan, donning thick, light coloured furs. He also had a beard that was braided and long. Although his hair was not blonde, it was the closest to blonde Clarke had seen on a grounder so far. He was gorgeous and Clarke could not deny it.

"Hei," his masculine voice addressed Clarke with a smile.

Clarke was shocked. This one knew how to smile. "Hello," she mirrored, holding out her hand and looking up. He grasped her arm in a gentle but firm hold and looked into her eyes.

"He's going to accompany us today," Octavia remarked, eyeing the two carefully. This boy was good looking for a reason. Actually he was the least attractive she could find out of the Ice Nation that were at camp and clearly he already caught Clarke's attention.

Clarke finally broke her gaze from Tahreo and looked at Octavia. "Accompany us where? I can't leave the area..." She reminded her friend, feeling a whisk of sharp air blow through her air and seeing Indra looking formidable on her horse.

"You can if we are your attendees," Indra stated, looking to Octavia and telling her to get ready. She circled her horse around Tahreo and looked up the hill.

Clarke turned and also looked up, seeing Lexa with a furious face, Lincoln seeming troubled and Ryder loading heaps of satchels on his horse. Uncertain as to why Lexa looked so upset, Clarke shook her head and brushed it off, walking to where her horse was grazing. "Angeni," she murmured as the horse neighed, embracing Clarke happily. She looked back again at Lexa who met her eyes for an instant. They were still angered and narrowed.

Ryder walked to Clarke and placed her travel satchel onto Angeni, her beautiful steed. "Osir na bants," he looked to Tahreo and he nodded, leaving to retrieve his horse.

Octavia soon came back with her horse and the group of six were ready to go. It would be a great day for travel and a good opportunity to learn more from Tahreo. There were some grounders swooning over Lexa taking advantage of seeing the commander for longer than usual. Clarke sighed incredulously and Indra paid no heed. Lincoln had his eye on Tahreo as well as Ryder.

Clarke noticed quickly that the fury that previously emanated from the commander quickly faded as several women clamored over her. What a joke, Clarke thought, feeling pings of envy course through her body.

Lexa's horse was incredible. The most dazzling white shone brightly under the sun and its mane was perfectly groomed. She was the only one with a white horse. The commander looked down at the women and said a few words as they backed away from the horse. In one spectacular feat, Lexa reared her stallion and burst off toward the forest. Jaw dropping in disbelief as the women practically feigned, Clarke grumbled to herself and followed the party as they headed off.
Chapter End Notes

What in the world is The Wheel? Where are they going? Thanks for reading!
The Six Flags

Chapter Notes

I'm having a great time interacting with you guys through the comments. It's great to have positive feedback and I'm also open to criticism as well haha. I don't particularly love writing fluff or feels but this chapter is very fluffy in my opinion. I hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Not knowing where they were going, Lincoln said it was a surprise of sorts and Clarke's heart jumped at the idea. The commander obviously had something up her sleeve but she was unsure it was a good idea to be away from the camp. Although they were going in the opposite direction of Mount Weather, it could still be perilous.

The day was warm and vibrant as they rode through fields and hills of incomparable beauty. Sometimes they would take time to enjoy the scenery and others they would completely stop to admire what was around them. Clarke was astonished at what this world had to offer and for an instant thought about how the Mountain Men yearned to be out here.

If Camp Jaha was an eight hour walk from the mountain then they were definitely beyond twelve hours at this point, Clarke thought. She sped her way up to Ryder who was silently by Tahreo, looking straight ahead. "Ryder," she gently said, looking up at the brutish man. "How much longer?"

Ryder secretly had his eyes on Tahreo the entire time but did not let it be known. He turned to Clarke and then to his other side. He knew exactly where they were. It would not be long. "Soon, Klok," he stated, seeing the commander and Indra way ahead, making sure the way was clear.

Looking behind, Clarke saw Lincoln and Octavia, smiling and chatting. She slowed her horse until she was far enough behind Ryder and Tahreo. "Sorry to interrupt," she gazed over at the couple who smiled at her not bothered at all.

"How are you, Clarke," Lincoln asked, making sure Tahreo was far enough ahead.

"I'm okay, you?" Clarke replied, beaming at the handsome healer.

"Concerned," he honestly replied. "Octavia has filled me in."

Turning to her friend, Octavia nodded. "What do you think of Tahreo so far?" she asked, pondering what the blonde really thought.

Clarke didn't really know what to say. "He's not bad on the eyes," she joked and quickly went straight faced when Octavia rolled her eyes and Lincoln, raised his eyebrows. "Alright, I'm joking. He's quiet and could be hiding something."

"You need to focus on your relationship with Lexa right now," Octavia reminded. "Whether you're ready for it or not, you need to put on a good show."

"The other clans are afraid of you Clarke," Lincoln pointed out. "You fell from the sky, your hair is golden and the Commander keeps you close."
Licking her bottom lip, still feeling the ache of her healing bruise, Clarke sighed and nodded. "Ai laik Clarke kom Skaikru," she said mostly to herself but impressed Lincoln.

"You're a leader on your own, Clarke," Octavia complimented with a smile. "Don't fade into the shadow of the Commander."

Keeping steady eyes ahead and to his side, he saw their destination not far ahead. He almost felt excitement. Tri Kru had not been here in so long because of sorrowful events in the past. Looking behind and seeing the younger group trotting behind he waved. "We are here!" he cheered and saw Octavia and Clarke look up in awe.

Clarke thought about all that she read on the Ark, from airplanes, to submarines, to buildings and bridges. But she never thought she'd ever see an amusement park still somewhat holding up, after 97 years and a nuclear war. She saw the tops of roller coasters, a ferris wheel and a swinging ship. There had to be more hidden beneath the trees and she smiled from ear to ear.

The sun was much lower in the sky but not yet setting as the group set up their camp for the night. It seemed they were right at the entrance of the once spirited amusement park. There were broken benches and what seemed to be a booth as well as broken directional signs and a map. "What is this place?" Clarke asked looking around, seeing broken down everything, yet somehow still intact. She wondered if Raven could fix the whole place up on her own, and laughed at herself for the foolish thought.

"It is called, Six Flags," Lexa commented finding a plush spot on the grass for her belongings. "Where the six flags are, I do not know."

Indra gathered everyone's horses and tied them to nearby trees. There was a pond nearby and she filled a bucket with water and placed it near the beautiful animals. Although this was a sad place to be, she was glad to be here. It brought back good memories.

"Very cool," Octavia was delighted to be here and looked at Clarke who was smiling. That made her feel good.

Tahreo seemed to be astonished as well. There was nothing like this near the Ice Nation and he admired the machinery of the old world. This was a good venture to take part in, he thought. He wanted to go explore the grounds and see what there was.

"We must eat and then you may enter," Indra ordered and even the commander came over to their small camp to gain sustenance. "Mela op, loka au," she warned, watching the trees. She was weary of Mountain Men lurking although they were so far away.

Clarke looked to Lexa who she had barely spoken to all day. They didn't say one word throughout the travel and she sat busily eating next to Indra. This was not a good showing they put on. So far, Tahreo seemed harmless and did not do much of anything except offer to help often. Lincoln, Octavia and Ryder were quietly speaking by the pond, pretending to be working on something, Clarke could tell. She saw their faces turn to relief about something but she couldn't figure out what it was.

Tahreo got up and proceeded to pack the satchels back with care. He organized the empty ones with the others still containing food and patted the horses. Checking to make sure they were okay and feeding them, he was doing such boring and predictable things.

Sitting alone, under the tree, Clarke took her last handful of berries and ate them slightly irked. She still felt envy from earlier seeing those women throw themselves at Lexa. Worse yet, Lexa put on a
show for them and didn't even look at her. She scowled to herself and swallowed her berries.


"Ugh," Clarke groaned, thinking she ate too many berries. "Yes, I'm done."

Leaning in to the golden girl, Lexa whispered, "You have paste on your mouth again, shall I lick it off?" she sensually said, hearing Clarke hitch her breath.

Wiping her mouth with the back of her hand, Clarke licked her lips and looked at the commander. "Let's go," she said, not wanting to sit any longer.

Standing tall, Lexa waved to Indra and walked to the entrance of the park. Clarke followed behind, wiping at her mouth again and rolling her eyes when nothing even came off. They walked for some time. The sun was getting lower in the sky and the pinkish purple hues looked marvelous. The air was getting cooler and a balmy breeze would sometimes brush by. The two leaders did not speak or really look at each other while walking to their destination. Clarke had no idea where Lexa was taking her but the commander seemed to know the exact way to travel and where they were within the park.

"The Wheel," Lexa proclaimed, halting and feeling Clarke crash into her back. "Clarke?"

She wasn't paying attention and walked right into Lexa. "Sorry," she uttered and gasped when looking up. It was a giant Ferris wheel, high in the sky and still reasonably intact.

Lessa sighed and turned to her companion. "What troubles your mind, Clarke?"

"Nothing," she quickly said, still gaping at the wonder.

Furrowing her eyebrows, Lexa looked at the beautiful girl before her. Upon first sight, Lexa thought the Sky Girl was stunning but she did not have the time to entertain the idea of someday being romantic. There was too much as stake, too much responsibility, and too much love previously lost. She breathed out, pondering what was bothering the blonde and remembered her sitting alone while they were eating. "Ah, they didn't tell you, did they," she commented as the girl turned toward her.

"Tell me what," Clarke asked, eyeing the commander curiously.

"It's not the Ice Nation, Clarke," she firmly stated, watching the blonde crease her eyebrows.

"How do you know?" she questioned, tilting her head.

"Ryder, came right out and asked him what the Ice King was doing," Lexa began to explain. "Tahreo apparently blushed and was embarrassed to tell, but did so any way."

Clarke was beyond curious now. "Well?"

"He's been busy planning a union ceremony for himself and Atohl, as to surprise him after we win this war," Lexa simply said, finding it uninteresting. "That's why Atohl is here, and he is not."

Mouth dropping, Clarke thought it would hit the ground and come back up to smack her in the face. "What!?" she exclaimed. "A union ceremony. No wonder they sent their lowest ranked warriors. Everyone else is busy right now." Clarke sighed and threw her head back feeling so foolish.

"It is okay, Clarke," Lexa calmed, straight faced and finding it odd that the blonde was so reactive.
"We can rule them out at least. The Ice King will be here in a few days. Tahreo apologised but said I seemed too busy to bother at the moment about it."

"Then must mean it's a Sky Person," Clarke hesitantly said, feeling cold.

"We do not know that," Lexa coolly said. "Let Raven worry about that, let us enjoy this night."

Turning back to the Ferris Wheel, Clarke scanned it with curious eyes. "Well this thing doesn't work so what will we do?" she asked, reaching out to touch the metal.

"We climb of course," Lexa chided, not knowing how Clarke couldn't think of it. "Get on my back."

Grimacing at the idea, Clarke shook her head. "That's so dangerous," she retorted, stepping away from the wheel.

"I've done it many times," Lexa rebuked, reaching for the metal. "It is simple."

"Many times with who on your back exactly?" Clarke questioned, finding it absurd.

Abruptly stopping, Lexa looked over her shoulder ready to climb. "Costia," she quietly said and turned back. "Let's go."

Feeling a lump in her throat, Clarke felt her eyes tear up but shook it away. This wasn't about putting on a show anymore, it was about Lexa taking her to a special place. The commander was ruthless and harsh but it was surprising how mindful she could be. "Okay," was all Clarke could say and reached around the lithe body before her. And just like that, with such ease, Lexa ascended. Clarke dare not look down. Keeping her eyes to the sky, she smiled, feeling the wind blow gently into her face, watching the commander's muscles work and admiring the colours that painted the sky.

Thinking of Costia, Lexa climbed to the highest pod she could see. "Osir keryon ste teina hir," she said into the wind as she crawled into the pod and put Clarke to sit. She sat across from the blonde and looked to the setting sun. It was incredibly difficult to hold her emotions inside. She never thought she'd ever bring another person to the Wheel but it was the only way she thought Clarke might understand her better.

"I don't understand Lexa," Clarke breathed, not wanting to look down. She gazed at the setting sun also. "It's so beautiful."

"Our souls are tied here," Lexa said again into the air. "The wind caresses my body so gently and I know its her." The commander took a deep breath and swallowed.

Turning to Lexa, Clarke reached out not knowing what else to do. Lexa returned her gaze, her eyes sparkling and closing for a moment. She breathed again, and reached to hold Clarke's hand in hers. "You and Costia would come here?" Clarke softly asked, feeling the last rays of sun dance on her skin.

"Yes," Lexa murmured, massaging Clarke's hand, knowing her unwavering composure was completely lost at this moment. "Our first kiss, was up here." She leaned toward Clarke who was now tingling and warm. "The light show will begin shortly, Clarke."

Clarke saw Lexa turn her head toward the sun as it disappeared. The blonde turned her body and waited. It was dark for a moment and she could hear herself breathing from the silence. And then it happened. Glowing lights everywhere of various colours, revealing themselves in the surrounding forest. They were bright neon colours that danced in her view. What a sight it was being up so high, taking everything in. Nothing in her mind was as beautiful as the sight before her. She was in shock...
and awe of the wonders before them.

Seeing the expressions on Clarke's face, made Lexa feel warm on the inside. "Do you like it?" she pensively asked. She saw blue eyes sparkling and before she could say anything else, Lexa felt soft lips on her own. It was slow and tame, as tender as a kiss could possibly get and Lexa was satisfied with it. This is where she was at her most vulnerable and she could feel the emotions coursing through her body.

Pulling away from the kiss, Clarke licked her lips. "I don't like it," she replied, seeing Lexa's face nearly shut down. "I love it," she teased, pressing her forehead into Lexa's.

"You will only see me like this when we are here," Lexa slowly said, closing her eyes. "I cannot afford to be seen like this anywhere else."

Nodding her head, Clarke finally smiled in front of the commander. They sat quietly together, rocking in the pod, admiring the light show before them. They put their previous trysts aside, not worrying about how complicated their relationship was getting or about the sexual tension they had. This evening was simply about enjoying the balmy breeze that caressed their skin on a remarkable evening.

Chapter End Notes

If you have the time, pay close attention to the opening credits of The 100. It is extremely revealing and I got the ideas for this chapter weeks ago because of it.

The ferris wheel and abandoned theme park are actually in the opening credits about 24 seconds in, so that's where I got this idea from. There is an actual Six Flags in Marlboro Maryland which is a 35 minute drive east from Washington DC. This would be a few hours on horse, and six hours of walking.

I'm thinking that Polis (Annapolis) is also in the opening credits. It could be that city with a water tank and walls around it but then again that could also be the City of Lights. We don't know yet of course, it hasn't been revealed on the show.

Thank you all again for reading, I appreciate your time and thoughts!
Oh it's getting close to the finale! I hope you're all excited. To my knowledge Lexa is not in it at all but she may be in season three. Here's hoping! Thank you for all the comments and kudos as usual I'm still shocked that this story is doing as well as it is considering the content. Thank you for being open minded :]

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Lincoln and Octavia were sitting in each other's arms by the pond close to the small camp, enjoying the neon light show that glittered and sparkled before them. It was nice to have some alone time together as they had been so busy with previous events. They sat quietly, taking in the sights, scared if they spoke it would disturb the gift being given to them by the forest at this moment.

Turning to look up at Lincoln, Octavia smiled. He smelled like musky sweat, a strong odour she liked and made her feel safe. His jaw was strong, his skin a beautiful bronze that the sun would never be able to produce on her own. He was so attractive and Octavia felt as if she could gaze at him for days.

Looking down with warm eyes, Lincoln smiled at his comrade. "Octavia?" he quietly said, so not to disturb the flora and fauna.

"Kiss me Lincoln," she whispered, caressing his face and watching as he moved into her. This moment was perfect and she would never forget it.

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"Well, now what?" Clarke asked, as she felt her feet hit the ground. The night was beautiful, the stars, the moon. What a difference from yesterdays rain.

Lexa turned to the blonde and pulled out some berries from her small satchel. "Have some of these," she ordered, holding out her hand.

Without hesitation, Clarke took them and ate them. "Do we go back to camp?" she asked, looking over the commander who ate meagerly.

"Clarke," she began to say. "You are vile when you eat. Let us walk."

"The dam by Mount Weather, must have powered all this," Clarke knowingly stated, taking a look at the gargantuan Swinging Ship.

"What is this one, Clarke?" Lexa asked, never understanding this one on her trips to the Six Flags.
Thinking back to her classes about 'Earth Architecture', they had a chapter on things like this. "It has a few names but Swinging Ship is common. It rocks you back and forth, high up into the sky," Clarke explained.

Lexa was aghast at this idea, looking at the ship and visualizing it going so high. "Would you not fall out to a certain death?" she gasped, feeling a sudden distaste for this machine.

Wanting to laugh, Clarke waved her hand. "No, you would be secure. You'd be strapped in and unable to move, even if it were upside down," she calmed, watching the shocked expression on the commander's face quickly fade.

"Hm," Lexa grunted, continuing to walk.

Clarke decided to pester the commander. "Would you do it?" she asked, raising her eyebrows and waiting for an answer.

Lexa was not in the mood to discuss whether or not she'd allow herself to be swung back and forth on a nonsensical machine. The idea was absurd. At least the 'Ferris Wheel' had some tact to it and was plausible but this ride seemed like a foolish idea.

"All it does, is swing back and forth," Clarke continued, walking backward and in front of the straight faced commander who was now ignoring her. "I'd do it," she finally said. "I think it would be fun. Can't be worse than crashing into the ground inside a hundred year old ship." Clarke turned back around and continued to walk ahead of the commander. "You know Lexa, sometimes I wonder if you're as brave as you make yourself seem to be and --"

"Shof op, Clarke," Lexa scolded, with dagger eyes, her hand placed firmly on the blonde's chest, pushing her into a large, thick tree.

