Three Years
by Doc_Rok

Summary

Three years after the battle at the mountain, Clarke and Lexa are forced to meet again due to the threat of another war. (This is AU after 2x15; 2x16 did not happen and alternate events have transpired.)

Notes

Yes. I have fallen prey to the Clexa and needed to make last weeks episode better. So I started writing. I’m posting the first part of this as incentive for me to finish it tomorrow. It will likely quickly become an AU, as we don’t know what the hell is going to happen, but spoilers through 2x15. There are some spelling errors with the Grounder language that I’ll fix when I re-read through before I finish this up tomorrow.
Three Years

Three years.

Clarke had thought three years was a long time in space, stuck in a cell.

Three years was an eon on the ground.

Fortunately she had managed to get most of her people out. There were fatalities. None of them would ever be the same again, but they had gotten lucky. Apparently a group of Grounders had decided having their people was not enough, and gone against their Commanders wishes.

She still could hear them, in her dreams, chanting.


“Clarke. Clarke!” It was Octavia, shaking her, and she realized she was muttering in her sleep again. “Clarke, wake up damnit!”

“I’m awake, I’m awake…” Clarke mumbled rolling over in the large, patchwork bed.

“You were saying it again…” Octavia muttered, and she could feel the slightly younger girl leaning up over her.

“I know.” Clarke grumbled, pulling the sheets over them. She sighed as she felt Octavia settle back on the bed, an arm around Clarke’s waist.

“It’s okay.” Octavia muttered into the blonde locks. “It’ll be okay. We’ll both feel better when Lincoln gets back from Polis in a few days…”

“I know.” Clarke said, in a softer voice. As she had settled back in for sleep her irritation at being woken from her reoccurring dream faded, and she remembered she wasn’t the only one with the dreams. She had been the one to wake Octavia the night before.

Clarke knew people talked, but she didn’t much care. Octavia had been unable to sleep alone since the Battle of the Mountain. She could deal with a little disturbed sleep until the younger woman’s lover returned, if it meant that one of her closest counsels didn’t walk around in a daze for two weeks when negotiation talks with the Grounders capitol had opened up once again, as she had the first time two and a half years ago.

The Commander had united the Twelve Tribes, who, despite the broken treaty they managed to not bump heads with, but there were still others out there that were hostile. Raiders and marauders that wanted their technology, mostly their guns and ammunitions, and it was starting to look like they were not quite outnumbered, but being picked off in such a fashion they were forced to ask for some sort of help.

The Tree People could only do so much, they were dealing with the raiders themselves, but it was coming up on farming season and they really couldn’t afford to have their fields burned again like last year. Lincoln was their best chance at help, short of Clarke having to go herself to the capitol, which everyone in Jaha knew was a last resort.

Clarke turned over slightly, curling into Octavia as her friend wrapped herself around her, and fell back into her uneasy sleep.
“Chancellor!” Clarke winced; Octavia, who sat across from her at her breakfast table, rolled her eyes. Clarke knew the brunette thought it was ridiculous that their people, even the 35, refused to change the name of office to just about anything else. Clarke hated the name, with a passion, but leaders rarely got the chance to pick their own title. Some days she thought that it was better that they kept the name as their settlement grew. It reminded her of the weight of the position, every time a decision had to be made she remembered their time on the Ark, and her father floating away in front of her, and every time her mother was outranked by her on the ground, before the title had passed to her officially. By vote.

Spirits, she hated the vote. She hated worse that the people had elected to suspend it, chaining her to the title until she abdicated. Unfortunately, this would not be for a long time, as the Tree People refused to deal in politics, only allowing their emissaries to speak with Clarke or those few close enough to her to make up the, now slightly larger, council. They didn’t trust the citizens of the Ark that followed the 100 from the sky. Only those that had been forced to fend for themselves those first few months, as the Grounders had for their entire lives.

“Chancellor!” That damned title again.

“Clarke!” That perked both their ears up. Very few were left in the town of Jaha who referred to Clarke by her given name anymore. An irritating trait they had picked up from trading with the Tree People. Clarke and Octavia locked eyes, both moving for the open door at the same time. Octavia reached it first, a worried look in her eyes. Clarke moved slower, the very slight limp she was left with after the Battle of the Mountain slowing her down by a fraction of a second. She reached the door as Raven, and a guard behind her, stopped in their tracks, the guard saluting.

“What’s going on?” She asked immediately of Raven, not wanting to deal with the guard.

“Lincoln is back.” The words were short and to the point. They may disagree on many personal things, but Clarke could always count on Raven to be to the point and even abrupt if the situation required it. It was refreshing. Clarke side eyed Octavia, who had moved to pick up her sword and threw its dark red leather strap with a dark grey star stitched into it, which identified her as one of Clarke’s Council, over her head.

“What aren’t you telling us?” The other girl asked, handing Clarke her pistol and the dark jacket that had the small gold star pendant sewn onto it two years ago.

“He really needs to go to the sick bay, but he refuses. Abby is tending to him in the conference room, he insists on seeing both of you immediately.” Raven and the guard turned to lead them to the converted small mess hall, which now served as a war chamber, as Clarke tucked the pistol into her jeans and threw the jacket on over her stitched up shirt.

Clarke moved with the grace she had always held, but now the air of command surrounded her and people moved out of their way quickly as the two Councilors and young Chancellor were followed by the guard swiftly down the hallway. Those she had fought with met her eyes questioningly, hoping there had not been another raid they had not heard about. The older generation mostly refused to meet her eyes at all. After what they had witnessed at the last battle, and the small skirmishes that had occurred since, they didn’t know how to react. This world was still new to them, and as they said, older dogs took longer to learn new tricks.

“Lincoln!” Octavia moved past her quickly, kneeling down next to the large Grounder, who also sported a dark grey star on his weapons belt, on his otherwise piecemeal clothing. She kissed him quickly, wiping away blood from a cut on his eyebrow as Clarke moved to sit in front of him. Her
mother pulled the arrow from his shoulder, digging in her med bag to stitch him up. Clarke noted that Octavia didn’t bother to ask if Lincoln was okay. They would not get an answer to that until Lincoln told them what he intended.

“What I have to say is for the Chancellor and her agent’s ears alone!” He barked, looking at the guard, who looked at Clarke uncertainly.

“Its okay, go.” She said, shortly and motioning her head towards the door. She had picked up the habit of dismissal sometime in the last few years, but refused to let her words become callous as well. The guard closed the door to the meeting room on his way out.