That was uncalled for, and Clarke felt her back aching from being shoved so hard. She gritted her teeth and drove Lexa's hand away. They stood glaring at each other, the night afraid of them instead and the heat from their bodies lighting the forest on fire. "Why did you look so pissed off earlier, huh?" Clarke questioned, tired of keeping it in. "Why show off in front of those girls?"

Lexa gulped and concentrated on keeping her face stony and hard. "Those girls adore me," she slowly said. "I cannot ignore them."

Feeling steam rising in her body and coming through her mouth, Clarke stepped forward. "So why did you look so upset before that?" she continued to press. "I saw how you looked at me. Did I do something?"

"No," Lexa coolly said, looking down.

Clarke darted her eyes around the commander's face. She did not don war paint, her eyes were a clear crystal blue and her attire was lightweight and breathable today. The only items she had was her knife and satchel. If she wasn't the commander, she'd just seem like a regular girl.

"You can't just look at me like that for no reason," Clarke breathed, wanting to know what was going on in Lexa's head.

Clenching her jaw, Lexa took another step back. "I did not like the way you were looking at Tahreo," she admitted.

Blinking her eyes, as if trying to see correctly instead of hear correctly, Clarke furrowed her eyebrows. "That made you upset?" she questioned stepping forward again.
Lexa nodded slowly and proceeded. "You are to be mine and only mine," she proclaimed raising her chin.

Shaking her head and scoffing, Clarke looked up feeling offended. "I told you," she began taking another step forward. "I'm not an object," another step. "I will not be yours. I will do what I want, when I want and how I want." She noticed Lexa almost trip walking backwards, crashing into another tree and holding herself up. "You brought me here tonight, why? To tell me about Costia? Fine. Don't pretend that you don't care about people, Gustus, your clan."

Lexa felt her body trembling, thinking of all the emotion she kept inside especially in this place. It was true, it was all true. But Clarke was a revelation and this was different. "I didn't just bring you here, to tell you about Costia," she quietly said as if it was all she could manage. "I brought you here because I care for you Clarke."

Silence. Even the forest was in shock. The neon colours froze and were unchanging and there were only the two leaders, not knowing what to do or say next, breathing into each other.

Clarke stepped back and her mind reeled. She looked to Lexa's eyes for something, anything more and breathed out heavily. "If you care about me, Lexa," she began to say, closing her eyes at the thought, "then you can't just declare that I'm yours. It doesn't work like that, not for me."

"These feelings for you, are different, Clarke." Lexa eased her composure and regained her breathing. "With Costia, it was innocent, clear and easy. With you, there is so much lust and desire within me, that it is difficult to control."

Knowing how difficult this was for Lexa, Clarke nodded her head and gave a small smile. "Just because we don't have to put on a show for the Ice Nation anymore, doesn't mean we can't continue this," Clarke reminded, reaching out her hand and putting it on Lexa's chest. She could feel the commander's heart beat into her palm and gasped at its strength. "Please, just be patient with me... And don't think I don't want you either." She felt the heart skip a beat.

"Do you care for anyone else?" Lexa asked, reaching for Clarke's hand and removing it from her chest.

Shrugging, Clarke couldn't think of anyone she wanted to be intimate with. She could not deny that she missed Finn and that her heart was heavy but she had to move on at some point. "No," she replied, looking into sparkling blue eyes. She wanted to lighten up the conversation and took a deep breath. "Besides," she began to say. "Don't forget about our bet." She smiled and saw Lexa's eyes flicker. "Don't get too excited," she warned.

"I do not get excited," Lexa retorted, watching Clarke's eyes roll. "It is a losing battle for you, my friend."

"Your friend?" Clarke inquired, raising her eyebrows.

"My lover, then," Lexa replied, fixing her satchel.

Clarke let out a breath and reached for Lexa's face, watching the commander stiffen. "Your equal," she whispered, pulling her into a kiss. It was slow at first, but the commander seemed to find her usual footing again and pushed into the blonde hard. Their bruises brushed against one another and hands went squeezing arms as they struggled backward and forward.

Feeling herself ignite, Lexa threw her satchel to the ground, wrapped her strong arms around the blonde and lifted her. Their lips were still battling as the commander spun them around, and pushed
Clarke's back into the tree. The forest started to dance again with the rhythm of their lips. Even Lexa knew that Clarke could not say no to this as they continued.

Wrapping her arms around the commander's shoulders, Clarke could feel her body pressed into Lexa's as she was pushed against the tree. It was exhilarating and provocative. She felt like the eyes of the forest were secretly on the pair, watching to see where it would lead and feeling the tension that coursed through their bodies.

Lexa heard Clarke moan and break the kiss, leaning up and exposing her neck. The commander took this opportunity to lick at this exposed flesh, hearing the blonde struggle to contain herself. It was sweet and sweaty as Lexa sucked on the pale skin, enjoying every sound that was emitted from the blonde's mouth. Using her strong right arm to keep wrapped around the small girl, Lexa began to massage her thighs which were wrapped tightly around her waist.

Feeling that tongue slip lower, over the curve of her breast caused Clarke to throw her head back unknowingly. This was good, too good. She could feel her groin getting moist, the hair on her neck standing up and the sweat now beading down her face. There was no doubt that the commander was persuasive in situations like this.

As soon as Lexa felt herself become slightly aroused, she shot her eyes open and dropped the blonde who looked dazed and confused. "I cannot continue," Lexa breathed, not understanding.

Seeing her companion in this state, Lexa knew exactly what was wrong. If her loins were acting up then so were Clarke's. She had an idea but was unsure if Clarke would take to it. It could be sensual if done appropriately. "I have an idea, Clarke." Lexa began to say and went to search for her satchel. She pulled out a blanket and went to lay it across, soft lush grass.

Clarke went wide eyed and grimaced. "I told you I'm not ready," she reminded, not understanding. Lexa waved her arm in the air and sat down on the blanket. "I will not touch you," she began to explain. "It's just an idea... we could lay beside each other and..."

Gasping in awe, Clarke licked her bruise and creased her forehead. This was very different, she thought, looking at the expectant commander. "Will you look?" she asked, moving to sit on the blanket at well.

"Will you?" Lexa raised one eyebrow, and moved to lay on her back.

Clarke followed suit and took in a deep breath. "I've already seen all of you," she reminded, resting her hand on the waist of her pants. She looked up at the bright stars staring down at her. She almost felt ashamed to be exposing herself to the sky like this but she wanted to try.

"I will not look," Lexa stated, turning her head toward the blonde. "Clarke."

The blonde turned her head and was met with smoldering eyes of lust. She bit her lip and let her hand descend into her pants, instantly shocked at how wet she was and how incredible it felt. "Okay," she replied and watched the commander's eyes lock with hers. "Are you, aroused?"

Lexa could feel herself within her palm and took a deep breath at the sensation. "Very," she replied beginning to stroke herself. She did not dare touch the blonde and rested her free hand on her
stomach. "Are you wet?"

Slipping a finger between her folds, Clarke let out a moan and closed her eyes for a moment. "Very," she mirrored, licking her lips. This would not take long as she began to work on herself, slightly caressing her most sensitive spot, her back arched. She opened her eyes only to see Lexa's still focused on her, stoic face and unmoving lips.

Seeing how much the blonde was enjoying herself, Lexa picked up her pace. She was warm and strong and could feel herself enjoying every second of it. She wanted to see Clarke finish first before allowing herself to let go but was finding it difficult to do so. She wondered what the forest must think of her at this point. Bringing a new girl to be intimate with. There were so many places in this place she made love to Costia. They would go through the night without a care.

Lexa licked her lips, feeling her bruise, watching as the blonde's chest heaved and her back arched. She wanted to be on top of her, ravaging her body and having her way but this would suffice for now. And then without realization, the blonde closed her eyes and moaned the commander's name, her body shaking. The commander felt a hand grab her resting one and squeeze tightly. It was done.

Clarke opened her eyes and saw the commander eyeing her lustfully. She felt herself go red from embarrassment but loved the feeling coursing through her body. It felt so good to release, the chemicals flooding her brain and making her feel high. "Are you done, Lexa?" she brazenly asked, watching as the commander broke herself from the trance.

"Not yet," Lexa commented. "I wanted you to finish first."

"Can I watch?" Clarke blurted out, propping herself up on an elbow and raising her eyebrows at the sight. She liked it. "I feel so..."

Lexa looked up at the blonde. "You feel what?" the commander asked, stroking herself. "I didn't even say yes."

"Too late now," Clarke breathed, gazing over Lexa's body which lay still unlike her own. "What does it feel like?"

Not appreciating the amount of talking, Lexa grunted and used her free hand to place on the blonde's cheek. "It feels like I should be inside of you, instead," she managed to get out, feeling herself getting closer.

Clarke licked her lips and let her hand roam the contours of Lexa's defined stomach. This was her favourite part so far of Lexa's body. She hoped to touch elsewhere in the future. Her breasts, her back, her strong legs, but for now this toned stomach would do. She went wide eyed when Lexa briefly got up and pulled off her shirt. That beautiful black bra, tan skin and flakes of dirt covered her body. "Why'd you take that off?" Clarke questioned, looking into seething, sexual eyes.

"Because, Clarke," Lexa began to say. "I do not want this to get on it."

"Get what on it?" Clarke questioned, furrowing her eyebrows and looking back to Lexa's groin. She was going faster and rougher with herself. Clarke could only imagine at this point what it would feel like being taken in a similar fashion. She had rough sex before but who knew what the commander was capable of. Looking at Lexa, she could see her muscles contorting, her stomach heaving and arms flexing.

"This," Lexa breathed as she slightly moaned and let herself go.

Keeping her eyes fixated on the sight, Clarke's jaw dropped and she felt her loins set afire once more.
Lexa finished and her stomach was nearly covered in herself. The commander sighed and stroked herself slowly to ease off the high. Clarke looked to her face and finally closed her mouth. "Do grounders use contraceptives?" she blurted out seeing a confused look wash over Lexa's face.

"What is that?" Lexa asked and pondered why Clarke's eyes went wide in bewilderment.

Chapter End Notes

I've been finished this story for a week now and I'm just working on some things for the last chapters, 18-20 because of the finale not being aired. I have often wondered what grounders or Arkers use for safe sex and preventative methods. Who knows really haha. Thanks again for reading.
Contraceptives?

Chapter Notes

Woohoo season finale tonight! I'm excited. Apparently there's some crazy twist at the end! Thank you, thank you, thank you all for reading, your input and kudos. You have no idea how thrilled I feel when I come home after work and I see all the support. Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The two leaders collected themselves and began to walk back to their small camp. It was getting late and the rest of their party would most likely worry if they did not check in soon enough. They walked quietly, thoughts of what they just did running through their mind. Each of them wanted more but it would be left for another day.

Lexa finally decided to break the silence. "What is 'contraception' Clarke?" she asked, unfamiliar with the word.

Freeing herself from her thoughts, Clarke turned to the pensive commander. Grounders probably didn't have any methods to protect themselves during sexual encounters such as condoms or from getting pregnant either. It made Clarke weary, and she thought about the thousand of grounder warriors at camp. There were that many warriors in addition to villagers so there could thousands of grounders, just within ninety-seven years.

"It's to prevent pregnancy, Lexa," Clarke explained, looking ahead, staring at the path ahead through the park. "There were methods available on the Ark."

Going tight lipped and knitting her eyebrows, Lexa also stared ahead. "There are few ways," she began to reply. "Removing oneself before release is a common method --"

"But very unreliable," Clarke shot out, looking at the commander finally.

"There is a plant I can eat that reduces my chance of creating a child greatly," Lexa added, ignoring that she was rudely interrupted. She looked to see if Clarke was still listening before continuing. "You may also use lemon juice and a sponge. It is said to be a formidable barrier."

"I don't think any of that is going to be good enough," Clarke castigated, not fond of the solutions the commander was offering.

Lexa could see these were not viable options for the blonde. "We have as many children as possible," Lexa continued to say. "No one is forced but our warriors are constantly dying and our people taken by the Mountain Men. I knew of one woman who had eighteen children in her life. In contrast, many have only one or no children."

"You're not shunned then, if you decide not to have a child?" Clarke asked, running a hand through her hair. It needed to be washed again, she thought on the side.

"Of course not," Lexa quickly snapped. "Our ways are harsh but we do not force this unto our people." She looked at Clarke who was visibly concerned about the situation. "Is there not any
'contraceptive' available from your people? If you are that concerned about my virility then we need to figure something out.

Opening her mouth at what Lexa had to say, Clarke just breathed out. "I'll have to ask my mom," she said mostly to herself. "Or see if Raven and Wick can concoct something for me." She had an amusing thought and posed it to the commander. "Or you could just chop off your scrotum."

"Hm," was all Lexa could utter as they continued to walk silently. "Octavia has told me, on the Ark, couples were permitted one child only."

Raising her eyebrows at the comment, Clarke nodded. What did Octavia tell the commander about the Ark? "Yes, that’s true," the blonde replied.

Clearing her throat and observing their surroundings, Lexa continued. "I find Octavia’s story especially somber…." She thought about what she was going to say next and took a deep breath. "Yours too."

Turning her head to the onlooking commander, Clarke felt her breath stop for an instant. "My life on the Ark?" she questioned, trying to find Lexa’s eyes. "What’d Octavia tell you?"

"Nothing revealing," Lexa stated, finally looking at her companion. "You lost your father, your best friend and your mother too in a way."

Emotion began to spiral up Clarke’s body and she held back moistening eyes. "I did," was all the blonde could say.

"It’s okay," Lexa calmed, with the slightest smile. "You have me now."

**********

The small party was having a feast at the camp they created, getting ready to rest for the night. Indra and Octavia were discussing future training while Lincoln pitched a tent. Ryder was using his brute force to chop some firewood and Tahreo was helping to cook. They were busy and seemingly happy for the time being and it was nice to be together in this wondrous place.

Noticing blonde hair in the distance, Octavia asked if she could be relieved from her duties for the evening. Indra nodded and let her go. She was curious to hear what her friend was up to and how she was feeling.

Clarke was walking ahead of Lexa who had stopped to inspect some sort of plant. She had a million things she wanted to talk to Lexa about but did not want to bring any up at the same time. Their walk was slow and silent, but felt natural and easy. It was an odd feeling for the blonde to have, feeling so safe and secure next to the brave commander. In reality, she was just a girl underneath and Clarke was happy to know that part of her companion.

Greeting her blonde friend, Octavia smiled and took her to the edibles that Tahreo was preparing. It smelled good and there was much of it. "Raven is missing out," Octavia commented, taking a seat with Clarke following suit.

Retrieving a root vegetable, Clarke nodded. "She loves this particular one."

Finally everyone was sitting around the fire, chatting and eating, including Lexa who had a liking for a variety of nuts. Ryder ate like a beast, Lincoln had a small portion and Indra was making sure everyone had enough before delving in herself. Tahreo smiled, happy of his cooking accomplishments and relaxed against a log.
Finishing up, Clarke stood and gazed over at the pond. "Octavia, come with me," she asked, looking at her friend who immediately began to follow. She made sure Lexa was still busy and the two slipped away.

"So, how was it?" Octavia asked as they slowly walked along the pond. She was certain there was something between the two leaders but whatever it was, was complicated.

Clarke licked her lips and put her hair behind an ear. "Well," she began to say. "She told me a bit about Costia."

Raising her eyebrows, Octavia gave a slight smile. "That's something," she breathed, putting her hands into her coat pockets.

"It's nice to be intimate," Clarke knowingly said, gulping and surveying the glistening pond. "But, I'm unsure of what it means to be with the commander."

Octavia shrugged not knowing the answer either. "What matters is if she makes you feel happy or not, Clarke."

"She makes me feel a lot of things," the blonde quickly stated, thinking about their interactions and suddenly feeling flushed.

Breaking the silence of the night with a slight laugh, Octavia stopped walking to look at her friend under the moonlight. "Clarke," she began to say. "You're smart, beautiful and strong... I know you miss Finn, but he'd just want you to be happy."

Looking to her transitioning grounder friend, Clarke smiled. "I'm getting there," she admitted, looking down at her hands, revelling in the thoughts of how the commander felt and how she enjoyed it.

"Seems like you are," Octavia replied, winking and leaning into the blonde to place a small kiss on her cheek.

Clarke sighed and felt her friend's arms wrap around her into a hug. "Thank you, Octavia," she said, enjoying the embrace and being thankful to have such good friends.

**********

Laying back onto a soft blanket in her tent, Lexa sighed. She was glad to be alone for some time but found herself missing the warmth of Clarke. At least tonight, they would not have to bicker over who would lay on her bed in the hut. The commander thought of how their life would continue, filled with arguments, nonsensical battles and foolish actions.

Lexa welcomed the challenge posed by the Sky Girl. No one had ever questioned her authority, ideas or orders like Clarke. The commander knew she wasn't always right but no one ever stopped her until Clarke came along. It was a difficult emotion to have, wanting someone who would listen but oddly being fond of the rebelliousness. She hoped their relationship would continue, whether it lead to more or simply being friends.

**********

"Well, where are you going to sleep?" Octavia asked as they got back to their camp.

Clarke looked at each tent. Indra and Ryder were somehow together as she could hear Ryder snoring. Lincoln would obviously sleep with Octavia and Tahreo was on his own, fast asleep also.
The only tent with a candle still light up was Lexa's and Clarke shivered thinking about going in there with her.

"Outside," Clarke stated, looking at the blanket left on the plush grass.

Rolling her eyes, Octavia smacked her friend's back and shook her head. "Why don't you kick the Commander out," Octavia suggested, secretly wanting to see the drama ensue. "Show her who's boss."

Clucking her tongue at the thought, Clarke gave Octavia a questioning look and gazed over to the tent. "You just want a show," she replied knowing exactly what her friend was thinking.

"Get going!" Octavia encouraged, pushing her friend toward the tent and quickly darting off to be with Lincoln.

Throwing her head back and sighing, Clarke put her hands on her hips and contemplated the situation. If she just went in there it would seem like an open invitation for Lexa to do whatever she wanted. If she slept outside she'd probably get sick and cold. Running her tongue over her teeth, she stepped towards Lexa's tent wishing the commander was already asleep so she could somehow sneak and and just curl into a ball without being noticed.

Reaching for the tent flap, Clarke suddenly felt nervous. Heat was emanating from the inside and it begged her to come in from the cooling air around her. She was tired and just wanted to sleep. It was such a long day. That's it, she would just present herself in the tent and demand to sleep alone on one side. But before she could even get in, a strong body came in the opposite direction and knocked her onto her back.

Feeling a lithe body above hers, Clarke groaned. "Lexa, what are you doing?" she asked, rubbing her head. "Get off of me."

Quickly getting to her feet and looking down at the blubbering girl, Lexa went tight lipped and then grumbled something to herself. "You can have the tent," she began to say. "I'll sleep over there."

Before she could step away, Clarke grabbed at her calf from the forest floor and looked up at the commander with shimmering blue eyes. Lexa looked down, slightly perturbed and did not move. This was an odd position to be in and Clarke felt like if Octavia was watching right now, it was a grand show for her to experience.

"No," Clarke breathed, letting go of a sturdy calf and getting on her hands and knees. "Just stay on your side." And the blonde crawled into the tent, unimpressed eyes following her in. The warmth from the tent felt welcoming on her skin. It was so cozy inside and she was glad she decided to enter. She could feel Lexa enter and looked behind to see the commander plop on her rear, at one side of the tent.

"Is this far enough?" Lexa drawled, laying down and looking at her companion.

Clarke found a good spot on her side and let herself lay into the sumptuous blanket that was brought for the commander. She nodded and closed her eyes, feeling her body relax, her mind slow down and the gentle warmth that caressed her skin that emanated from the commander who lay nearby.

**********

Waking up, Lexa could see the rising sun peaking through the tent. She moved to sit up but felt an immobilizing weight on her body. She groaned and looked down to her chest, seeing golden hair and a sleeping body. There was no way she could move without waking up the blonde in this position.
Resting her head back down, she swallowed and moved a hand onto Clarke's back.

Groggily opening her eyes, Clarke could see the faint yellow tinge of the tent, breasts covered in a black bra and felt a hand caressing her back. She couldn't breathe for a moment, trying to figure out what to do. Should she pretend to keep sleeping? Fake rolling off the commander or possibly just act as if she didn't know what was happening? No, that wouldn't do, she had to deal with it. She thought to herself for a bit longer. She thought about the foolish bet they had and a devilish thought came to her still waking mind.

Looking down at the blonde, Lexa knew she was awake and contemplating what to do. She didn't care either way as all of this simply kept her from getting up and drinking some fresh water. But then her eyes went wide as Clarke pulled herself up to sit on her groin, looking down with sleepy eyes. "Lexa," she began to say rubbing her eyes. "You have an erection."

Immediately feeling herself rub against the blonde caused Lexa to dart up and push for her to get off. "It is common," she announced, feeling the soft skin of Clarke's body meet with hers. "It will go away but you need to get off." She eyed the girl up and down as she only had on a thin camisole and underwear. What was she playing at?

Putting her hand's on the commander's shoulders, Clarke pushed down and heard a grunt escape luscious lips. She held Lexa down, who looked up with heated and irritated eyes. "Think about being on your back as I do this for your pleasure," Clarke cooed sensually, leaning back up and then gyrating her hips. She could feel Lexa getting even more aroused and wanted to smile. She felt powerful and unstoppable like this, seeing as the commander struggled to keep her face straight.

Grabbing the blonde's moving hips, Lexa clenched her jaw and tried to get up again but to no avail. She tried stopping the movements, pushing upward and rolling out of the way but it did not work. Clarke had her, on her back, feeling pleasure and they were still clothed. This was not good.

She could not deny that this felt amazing. This was something she never did before but it was proving to be effective. The blonde had on a smug look and only felt higher when seeing the commander start to sweat. Leaning down so her face was close to an infuriated one, she whispered, "The pleasure of me riding you and the pain of not being in control."

Gritting her teeth and squeezing harder at grinding hips, Lexa spat, "Get off."

Raising her eyebrow, Clarke slowly shook her head. "No," she huffed, pushing her core further into Lexa's. "Wouldn't you prefer this?" she asked, wanting the commander to just give up.

Feeling her blood boil, Lexa took a deep breath, threw herself up and flipped Clarke onto her back in an instant. She saw the look of panic and shock fall over the blonde's face as their bodies crashed into one another. This was not expected and Lexa was happy that her brute strength was able to come through in situations like this. "What were you saying?" Lexa mocked, now grinding her pelvis into the girl beneath. "Tell me, Clarke... do all Sky Girls end up on their backs?"

Narrowing her eyes, Clarke pushed at Lexa and whimpered. She couldn't deny that it felt so good but she hated it at the same time because she was losing this battle. She could now feel the commander, fully aroused through her shorts, pushing against dangerous places and threatening to take her. If it wasn't for the thin fabric of her underwear, Clarke would be done for.

The feelings were insatiable and she could not control herself anymore. Clarke was laying beneath the commander almost begging for it. "I'm going to take you, Clarke.,” she warned, reaching down and pushing at the blonde's underwear. "You should not have done that." There was no resistance and Lexa felt unstoppable. She would rip off her clothes and take her all day if she pleased. Looking
into wanton blue eyes, Lexa licked her lips and moved her hand to push her shorts down. This was going to be perfect.

But then both girls were snapped out of their lust when hearing yelling and screaming from outside. Lexa turned around sharply and Clarke darted upward, staring to the tent flap, suddenly worried from the alarming sounds. Their tryst was over.
Super Reapers

Chapter Notes

Wasn't that finale so cool! The AI thing was just weird, Murphy was hilarious that whole episode and Clarke leaving was the most interesting to me. She'll probably stumble upon Polis or something. Exciting! Leaves it open for Lexa to come into the picture again!

I want to thank you all tremendously for making me feel so happy about writing this little story of mine, it's awesome!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Fixing herself and darting out of the tent, looking frantically around to pinpoint where the yelling was coming from, Lexa could see a few warriors from her clan stampeding toward their small camp. She also saw Indra, Ryder, Lincoln and Octavia leap out of their tents in alarm, looking to the warriors with concern and feeling fear creep up beneath their skin. Tahreo had been standing watch and was very concerned.

"Heda!" a warrior roared, jumping off of his horse and running to his commander. It was Fio, sweaty and frantic. He must have been riding all night.

Taken aback from his anguish, Lexa looked at him intently. "Fio, calm yourself, what has happened?" she said coolly, hiding her sudden panic.

He stood up and took a deep breath. "There are reapers, Heda," he began to say.

Lexa scrutinized the man wondering why this was distressing him so. "We have dealt with reapers before," she commented, looking to her comrades who were also baffled. "What is the issue?"

"No Heda," he continued, looking to the other warriors who were also fearful. "These reapers, they are different," he choked out. "It is as if they have been... altered, mutated, huge and of brute strength."

As Fio continued his description, Lexa could feel a ball in the pit of her stomach. The Mountain Men were trying to dwindle her army with this new abomination. "Have these reapers attacked our army yet?" she asked, quickly scrambling to pack her things together as the group followed suit.

"Not yet Heda," Fio responded. "They are half a day's trek from Ton DC and one day from our army camp. Two of our warriors were caught off guard close to Mount Weather battling these wretched fiends. There are possibly five of them but they have the strength of ten men each! This is why we rode all night to fetch you."

Almost wanting to throw up from the information, Clarke finally came out of the tent and looked to her companions who were quickly getting ready. She had to get those tone generators from Raven and they had to work. If these things were as perilous as Fio described, this would pose a significant threat to the grounders and the Sky People. The Mountain Men clearly had some tricks up their sleeve and were not afraid to use them.
Nodding and turning to her companions, she motioned for them to go. "Fio, rest your horses here for half a day and make your way back to camp," she ordered, leaping up onto her horse and feeling an inferno burst in her chest. "Indra, Ryder, come with me. Lincoln and Octavia, you ride behind with Clarke." For one brief moment, the commander looked at Clarke who stared up at her distress. She looked to Octavia and Lincoln with stormy eyes, "Oso nou teik em wan op." She reared her stunning white horse but this time in a fit of rage and fury and off she went, charging back to camp with Indra and Ryder by her side.

**********

"Can we not go any faster?" Clarke complained, atop Angeni, following behind Octavia and Lincoln. They had direct orders to make sure she stayed alive so Lincoln tied their horses together to stop Clarke from speeding back to camp.

"No," Octavia reprimanded, not looking behind her. "Are you going to go fight oversized reapers?" She could feel Clarke's glare on her back.

"I need to get to Raven," the blonde moaned, fidgeting on her horse.

"Raven will know what to do," Lincoln stated, looking ahead understanding how the girl felt but also knowing she could not do anything at camp anyway. "We will be back at camp when we need to be. By then Lexa would have tracked these reaper's location."

"Clarke, for all we know, they're sending these things out to get rid of you," Octavia warned, finally looking back at her friend, sorrowful eyes and a frown upon her face. "I can't lose you, Clarke."

Feeling a lump in her throat, Clarke licked her dry lips and nodded. "You won't," she gently replied and her friend turned to face forward again. The warmth of the sun could did not offer any sort of relief today. The beauty of the forest, the mountains and fields of flowers offered no comfort either on the trek back home. At least she was safe for now, but she was constantly worried about her friends, her mom... Lexa.

**********

Peering down from an incredibly high tree, Lexa was on the hunt with several of her best warriors. Donning a daunting mask consisting of teeth and bone, she did not want herself to be discovered. If there were Mountain spies in the area, she would be caught. The day was coming to an end as the sun began to set and her comrades leaped from tree to tree, keeping an eye for the reapers.

Penn was signaling for the specialist group to come toward him while Indra followed suit. Ryder was left back at camp to explain the situation to everyone and to seek out Raven for the tone generators. He was much too large to be a Tree Assassin and never practiced the art.

Feeling her heart palpitate, Lexa grimaced at the sight beneath them. Way below on the forest floor were the five reapers, ravaging a deer and eating it. The sight was harrowing as the commander crouched on a branch, looking down. These things were huge and menacing. How could a man of this kind exist? What was being done to them in the mountain? She watched as they threw the carcass around with ease as if it took no strength.

Indra swung over to her commander to crouch nearby. "Heda," she began to say. "These beings are strong... but they are slow." She pointed to their sloppy feet and lumbering sway.

Lexa nodded and looked to her group, some dangling from the tree ready to attack and others crouched on branches. "They have not left the territory of the Mountain," she began to say. "Why?"
The warriors also pondered this. They were only half a day from Ton DC, so why did these reapers stay so close to the mines? Why were they even out here if not to be used to attack their camps? It was all very unclear to the warriors and dreadful at the same time.

Penn fingered his mask and peered below. "Maybe there are more..." he began to say. "And these are just waiting for the rest."

From Clarke's accusations, to keeping the clans together, trying to understand Sky People and now this, Lexa's head was whirling. She felt the stress of being commander most in situations like this but took a deep breath and let it all pass. "Yes," she agreed with Penn. "If these exist, there must be more being created in the Mountain. These reapers... cannot be saved. We must kill them." She looked to Penn and another specialist. "Penn, Wiyot, guard this area. Let us know if the reapers begin to move or if there are more. We must retrieve the tone generators from Raven."

Swinging back through the trees silently and gracefully, Lexa hoped that the tone generators would work on these beasts. What if they were immune to it or what if there was a different method the Mountain Men used to keep them under control? They would have to figure it out.

**********

"Raven, come in Raven!" Bellamy whispered into the radio. He had been left to spy on the Mountain Men within the vents. After a long day and night of simply waiting and listening, he was able to listen in on a treacherous meeting.

Busily working on tone generators, Raven attacked the radio and answered Bellamy. "Bell, shit is getting real bad here," she croaked, sweaty from her continuous work and having to speed up. "Ryder just told me about some sort of super reaper."

Taking a deep breath, Bellamy found his way back to Maya's room. "You guys know?" he asked, exhausted from his venture. "It's not good Raven."

"I need to know if the tone generators work on these things, Bellamy," she asked, balling her fists up, looking at the eight generators she managed to create including the customized one. There was no response. Another minute, nothing. "Bellamy, tell me!"

"They won't work, Raven," he breathed, feeling useless and scared for his friends.

Dropping a tone generator she was holding to the ground, Raven could not breathe. She felt her chest knot up and nearly keeled over. What were they going to do now?

"Raven," he asked hearing only static. "I have other information."

The mechanic snapped herself out of her trance, and ran a hand across her forehead. "Okay, shoot," she said looking around her desk for more parts.

"These reapers," he began to say. "Can only stay within the area of Mount Weather. They're being controlled by some sort of chip within their shoulders."

Pursing her lips, Raven felt slight relief. "If we can fry the chip --"

"We fry the super reaper," Bellamy shot out, with a smile on his face. "What can you do here Raven?"

Thinking about electricity, static, anything that could fry the chip, Raven smiled. "I'm gonna need transformers, wires, batteries --"
"Good," Bellamy said. "Also," he continued. "About the Commander."

"Yeah," Raven replied, grabbing at different parts and throwing them onto her desk.

"Apparently they want her alive and other clan leaders alive because there's something in their blood that's needed to create these super reapers," he explained, waiting for a response.

Raven furrowed her eyebrows and sighed. "Okay, so we need to make sure to keep the leaders safe so they can't make anymore of these things," she responded, putting everything together.

"Exactly," Bellamy stated, easing into Maya's bed and finally closing his eyes.

"Get some rest Bellamy, you did great," Raven gently said knowing how long he must have been in the vents. "Check in like usual."

"G'nite," he slowly said, and then he was gone.

Sucking on her bottom lip, Raven took a deep breath and tried to calm herself. She could suddenly feel eyes on her and whipped around only to see Clarke, anxious and tired. "Well, Princess," she began to say. "You can rule out anyone plotting against us."

Chapter End Notes

What the hell? Oversized, super strong, mutated reapers? Uh oh, these Mountain Men are evil.
Back at her tent near Camp Jaha, Lexa paced her room. She was waiting for word from any Sky Person to update her about the super reaper situation. There was word that travelled from Penn and Wiyot that the reapers still scoured the same area. They were not moving and simply guarded the limit of Mount Weather. At least that was good news.

On top of this new threat, Lexa was having a difficult time suppressing the thoughts of Clarke in her lap earlier. It pulled at her mind and was clouding her focus. Her people were concerned about this new threat and she could not do anything about it. Without more information they could not attack the beasts and so they had to wait. She saw her tent flap open and nearly buckled when seeing her golden companion walk through.

"Lexa?" Clarke asked, walking to the war table and waiting for a response.

"Yes," Lexa answered, walking to her throne and taking a seat, waiting expectantly.

Clarke began to speak and explained the situation to the commander. She listened intently, finding relief in some of the information and concern about the others. "So, Raven can do something about this?" the commander asked crossing her legs and leaning back.

"She's working on it as we speak," Clarke commented, walking over to the commander and looking up. That throne was ridiculous, the blonde thought, shaking her head.

Raising one eyebrow, Lexa leant toward the blonde. Tonight she had on battle attire but no war paint. She eyed the blonde up and down and then the thoughts flooded her mind once more. "You may go," she waved, watching as the blonde cocked her head in offense.

"I came to tell you all of this and you're just going to brush me off?" Clarke questioned, stepping up to the commander's throne. She was now looking down at the leader and crossed her arms over her chest.

"Did you require something?" Lexa spat, not appreciating the Sky Girl on her pedestal. She looked up into searing blue eyes.

"A 'thank you' would be nice," Clarke shot back, huffing.

"I do not 'thank' unless it is worthy... for example your leader Marcus," she retorted, seeing the blonde burn up and remembering the drink being offered by the man.

Scoffing, Clarke took a step down from the throne. "Fine, if I'm not worthy, forget about the bet," she blurted, about to turn around. "And forget about me."

Before she could even turn, Clarke felt her body being pulled around and her back crashing into
something hard. She groaned and pushed on her arms to hold herself up. Opening her eyes, she could see Lexa on her knees in front of her. She found herself sitting in Lexa's throne and went wide eyed as she moved frantically in her seat.

"Stay still," Lexa ordered, pushing the blonde back and looking up at her. She would never allow anyone to see her in such a position. She knelt before the girl who sat high up on the throne and pushed herself between warm thighs that began to tremble.

Clarke looked down at mischievous eyes and gulped. She did not want to seem weary in front of the commander so she sat up and put on a serious face. "What are you doing?" she questioned and pushed at Lexa's hands that were now fiddling with her pants. "Don't do that." She grabbed at Lexa's fingers that were like steel at this point not budging. "Let me go," she gritted out not knowing what the commander was trying to get at. Feeling her pants being tugged on, Clarke shot back and started to rage at Lexa.

"Shof op, Clarke!" Lexa ordered, pulling down the girl's pants and bunching them around her boots. "Give me your mouth."

The way Lexa would speak to her sometimes made Clarke infuriated but she couldn't help but feel tiny pings throughout her body screaming for the commander. She shook her head slowly and whimpered feeling the cool breeze run across her bare thighs. Feeling hands dangerously rub up and down her legs, Clarke breathed out and didn't know what to do.

Slightly annoyed and caressing the girl possessively, Lexa tilted her head and licked her lips. "Give me your mouth, Clarke," she stated more as a warning than anything else.

"We don't have time for this," Clarke managed to get out, feeling her body react to the commander's touch. She stared at Lexa's lips, her eyes and her hands rubbing tender thighs. This felt really good and Clarke could not deny it. She was entranced and found herself leaning into the kneeling girl as their lips finally met.

Feeling mighty and powerful, the lust held within emerged from the commander as she pulled the blonde into a deeper kiss. This was not tender or gentle and the tension behind it would cause the tent to implode if it came to life. Lexa could feel their bruises brushing together, lips wet and needy as the blonde kissed back.