“Octavia, you need to gather the others immediately.” Lincoln decreed, knowing she would understand him to mean the council, and without pausing continued.

“The Ice Nation has heard of the raiding parties here in the south, and has broken alliance with the Twelve Nations when their demand for your weapons was denied by the other generals.” Clarke’s eyes widened. “They ready their northern army to march in two weeks’ time, due to the alliance and the Commander’s anger, they will likely avoid Polis and lead their army straight here.”

“I’ll get the others.” Octavia broke in, though waiting for Clarkes nod before moving. There was a lot of Grounder left in that girl. Clarke was one of the few who appreciated it. Abby finished sewing up the wound in Lincoln’s shoulder, announcing she needed to go get more supplies to handle the other wounds on his leg, arm, and face and that she would be back.

“What are you not telling me, Lincoln?” Clarke said, noticing the dark look in his eyes. She had known the man for years, and knew when he had news she was not going to like to hear.

“Heda Leksa kom Trikru wishes to offer her aid. She will see you, and only you, no representative in your place, and any guard or counsel you wish to accompany you, in five days’ time at Apeake, the city of the Boat People, located two days ride south of TonDC.”

“Shit…”

“Clarke, you are crazy if you think that I am letting you go down there. After what Lexa did at the Battle, you’ve avoided her for three years!” Clarke pinched the bridge of her nose. You didn’t have to be a seer to be able to tell her mother would be the first of her counsel to object.

“The Commander is true in her word to help.”

“It could be a trap.” Clarke looked up at that. Usually Octavia sided with the Grounders, and her speaking up against Lincoln was strange; though she knew her friend was not a fan of The Commander of the Twelve Clans, ever since the decision Lexa had made had resulted, ultimately though inadvertently, in the death of her brother.

“I’m not saying we should totally trust The Commander, I don’t think the Ice Nation marching is a trap…” Marcus chimed in. “Lincoln was pretty beat up when he got here…”

“I am fine…” Lincoln’s offense was cut off by Marcus again.

“That may be, but if we had sent anyone else they wouldn’t have made it back and those arrows were not anything we’ve seen before. The three sided barbed points were proof enough of that. They were designed to have the one hit bleed out as soon as they were removed.”

“Jasper, Raven, what’s the armory look like?” Clarke cut in. She didn’t need arguments in this
council meeting. She knew she would be going, no matter how much she hated the idea of seeing Lexa again.

“We have enough ammunition stocked up to hold off the raiders for several months, but if a larger force attacked I don’t know what we would do.” Jasper answered. Monty, next to him, nodded.

“We can build mines to surround the fields once growing season begins.” Raven chimed in, and Clarke sighed. She hated explosives, but it was their best chance to bottleneck the enemy.

“Monty, is the long range radio ready to go?” Clarke turned to her communications expert.

“Raven and I finished it last week. We haven’t checked it that far south, but we used the same technology we used to contact the Ark when we were alone down here, so it should be good to go.”

“Okay, here’s how this is going to work.” Clarke stood up, silencing protests from her mother, whom she really only kept on the counsel due to her medical expertise. “No, mom. The Commander will only speak with me. Our past means little, the Tree People are the same involving large negotiations and Le-their Commander is one of them. It makes sense.” She couldn’t bring herself to say the name of the woman who almost broke her. “Lincoln, you said that a message was sent to Ton DC to give us riders if requested?”

“A party left at the same time I set out for home.” He answered. He looked at Octavia as he said it, and Clarke knew his meaning. To Lincoln, home had not been a place for a very long time.

“Okay. Marcus, I want you to head the building of a wall around the outer village. Use what is left of the scrap metal from the Ark-fall, and if you have to use the drop ship. Get Murphy to lead any exploration outside the territory. I trust him to keep our people from being killed by the raiders, and I can’t afford to have you too far from Jaha while I’m gone—”

“Clarke, you cannot be considering…”

“Mother! Stop it, before I ask the security detail to have you removed. I normally appreciate your opinion but you are biased on this matter.” Clarke hated how formal she sounded, but it came with the territory. “I want you to make sure the Med-bay is ready for anything; and I mean anything!” Clarke’s tone brokered no argument and her mother kept silent, though with a hard look in her eyes as she nodded.

“I want the walls up by the time I return, I imagine it will be between a week, or two, if I have to cut it close.” Clarke looked over the map, contemplative. “Octavia will come with me, Indra will want her second along if she is to be a part of the party accompanying us.”

“Clarke…” She looked up, daring her mother to challenge the mission again. “Its not about you going, Octavia is Indra’s second, but she’s also next in line if something were to happen to you…”

“I have thought about this.” Clarke replied. “Marcus will be in charge of Jaha while I’m gone, with Monty and Jasper assisting him.” Several parties raised eyebrows. “I need Raven with me, in case we run into a problem with the radios. Jasper knows how to handle the mines, which I want being built, and Jasper? I want them stable. Have Wick assist you.”

“Of course Clarke.” Finally, someone who didn’t argue her every decision, Clarke sighed.

“Lincoln, you will be accompanying me and Octavia, I need her functional for this.” Lincoln simply nodded, both of them knowing he would insist upon coming with them anyway. “Monty, you will be keeping an eye on the radios, I also want you and Jasper to find a way to safely electrify the outer wall once it’s up. It needs to be safe from the inside, but a deterrent from without. It will keep the
bandits from climbing it. I want enough exits that the people do not have an issue visiting their fields, but they will continue to move in groups with at least two guards outside the new gate.’’

She stood, looking at the map for a moment more.

“Is everyone clear?’’

Affirmatives and nods circled the room.

“Good. We need all the fire power we have here so aside from Octavia and Lincoln I am only taking two guards. Marcus you and Lincoln chose them, I want one of the Tree People that have joined our security force, and another of our people that will listen to me without question, but not one of the ones that refuses to look at me. The Tree People will likely also send a small delegation so we should be safe once we head south from Ton DC. Get the horses ready to leave within the hour.” She hated that even her security detail was often frightened of her, and for this to work she needed to be as little irritated as possible.

She nodded, banging the stone that served them as a gavel on the plank it rested on. Without another word she walked out, Octavia and Lincoln following her to the wing that held their quarters to pack. Raven walked in the direction of her own. If this had to be done, she’d rather get it over with.

There was little pomp and circumstance when the six riders entered the gates of Ton DC. They were expected, and due to the condition of their arrival and the stature of those that accompanied them, they were not required to check their weapons at the gates. They rode light, as it was, Raven removing her tool bag from the saddle bags of the horse. They would likely be gifted fresh horses, knowing Indra there would likely be little time between their arrival here and their departure for Apeake.

Clarke rode with a simple pistol, and a short machete like sword at her side that Lincoln and Octavia had gifted her for her birthday the last year. Lincoln and Octavia both wore armed to the teeth in usual grounder fashion, Octavia having changed out her gear to better blend in with the grounders before they left, as she often did when accompanying trading parties. This time, however, she and he had also added war paint to their grim appearance, as had the grounder warrior from their camp that accompanied them. He carried an assault rifle, as few grounders dared to do but he had integrated with their people, just as some from Jaha had come to live in Ton DC peacefully, he also was armed with various bladed weapons. Her Sky Guard carried two pistols and his own rifle.

All eyes halted on their party, however, as they dismounted. They were told to be expected but word of the Ice Nation had not gotten around, so their war-like appearance shook the grounders a little. Before anyone had a chance to comment, one of the other generals came to take them to Indra’s hut.

The two leaders nodded at each other cordially, and Indra ordered everyone but Octavia and her son out of the room. Raven rolled her eyes, saying she wanted to test the radio anyway. Clarke was offered a seat at the general’s table, by the hearth. It was just coming away from the cold season so the warmth of the fire was appreciated.

“We must leave within the hour.” Indra spoke, as she also sat, Lincoln and Octavia taking places on either side of Clarke. “However there are a few things we must discuss before you meet with Heda. Secrets have been kept, at Heda’s order but it had been discussed that there may be a time to reveal them to you.”

“I was given permission to speak of such things before I left the capitol, if I thought they may indeed help ease tensions between our two leaders. I do not know if they will ease the strain, or make it worse, but Octavia has assured me you would rather have the truth than be blind to it.”
“What truth?” Clarke asked, confused and a little angry. She disliked things being kept from her on a personal basis, but this also seemed to relate in some way to their negotiations with the Twelve Clans. She had to have all the information before riding to meet Lexa. Not having it could prove fatal for all of them.

She looked to Octavia, who was nodding soberly, and Clarke’s nerves snapped just the smallest bit.

“You knew?”

“Not until just before we left. Lincoln asked my advice on whether you should be told or not.”

“And?” Clarke looked around the room, tension rippling from all of them. “Why didn’t you tell me before? What are you keeping from me?”

“Heda will be displeased that you found out, now, but we must have trust. The Ice Nation is dangerous without your weapons. With them, they may be unstoppable, it is in both our people’s interest to stop the advance.”

“Tell me what? Somebody better explain, and now!” Clarke’s nerves were officially fried after countless nights of interrupted sleep and the looming threat. It was Octavia that had the courage to speak up first.

“The Grounders that came back for us, after Heda Leska left, didn’t do so against her orders. She just had to wait until they were out of sight of the Mountain men to send a party back to help us.”

“Why would she not want me to know that?”

“Because.” Said Lincoln quietly, and she oddly suspected that he somehow knew of the moments she and Lexa had shared before the battle, “Heda was the one encouraging the party.”

“Heda warned that, as they were following the customs of our people in demanding blood for blood, they were free to their own actions against the Mountain Men but she could not lead them. She ordered you never be told, and most did not mind as they were family members of those we were too late to save or those turned into Reapers. Heda took care to not be seen, just in case the raiding party failed, until you fell.” Lincoln finished.

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Lexa absolutely detested the sound of gunfire. Nothing should move so fast, and rip through a warrior so quickly as to not give them a fair chance at fighting back. Even a blade from behind required skill and gave the attacked party a chance to retaliate. She found that now, she had the fact that she had no idea which side the fire was coming from to add to her list of reasons to hate the loud cracking sound.

She kept to the trees, avoiding the open meadow where most of the fighting took place, where the door had been opened. Her warriors were instructed to lead some of the Mountain Men back in her direction, and as she felled one with her blade she was pleased to see they were following just enough that a few of the Sky People and her own people got through. Once they were in, she didn’t concern herself with their mission. Those she had brought with her were her very best. She watched the fighting, picking off men when they neared the trees, and searched frantically for the blonde Sky Girl.

Just as her eyes lay upon the young woman, who was beautiful in her own right in battle, firing shots off her pistol and dodging and swinging her own blade almost as well as one of her own people. As Lexa slashed the throat of another mountain man she grinned a feral, wolfish grin. She had always known that Clarke of the Sky people was a warrior.
It was then she heard another ‘crack’, her final reason for hating the sound of gunfire solidifying in her consciousness, as she saw Clarke’s leg come from under her, the Blonde girl from the stars falling to the earth. As she fell another bullet caught her in torso, spinning her around in the air.

“No!” The scream that released from her throat was foreign sounding, not her own voice, neither was the voice that called Clarke’s name. She felt disconnected as she instinctively moved towards the small, younger leader on the ground, Mountain Men falling at her blade every step she took. She fell to the ground next to the Sky Princess, as Lincoln also arrived, sliding to his knees and ripping a piece of fabric from his kit to press to the wound just below Clarke’s ribs. Her own hands, covered in indistinguishable blood, covered his, applying pressure as he moved to wrap her leg injury, confused when dark droplets of water splashed just enough to clean little spots of skin on her hands.

“She’s alive.” Lincoln stated quickly in their language. It wasn’t until later that she realized she was crying. She was surprised though, those of her people that surrounded her did not seem to lose respect. Rather she saw them begin to fight harder as she raised her head to look at Lincoln, and then further to direct her people.

“Kill them!” She screamed in their tongue, as Lincoln took over assessing Clarke’s injuries. “Kill them! I want them all dead!” She stood, grief at being too late to stop Clarke from being hurt turning to fury that the girl had been nearly killed.

Her own warriors moved from her path in fear as she marched towards the door, losing count of the amount of Mountain Men that fell beneath her blade. She felt them move in behind her.

“I want the one called Cage!” She snarled as she entered the mountain. The lives of Clarke’s people were not a part of the deal.

Clarke’s life was.

Her people knew she would not rest until her blade had tasted his blood.

“Why?” Clarke asked, confused on every level. She knew the Grounders had come to their rescue. She wasn’t even surprised at Lexa leading the triple cross. What she was confused over was Lexa’s refusal to let her know about it, and how exactly she should feel.