Clarke could feel hands starting to roam along her body. She felt so exposed without her pants on and only a light top. She cursed herself for not wearing her jacket but thought that it wouldn't help at this point to have it on anyway. There were soft hands caressing her hips, then her stomach, thighs then back again in rhythm.

Her body was incredible, Lexa thought. It was slender yet curvy in the appropriate spots and the commander could not wait to get ahold of those supple, heaving breasts. She had been waiting patiently for the opportune time to fondle them but she also wanted to see them. Pulling away from the kiss, she heard the blonde let out a moan and opened her eyes to look up into a lust filled face. "Take off your shirt," the commander requested, slightly pulling back, hands still on the blonde's thighs. "Now."

She would only have on a bra and underwear if she did this. Clarke sighed and then there was a glint in her eye. "You first," she proclaimed, leaning back and looking down expectantly.

L touched and quickly shed her top without a care. She could see the blonde's mouth open slightly and heard her breath hitch. She liked making Clarke feel this way and enjoyed the way hungry eyes looked her up and down. It felt invigorating to feel so physically pleasing.
Unknowingly licking her lips, Clarke tilted her head and traced her eyes up and down. She looked at Lexa's hips, her toned abdomen, a covered chest and that intricate tattoo on her right arm. The commander was a grand physical specimen. "Your bra," Clarke pressured, leaning forward to look for a reaction on her companion's face. Nothing. In one swift move, the commander was in only pants and boots, kneeling before her completely topless. Clarke reached out but her hand was quickly swatted away.

Raising her chin, Lexa pushed the girl back. "Now you," she almost growled, becoming impatient. She could feel the heat from Clarke's body making its way to her bare skin as the girl slowly lifted her top. Soft, pale skin was being exposed and then a worn grey bra. Lexa could feel herself getting excited and tried to control herself.

Letting her shirt fall to the ground, Clarke gulped and felt a hand on her stomach. She had already seen the commander naked but this was the farthest she had gone so far with her own body. The warm hand caressed her abdomen and snuck its way up to her bra. She felt instant excitement between her legs and struggled to keep in a moan.

Watching as the girl fought with herself to remain calm, Lexa smirked and grabbed Clarke's breast hearing the girl gasp and moan right after. Using her left hand to possessively rub up and down the blonde's thigh, Lexa massaged with her right hand wanting to be rid of the cloth covering creamy flesh. "Get rid of it," she breathed, watching as the blonde hesitated but then continued, slowly taking off the material and pulling it through her arms. Lexa could not help it and felt herself incredibly aroused. She scanned her eyes over the creamy mounds of flesh and breathed out in pleasure.

Wanting to touch the commander, Clarke reached out again but this time was not stopped and placed her hands on a hard, tan stomach. She could feel Lexa's hands on her hips, moving upward and then cupping her breasts with vigour. Clarke moaned and looked into the commander's eyes with lust. The feeling went right between her legs and she knew she was getting wet.

The feel of Clarke's breasts was incredible and Lexa's kneaded the flesh roughly, feeling herself get uncomfortably aroused, her pants constraining her length. She pulled Clarke into a kiss and continued to work at the girl, enjoying the feeling and savoring this first time being so intimate. With everything that was going on, this would allow some relief and it felt amazing.

Clarke pressed her tongue against Lexa's lips and whimpered when their mouths opened for each other. Tongues darted and began to dance as hands roamed freely over each other's exposed bodies. What a thing to be happening on a throne. She could feel herself soaking through her underwear and felt slightly embarrassed about it. Swirling her tongue around the commander's mouth, she used one hand to reach between her own legs and was shocked at how wet she was. Pulling away, she heard the commander grunt obviously not wanting to stop. "Now are you going to thank me?" she asked, her eyes glazed over and body on fire.

Smirking, Lexa cocked her head and looked the blonde up and down. "I will," she stated, reaching for the girl's underwear and abruptly pulling them down. "Here is your 'thanks'," she mocked and let her head dive between Clarke's legs.

In complete shock, Clarke tried to get out of the throne. She pushed on her arms and legs to get up but Lexa's muscular arms held her down in place. This was not expected at all and Clarke didn't know what to do with the feelings that were exploding inside of her. She looked down and could see a tongue working between her legs, licking at the wetness and pushing at her sensitive spots. In defeat, she threw her head back and fell into the throne, looking down at herself being devoured by a skilled mouth unable to do anything about it.
Feeling high from the ambrosia that was before her, Lexa used her tongue to slide up and down slowly at first. The taste was sweaty and sweet and something unlike she had ever had before. She could feel Clarke still trying to escape and wanted to smile, holding her down with strong arms and now beginning to suck slowly at the wetness. She could now hear moans escaping the blonde and it was a marvelous sound.

Reaching down, Clarke pushed her hands through Lexa's braided hair and couldn't help but moan. She could feel a strong tongue prodding at her entrance and bucked her hips at the new sensation. "Lexa," she found herself saying. "You can't just go in like --" but it was too late and the tongue already entered her, pushing hard and opening her up.

Astonished at how tight the blonde was, Lexa pushed and prodded like she never had with a girl before. This would not be good for Clarke in the future. Her previous lovers must have been useless, Lexa thought. She could feel the excitement rising for the blonde and knew it was almost over. Pushing as much as she could, Lexa knew she would have to work at the girl more another time. Moving her hands from the blonde's thighs and going upward, Lexa captured Clarke's breasts and began to massage them again. Before she knew it, Lexa could feel the blonde trembling and breathing hard.

Clarke was heaving and looked down with glazed eyes. She swallowed and could see her wetness on Lexa's chin as the commander licked her lips with a smug expression. Biting her lip, Clarke abruptly leaned down, pulling Lexa into a passionate kiss and tasting herself. It was good and it was different and she felt so tired. Putting her arms around the kneeling girl's shoulders, Clarke gasped when feeling her body being picked up and then finally falling back into the soft furs of the commander's bed. She could see Lexa walk away to collect her things and within seconds, the Princess was out like a light.

Chapter End Notes

Well if that doesn't give some stress relief to our two leaders I don't know what will!
Waking up, groggy but refreshed, Clarke didn't know where she was at first. She looked down at herself and saw a dark coloured nightie covering her body. This was definitely the work of a grounder tailor and it was soft to the touch as well as breathable. Her previous clothing were clearly removed as she ran her hands up and down the plush fur bed. That was a good sleep.

Turning around in the furs, Clarke went wide eyed and sat up. There was Lexa, sitting in the middle of the room, with three very attractive women catering to her. One was doing her braids while another was wiping her skin and the third massaging her body. Gulping at the sight, Clarke was frozen, looking at the commander wearing only a bra and black shorts, reveling in the feel of these women doing her every whim.

Clarke cursed at herself for liking to watch so much. There was something about seeing the commander indulge in the perks of her position that the blonde found alluring. These people did whatever she wanted, how she wanted and without question. She licked her lips and balled her fists into the furs. If she wasn't within the commander's tent, Lexa would most likely be having her way with all these women right now. That sent a shiver up Clarke's spine, not knowing whether to feel envy or aroused from the idea.

Lexa knew that piercing blue eyes were on her, and turned from the cushioned chair toward the blonde. "Clarke," she drawled, watching as the blonde jerked back, startled. "How would you feel if I... what was it... 'fucked' these three women before your eyes?"

Nearly choking on her own spit, Clarke went red in the face. The women were not bothered by the statement at all. They probably didn't know English. "I-I don't know," Clarke stuttered for the first time in front of the Commander. "If I can't satisfy you then..." She didn't know what to say or how to feel about it.

"It's as if you've never even had a lover," Lexa commented, thinking about last night.

Furrowing her eyebrows in offence, Clarke moved to sit at the edge of the bed. "I've had lovers, Lexa," she emphasized the 's' in lovers.

"That is fine," Lexa waved her hand not wanting to hear more. "But you cannot just 'ride' me like you think you can. You will lose this bet." The woman massaging her body was working her way up the commander's thighs and she was thoroughly enjoying it.

"We have super reapers to worry about now and this is what you want to converse with me about?" Clarke scolded, standing up and searching for the water pitcher. She located the antiquated item and poured herself a glass.
"The 'super' reapers will be taken care of once Raven finishes," Lexa dryly said, seemingly uninterested. "Ryder says she is nearly done."

Feeling a moment of relief, Clarke turned around to look at the spectacle. "Where are my clothes?" she asked, looking around.

Lexa pointed to the war table. "I've taken it upon myself to acquire new clothing for you," she proclaimed as the three maidens finished and waited for their next orders.

Walking over to the table and eyeing the clothing, Clarke picked them up and analyzed each item. They were well made and looked new. Whoever did the work on them was very talented as it showed. Holding the clothing to her body, she turned around and thanked the commander.

Raising her hand and standing up, Lexa nodded for her maidens to leave. "Another, 'thank you' for yesterday," she stated, walking close to the blonde still only in underwear. She was fresh and clean and wanted to stay that way for a while before going out into the earth.

Feeling herself slightly blush, Clarke took a deep breath and looked up at the commander. "What did you think... of last night?" she asked, curious as to what Lexa thought of her but not outwardly asking.

Lexa raised her chin and kept a straight face. "I enjoyed myself," she admitted, folding her hands in front of herself. "And you?"

Going tight lipped, trying to keep herself from getting flushed, Clarke sighed. "I'm not sure I can please you, how you want," she slowly said, looking over to the throne and then to the bed. What they were doing was so provocative, but so sensual at the same time. "But I do enjoy it. I enjoy making you feel good and feeling good myself."

The thoughts of what they did, what they were going to do were intoxicating to Lexa. "Maybe you should consult Raven about your... 'contraceptives'?!" The commander suggested, taking a step back, not particularly liking the idea but thinking it was best.

Clarke couldn't help but go red at this point and simply nodded. "I will," she quickly said, walking back over to the bed and pulling on some of the clothing. She didn't even have to ask Lexa to turn away when putting on her bra and shirt. "I have to go see her now anyway."

Feeling the air of the blonde whisk by toward the exit of the tent, Lexa was elated to see the outfit was perfectly made for Clarke. She looked good and more like a grounder than a Sky Person. "We shall speak later," Lexa concluded as the blonde simply nodded and left the tent.

**********

Sweating and tired from working all night, Raven finally sat down. She did it. Wick had managed to scrounge up enough parts to make ten 'Static Chargers', she decided to call them. They were sticky balls that could be thrown or placed on any surface and they emitted a wave that would fry any electrical transmission nearby. It would stop the super reapers dead in their tracks and keep them from ever leaving Mount Weather.

So thankful for having Bellamy risk his life in the mountain, Raven let herself relax. She barely had time to grieve for Finn and there was so much pressure on her to figure out the acid fog. She didn't think that being the youngest Zero G Mechanic in 52 years would lead to this but it wasn't anything she couldn't handle.

Hearing footsteps enter her work room, Raven sluggishly turned in her chair to see the Princess,
looking somewhat flustered and also worried. "Clarke?" the mechanic asked, sitting up in her seat. "Sorry for my current state, I'm so tired." She was about to stand up but Clarke came over and put a hand on her shoulder.

"It's okay," the blonde assured, standing in front of Raven. "You should relax for the rest of the day. Actually, I want you to relax for the rest of the day."

Giving a weak smile, Raven looked up at her friend. "I made these devices to stop the super reapers," she began to explain, pointing to the small metal balls on the table. "You can take them to Lexa. You pull the pin and you just need to throw it or place it where you want because it will magnetize toward the chips in the reapers. Obviously don't corner the reapers in a metal container. Keep them in the woods."

Inspecting the equipment, Clarke was extremely impressed with Raven's handy work. "This is incredible, Raven," the blonde complimented, looking back at her friend. "I'll let Lexa know."

Leaning forward and clearing her throat, Raven eyed her friend up and down. "Nice outfit," she remarked, watching as the girl smiled. "Speaking of Lexa, what have you two been up to?"

Thinking about their conversation earlier, Clarke went beet red. "Nothing really," Clarke lied, looking toward the door.

"I know you Clarke," Raven caught and smiled at her friend. "What's up?"

Clarke licked over the scab of her healing bruise and sighed. "I'd go to my mom about this but I don't want to seem suspicious poking around the medical bay," Clarke began to explain while packing the Static Chargers into her satchel.

"What do you need in the medical bay?" Raven questioned, sitting up a bit more.

Gulping, Clarke couldn't look at the mechanic but took a deep breath and looked into hazel eyes. "Well," she began to say. "If we have any sort of contraceptives..."

Raven didn't even want to know but understood completely. She smiled and shook her head. "All the condoms are gone that's for sure," she said rubbing her forehead. "If you want to go the injection route, I'll have to get Wick to help me and he's going to need some sort of reason why." She noticed the blonde looking at her with a sheepish smile. "Oh no, I'm not telling him I need it." Eyeing her friend she could see the distress in her face. "Clarke. It's okay to want certain things. We're young, we're free, we're fighting a war. At least you're being smart about it."

These emotions were definitely a struggle, the last few weeks and the ravenous first kiss she shared with the commander only confirmed that her body couldn't deny what was in front of her. "Thanks Raven," Clarke gently said. "I just can't risk it."

Nodding her head, Raven yawned and got up. "I'm going to sleep," she said, walking Clarke out of the work room. "Come back tomorrow, I'll have something for you."

**********

Octavia was waiting outside at Camp Jaha for Clarke to bring any sort of good news. She was relieved that no one was in fact plotting against Lexa but was concerned about these new super reapers that were being created. If they needed the blood of leaders and generals that meant Indra was in danger. Word was spreading quickly to keep all the generals safe but they couldn't explain exactly why in fear of giving up Bellamy's position in the mountain.
Seeing the blonde exit the Ark, Octavia breathed and smiled. "Raven must have come through," she stated looking at her friend.

Nodding, Clarke pulled out a charger and showed it to Octavia. "She was working all night on these but now she's resting," Clarke explained, putting it back in the satchel.

Walking with Clarke out of the camp, the girls suddenly came to a halt. Clarke's mother, Abby, was standing before them with her hands on her hips, looking worried but also happy to see her daughter. "How are you, girls?" she hesitantly asked, knowing she was only Chancellor and not really in charge.

Feeling uncomfortable, Clarke managed to speak. "We're fine mom, thanks," Clarke replied, simply wanting to get out of Camp Jaha.

Scanning her daughter from head to toe, there was something different about her. "Clarke, is everything okay?" She asked, noticing the girls quickly share glances and then smiling. "You look different is all."

Wondering if the excitement from her steamy trysts were presenting themselves, Clarke took a deep breath and shrugged. "New clothes, mom," she brushed off, patting at the outfit.

"Ah," Abby replied, liking the new look. "Well, just be safe. I don't want any of you in the medical bay. I don't like the sound of these new reapers."

"Don't worry, Chancellor," Octavia calmed. "I'll keep Clarke safe."

The girls said their goodbyes and left Camp Jaha. They had to get to the war room in Ton DC to discuss their approach to be rid of the super reapers. Octavia explained that Penn and Wiyott reported they were still unmoving and continued to guard the area as best they could. The grounders wanted to get rid of these beasts as quickly as possible before more emerged from the mountain.

**********

"If these 'chargers' will paralyze the reapers, then why are we still here!" a grounder general bellowed within the war room.

Shaking her head at the brutish man, Clarke looked across the war table and began to explain. "We can't let the Mountain Men know that Bellamy is in there feeding us information," she reminded, and then the general went quiet.

"We cannot face these beasts on the ground," another warrior stated, feeling hopeless.

Lexa picked up a charger and looked at it. "Explain these, Clarke," she demanded not even looking at the blonde.

Clarke looked to Lexa and raised an eyebrow. She really did know how to put up a show in front of everyone else. The whole, unwavering stoic routine was bullshit. "It's simple," Clarke began to say. "Pull the pin and throw it at the reapers. It will magnetize to them."

"Easier said than done," another warrior accosted, looking at the devices.

Lexa held her hand up and looked around the table. "If I can throw a knife from fifty feet into a man's moving hand with pinpoint accuracy, I am certain you can manage to place this ball onto a giant reaper," she almost spat, feeling annoyed and slightly shameful if her warriors could not manage this.
The room went silent, the warriors were fearful of the commander and did not want to upset her. They looked to her and then bowed their heads in respect. 'Sha, Heda,' resonated throughout the room. The commander was right. They were trained their whole lives for situations like this and it was not the time to back down. And none of them wanted to meet the same fate as Quint.

Clarke wanted to roll her eyes at this point but could see the commander feeling powerful and in charge within the room. She was in her element and getting a group of rowdy, savage men to listen to her was something she did with ease. It was impressive but Clarke secretly wished they knew how the commander was with her as they lit on fire in each other's arms. It was such a scandalous secret.

"Do we have a plan in case these chargers are faulty or do not work?" another warrior tentatively asked, looking to Lexa and then Clarke.

"We fight," Lexa bluntly said, resting her hands on her sword's hilt.

Clarke grimaced at the idea of taking on the fiends. From what she heard, they were formidable and huge. How would they fight one of those things, let alone five? She took a deep breath and filtered through her thoughts. "No," she declared, looking at Lexa in the eye who immediately shot back an irate glare. "I have an idea... but you're not going to like it."

"What, Clarke," Lexa drawled, tossing a ball into the air and then catching it with ease.

"Pauna." Clarke stated and watched as the commander tossed the ball into the air but did not catch it as it clattered onto the table and rolled right to her.

Chapter End Notes

And Pauna strikes again! How could I resist?
Pauna Strikes Again

Chapter Notes

I love Pauna but this chapter has a lot of violence and gore.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

"For all we know, Pauna is dead in that cage," Lexa argued with the blonde as they sat, facing each other in the commander's hut. "I can't believe you want to involve that beast."