“No one knows. The Heda keeps her secrets.” Indra replied, not seeming moved by Clarke’s reaction, and the leader of the Sky People wondered if she even had an expression at this point, so practiced she had become at masking her emotions. Clarke’s confusion melded into the only emotion she could make sense of at the moment.

Anger.

“We need to leave.” She said, standing. “It’s two days to the port of the Boat People. You said the Ice Nation moves fast. We need to leave now.”

Octavia moved as if to ask her a question, as Indra and Lincoln stood and left to go check on the horses. She fixed her councilor with a look that stilled whatever was on the tip of her tongue, though, and she stopped; Octavia followed the others outside, Clarke tailing her, and not for the first time was she grateful for the Grounder habits her friend had picked up.

By the time they rode into Apeake, what appeared to be a large fishing village located on the side of an even larger bay, Clarke had made clear that she held no anger for Indra, Lincoln nor Octavia for keeping the secret from her. Octavia had only known for a matter of hours when she found out, and
herself seemed confused as to how to feel towards her other Commander. Lincoln followed his Heda’s orders, though he had told her he had counseled Lexa against keeping the secret, and as they did not affect his Chancellor’s safety or the safety of either of their people she could not blame him. She could, however, blame Lexa.

“Show me to her now!” She ordered, her Grounder still heavily laced with accent, and those that took their horses looked confused until Octavia spoke a long string of Trigedaslang, motioning to both Indra and Clarke. The men quickly moved to unsaddle their horses and a woman came up to them.

“You are Clarke, Chancellor of the Skikru?” She asked in English.

“Yes. I wish to speak with your Heda. Immediately.”

“Of course.”

As they moved from the town, Clarke saw a few familiar faces, those of the Grounders that had either come to help or had been instrumental before the initial attack on the Mountain. None of them spoke to her, their pace suffered no chance at small talk. They reached the edge of the village, where she saw a small army of Tree People from villages surrounding Ton DC camped around a larger tent, one she recognized as the commanders.

Clarke assumed the woman escorting them held some rank, as the guard’s stood aside. Clarke recognized one of them. She saw Lincoln hold Octavia and Raven back as Indra and the other woman entered the tent just before Clarke stormed it.

“Chancellor Klark kom Skaikru, Heda; en Indra kom Tondc.”

Lexa, as she turned, looked virtually the same as the last time Clarke had seen her. Absent the armor, she still wore her great coat fastened by plastic clips. Her face was painted, though now it came to four slightly smaller points under her eyes. A small, delicate scar adorned her chin, and who knew what other wounds Lexa had picked up in the last years.

She looked just as fierce as the first time Clarke had laid eyes on her. Except, now, Clarke realized she could still see the Lexa that hid behind the façade of The Commander. Everything showed in the woman’s eyes, and in them Clarke could swear she saw everything. Every emotion the woman had ever felt seemed to swim through her eyes just now; joy, caring, fear, anger, hurt, uncertainty, determination and an infinite sadness. As their eyes met, they lingered for just a moment, and Clarke could tell she was being sized up, taken in, just as she was doing to Lexa.

None of this slowed the fire in Clarke’s blood.

“I want to speak with you. Now. Alone.” Lexa’s eyes widened a bit at that, the steel edge her voice had taken on in the last years. The Commander stared for just a moment more, eyes raking over her form. Looking for signs of difference or injury; for some reason they lingered on her knee, the one with the slight limp that had taken the bullet in the Battle of the Mountain.

“Au.” Lexa’s voice held the same steel it always had when speaking to her people, and Indra and the other woman obeyed immediately.

“Ai, yu au!” Lexa barked, Clarke realizing that she ordered the guards at the door out and away from the door as well. She could see in her eyes that she knew the scene to unfold would not be one she wanted witnessed.
Clarke stalked up to Lexa as the guards left, backing her against the table that held, now, a larger reconstruction of the area from here and to the north and west. The irony of the moment did not miss Clarke, though her anger kept her from taking amusement in it. Lexa’s hands met the table, just as they had so many years ago, and Clarke spoke in her steel-laced voice a simple two sentences.

“Why, Lexa? I want to know, why!?"
Forgiveness is an Over Rated Concept

Chapter Summary

Lexa and Clarke come face to face after three years.

Chapter Notes

This is mostly Clarke backing Lexa into a table, FEELINGS and then porn. Because I have been wanting to write the Grounder camp cheering their commander during sex since Clexa happened…There WILL be a Part 3, as Part 2 got long (seriously people its like six single spaced pages of porn) and you better believe Clarke is not done with Lexa yet. Just cuz Lexa took control of round one doesn’t mean Clarke isn’t gonna give as good as she gets.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Why Lexa? I want to know why?!”

Lexa’s mouth opened and closed, seeming to work out what part of ‘why’ Clarke was looking for. She finally met the blonde’s eyes again, and figured it out. Not ‘why did you take the deal’ not ‘why did you come back’. Lexa could see in Clarke’s eyes that the last years had answered those questions for her. Forgiveness, she did not find, but understanding she did, and somehow that was more reassuring to her, for she would not apologize for putting the lives of her people first and she knew, instinctively, that Clarke did not expect her too.

No. Clarke wanted to know why she had kept the secret for so long, and Lexa swallowed because that was a much harder question.

“I knew you would find out eventually.” Lexa said, to stall for time. To try to put back up the wall she had spent three more years rebuilding after she walked away from Clarke that bloody night. Clarke’s eyes boring into her and the closeness of their bodies, almost touching as she leaned against the table, did not allow for those walls to go back up. Neither did Clarke’s next statement, laced with anger and an underlying confusion.

“Goddamnit, Lexa, tell me why!” It was a command, and with it Lexa broke. She had not had someone demand something of her in many years. The fact that it was Clarke somehow felt right, though her guilt over rode her confidence in the moment and she broke their eye contact.

“You were hurt.” Lexa said in a small voice, one she was sure that only Clarke had heard in the past eight years. When Clarke was silent, she continued. “You were hurt, because of me, because I had to…I had to choose with my head, Clarke, and I don’t regret saving my people. I do regret that it almost lost you your life. That it caused you so much pain. That was my fault, and for it I do not deserve your forgiveness. So I refuse to ask for it.” Lexa slowly raised her head, meeting Clarke’s eyes, and what she found there was not what she was expecting. Gone was the look of fiery anger. The Sky Princess stood before her, no longer a Princess but a leader in her own right, and her eyes had softened.
“Lexa…” The sentence trailed off, though Clarke’s hand came up to cup her cheek, wiping a thumb just below the carefully applied war paint. Lexa realized that there were tears in her eyes again, and she cursed the ability of the woman in front of her to put her in touch with feelings she had long ago buried. She noticed, staring back into Clarke’s eyes, that though the anger had burned out of them, a different fire burned behind the new steel Lexa found in her gaze. It was softer, and though Clarke also had the eyes of someone who had done things she wished she could have found a way to avoid, the eyes of a leader who knew there was no way change or take back the decisions she had made, Lexa also saw the Sky Girl she had fallen in love with over the course of a few short weeks, years ago.

“We both know forgiveness is an over-rated concept.” Clarke said, softly, and it was as close to a reprieve as Lexa would ever get, more of one than she felt she deserved. Her breath hitched as Clarke brought their lips together, and though she paused for a moment out of shock, when she realized Clarke was serious she kissed back with all the emotion she had hidden from even herself for many years.

Clarke relaxed, for the first time since she had that damned star on pinned on her chest, into the kiss, allowing Lexa to pull her closer. The moment she had found out it was guilt that fueled the secret her anger had slipped out of her. The anger she had avoided thinking about for three years, and the anger that had surfaced at the revelation of the secret Lexa had kept. As Lexa pulled her closer, and the kiss became more intense, Clarke realized that this was it. Lexa was her missing piece. They complemented each other perfectly, and they fit together beautifully, and damn anyone who disagreed. It was like the past hovered over them, the weight of a coming battle hanging in the air above them and just like their first kiss so many years ago for brief moments they didn’t care.

By the time Lexa started backing them towards the bed in the corner of her massive tent; Clarke realized that this time they had melded together, no longer unsure teenagers in a tentative position. Clarke pulled away, though kept her hand gripping Lexa’s hip and tangled in the Grounder’s braids to reassure her that she wasn’t second guessing the kiss she herself had initiated.

“The Ice Nation…?” Clarke asked her breath rough, and her eyes searching Lexa’s. She saw other leaders eyes harden with hate for just a moment before coming back to her.

“Can eat my sword.” Lexa growled, continuing to back them towards the bed. Clarke let herself be guided. “You are a day early; the war council is tomorrow night.”

Clarke nodded, leaning back in to give Lexa a, compared to their previous battle, chaste kiss. Lexa returned it, until they both felt Clarke’s legs stop against the edge of the bed.

“That is, if you are…ready?” Lexa stopped, using Clarke’s own words from years ago to make it clear that she would not be offended if Clarke turned her away. It meant nothing if the Sky Commander didn’t wish this as well. Clarke nodded, laughing a light sound that had rarely been heard since the raids began.

Her eyes never left Lexa’s.

“And there is, uhm, no one else?” Lexa asked, and if it had been anyone else it may have been awkward. Among the Grounders it was not uncommon to have more than one lover, but Lexa was protective and possessive by nature, something she was sure Clarke had picked up on, and she knew that the Skaikru had other traditions that were not as easily dealt with. Their relationships tended to be almost all exclusive.

“No.” Clarke breathed, shaking her head. She had taken a very few to bed in the last years, but none of them had lasted more than a night. It was the talk of Jaha, as this would be the talk of the camp in the morning they were sure, but Clarke had never cared. “No, there’s no one else.”
“Good.” Lexa’s answer was a growl, and Clarke lost her breath at the force of the kiss the taller girl laid on her. Instantly all the fire was back. It wasn’t as if the past had not happened, but the knowledge of it made their movements that more urgent. Together, tonight, they were not leaders. They were not Heda Leska and Chancellor Clarke Griffin. They were Lexa and Clarke, two women for whom this moment was very long overdue.

The second Clarke got her bearings back, she moved to begin unbuckling Lexa’s complex coat, though for once she was glad for the clasps. They were quick to undo, and she had the taller woman naked from the waist up by the time Lexa was undoing her weapons belt and the clasp of her jeans. Lexa looked fierce, standing before her in nothing but her boots and pants, and that damned war makeup that Clarke had somehow always found so alluring. Her jacket and shirt were off quickly, and Lexa laid her back on the bed, looking confusedly at her bra for a moment before becoming impatient and pushing it up above Clarke’s breasts.

“Aahh…” Clarke had vastly underestimated what the feeling of Lexa’s mouth around her nipples would do to her, feeling even more fire rush to her core as the warrior suckled and nipped around the hardened bud. Clarke’s hand tightened in Lexa’s hair as the other at her hip raked up her back, along scars and tattoos.

“I like the sounds you make for me, Skaikwen. Do not quiet them.” Lexa growled with a genuine smile, before latching on to the neglected mound. Clarke let out another sound between a victory shout and a whimper as Lexa focused her attention again, the small pain of the nips she received mixing perfectly with the soothing feeling of Lexa’s tongue circling the bud and the heavy suction she applied. She decided she liked Lexa’s new, not at all teasing, nickname for her.

“Uahn…” Clarke let out another sound that might have started out as a word but didn’t end up one, as Lexa finally, after an unknown amount of time that felt like an eternity, let go. Lexa stood, removing her own belt as she moved around the partitioned section of the tent reserved for the bed, lighting a few candles as the sun had set and the candles in the war room did not light the sleeping area enough to appease either of them. Though it remained dim, Lexa wanted to be able to see every detail with clarity. She also stepped back out into the main room for a minute, after asking Clarke to be patient for another moment and Clarke heard her order, in Trigedasleng, her guards away from the front of the tent as well as orders that she was not to be disturbed until morning.

Clarke was impatient though, she was burning in a way she had not felt in years, not since she had last allowed herself to think about her and Lexa, and slipped a hand inside the undone fastening of her jeans, past her underclothes, and sighed as she felt the smallest amount of relief as she lightly traced her own clit. She was eager for Lexa to touch her, but the fire that had built in her had crawled up into her belly and demanded to be dealt with. She moaned lightly, even as she heard Lincoln gruff an “I told you so.” to a laughing Raven and Octavia as they appeared to be lead away to their own tents.