Running her hands through her hair and placing her head in her hands on the table, Clarke sighed and thought it was a great idea. "Do you only care about me when we're in private?" She questioned the angered girl sitting before her.

Scoffing, Lexa moved her hands to rest on the table, a few inches away from Clarke's elbows. "You know I cannot seem weak in front of you, Clarke," she reminded, looking down for a brief second and then back up into bright blue eyes.

"You were going to let the Ice Nation think we were a couple just a day ago!" Clarke rebuked, shaking her head.

"That was different," Lexa quickly shot back. "It was due to your foolish accusation." She breathed to keep herself calm and as to not raise her voice.

She was right, Clarke jumped to conclusions but the commander was willing to see it through even it meant showing weakness. These banters they had were all just covering up the obvious. If Raven and Octavia could figure it out then other people would too at some point. "We can't let the Mountain Men take you, Lexa," Clarke sullenly said, wanting to just give up arguing. She looked into stormy blue eyes and creased her eyebrows. "I won't let them take you."

Lexa could feel her eyes begin to reveal her soul and could not stop it. She raised her chin and leaned back in her seat. "I cannot allow you to lure Pauna," she stated trying to return to her cold demeanor. "It is too dangerous."

"They want you alive, not me," Clarke cautioned, continuing her focus on the commander.

Balling her hands into fists, Lexa stood up and stared down the blonde. "No," she rebuffed.

Quickly standing to face the commander, Clarke walked in front of Lexa and gritted her teeth. They stared at one another, waiting for something to be said or done. The tension was building and could be felt throughout the confines of the hut, stifling both leaders. Clarke licked her bruise and stepped closer, inches away from the commander. "Then tell me why," she slowly said, sizing up the grounder.

Darting her eyes back and forth, Lexa did not know what to say. "Leave, Clarke, go back to Camp Jaha," she ordered feeling her emotions bubble up inside.

"Make me," Clarke taunted, arching her eyebrows, watching as the commander struggled to compose herself. "Why can't you acknowledge me in front of your people, why keep it a secret, why not let me lure the gorilla?" She saw Lexa swallow a clot in her throat and leaned up to her lips.
"And why haven't you taken me in bed yet?" she slowly said, almost in a whisper.

Lessa wavered and was struggling to keep herself standing. "Because I need you, Clarke," she admitted, not even understanding the words coming out of her mouth. Having to hold herself up with one hand on the table, she took a deep breath when Clarke moved back, astonished.

Her lips trembling and body shaking, Clarke felt her heart flutter. "If you need me," she began to say, watching as the commander struggled to stand, "then let me help you."

All things aside, their nonsensical bet, battles of ego, leadership skills, bravery and wit, Lexa could not deny that she cared for the Sky Girl. Intercourse was one thing, feelings were another. Both of them combined was not something Lexa thought she would have for a very long time. She thought she just wanted Clarke's body but she wanted more. She wanted it all, all of Clarke, to herself.

Fixing her composure as best she could, Lexa blinked her eyes. "No," she almost spat, angry that her emotions were getting the better of her and upset she let her feelings be known.

Scoffing, Clarke pulled back from the commander and eyed her up and down. "Get your Tree Assassin's ready," she shot back, sizing Lexa up for a reaction. "I'm going to get Pauna."

The air from Clarke leaving the hut hit Lexa hard and almost burned her skin. She could not control the Sky Girl, couldn't tell her what to do or how to do it. It wouldn't have been a problem if she just didn't care but she did. Licking her lips and closing her eyes, she thought about how her heart felt and felt her eyes tearing up. Then she thought of her people and how important it was to save them. Victory would have to stand on the back of sacrifice even if it meant sacrificing Clarke.

**********

"Are you sure this giant gorilla is still alive?" Octavia asked, accompanying Clarke in the forest.

Looking around to secure their location, Clarke patted her horse, Angeni, to calm her down. "We're close, the horses can feel it," she notified, looking to Octavia who nodded.

"Okay, let's go over this plan again, please," Octavia asked as they trotted along.

Clarke looked up to the bright sun, gleaming into the trees and lighting their way. Today was cool and fresh and it felt relaxing on her skin. She wished they didn't have to do this but it needed to be done. "We let the gorilla out," she began to explain, scanning the area around her. "Then we ride as fast as we can to the location of the super reapers."

"I'll catch us before that," Octavia noted, looking at her horse.

"That's where you come in, Octavia," Clarke commented, pointing to her bow. "You need to get some shots into its legs, to slow it down."

"Ah," Octavia mouthed, reaching behind and fingerling her arrows.

"We'll go across the river, it should slow it down enough that it can see us but we'll be safe," Clarke continued, whipping her head to the right once hearing a loud roar.

"That thing has been in there for days," Octavia grimaced at the noise and turned her horse in that direction. "It's gonna want us for lunch."
"That's what we want," Clarke pointed out, and began to gallop toward the cage she had locked the gorilla in.

**********

The Tree Assassin's were waiting patiently above the super reapers for Clarke and Octavia to lure Pauna to the kill area. They peered down from above, making sure all five of the reapers were accounted for. Luckily there were not any more at this time or else the Static Chargers would have to be used sparingly.

"We need to get these things on those reapers right?" Penn asked, looking to Indra who nodded.

"Yes," she replied, keeping a watchful eye on the ground. The reapers were not doing much, simply lazing about without care.

"Then what must we do," asked Wiyot , at the ready for the distraction.

"We kill them as quickly as we can and retreat," Indra explained, dipping down and dangling from the tree to get a better view.

"Indra," Lincoln asked from afar. "Where is the Commander?"

Eyes darted around in search for their Heda but nothing. She was not there.

"She was here moments ago," Indra stated, pulling herself back up onto a branch and crouching. "We'll be fine without her. Let's get this done."

**********

Opening the door and running as fast as she could, Clarke's heart raced. Then she could hear it, pounding from behind and roaring like she never heard before. She did not dare look back in fear of what would happen if she did. Jumping over logs and bounding over rocks, she kept her eyes ahead.

An arrow shot by her eyes and she could see Octavia on her horse, trotting toward the river and Angeni following. The horses were clearly startled and Octavia's nearly knocked her off when hearing Pauna from behind. Another arrow and then another. The roars were now guttural with pain but it did not stop the speed of the beast behind her.

Still not looking behind, she could hear Octavia shouting at her to hurry up. Angeni seemed so far away and her legs were beginning to tire. Another arrow shot past, almost hitting her and she could see the desperation in Octavia's face. This was a dire situation to be in. Feeling her heart in her throat, Clarke looked back, only to see a giant, enraged, bleeding gorilla a few feet behind her. Eyes going wide and body screaming, Clarke was terrified. The arrows weren't enough and Octavia only had a few left.

Fists flying into the air, ready to crash down, Clarke knew her life was about to end. She looked to Octavia one last time, her last arrow in hand and then there was a flash before her eyes. In one clean sweep she was picked up by strong arms and could see the gorilla trip over itself. It was slowed down tremendously but still following with rage.

"I told you not to do this!" a voice raged in front of her.

"It'll work!" Clarke bellowed, turning around to face Lexa who had stormy eyes, a flushed face and
sweat dripping down her forehead.

"You were nearly killed!" the commander angrily spat, catching up to Octavia and then leaping onto Angeni who immediately began to bolt toward the river.

The three girls and their horses stampeded as fast as they could, hearing roars close behind, logs breaking, trees swaying and rocks being thrown to try and stop them. They raced against the gorilla, waiting for the glimmer of the river to meet their eyes. It was still a far way to get to the reapers, and with the beast behind them, they could not stop.

Clarke gulped upon Lexa's stallion. This horse was incredibly strong and fast and did not scare like the other horses. It was barded in beautiful black armor and did not hesitate to run close to the gorilla to save Clarke. It was the perfect horse for Lexa.

Eyes going wide, Clarke could see the river. They were getting closer. She looked ahead at Octavia and then at Lexa who was making Angeni run faster than she had ever seen before. The commander looked back quickly at her horse and shot her hand out, yelling 'Borak, hos op!' and Clarke nearly fell backward as the horse began to stampede toward the river.

The three horses splashed into the water and began to walk across. The current was gentle and the horses trudged along, not wanting to be caught. Clarke looked behind and could see Pauna come to a halt. It was debating whether or not to continue. It was hurt badly.

They were almost across and the gorilla still hadn't moved. Clarke felt a ball in her stomach not knowing what to do. If Pauna didn't follow then it would not be able to distract the reapers. Feeling the water splash into her face, Clarke licked her lips as her skin went cool. And then she saw Lexa riding Angeni back toward the gorilla, taunting it and creating a ruckus.

That was it, the gorilla jumped into the water and sent waves reeling toward them. The commander immediately turned around and raged at Angeni to get across the river. Octavia already made it out of the water but did not know what to do as she was out of arrows. Her horse circled anxiously as the gorilla thundered through the water.

Clarke was now out of the water too and motioned for Octavia to keep going. They sprinted off into the forest toward Mount Weather. Lexa was behind and made Angeni buck into the gorilla's face giving her just enough time to get out of the water and race toward the two girls ahead of her. The warm sun above gave her no comfort, but seeing Clarke far ahead and safe did.

The horses were on their last fumes but they were getting close. They reduced their speed to a canter and ensured that Pauna was far enough behind if having to reduce to a trot. The beast was angry but getting slower by the minute. It was tired, weak, hungry and just charged for several miles but at least the plan was working so far.

Galloping ahead with Angeni, Lexa saw it. The reapers were in sight, not knowing what was to come. She raised her hands in the air and signaled for Clarke and Octavia to circle around. She knew her people were in the trees and instantly saw ropes fall from above to pull them up. Looking behind she could see the gorilla a distance away and stopped the horse to wait.

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"There she is!" Lincoln exclaimed from the trees, looking down at the girls. He let a rope down and saw Octavia get ahold, sending off her horse in another direction.

"Good, the plan is working," Indra commented, looking down at her second.
Penn and Wiyot let down a rope for Clarke who grabbed ahold soon after. They pulled her up noticing how sweaty and scared she looked. Neither Octavia or Clarke had been in the trees before so the warriors were sure to get them to a secure branch.

Everyone looked down to see Lexa taunting the gorilla and then sprinting off again in the direction of the reapers. They let another rope down closely but the commander would have to get to it before the reapers got to her or Pauna did. This was going to take a lot of skill and tact.

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Seeing the rope fall from the trees, Lexa instantly regretted what she would have to do. Pauna was still far behind and the reapers would notice her any second. The things were disgusting, huge and frightening. Even she knew she could not take them on in combat nor could the biggest grounder in existence. She leant down and kissed Angeni on her mane, kicking her sides and making the horse dart toward the reapers.

In one swift move, Lexa slashed the horse’s neck, sending it reeling forward to its doom. The reapers instantly smelled the blood and turned toward the dying horse. Lexa jumped off and went fleeing toward the rope, leaping upward and getting pulled toward the sky. She did not want to look down at Angeni, but she knew it was being ravaged by the reapers.

Once up in the branches she was greeted by her comrades and then looked at Clarke. The blonde was sullen, gazing down at her horse being eaten alive. A tear fell from her eye and Lexa could feel her heart sink. "I'm sorry, Clarke," she said, crouching on a branch.

Tearing her eyes away from the sight, Clarke wiped harshly at her eyes and took a deep breath. "No," she stated. "It's a good distraction."

And then, all eyes were on the ground, a colossal roar that could be heard for miles, Pauna smashed on top of the reapers and began attacking in a fit of rage. The reapers were big but the gorilla was bigger, angrier and using its last bit of adrenaline to batter the reapers. Clearly this was unexpected and the super reapers did not know what to do. They began to attack the gorilla and it was an all out war.

"We need to use the Static Chargers, now!" Lexa exclaimed, pulling one out of the satchel Indra was holding. She swung herself over to the trees above the beastly war going on beneath and focused on one super reaper.

The other warriors followed suit and each had a charger in their hand. They watched as the fiends threw each other, bit into skin, smashed the earth beneath and attacked with all their might. If they couldn't paralyze these things, Pauna would lose and just die.

Taking a deep breath, Lexa held tightly onto her rope and jumped off her branch. She managed to fall right behind a reaper without being noticed, pulled the pin on the ball and attached it to the beast. Tugging on the rope, she sprang back up into the trees. Everyone watched to see what would happen.

"It's not working!" Wiyot gasped, seeing as the reaper continued to attack.

Narrowing her eyes at the super reaper, Lexa felt her heart stop. It had been almost a minute and nothing. Then she saw rustling in the bushes nearby and felt her body turn ice cold. Three more super reapers came charging toward the scene. Now there were eight and only ten static chargers.

"We need to get out of here!" Penn warned, recoiling at the sight. Pauna was doomed.
"Wait!" Lincoln hissed, squinting his eyes and looking down.

The super reaper that Lexa assaulted begin to slow. In an instant, it keeled over, body going rigid and unmoving. Pauna noticed this, raised its fists high into the air and smashed it over the reaper's head. One down, seven to go.

"Jomp em op!" Lexa wailed, pointing to the reapers below.

The warriors jumped around in the trees finding the best spot to descend. Lincoln leaped down first, planting a ball easily on another reaper. Penn went right after, Indra and the rest who had a static charger. The beasts were so busy fighting that they failed to notice anything else. Their plan was working.

Wiyot looked down as the last reaper continued to fight Pauna not understanding why the other reapers were falling over and being killed. The reaper was infuriated at this point with the gorilla. It grabbed the large animal by the neck and pulled it down to the ground. Roaring into the sky, it raised a balled fist and smashed it repeatedly over the gorilla's head.

"Go Wiyot!" Indra ordered, watching as the warrior quickly descended.

This was not good. Wiyot felt his rope snap, and he fell to the ground in pain. The reaper saw and immediately knew what was going on. It looked up into the trees, searching for other grounders and then focused its attention back on Wiyot. It stormed after the man and within seconds he was dead, pulverized to death and thrown into a tree. Looking up, the super reaper let out a cry of anger and beat a hand on its chest, taunting those above.

Gulping, Lexa looked to her warriors and felt their pain. "It knows we're up here, we need to fight it," she slowly said and saw her comrades nod.

The nine Tree Assassin's left leaped down to face their fate. The sun lit gleaming light through the trees, the wind balmy and gentle as they felt their feet hit the ground. It was nine grounders in a circle around a monstrous reaper. They began to run around with nimble feet, dodging attacks, sliding underneath and jumping over the beast.

Lincoln jumped up and spun in the air, landing perfectly on his feet. He took a ball from Indra, pulled the pin and threw it directly at the reaper. It stuck immediately. They continued to dance around the reaper, its slow and lumbering movements not able to catch up to them. It was getting more tired by the minute but the static charger was not working. "It's faulty! We need to use another!" Lincoln shouted out.

Holding the last charger in her hand, Indra took a deep breath, ran right toward the reaper and watched as it smashed its fists down before her. She leaped up, holding her arms out to push herself up as she did a flip in the air, smashing the ball into its back and landing on her feet to run away.

The warriors ran to the ropes and quickly ascended. They were tired and frightened and looked down hoping the charger would work. Lexa was still on the ground, making sure everyone got safely back up into the trees. She looked for Clarke and finally spotted her crouched, gaping down at the sight. The reaper managed to get up and began to chase after Lexa.

The beast caught her feet, and she was sent flying forward, falling to the ground. She turned to look up at the reaper, ready to face her fate and die. It raised a fist into the air and she held her breath and closed her eyes. Death was not the end.

'Heda!' she could hear yelling and wailing from above and then cheering. Opening her eyes, she saw
Lincoln, standing atop the beast, a sword driven through its hideous head, as he stood victoriously. The Static Charger worked, they did it.

Chapter End Notes

Well, you can breathe now.
"What the hell do you mean they killed all of our Super Reapers!" Cage questioned, slamming his fists into a table and glaring at Emerson.

Bellamy held his breath inside the vent. The plan worked. He smiled being thankful for Raven and felt relief.

"Sir," Emerson calmly said. "It seems they used the giant gorilla as a distraction to weaken the reapers."

Gritting his teeth, Cage ran a hand through his hair. "One gorilla, weakened our eight super reapers?" He asked not understanding at all.

"It seems so, Sir," Emerson replied, standing coolly.

Balling his fists up, Cage looked at the area map on the computer monitor. He gazed across the screen and then at Ton DC. "Most of the leaders are staying in Ton DC, are they not?"

"Yes, sir," Emerson answered. "Did you want me to send out a team to capture more leaders to make the reapers?"

"No," Cage drawled, touching the map. "Prepare the missile. I want it to be shot at Ton DC, immediately."

Emerson raised his eyebrows and smiled. "Yes sir," he said, taking leave of the room.

Inside the vent, Bellamy nearly choked upon the information. He had to get back to Raven. He had to warn everyone. They were going to shoot that missile and they were going to shoot it right now. As quietly as he could, he started backing up in the vent to turn around. Once he was far enough away, he began to move quickly. He needed time and there was none.

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The Tree Assassin's were still up in the trees, inspecting the carnage beneath. They had to make sure that everything down there was dead and did not want any Mountain Men catching them on the ground. It did not seem as if there were any more of the super reapers which sent relief to the small group. They would not be able to retrieve Wiyot's body so they spent some time to mourn.

Clarke couldn’t look down any longer. The sight of her horse in pieces splattered about the ground everywhere was just too much. She felt sick and useless. She couldn’t do anything to help or contribute to slaying the reapers. Sitting idly by in the trees was difficult.

“We must head back before the Mountain Men come," Lexa finally spoke, looking to her warriors.
Lincoln threw a twig down at Pauna. Nothing. It was definitely dead. “That was a great plan, Clarke,” he complimented looking at the blonde. She gave a weak smile. “I’m sorry about your horse.”

Indra came swinging by and perched herself up on a branch. “The trees will be the safest way home,” she stated, looking down. “It is getting dark and danger is afoot.”

“Get on my back, Octavia,” Lincoln called, leaping over to her with ease. She quickly latched onto the strong man and was ready to go.

“One of you, get Clarke,” Indra stated, watching as the men were quick to approach the Sky Girl. She sat there, wide eyed, not knowing who to go with.

“Nou,” Lexa ordered, swinging through her warriors and crouching in front of Clarke. “Ai na taik, Klark,” she informed, pulling the blonde into her and turning around. The men looked slightly disappointed and began to swing in the direction of Ton DC.

Feeling so tired, Clarke held on as tightly as she could. If she wasn’t so upset and exhausted, this would have been so fun. It felt so good and free to be so high above the ground, swinging from tree to tree. She did not exchange any words or even glances with the commander and enjoyed the silence between them. It was just the creaking of branches and rustling of leaves amongst the small group.

Octavia and Lincoln were chatting quietly while moving through the trees. He was impressed with what she did today and told her that Indra would be pleased. She was just happy to have helped and that the plan worked. It was nice to be able to do this with the man she loved and hoped it would continue for a long time to come.

The team was getting tired and the sun was nearly gone. Indra suggested they rest on a particularly large tree with thick branches that were easy to maneuver. Everyone sat down to rest, chatting quietly with each other and sharing small portions of edibles they brought with them for the venture. It was still a while before they’d be back at Ton DC but at least they’d have good news to share.

Feeling Clarke’s tired body on her back, Lexa climbed up and away from everyone without them really noticing. It was evident that the blonde was exhausted so she hoped the view from the top of the tree would help wake her up. “Clarke,” she gently said, making sure there were no eyes or ears on her. “Look.”

Bracing herself against the tree, Clarke rubbed her eyes and saw the setting sun. It reminded her of the Ferris Wheel and she smiled. From high above she could see the Ark from afar. It was an incredible sight. “I’m glad we did it, Lexa,” she quietly said, making sure there were no eyes or ears on her. “Look.”

Not being able to control herself, Lexa pushed in further to the kiss. Clarke was extremely impressive today. Her ability on Borak was surprising. He never allowed anyone except Lexa to ride him, let alone a Sky Person. And although her idea was dangerous, it was a well executed plan and resulted in all the super reapers, including Pauna, dead.

Moaning slightly, Clarke reached out her hands to grasp the commander’s shoulders. She parted her lips to allow an aggressive tongue into her mouth and whimpered as it caressed her. Feeling strong hands start to roam her body, Clarke started to feel the heat rise within her and no longer felt tired.

Breaking from the kiss and licking her lips, Lexa ran hungry eyes over Clarke’s body. She felt like
this would have been the perfect time to have a tryst if there weren’t a team of warriors just beneath them. Noticing blue eyes open and lock onto hers, Lexa smirked, taking her left hand and sliding it under the blonde’s shirt.

“We can’t do this here,” Clarke warned, feeling a callous hand grab at her breast and knead it with pressure. She held in a moan and grabbed at Lexa’s hand as the sun disappeared behind the mountains.

“This will be in my mouth soon enough,” Lexa cooed, sliding her thumb over a hardening nipple. She took her right hand and slid it up Clarke’s thigh toward her core, watching as the blonde’s breath hitched. “And so will this, again.”

Clarke grabbed at both hands, holding them in place as to not allow them to explore any more. Her body wanted one thing but her mind told her no. She wanted to grab at the commander as badly as she was being grabbed but restrained herself. Looking to the newly night sky, she took a deep breath and felt skillful hands recede slowly. She looked back at commander and did not know what to say. Maybe it was better to just sit together in silence.

They sat like that for some time, just looking at each other, sometimes looking down and then to the sky. Neither leader spoke, but they could hear each other breathe and they could tell how each other felt. Clarke gazed upward, noticing something flashing in the sky. She thought it may have been a shooting star and squinted her eyes to see better. “Look, Lexa,” she pointed to the sky. “It’s a shooting star.”

Raising an eyebrow and looking up, Lexa furrowed her eyebrows. What was a shooting star? She looked closer and locked her eyes on the quickly moving object. “Clarke,” she was alarmed. “That is no star.” She stood up on the tree branch immediately and lost her breath. The object was moving so fast, it was so bright and so big and coming right towards them.

Perturbed by the sight as well, Clarke scrutinized the beaming light heading toward them as well. She went wide eyed and her body went rigid from shock. A giant clot was stuck in her throat and she looked up at Lexa who was still trying to figure it out. “Lexa!” Clarke shouted, pulling on the girl’s hand. “It’s a missile!”

It was too late, the object shot right past them, setting fire to the sky, and crashing into the ground with a thunderous boom that shook the tree they were resting on. The two girl’s gaped at the sight, completely stunned and frozen from the inside out. A tremendous flame reached the sky as smoke began to lift toward the stars above. Then they heard frantic screaming and wailing from below. ‘Ton DC! The Mountain Men attacked Ton DC! What have they done! Everyone will die! We shouldn’t have killed the reapers!’ And it was done.

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Leaping and bounding across the trees, the elite team was frantic, trying to get to Ton DC as quickly as possible. They didn’t know what to expect and could not tell the extent of the damage from where they were. It was not good though as smoke filled their air and travelled across the sky. As they got closer they could hear the screams and wails of villagers and the group quickly descended from the trees to help their people.

It was a horrid sight. Everything was destroyed and bodies were everywhere. The group rushed into the village, ready to help but were completely unprepared for what came next. One by one, leaders, warriors and villagers were being picked off by a sniper hidden in the trees. They had to halt behind
a large rock, hearing the sounds of death and agony coming from the village.

“Commander!” Lincoln exclaimed, kneeling down and peeking over the rocks. “If the sniper sees you and Clarke, they will know the missile did not get you!”

Bracing herself against the rock, Lexa swallowed and tried to control the emotions bursting inside of her. “Clarke, we need to get out of here!” she lamented, watching as a woman ran past, her arm blown off and falling to the earth dead. “Now!”

Anger and sadness was boiling in Clarke’s veins. She despised the Mountain Men for this. Despised them for taking her friends, killing grounders, manipulating her, killing her horse and now destroying Ton DC. Balling her fists up and smashing them into the rubble beneath her, she looked at Lexa who was pleading her to leave with almost teary blue eyes. This was a look she never saw on Lexa before and it made her heart shatter. Her village was gone, hundreds of her people, burned.

“Go with the Commander, Clarke!” Lincoln ordered in a deep voice, gazing at the girl. “Octavia and I will seek out the sniper.”

“We’ll keep his eyes on us,” Indra stated, ready to run into the village and distract the Mountain Man.

Feeling herself being pulled away by a strong arm, Clarke whimpered and began to walk away from the catastrophe. She looked behind one last time, the place she came to be so fond of, completely gone, reduced to debris, a nightmare she would never be able to erase from her mind.

Once they were out of danger, Clarke wrenched her hand out of Lexa’s forceful grasp. She eyed the commander up and down, her black boots and pants were damaged and her armored shirt was filthy. It was a long day and it was far from over. Dirt caked her tan skin and her hair was coming out of its braids. This was the most distraught she had ever seen the commander.

“I’m going to kill him,” Clarke proclaimed, turning around and heading back.

“No,” Lexa rebuked, pulling on Clarke’s arm again. “It will not help.”

In a fit of anger, Clarke pushed the commander away, not even realising how she was behaving. “No more lessons, Lexa,” Clarke spat, continuing to walk away. “I want them all dead!”

Not knowing what to do, Lexa could feel a lump in her throat but held back and simply followed the blonde. “Sometimes we must concede a battle, to win a war,” she continued, overwhelmed with the speed at which Clarke was striding.

“I said no more!” Clarke barked, spinning around and glaring at the commander. “Let me go, or I will never let you touch me again,” she slowly gritted out in anger.

Seeing the fire burning from Clarke’s eyes, Lexa could only nod and began to follow once more. They circled around back behind Ton DC, listening to the sniper’s shots. Lincoln and Octavia obviously did not find him yet. The dark of the night and forest was the perfect place for a vigilante in the woods and Lexa sighed thinking about how long it would take to find him.

**********

“Raven!” Ryder wheezed, running through into the mechanic’s work room. She was holding the radio, sweat beading down her face.

“I know Ryder, we all saw the missile,” she breathed, not looking at the brutish man. “Bellamy, you
need to get working on that fog or they’re going to wipe us all out here!”

On the other side of the radio, Bellamy felt sick to his stomach. He was too late, there was nothing he could have done. He felt like it was his fault for telling his people about the super reapers. Maybe if they just left them alone, Ton DC would have been safe. “I’m working on it,” he gritted out, moving through the vents once more. “They only had one missile ready. There can’t be another for a few days. Maya’s dad told me how to get to the fog, but the problem is that it’s being inspected until morning!”

“Bellamy,” Raven thought she was going to cry. “I don’t know if Clarke and Octavia are okay.”

Ryder who was standing patiently waiting felt his stomach churn. He did not know if the group were back in Ton DC during the missile strike or not. No word had come yet about their return. He was extremely worried about his blonde companion and his commander.

Feeling his breath stop, Bellamy halted in the vents as sweat fell from his forehead. “Raven, just concentrate on figuring out the acid fog and the dam. I’m sure they’re okay.” Bellamy had to tell himself that more than anything. “Once the guards are gone in the morning, I’ll tell you what I can.”

**********

“What are you two doing here!” Octavia screeched, crouching behind a bush, startled from seeing Lexa and Clarke.

Lexa looked at Octavia, then Lincoln and back at Clarke. “Clarke wants to kill the sniper herself,” she drawled, surveying the surrounding area.

“And I will,” Clarke reminded, darting off once hearing a shot being fired. They were out all night and the sun was creeping up. She was completely exhausted but felt the adrenaline still running through her veins.

The group of four crept up a mountain, staying low and listening for any sounds that would reveal the Mountain Man. They were all tired, hungry and devastated over what happened. The smoke from the missile was still rising to the sky behind them. They darted around rocks, ducked under shrubs and made sure to be as silent as possible. Another shot. They saw him and halted.

“I’ll draw his fire,” Lincoln stated, picking up a rock, ready to throw it at the man.

Clarke pulled her gun out and shook her head. “No,” she burst out, looking behind her. “I will.” She began to shoot toward the sniper, into the trees.

Lincoln and Octavia quickly darted off in a circle to get the Mountain Man from behind. They heard many shots being fired and were stealthy in the bushes as they approached the sniper from behind. They could see him clearly, shooting down at Clarke. Leaping out of the foliage onto the man, Lincoln raged at him, sending his gun flying.

Octavia jumped out as well and raced toward the two men fighting. The Mountain Man saw this and instantly reached for his tone generator, sending Lincoln reeling onto the ground and grabbing Octavia by the throat, with a knife scraping her skin.

Clarke came huffing behind, appalled at the sight. Lexa was close behind and did not know what to do. Both Lincoln and Octavia were in a dire situation and the Mountain Man could kill them both easily if he wanted. Holding the gun with a sturdy hand, Clarke did not back down.

“Take him out Clarke,” Octavia wailed, trying to get out of his grasp. “Forget about us, our people
Pulling the hammer of her pistol, Clarke spoke, “And I need my people too.” The gun was shot, the bullet going right through Octavia’s shoulder and into the Mountain Man’s heart. He was dead.

**********

Making their way back to Camp Jaha, Octavia and Clarke was letting everyone know they were okay. Many from the Ark had left for Ton DC to aid in the aftermath of the missile. It would be a long time before everything was any better but at least the sniper was dead and people could now move freely between camps.

Holding her shoulder that Clarke had patched up, Octavia left to the medical bay and told Clarke not to worry. The blonde nodded and went in search for Raven. The day was warm and welcoming above her and she hoped that something good would come after all the tragedy. She was so tired and worn out but she needed to see her friend.

She raised an eyebrow when seeing Ryder standing outside the work room with a flushed look on his face. “Ryder?” she called as he immediately stood tall. “What’s going on?”

Ryder was so relieved to see his blonde companion that he almost moved to hug her. “The mechanic and the engineer are frantic in there,” he stated, gnashing his teeth together. “They are getting their ‘stoichiometry’ on?”

Taken aback and eyes going wide, Clarke stormed into the work room only to see two smiling faces, a mess everywhere and then Bellamy from the radio. Instant excitement flooded Clarke’s body as she knew what was happening. She smiled when Raven looked up to greet her with elated eyes as she dropped the radio and ran into Clarke for a hug.

“Wick!” she exclaimed, looking back. “Go send that signal!” The engineer smiled and ran past the girls in a huff. Raven looked back at Clarke who was evidently drained of energy. “Bellamy did it Clarke. He took out the acid fog. We did it!”

Wanting to laugh, Clarke fell forward into Raven’s arms who held her up. The mechanic struggled to hold the blonde with her damaged leg but did so anyway, relieved that she was okay and happy she was in her arms. “Ryder!” Raven called, as the staunch man promptly entered. He walked over to the mechanic and picked up Clarke with ease. She was asleep. “I’ll take you to my quarters, she can sleep there.”

**********

Snapping up in from her sleep, Clarke rubbed her eyes and looked around. She knew exactly where she was and stretched in the soft bed she lay in. Eyes wandering around the room, she knew it was getting dark out as the last rays of sunlight beamed through the small window. Getting up, she ran a hand through her hair and breathed a sigh of relief.

Walking into her room, Raven smiled, seeing Clarke up and about. “Clarke,” she gently said, walking to stand in front of her friend. “Everyone is celebrating out there. They want a night of joy before we go off to war.”

Licking her dry lips, Clarke felt refreshed and invigorated. “You’re amazing, Raven,” she complimented as the mechanic beamed back with a big smile.

Reaching into her pocket, Raven pulled out a small device and held it out to Clarke. “The Commander wants you at her tent…” she slowly said, looking down. “Do you need this?”
The thoughts that flooded Clarke’s head made her blush in front of Raven. She didn’t know if she was ready yet but after today she didn’t know what tomorrow would bring. What if none of them survived the battle? What if there was nothing to come back to after? So many questions and so little time. Lexa was right about having to decide in days. It was now or never.

Taking off her jacket and pulling up her sleeve, Clarke went to sit on the bed. She observed her surroundings, a cold, grey room that reminded her of life on the Ark above the sky. She took a deep breath as Raven worked on her and then it was done.

“There,” Raven was satisfied with her work. “It’s ninety-nine point five percent effective and you’ll need another in six months time.”

“Six months?” Clarke almost laughed, rubbing at her arm. “I can’t even think past today.”

Smiling at her friend, Raven wiped some dirt off the blonde’s face and shook her head. “Maybe we should clean you up a bit first,” she suggested, watching the girl go red and nod in agreement.

Chapter End Notes

Hmm what's Clarke getting ready for exactly?
A Long Night

Chapter Notes

To all of you who have been reading since the beginning, I hope you enjoy this as much as I did writing it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Waiting patiently in her tent as the roars and thunder of a thousand warriors raged outside, Lexa felt the adrenaline and lust for battle rise within her. This was a tragic yet glorious day. She did not want to be bothered for this last night in her tent and had four guards pacing back and forth around it for her.

Discarding her armor, her coat and boots, Lexa stood barefoot in her tent. She was happy it had been lined with plush clothes and furs. Thinking about Clarke, she felt her heart skip a beat. She wanted an answer. There was no going back and tomorrow was the unknown. If she didn’t take her chance tonight, she may not get the opportunity in the future.

Taking a damp cloth into her hand and soaking it in special water formulated by her maidens, Lexa rubbed her body clean. The smell was floral and light and she liked that her body was being cleansed of the days’ adventures. She took her antiquated rosewood brush and kneaded it through her hair. There were almost no braids in it tonight, but many curls and waves that she rarely revealed to anyone.

Walking over to the war table, a special fruit was prepared for the commander. She thought about her discussion of contraceptives with Clarke and took a giant chomp out of the delectable food. Her maidens also managed to acquire lemon and a clean sponge, leaving it for the commander next to her bed in case Clarke wasn’t prepared.

The celebration outside begged its Commander to come but Lexa only wanted one thing. Her body was now ready, wearing only a bra and shorts, clean and fresh. The fruit was done and she walked to her throne, waiting patiently for her blonde companion to enter her quarters. This was going to be a long night.

**********

Taken aback by the four guards standing before Lexa’s tent, Clarke had to stop to take everything in. There were warriors chanting, kissing, playing, laughing and fighting. Alcohol was being sprayed everywhere, food being fed to hungry fighters and battle plans being discussed by many. It was a sight she would never forget. If this was the pre-war celebration she could not imagine what it would be like if they defeated the Mountain Men. The entire forest would probably implode upon itself.

Licking her lips, hesitant to enter, Clarke stood before the guards who seemed to be patiently waiting for her to proceed. She barely had time to fix herself at the Ark, as Raven helped with her hair, cleaning her up as best she could back at camp. Once she went into that tent, there was no return and the tent flap beckoned for her to come.

A deep breath and running her hands through her hair, Clarke began to take small steps forward, the crisp air cooling her insides that were almost burning up. The air was filled with the ardour of the
grounders around her, doing whatever they wanted and as they pleased. In one final moment, she took her last step and only the flickering of candle lights were on her skin.

And there she was, just like the first time and possibly the last time, the commander, sitting on her throne waiting expectantly for her. There was a different air about her tonight, fresh faced, hair slightly different and skin a glowing tan. Clarke heard herself gasp and felt unimpressive for a moment, thanking Raven in her head for getting cleaned up at least. She opened her mouth to greet the commander but was halted by a hand raising in the air.

“Let me begin,” Lexa drawled, eyeing her companion from head to toe. “I want to make this clear, Clarke…” she lowered her hand and leaned forward in her throne. “Whatever happens tonight, if anything at all.” She could see the blonde swallow in anticipation. “I cannot promise you anything.”

Knowing exactly what that meant, Clarke nodded. Neither leader knew what would happen tomorrow, if they’d both end up dead or alive or if Lexa would be captured by the Mountain Men. All they had was tonight, this fleeting moment together and so many possibilities for an unknown future. But at least they were together and Clarke didn’t want to be with anyone else.