When Lexa returned, she was still bare from the waist up, except for having taken off her boots, and Clarke moaned again at the sight. Three years had been good to Lexa. The tattoo on her right arm now extended up to her shoulder and down into a full sleeve, marred by a few minor scars. Larger scars riddled her torso, and Clarke saw the beginnings of a tattoo peak from under her suede pants, enticing. The woman grinned when she saw Clarke’s hand speed up slightly under the cover of her jeans, and she came over with what Clarke could only describe as the grace of a large cat, a look in her eye that said nothing but ‘hungry’.

“I believe,” Lexa said, slowly, crawling up the bed and moving Clarke’s hand forcefully from her jeans, and meeting Clarke’s eyes as she set it down gently on the soft furs that covered the bed. “That this is my job.” The look in her eyes made it clear that Clarke was not to move to touch herself again
for the time being. Lexa leaned backwards, untying Clarke’s black combat boots and throwing them to the floor carelessly, before helping the woman on her back shimmy out of her jeans. Lexa took a minute, during which Clarke let out heavy breaths, to take in the full beauty of Clarke, her hands lightly caressing her abdomen, before crawling back up and kissing her again.

Hard.

Their bodies settled flush against each other again, Lexa settling between Clarke’s welcoming thighs. Clarke brought her hand up and was happy when she heard no protest from Lexa about touching the her, one hand gripping onto the tattooed and scarred back, the other snaking around to where their breasts lay flush together, teasing each other, to cup one of Lexa’s breasts. Clarke was not surprised to find that they fit perfectly in her hand. Lexa let out a sound into the kiss as Clarke rolled a nipple between her fingers and thumb.

At a light pinch Lexa’s hips bucked down, and Clarke gasped as she got a tiny amount of the friction she desired. Clarke grinned when she repeated the move, this time harder, and received an even more enthusiastic response. Clarke filed away Lexa’s apparent desire for roughness away for later that night, as both of them became lost in each other again, hands roaming. Lexa’s hips cantled into Clarke’s and she was starting to realize that Clarke was not going to be a quite lover. Something they would both enjoy.

Clarke became louder when she broke the kiss to lead a trail down the woman’s neck, stopping to torture whenever she found a spot that made Clarke squirm. There would be several small red marks on the tanned ivory skin tomorrow morning and Lexa found she quite liked the idea. Knowing she couldn’t mark Clarke where she wanted to, where the rest of her people would know that the leader of the Skaikru was claimed as hers, Lexa paused to tease Clarke’s sensitive breasts, noticing that she had removed the irritating device that had hidden them from her earlier while she was readying the room for them.

“Lexa…” Clarke’s squirming became more intense, as Lexa left a her mark on the underside of Clarke’s right breast, determined that if she couldn’t show off to the rest of her people as she wanted to, she would at least have the satisfaction of knowing that they were there. She looked up, to make sure Clarke was okay with the marking, and found bright blue eyes practically begging her for more. As she finished, she continued her path downward, Clarke letting out soft strings of sound whenever she paused at a sensitive spot to leave yet another mark. By the time she reached the Sky Girl’s inner thighs, Clarke was panting and calling her name.

“Yes, ai kwon?” Lexa said looking up at Clarke, who was propped up on her elbows, with a mischievous grin. Clarke groaned, both with uncomfortable yearning she felt in her pussy at the sight of Lexa, in full war paint, between her legs and with the fact that she was pretty sure Lexa had just uttered the words ‘my queen’ in Trigedasleng.

“Please, Lexa…” Was all she could get out. Both of them were feeling it, tonight was not the night for extended teasing and foreplay. They had both waited for this for too long.

“As you wish, Clarke.” She had finished her mark on the girls inner thigh anyway, and she breathed lightly over Clarke’s more than ready mound, hearing the whimper it caused. Using her fingers to bare Clarke to her fully, she took her first taste, licking lightly from where Clarke was weeping for her up to her clit, which she carefully took between her lips for a short moment, moaning at the taste of her.

“Aaaaahh, god Lexa!” Clarke fell back to the bed, her voice far from quiet, one hand tangling in her own hair, the other making its way back to the other woman’s braids. “Finally…” She breathed out, as Lexa finished her brief suckling and moved to lap at her wetness, groaning again at the taste and
the feel of her blonde’s hands in her own dark braids. Clarke’s hips canted up as Lexa explored with her tongue, Clarke crying out when she felt the muscle enter her tentatively before starting up a demanding rhythm.

“Oh god!” Clarke desperately wanted something more solid to grip on too but she understood, just from Lexa’s movements and the strong hand’s that came up to hold her hips in place, that the Grounder woman wanted to make her come with her mouth. Had it been anyone else Clarke would have protested, not believing that it could happen as it never had before, but the feeling of Lexa’s insanely skilled tongue inside and around her had her abs clenching, curling her upwards, a sure sign she was about to experience a strong orgasm.

“Fuck, Lexa.” Clarke gasped loudly as Lexa’s tongue pistoned in and out of her, her clit pounding from being sucked on so harshly. “Fuck. Oh god… I’m gonna come already baby… I’m gonna come.” The term of endearment slipped from her tongue without thought. Hearing it made Lexa change tactics, she’d heard Octavia call Lincoln by that name several times and though she didn’t understand it, hearing it from Clarke’s mouth in such a moment made her want to bring Clarke over the edge, now.

When Lexa began to suck on her clit again, alternating between that and flicking her tongue over it rapidly, Clarke was gone. She felt herself break under the darker woman, crying out Lexa’s name, curses, and who knew what else. Lexa didn’t stop there however, she lapped up the juices that signaled Clarke’s release and continued to tease, both bringing her partner down and working her back up almost simultaneously. By the time Clarke came back to herself she was just as aroused as before Lexa had gone down on her.

“Oh god, Lexa?” The hand that had been in the brunettes hair had moved to Clarkes own, propping herself up on an elbow and pulling her hair away from her eyes to look down at Lexa as she turned forest green eyes to look back up at sky clear blue.

“Yes Clarke?” Lexa said, with an obviously faux innocence that didn’t suit her but Clarke found endearing. Lexa had started to run the thumb of her left hand around the hood of her clit, trying to coax it out. Clarke let out a breath, trying to collect her thoughts enough to ask what she knew Lexa was waiting for.

“More, please.” It came out in a whimper, one she would have minded if Lexa wasn’t currently torturing her.

“More what, Clarke?” Still the fake innocence. “Do you wish me to use my mouth again, or my fingers?”