Not really knowing to say, Clarke’s eyes darted around the room and she licked her lips. The commotion from outside slowly dissipated for her as crisp blue eyes landed on Lexa once more. There was no denying the allure of the commander and the nonchalant demeanor she was exhibiting was slightly arrogant but Clarke found it to be enticing. “We should go over the plan,” she suggested breaking the silence and looking at the war table, riddled with paraphernalia.

Raising her eyebrows and locking her eyes on the blonde, Lexa sighed and finally rose from her throne. “Plans don’t last very long in battle, Clarke,” she stated, walking over to her refreshment table and pouring herself some chilled water. “Did you speak with Raven?”

Taking a few more steps into the tent, Clarke was again at a loss for words. “I did,” she replied and Lexa nodded in understanding. She eyed the commander drinking some water and decided to do so herself, walking before Lexa and taking the pitcher. Feeling sharp blue eyes burn into her skin, Clarke nearly dropped everything on the floor but kept a steady hand and managed to finish. Turning to the commander she began to drink as well. They both stood facing each other, feet away, drinking water.

Moments passed and Lexa began to feel slightly annoyed. She set her cup down and waited for her companion to finish. “Did you come here for water?” she asked, quirking her eyebrow.

Setting her cup down as well, Clarke almost choked on the fluid and wiped her mouth. “No,” she replied. “You requested me, so I came.” The dimly lit tent produced just enough light for Clarke to revel in the commander’s glimmering eyes. “So what did you need?”

Tilting her head, Lexa could tell that the blonde was breathing erratically and her heart was beginning to palpitate through her chest. “I think the real question is, what do you need,” she asserted, feeling the tension rise.

Breathing out, Clarke let her eyes roam across Lexa’s body. Her long, lithe legs, muscled thighs, toned stomach, clothed breasts and then a smooth neck. She couldn’t help but lick her lips and tried to control her thoughts. Her mind was grasping at the last strands of staying away from intimate thoughts but her body was already revealing too much.

“Your eyes are burning me, again, Clarke,” Lexa commented as sparkling blue eyes met hers again. “Tell me why.”
Feeling her body heat up, knowing she was caught, Clarke shook her head. “It’s nothing,” she brushed off, looking to the table hoping the commander would let it go.

Taking a step closer, Lexa reached out a hand and finally touched the blonde. She took a tender hand and placed it on her right arm, sliding it down as Clarke gazed at her. “My marking,” she began to say, letting go of Clarke’s hand and allowing it to move freely. The hand moved up to her shoulders, traced gently across her collarbone and then rested at her neck.

Stopping for a moment, Clarke needed to catch her breath. The commander was so composed and steel faced that she didn’t know if this was enjoyable or not. Slowly she moved her hand upward, to Lexa’s chin and then her lip, grazing a thumb over the healing scab. “My marking,” she breathed, seeing the commander’s mouth slightly open and eyes blinking.

“Ours,” Lexa almost whispered, reaching her arms out and wrapping them around the blonde. She couldn’t help it anymore and felt instant excitement as their bodies went flush.

Gasping as the commander pulled her close, Clarke moved her hand to caress Lexa’s cheek. Leaning up, she brushed her lips against a slightly open mouth and pressed in further, enjoying the feel of strong arms wrapped around her waist and the barely clad body pressed against her. Their mouths moved slowly, almost teasingly against each other, waiting for the opportune moment to intensify.

Lexa relished in the feel of her companion, losing herself in the lust and desire that vowed to overtake her heart. She slid her tongue along Clarke’s lips as they remained shut. Her right hand began to move, resting on Clarke’s hip, a finger sneaking its way under her shirt. Lexa could feel the blonde push forward so she pushed back and they began to battle.

Moaning into the kiss, Clarke finally let her mouth open and felt a fervent tongue slide into her. She tried to return the assault with equal vigour and their tongues began to dance. A warm hand began to caress her hip and she could feel her shirt being lifted as cool air hit her stomach. Caressing Lexa’s face, Clarke pulled away and searched for those sharp eyes.

Feeling her body move back, Lexa opened her eyes and gazed at the girl. She licked her lips and kept a firm hand on Clarke’s stomach. Their bodies were hot and beginning to sweat as they continued to stare at each other with lustful eyes. Wondering why Clarke moved back, Lexa was pleasantly surprised as the blonde reached for her shirt and pulled it off, revealing a covered chest and soft skin to explore.

Hair falling over her shoulders and air hitting her exposed flesh, Clarke pulled the commander back into a searing kiss. This time it was filled with desire and Clarke wrapped her arms around Lexa’s shoulders to keep her close. Their mouths opened and their tongues battled once more, swirling around and exploring. The temperature in the tent felt as if it was constantly rising and Clarke could feel the sweat begin to form on her body.

Enjoying the feel of skin against her own, Lexa caressed Clarke’s waist and stomach, her right hand rising and stopping beneath a clothed breast. She felt empowered and strong as if nothing could stop her. Adrenaline and gusto began to flood her veins and their kiss intensified. Sliding her hand over Clarke’s chest, the commander palmed the flesh which elicited a deep moan from the blonde.

The electric sparks flying through her body instantly went to her groin as Lexa began to work at her chest. It was uncontrollable and raw, a strong hand having its way, a tongue sliding around in her mouth and their hot skin rubbing together. Not knowing how long she’d be able to stand, Clarke opened her eyes slightly and saw the bed across the tent.

Stepping backward, Lexa felt the blonde pushing her back. She knew the bed was behind so she
allowed her body to move, continuing to knead the heaving breasts and never breaking from the blonde’s mouth. Her free hand caressed Clarke’s back, feeling sweat culminate beneath her palm as their bodies moved toward the side of the tent. Feeling a solid wood structure hit her heel, Lexa stopped and broke the kiss. She looked down into eyes that fluttered open and squeezed the blonde’s breast before sitting down on the furs.

Clarke had not thought this part through yet but there she was standing before an expectant commander who ravaged her body with her eyes. She licked her lips and looked down into hungry eyes trying to hide themselves behind a stoic face. Wanting to smile, Clarke simply stood before the commander and reached around her back to undo her bra. She unhooked the clasp and let the cloth slowly slide off her shoulders, feeling her heart stop as the commander struggled to maintain her composure.

The sight of the blonde was so intoxicating to Lexa and she could barely keep herself sitting up. Doing her best to remain calm and not grab the girl, Lexa rose her chin and waited for more. Seeing the blonde stand there as if she was supposed to do something, Lexa quirked an eyebrow and then let her eyes set upon the girl’s underwear. Leaning back against her hands, she waited expectantly.

Taking a deep breath, Clarke knew what Lexa wanted and placed a finger at the strap of her underwear. The last time she was exposed, Lexa had done it for her. There was something sensual about having to do something like this so Clarke proceeded to push her underwear down, feeling it slide across her knees, then her calves, standing up and stepping out of them.

Swallowing, Lexa let her eyes roam across Clarke’s naked body standing before her. She was sure to capture every image of what she saw and engrain it into her mind. It was a sight unlike any other she had ever seen. A Sky Girl, naked and sweaty before her, body begging for more and ready to be devoured. Wiping a hand over her mouth, Lexa reached out to pull the blonde in and felt the warm body position itself over her lap.

Straddling the girl before her, Clarke went wide eyed and threw her head back when a warm mouth found its way to her chest. It was impossible to not moan and she clenched at Lexa’s shoulders to keep herself from falling back. The feeling was euphoric and carnal, sending shocks to her groin and excitement throughout her body. One breast was being massaged by a rough hand while the other was being licked and pulled by a fervent mouth.

Pulling her mouth away, Lexa wanted to look at Clarke who immediately met her gaze. She rested both hands on the blonde’s chest and kneaded the flesh, pulling on her nipples occasionally, and making slow circles. Feeling her heart ignite, she had never seen Clarke look at her this way before. Wanton eyes, face covered in lust and desire, Lexa felt paramount and supreme. It was more invigorating than looking down at her sea of a thousand warriors ready to die and fight for her in the upcoming battle.

Biting her bottom lip, Clarke let her hands slide down from Lexa’s shoulders, along her bra strap and to her back. The commander allowed her to unhook the material and let it be discarded. Eyes glinting at the stunning sight, Clarke enjoyed the look of Lexa’s supple breasts, her muscular stomach and bronze skin. She was enamored and there was no going back. Pushing the commander down, Clarke let her body fall forward and attacked Lexa’s lips without reserve.

Grunting from the sudden assault, Lexa traced her hands along Clarke’s back, over her stomach and then back to her chest as the girl had her way. The soft fur was comforting against her back and Lexa enjoyed the feel of silken blonde hair falling into her face. Her arousal was now pushing against her companion through her shorts and was becoming uncomfortable.

Reaching down to pull Lexa out from the material, Clarke moaned into the kiss when feeling the
warm length around her hand. She pushed at the fabric of the shorts and could feel the commander’s arousal touching her in places that lit her on fire. Stroking slowly, she let the tip brush against her core and heard Lexa moan for the first time. She was wet and ready, and let her head dip so she could say one last thing to the commander. Brushing her lips against a listening ear, Clarke finally let out a smile, ready to allow Lexa inside of her. “You lose,” she whispered, hearing the commander’s breath hitch and heart stop.

With lightning speed, Lexa pushed the blonde up, swatting her hand away and snapping out of the trance her companion managed to put her in. This was clearly unexpected and the blonde gasped as she was resisted. Blood boiling and body ignited, Lexa wrapped a strong arm around Clarke and stood up from the bed. “No,” she gritted out, eyeing the blonde’s face which was completely stunned. A few hard footsteps and intense panting, Lexa threw the girl against the war table and pushed herself between trembling thighs.

Clarke felt her bottom on the hard table and cursed at herself internally for wanting to be snarky with the commander. If she had just kept her mouth shut, she would have had bragging rights for the rest of her life but now the situation was almost reversed as she sat naked on the war table, her legs dangling, a naked commander before her with eyes of icy anger.

Pulling the warm body to the edge of the table, Lexa reached between her legs and positioned herself to enter. She wanted to savour this moment, feeling the wetness hit her length, watching blue eyes glaze over as she slowly pushed forward. The feeling was visceral, erupting throughout her body and then travelling to Clarke who went wide eyed and let out a guttural moan.

The emotion was intense and strong, her body instantly reacting to the warmth entering her. Clarke reached behind and knocked all the paraphernalia away without care. She turned back to the commander who was struggling to continue at this slow pace but did so anyway. Wrapping her arms around Lexa’s shoulders, she locked her eyes on the now flustered and sweaty girl who was pressing into her.

If it wasn’t Clarke, Lexa would have simply pushed her way in without a care. The blonde was tight and hot and wet as she slowly felt herself being enveloped. There were so many emotions racing throughout her mind and body that Lexa felt herself struggling to take it slow. After a few moments, she looked to Clarke’s face to check for any signs of uncertainty.

Feeling herself open up, Clarke swallowed, the air in the tent hot and her body beginning to crave more. “It’s okay,” she breathed out, feeling Lexa’s body relax and continue to push further.

Slightly nodding, Lexa began to pull out and then push back in. The movement was slow, enjoyable for the blonde but excruciating for the commander. Tearing her eyes away from her companion, Lexa looked down and could see herself moving in and out at a languid pace, She could hear Clarke beginning to breathe harder and her core accepting her with less resistance. Licking her lips, Lexa reveled in the pleasure being given to her and increased her pace when it was appropriate.

Pulling herself closer to Lexa, Clarke clawed at a muscled back as hips began to move a quicker. She would often glance at the commander to reassure her and was somewhat shocked that Lexa even cared to check on her. This made her heart flutter and Clarke began to place soft kisses along a tan shoulder and collarbone. She had no idea what the commander wanted or liked but deciding to go with her instincts would probably be best.

As Clarke’s legs wrapped around Lexa’s lean body, the commander raised her head and licked her lips. Taking her right hand, she unhooked Clarke’s arms from around her shoulders and pushed the girl onto her back with ease. Gazing down at the sweaty, heaving body before her, Lexa pushed herself further and watched as Clarke’s eyes went wide.
The cool of the table seeped through Clarke’s back as she placed her hands on Lexa’s hips to guide her thrusts. The commander was covered in a sheen of sweat, her stomach contorting and flexing, hair falling over her breasts and eyebrows creased from the pleasure. The same feeling began to wash over Clarke as she let her eyes close and enjoy the ride.

Seeing her companion surrender to the bliss of their tryst, Lexa breathed out and wiped the sweat trickling down her face. She kept her movements shallow and moderate, sliding her hands up and down the curves of the blonde’s body, massaging her chest and grazing over her nipples. It was slow, sensual and erotic and Lexa didn’t want it to end. But as time passed and their bodies moved in unison, Lexa began to struggle to keep herself restrained.

Opening her eyes, Clarke felt herself getting closer to the edge. She reached out to pull on the commander’s right hand and placed it above her centre. Searching for Lexa’s thumb, she moaned and pressed it against her sensitive spot and the commander quickly understood, pushing her hand away and rubbing the area. This felt incredible and Clarke arched her back as the feeling begin to rise in her body.

The blonde begin to tighten from the inside and Lexa shot her eyes open wide. She had to push in with more strength because of how difficult it was getting to maneuver. Her thumb was busy working between the blonde’s folds and she suspected that was the culprit of everything. Having no choice but to pick up her pace and the power behind it, Lexa used her free hand to brace against the table and went deeper.

Clarke was moaning louder and more often, the pleasure rising between her legs and shooting out through her body. She bit her lip, and reached for the commander’s hips one last time, clenching the flesh without care. Her breathing was uneven, her breasts heaving and body beginning to tremble. A few more thrusts andvigourous rubbing, Clarke let out a long breath and finally let go, forgetting how to breathe as everything seemed to explode around her.

Almost keeling over from the feeling, Lexa struggled to keep herself up, feeling the muscles contract around her repeatedly. She wasn’t done yet but this was going to finish her off. Hearing the blonde moan from her orgasm, Lexa wiped the remaining sweat away from her forehead and continued. She unwrapped Clarke’s legs from around her waist and pushed slender thighs apart.

Coming down from the high, Clarke found herself to be in a very provocative position as the commander continued to work. Her legs were pushed open and she could tell Lexa was getting close by the way her body was shaking and performing. Enjoying the sight of this, Clarke sucked her bottom lip and continued to enjoy the feel of everything going on.

Getting closer, Lexa let her eyes work their way up to Clarke’s face, seeing the girl waiting expectantly. This caused a smirk to appear on Lexa’s face, as she felt herself beginning to pulsate. Everything was building up and there was no returning now. Clarke didn’t speak up about anything so Lexa continued, keeping her legs open and eyes locked onto a wanton face. Her breathing became erratic, her thrusts uneven but she had one final thing to say before giving herself over. “What was it, Clarke?” she asked almost mocking the blissful blonde. “The pleasure of me taking you… and the pain of not being in control.”

Lexa could see the shock in Clarke’s face, defeat hidden beneath and that was all she needed. Swinging her head back, the commander finally let go, breathing hard and relishing in the feeling. Closing her eyes, she let all the senses take over, the smell of sex in the tent, the feel of Clarke’s body, the sounds of their breathing and the taste of victory, or so she thought. Running her hands through her hair, Lexa turned back to the blonde and opened her eyes. To her surprise, Clarke was sitting up looking at her expectantly.
Quirking her eyebrow, Lexa placed her hand over Clarke’s beating heart and sighed. “What is it, Clarke?” she breathed, watching as the blonde gave a sly smile.

Leaning in to the commander, Clarke ran a tongue over her lips. “I’m not done with you, yet,” she cooed and in one swift motion, she took the opportunity to spin Lexa around and push her onto the war table, quickly getting on top and straddling her like on the bed. “You should have just let me do this on your furs,” she informed watching as Lexa was dumbfounded, still recovering from before and not able to do a thing this time. It was going to be a long night, indeed.

Chapter End Notes

Well then, comments are more than welcome after that.
Not enjoying the feel of the hard wooden table beneath her knees, Clarke was unhappy she opened her mouth when they were atop the furs. Gazing down at her lover, she smiled as Lexa tried to scrounge up enough energy to push her off but it was to no avail. They were both naked, sweaty, panting and wanting more. Wiping her brow, Clarke rested above the commander’s groin, waiting for some sort of reaction.

Stomach heaving, body coming down from the high, Lexa sighed and reached down to place her hands on Clarke’s hips. “What is on your mind, Clarke?” she huffed, glancing to the side noticing all of her war paraphernalia scattered about.

Staring at supple breasts, a toned stomach and sweat sheened skin, Clarke licked her lips and felt her body excite. “Nothing,” she breathed, enamored with the body before her.

Tilting her eyebrow, Lexa began to run her hands up and down the sultry body atop her as her breathing went back to normal. “It’s different, is it not?” she asked, curious of Clarke’s thoughts.

Putting her hand to her lip and fingering the mark she had, Clarke slowly nodded. “Before…” she began to say, “I was unsure, but now I just want more.”

Sliding her hands up, enjoying the sight of blonde hair over her shoulders and soft skin, Lexa began to massage Clarke’s breasts without any resistance. “I’m capable,” she announced, sitting up as her body went flush with Clarke’s. “Just a few moments.”

Nuzzling her face into the commander’s shoulder, Clarke gulped and then pulled away. Her blue eyes met their match which seemed different tonight. There was a tinge of green within the blue and behind that the burning lust and desire that Lexa always kept hidden. Giving a slight smile, Clarke leaned into the commander as their lips brushed again, as she sat in a strong lap with hands all over her body.

Lexa enjoyed the feel of Clarke just above her groin. Her hands were able to move freely across the blonde’s body as she squeezed and grabbed at all the flesh she could. The kiss was close mouthed but there was a lot of tension behind it as their heads pushed back and forth. It wasn’t long before Lexa could feel herself becoming aroused once more.