“Fuck, Lexa, stop playing.” Clarke said through gritted teeth, though she was smiling even as she felt her insides clench in anticipation of Lexa fucking her again. Lexa simply raised an eyebrow. “Fuck. Both.” Clarke said lying back as Lexa grinned and began to softly suck on her again. “Fingers, Lexa, please… I need something… I need you inside.”

Clarke was glad for the fact that Lexa rarely had to be told something twice, and for the moan that happened to leave Lexa’s mouth as it was still attached to her. Lexa felt a shot of arousal shoot to her own core as Clarke begged her to enter. If she wore her blonde out too soon she might just have to take care of herself, but Lexa found herself not caring very much as she finally, finally, slipped a finger inside of Clarke, testing out how much the Sky Girl could take. The warmth surrounding her felt a lot like coming home, something Lexa hadn’t felt in what seemed forever. She sighed, and Clarke shuddered and let out another curse as the breath washed over her extremely sensitized clit.

“More.” Clarke demanded, and Lexa complied, adding another finger before starting a slow thrusting
movement, the thumb of her other hand still lightly coaxing Clarke’s stubborn clit out of its hood. Clarke was again reduced to loud cries of Lexa’s name and curse words she rarely used in everyday life. Lexa moved faster, unsure how long she would be able to hold out herself with Clarke’s cries being heard, no doubt, all over camp. The thought of her people knowing what she was doing to her blonde warrior simply turned her on all the more.

“Oh, fuck Lexa, harder!” Clarke reveled in the pounding her partner’s strong arm and fingers were giving her, and the fact that at some point the brunette had added another finger. Her hips jerked violently every time Lexa entered her, seemingly magically finding a spot inside her that had Clarke shaking.

Lexa grinned when Clarke’s clit finally showed itself, Clarke’s hand back in her braids and Clarke perched on one elbow again to both watch what was happening to her and to lessen the violence of clenching abs, Lexa was practically drilling her and Clarke hadn’t felt this alive in as long as she remembered.

“Fuuuck.” Clarke shuddered as Lexa breathed intentionally over her now exposed clit. Lexa grinned as she started to hear wolf-whistles and cheers coming from outside her tent, not uncommon when a leader of her stature proved her prowess in bed. She looked up at Clarke, who seemed to be oblivious to everything but the pleasure Lexa was causing her.

“D-do it.” Clarke ordered, and there was a challenge in her voice through the strain, though it sounded like she was steeling herself for the powerful orgasm she knew was about to come. “Lexa, make m-me come a-again.”

“As you wish, ai kw en.” Lexa whispered as she lowered her lips to Clarke’s clit and with a few licks and a little bit of suction brought her over the edge for a second time that night.

Clarke wasn’t any quieter than before.

Chapter End Notes

I’m pretty sure I’m going to keep this one going. I like the idea of Clarke as a young Chancellor during the war. Also I wanna write scandalized Abby cuz I think its funny. So while there will be plenty of porn, there will also be plot. I haven’t decided to keep Bellamy dead or BS a reason for him showing back up after three years since I didn’t specify how he died. What’d you guys think? (Note: Even if he comes back there will be nothing more than Bellarke Brotp. You can multi-ship them if you want I just don’t see it so it won’t be in this story. I am mainly considering expanding Octavia’s storyline by him not being dead, and would like some input if you can tear your eyes away from the debauchery below to give me reasonable ideas of how that happens without it being a cliche).
Clarke and Lexa continue their night, and have an awkward encounter the next morning.

Okay, there are mistakes but I wanted it up. It's three am here and I won't have time to post it tomorrow due to work. I'll edit more later, there shouldn't be too many as I tend to edit as I re-read to continue writing.

Hope this satisfies the one-sidedness of the last chapter.

Clarke would have thought that that she’d be worn out, by the time she rolled over, panting, from her fourth orgasm of the night. However the second she looked over at Lexa, she was just as wound up as before. She didn’t know what had come over her in the first place, kissing Lexa, she just knew she was feeling too much, too fast, after having locked it up for too many years. The second their lips had met, their bodies flush with each other; Clarke knew she was where she was supposed to be. Where she was always supposed to be, though she knew she would not be the woman she had become if things had not come to pass as they had.

At some point she’d managed to wrestle Lexa out of her pants, and as she looked over, green eyes burned into hers. Clarke turned over onto her side on top of soft furs, Lexa meeting her half way, and pulled the slightly older woman into another kiss; this one long and drawn out, though no less fiery than the others they had shared this night.

“Clarke…” Lexa’s voice was low and frustrated. While she’d managed to find a release at some point during her single minded obsession with making Clarke lose her mind, the fire inside her had finally become too much and Clarke could feel it in her kiss, in the way Lexa tensed and moaned as Clarke’s hand snaked its way down her body. Clarke wanted to take her time, to explore and tease as Lexa had, but she could feel Lexa’s arousal, and from her actions it seemed to be bordering on painful.

“Klark…beja, Klark…” Lexa took Clarke’s hand and lead it down, stopping just before she reached the patch of curls hiding between her legs. Clarke grinned into the kiss; Lexa seemed to have lost the ability to speak in English a while ago. Clarke had learned enough Trigedasleng in the last years to know exactly what Lexa was saying. She slid her hand into the wet curls, teasing for only a second to draw out another moan from Lexa.

Clarke moaned into the kiss as she slid her hand down, forgoing cupping Lexa’s mound and moving straight for her clit, which Clarke found hard and already waiting out of its hood. She smiled into the kiss as she heard Lexa actually let out a whimper.
“Sha-Klark, Sha.” The Trigedasleng was muttered into her lips, Lexa had a death grip on her hair, holding her in the kiss which quickly became sloppy.

Clarke had planned on drawing this out longer but clearly Lexa was near gone already, she slipped her hand down to Lexa’s entrance gathering the plentiful wetness that rested there causing the woman to jerk her hips forward and Clarke to moan again; she lifted her hand back up to Lexa’s clit and began to rub quickly, picking up a pattern that drew Lexa to the edge and held her there.

“No pleni, beja, Klark.” Clarke moaned again, she was quickly finding Lexa being unable to speak to her in English to be a huge turn on, as she softly moved Lexa onto her back, Lexa’s legs falling open for her. The darker woman lifted her hips to follow Clarke’s quickly moving hand, whining at first and then moving into a pained moan that nearly matched Clarke’s own sounds from minutes ago. Clarke moved her hand, keeping her thumb moving in a quick circular motion as her fingers slid down to tease at Lexa’s entrance. The kiss had paused, though Lexa’s grip on her hair was still deadly, Clarke leaned her forehead against Lexa’s, looking down on her.