Opening her eyes for a moment, Clarke placed her hands on the commander’s shoulders and began to slide them down. She pressed her lips further into Lexa and let her tongue prod for entrance. Within seconds, both their mouths were open and Clarke’s tongue was able to advance. This time, Lexa didn’t battle with her but allowed the blonde to explore on her own.

Breathing out hard, Lexa could feel hands fall to her chest where Clarke slowly massaged. Her hands were slightly uncertain but it was evident the blonde wanted to feel her way around. The kiss was amorous and Lexa enjoyed feeling the tongue in her mouth, sliding over her lips and moving
about. Taking in a deep breath, she could smell the aroma of Clarke, the sweat and the slight floral essence. It was intoxicating.

Hands moving down further from Lexa’s chest, Clarke wanted to get things going again. She couldn’t help but stop over that toned abdomen that always caught her eye. She traced her fingers along the lean lines of flesh and then let her palm press into the area. Lexa’s physique was impressive and Clarke admired it, taking the time to go over the flexing muscles beneath her hands.

Breaking from the kiss, Lexa grunted and braced back on her palms when feeling Clarke touch her length. Looking down to her groin, she could see a soft hand lightly tracing fingers along the tip and nothing else. The feeling was such a tease and Lexa rose her head to glare at Clarke. “I will last longer this time,” she informed the blonde who simply licked her lips.

Moving her hand down and around the commander’s girth, Clarke wanted to smile when seeing eyes flicker and secretly beg for more. It was warm and felt good in her hand as she began to stroke up and down as slowly as possible. Looking down she wanted to gasp at the sight as it was so provocative and not something she had really done in the past. This made her feel as if she was in control and she liked it.

Eyes travelling back down to her groin, Lexa exhaled when seeing a hand work at her. It was a silky, smooth motion that the commander found herself losing control to. Clarke had been making slow work at first but she began to pick up the pace and was clearly enjoying herself. Opening her mouth slightly, Lexa finally moaned. She was not one to make any noise during a tryst unlike Clarke who could barely control herself.

Working slightly faster, Clarke heard the moan and raised her eyebrows. “Do you like this?” she asked in such a manner that she wanted Lexa to know she was in control. The feeling was a thrill and the result was what she wanted.

Grunting, Lexa simply nodded and tried to control herself. The hand was placing more pressure on her length and moving faster. That in combination of Clarke’s naked body, her breasts, cascading hair and seductive face was driving the commander to the edge. She refused to let it be seen by Clarke and did her best to keep her composure. It was a difficult task but she didn’t want to give the Sky Girl the satisfaction.

Noticing the commander continue to keep herself controlled, Clarke sucked in her bottom lip and let go of the length. Running a hand through her hair, she breathed out as Lexa’s eyes began to follow her curiously. She began to move back and then off of the table to stand on the plush carpets beneath. Contemplating what she was going to do next, Clarke took a deep breath and had a devilish idea.

Sitting up and moving to the edge of the war table, Lexa assumed Clarke wanted to finish elsewhere. “The bed?” she asked, unsure of what was expected. The blonde shook her head and walked up to Lexa. “What then?” Without any warning or word, blonde hair went downward and Lexa was looking at Clarke on her knees between muscled thighs.

Looking up, Clarke could tell that Lexa was not expecting this and she felt the amusement rise within her. Reaching out and placing a hand on her lover’s length, Clarke licked her lips and felt tingles of pleasure course throughout her body. She slowly kissed the tip and heard Lexa begin to breathe erratically. That’s exactly what she wanted, so Clarke continued.

This was not something Lexa experienced more than a few times in her life. Gazing down at the sight, she could see pink lips begin to envelop the top of her shaft, only focusing on that part for a few moments. Lexa’s hands were clenching the edge of the war table and she felt the wood digging
into her palms. What a sight. The air in the tent began to feel torrid once more and her blood began to rush around her body.

Not sure of what to do Clarke just let her mouth feel everything out. The taste was interesting, not something she could say was enjoyable but she could taste herself more than anything. The commander had obviously cleaned herself as there was a sweetness in the air. The feeling was the best part, soft and pliant between her lips. Opening her mouth she began to allow more in and let her eyes look up only to be met by ones filled with rising lust.

Watching Clarke do this was spectacular to the commander, She could feel sweat forming again on her back and let a hand slide into the blonde’s scalp. Not knowing how to reassure her verbally, Lexa thought it would be best to massage the girl’s head and help move her hair out of the way when necessary. With that, she could now feel a deft tongue beginning to swirl around her length and to her disdain, Lexa let out a moan, cursing at herself internally for losing control. She knew this particular situation would be a losing battle.

Continuing to suck and lick, Clarke felt herself ignite when the commander began to moan and enjoy herself. This made her feel dominant and powerful, even though she was on her knees, she knew she was the one in charge. Pulling at the length while also using her mouth, Clarke never went too far down. She may have been enjoying herself but she was no expert at this.

Feeling herself start to build up, Lexa went wide eyed and wiped the sweat on her forehead. She couldn’t believe what was happening. It was clear that the blonde was enjoying herself but it was also evident that she was in control too. Breathing out, trying to calm herself, Lexa pondered what it would feel like to simply let Clarke have her way. Looking down and struggling with the thought, Lexa sighed and rubbed her temples. She began to debate with herself internally. At least they were in the tent, away from prying eyes. No one would know what occurred on this night.

Noticing the commander with a pensive face, Clarke pulled away and wiped her mouth. She continued to stroke the shaft and looked up expectantly. “Are you going to finish?” she asked, snapping Lexa out of her thoughts.

Scowling at the blonde, Lexa nodded. “Soon,” she said, flatly.

Quirking her eyebrow, Clarke got to her feet and looked up into sparkling eyes. Her hand was still working on the commander, not moving and not about to let go. “The bed,” Clarke ordered, walking backward and watching as the commander followed without question. They made their way back to the soft plush furs of Lexa’s bed and stood before it, staring into each other’s eyes. “Get on your back.”

She didn’t like being ordered around. She didn’t like Clarke having so much rule over her body. She didn’t like being put in this situation where she would succumb to the blonde’s whims to gain pleasure. Lexa gazed at the bed and then back at Clarke who still had a firm hand between her legs. Slowly nodding, Lexa pushed Clarke’s hand away and went to lay on the bed.

Swallowing out of the sight of Lexa, Clarke turned to look at the beautiful body laying before her. The commander was breathtaking and surreal. She noticed some scars she hadn’t seen before, some more detail in her tattoo and for one small instance, Lexa seemed vulnerable, just laying there waiting for Clarke to continue. Moving her hair to fall over only one shoulder, Clarke moved to the bed and straddled Lexa once more. The soft furs were preferable to the hard wood of the war table.

Taking in a deep breath, Lexa admired the girl sitting atop her. “Why do you look at me so?” she asked, watching as Clarke reached for her length again.
Leaning forward, holding herself up with one arm, the other positioning Lexa’s shaft at her entrance, Clarke licked her lips and sighed. “You just look different tonight Lexa,” she admitted, an instant of tenderness passing by. She let the tip slide in and could hear Lexa exhale sharply. Biting her lip, Clarke lowered her head again to Lexa’s ear. “I’m going to fuck you this time.”

Reaching out to grab the blonde’s hips, Lexa grunted when feeling herself being enveloped. Clarke’s body was looming over hers as everything began to intoxicate the commander. Blonde hair tickled her face so Lexa pushed it aside, only to be met by sultry blue eyes and moans escaping a mouth. She had to stop for a few moments to let herself get used to the feeling but Lexa didn’t mind and enjoyed the process.

Gazing at Lexa’s face, Clarke couldn’t help but press her lips into a slightly open mouth. She could feel her core opening up again, allowing the commander to slide in almost all the way. Stopping for some time, she continued to kiss Lexa, getting used to the position as it was deeper and touched different spots within her. Moaning into Lexa’s mouth, she could feel hands squeezing her hips and begging her to continue.

As Clarke began to gyrate her hips, moving up and down slowly, Lexa pulled the blonde into a deeper kiss. Their tongues finally met and began to dance around each other. They swirled and slid and Lexa managed to pull on Clarke’s lip, biting it slowly and gently where the previous mark was. Their eyes opened and locked on each other as memories of their first kiss flooded their mind.

Breaking away from her mouth, Clarke pushed herself up and looked down at the sweaty and panting girl beneath her. She braced herself against her hands on either side of Lexa’s head and began to move her body up and down. She could feel Lexa deep inside of her so she was sure to be slow, enjoying the feelings and tingles spreading throughout her body. It was euphoric and sensual and Clarke didn’t want to stop.

It was nice not having to really do anything, and Lexa let herself enjoy what was being done to her. Clarke sucked in her lower lip and began to pick up her pace as the commander watched on with eyes filled of lust. She let her hands fall on the blonde’s breasts and began to massage them, hearing a moan echo in the tent. Lexa was surprised at how long she was able to contain herself and wanted to allow Clarke to enjoy the ride.

Eyeing the commander, Clarke smiled, feeling herself get used to the shaft and moaning, she did not have to lean against her arms any longer. Letting herself sit up, she ran her hands through her hair and licked her lips. She could feel the sweat where her hair covered and wanted to wipe it away. Looking down, she could see Lexa having a visual feast. Placing her hands on her breasts, Clarke began to massage herself while moving up and down against Lexa.

The sight was stirring to the commander and she simply let her hands rest on Clarke’s hips, guiding her when necessary. She moaned and bit her lip when Clarke began to increase her speed and tempo. The momentum was picking up as it became deeper and harder. Lexa could tell she wasn’t going to last much longer so she gave Clarke a look who understood. Lexa was struggling to control her breathing but she placed her right hand above Clarke’s centre and began to rub.

Eyes going wide, Clarke gulped and the pleasure of everything began to wash over her. She was impressed at how well the commander could use her thumb, never rubbing too hard or soft. Sometimes Clarke would have to place Lexa’s thumb at a more preferable spot but it still felt good. Her grip on the commander’s shaft was getting tighter and tighter and she could see Lexa struggling to hold back. “I’m almost done,” she breathed, falling forward. Just a few moments, slightly more pressure on her sensitive spot and Clarke was done for.

Loud moans began to come from the blonde’s mouth and Lexa arched her back, feeling the
convulsions around her shaft. She knew Clarke was unable to move so Lexa grabbed at pliant hips and began to thrust upward. This shocked the blonde and to the commander’s pleasure, she heard her name moaned as bliss overtook Clarke’s body.

A few more intense thrusts and Lexa could feel herself about to let go. Her nails dug into Clarke’s soft flesh, hips bucking upward and bodies heaving together. Eyes glazing over, body sweating and convulsing, Lexa released inside of Clarke, pushing all the way in and driving into her a few more times. Hearing Clarke groan, the blonde reached between their legs and pulled Lexa out, collapsing atop the commander and panting.

They both lay like that for a long time, not speaking or looking at each other, just trying to calm down from what just happened. Their bodies began to relax, the temperature of the tent not as stifling and the air cooling sweat covered skin. What a battle to have with each other before going to war.

Chapter End Notes

That's it! For now...

This story can END here if you want to just wait to see what happens in season 3. If you either want to love me or hate on me, then continue to the next chapter.
Chapter Notes

Everything that happened in 2x15 and 2x16 stay the same because I actually like it and think it's super interesting. The dynamic between Lexa and Clarke has always been the core of this story and will continue to be but the 100 world is so incredible that I want to explore some different things. Because we have no idea what will happen in season three, I have to ultimately go on with my own world of the story and I really do hope you all enjoy it as I continue. If you're not into the idea of Clexa having a child or anything of that sort, it's okay to simply stop reading at chapter 18 and see what happens in season 3. If you want a roller coaster ride, then please continue.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Epilogue for Challenges

Body wanting to collapse, lips trembling and heart aching, Clarke gazed up at the giant steel door before her. She was alone. All alone. Everything that was given that night before was now taken away with one simple exchange she was unable to witness. Standing solemnly with her gun in hand, she felt a mix of emotions she never wanted to experience.

Her thoughts went to what could have transpired between the commander and Emerson. What did he say exactly? What were the terms in detail? Why didn’t they just kill him on sight? There were so many questions and no answers because she was left to die at the Mountain, her army gone, her people retreating back to the Ark.

Thinking about the night before, Clarke wanted to let herself go, break down and cry. She only did that in private, when there were no eyes on her. But with the Mountain looking down on her as if already defeating the blonde, Clarke put on a steel face and rose her chin. Her people were still in there, her friends and those she vowed to save. She wasn’t about to give up without a fight.

Glancing to the sky, not even the stars or the moon were there to comfort her. It was a dark abyss that seemed so ominous, looming over her and almost mocking her. Gnashing her teeth together she thought of the mines and the several entrances to the Mountain. There was no time for rehashing the last few days, regretting anything or being upset about what she could not control. With one final look at the door, Clarke began to venture to the mines thinking one final thought about everything.

There was the Commander of Twelve Clans on the battlefield who betrayed her, and then there was Lexa, the girl she had started to fall in love with.

Prologue Part 1

Lexa would never know. At least not for eighteen years, until Kelara decided what she wanted as an
adult. But for now, the pudgy blonde baby was busy laughing and squealing with glee in front of Clarke. She was adorable, bright blue eyes, tan skin and silken blonde hair. Leaning over on the lush grass, Clarke smiled and reached out for her daughter. The baby smiled a toothless mouth and flailed her hands about excitedly.

She did not want to return to the Ark after killing everyone in the Mountain. She didn't want to face her people and Bellamy's forgiveness was not good enough. It was not his place to forgive her nor did it have anything to do with him. The Mountain, what she did, the decisions she made, they were all about her. Deciding to venture in the forest allowed her to be alone for some time. She was able to provide for herself, practised things she learned from the grounders, and slept at the drop ship if necessary. Thinking about all of this made the blonde sigh. Sometimes she would look up into the trees and felt eyes on her, watching her and following her, but no grounder dared to approach her.

Clarke knew it. She was the one to take down the Mountain. She stormed in there and did what she had to do. She was a legend. Her time alone in the forest was calming and peaceful but it all ended three weeks later when she began to feel nauseous and sick. Her body was different, she knew it immediately and her tranquillity was taken away. She had no choice but to go back to the Ark and did so woefully. Upon return, Bellamy was deeply concerned but knew exactly what to do. Although Clarke was alone the entire time, he told everyone they were seeing each other in secret and she simply wanted time for herself.

Watching the baby flail in front of her, Clarke wanted to laugh. “Kelara Jakelin Griffin,” she slowly said, hoping the child would understand. “That’s your name. A strong name.”

Looking up at her mother, drooling and babbling, Kelara blinked her eyes. “Mah,” she said happily. “Mah-mah.”

Elation rising up in Clarke’s body, she smiled and pulled her daughter into her chest. “That’s me!” she said, bouncing the baby up and down. She looked to the clear blue sky, felt the sun warm her face and the balmy breeze blow through her hair. One year ago, everything was so different. She couldn’t believe how things have changed.

Then she thought of her. The Commander. They hadn’t heard of each other in all this time. The grounders had no idea Clarke was carrying her baby nor would they for a very long time. The only ones who knew the truth were Kyle, Raven, Octavia, Ryder, Lincoln and Bellamy. It was all an act to protect Clarke and the baby. Bellamy declared to everyone that he was the true father when Clarke began to show and it was easy for everyone to believe. Once they had learned the truce was off between the Sky People and grounders, people never strayed too far into the forest.

Ryder and Lincoln were the only ambassadors between the Sky People and Tri Kru as they passed information on to one another. It was usually about territory, borders, dangerous animals in the forest and inclement weather. But once the commander heard of the baby and Bellamy she could not handle it. Ryder came with news one day that she was to relocate to Polis indefinitely and only return to Tri Kru if she was absolutely needed.

Trembling from these thoughts, Clarke looked down at Kelara. She looked nothing like Bellamy or Clarke but she had compassionate eyes and was filled with love. If things had been different, she would be sitting across from the Commander, playing with their daughter and talking about their future together. Instead, Clarke was alone, atop a hill, looking down at the camp her people constructed around the Ark, wondering what the future held for her all of them.

Prologue Part 2
“Where are we going, Uncle Lincoln?” Kelara asked, her body tired and worn from the days hike to nowhere.

Turning to look behind, Lincoln ran a hand over his bald scalp and gave a straight answer. “I will tell you once we arrive.”

Rubbing her face, dirt on her hands and body, Kelara sighed and scampered to catch up to her uncle. “And why can’t we tell mah and dah?”

Stopping abruptly, Lincoln spun around and knelt before the small girl. The desert wind that surrounded them slashed at his skin, the sun above burning, his body thankful for the cloth that covered him. “When you’re eighteen, we can,” Lincoln reminded, reaching out to rub the girl’s cheek, seeing her give a small smile. “But for now, it’s our little secret.”

Liking the idea of having a special secret with her uncle, Kelara leant into the grounder and gave him a big hug. “Well, that’s only six more years,” she said pensively. “I am patient!”

“That you are,” Lincoln replied, smiling, standing up to continue their trek. “And you’re also the best young warrior I’ve ever known.” If she was to accomplish what he was about to put her through then it would change everything. If she did not, then all would stay as is. He was hoping for the latter but he knew he had to do this. It would save the Sky People in the future, he hoped.

Chapter End Notes

I'll leave you to simmer with this. I have about 14 chapters written so far for the sequel and it's thrilling to write. Thank you all again for the lovely comments and taking the time to give kudos.

I'm so amazed with the passion everyone has over this. Honestly I didn't think anyone gave two poops about my story! Ha ha I love the criticism and the love but the stories can either be their own entities or continue. I wrote this for fun and for my pleasure first and foremost please consider that. Do not jump to conclusions about it you'll be surprised! Thank you for the awesome comments!

Bam done, finito, on to the sequel if you dare!

NOTE: If you're interested in an alternate fluffy ending, read my story Differences. Otherwise please read Consequences.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!