“Lok op ai.” Lexa’s eyes fluttered open, shocked, at Clarke’s request in Trigedasleng for her to look at the woman that was breaking her apart. Lexa had been on the edge for the better part of what was probably an hour and she was almost there, with Clarke doing unholy, wonderful things to her clit and teasing the opening that was just begging for her fingers, but something was keeping her from reaching her release. Her brain had stopped translating her own words to English a while ago. The second forest green eyes met the sky blues above her, whatever that was disappeared and Lexa felt her entire body snap with electricity as she called out for Clarke.

“Uhn…Klark…” When she came too she registered Clarke’s fingers working her down slowly, the blonde had slipped into her at the height of her orgasm, causing her to soar even higher and she vaguely remembered calling out some things that definitely should not be said outside the bedroom. “Ah…Spirits…” Lexa’s voice rasped as she felt Clarke’s hand working her back towards that edge, the fingers she fluttered around and the thumb that had backed off but since returned to her over sensitive clit speeding up by increments. Clarke leaned down and kissed her softly again, in contrast to the movement of her hand. Lexa chuckled in a low, aroused, voice as she heard the warriors in camp start their proud cheering again. They would notice the difference in cries coming from her tent and Lexa was proud to know her warriors approved of her pairing with Clarke. They had never had occasion to cheer her partner on during one of her trysts before.

Clarke was already considered strong in the new society that was being built around the Trikru and Skaikru. Their choice to bed each other at this time would be greeted with celebration, for Lexa had chosen this time with both her head and her heart. It would be seen as a sign of a strong alliance.

That was the last coherent thought she had before Clarke sped up her thrusts and completely cleared her mind. She didn’t try to quiet herself, though by nature she was a quieter lover than Clarke was. She called out to Clarke and let out vulgar phrases in her native language, one’s that had Clarke raising an eyebrow at.

“Do you like that?” Clarke asked, quietly only for Lexa’s ears. “Your warriors outside knowing exactly what I’m doing to you?”

“Sha!” Lexa was to far gone to hide behind her pride now. Clarke had found a spot inside of her that caused her to shake. She thought there would be no better feeling than this, until Clarke leaned down and took her lips again, whispering once more only for Lexa’s ears.

“Ain.”

Lexa was done for the third time that night, this time the words in her head not making it to anything
intelligible out loud in either of their languages though she was sure that the words ‘yes’ and ‘Clarke’ worked their way in there. This release was fast and powerful, and there was barely any coming down from it as Clarke didn’t seem inclined to stop her possession of Lexa any time soon. Lexa growled, this wave of arousal coming with renewed energy as she reared up to take control of the no longer soft kiss Clarke had been engaging her in.

Her hand slid down Clarke’s thigh, and Clarke whimpered as it slipped around to her arousal and two fingers slipped inside easily. They maneuvered into a position that allowed them to take each other and still manage to continue the battle their kiss had become. Their hands and hips moved in time with each other’s thrusts, and their cries could be heard through the battle of teeth and tongue. Lexa and Clarke both heard the boisterous shouts of glee outside, the men and women of the camp hollering and cheering both warriors on. Neither cared, it faded into the background, all of their concentration locked on lips and hands and thrusting, fluttering muscles and burning heat at each spot they connected.

“Oson. Yumi.” Lexa answered Clarke’s earlier statement of possession, again taking care to make sure that Clarke and only Clarke heard her, and the blonde shuddered. Lexa could feel Clarke’s muscles gripping her fingers with renewed force, just as her own fluttered and squeezed Clarke’s digits. They gave up on kissing once more, simply looking at each other and taking in the moment as they both reached their peaks again. Lexa could feel them both stalled there, calling out for each other as each reached deep inside the other; waiting for that last little push to fall over the edge.

“Yes.” Clarke hissed to her, though her other sounds were still un-inhibited. Lexa’s moment came when Clarke answered her. “Us. Together.” Clarke’s meaning didn’t miss her and she twisted her hand slightly, hitting the spot that made Clarke shudder as Lexa reached her peak and pulled Clarke into another sloppy kiss.

Clarke fell apart the moment she felt Lexa’s muscles squeeze her fingers, trying to force her out despite her determination to remain inside the woman as long as possible.

Lexa was sure that together they could be heard across the entire camp, and as they collapsed next to each other and groaned their exhaustion, she laughed a tired, but genuine laugh. Something that hadn’t been heard in ages, it was foreign to her own ears and music to Clarke’s, despite the fact that the cheering continued.

“Hedas, hedas, hedas!” The chanting and hollering had turned into an ongoing chant.

They laid there for minutes, catching their breath and simply enjoying the pleasant tingle that existed wherever they happened to be touching. It was a while, almost when the chanting had died off, that Clarke realized what they were saying.

“Are they…?” Clarke asked confused and tired, sifting a hand through her hair. Before her encounter with Lexa she had been riding all day and was forcing her eyes to stay open. Lexa saw the state of her Sky Queen and sighed blissfully. She would love to just curl up with Clarke, but her warpaint got everywhere and the night was to be cold and she knew she had more energy than the blonde at the moment.

“Sha, Skaikwen.” She said, lightly, Clarke making a protesting noise as she moved away. Feeling the blonde’s apprehension, she laid light kiss on her forehead. “Hedas!” She would explain the significance to Clarke another time, right now there was sleep and in the morning a war to attend to, but she liked the sound of it and she could tell, though Clarke was confused, she did as well.

“It seems that my people believe I have met my equal… in bed at least. I will return quickly, ai kwen.” She smirked, and Clarke laughed tiredly. Explaining that the camp would not have used a
plural had they not seen Clarke an equal in other aspects as well was not for now, as she urged Clarke under the heavy winter pelts and went to wash her face.

Now, she thought, as she slipped back into bed, under the pelts, and Clarke instantly molded herself into her side instinctively; now was time to be with her love. Later would be time for explanations, alliances, rebuilding of trust lost, regardless of understanding. It was not time for Heda Leksa and Chancellor Clarke.

Now was time for Lexa of the Tree People and Clarke Griffin.

She was surprised, as she started to drift off, oddly comfortable with Clarke wrapped around her, when the younger woman echoed her thoughts.

“Leksa, yumi yuj.” Clarke said in a sleepy, but clear, voice. Lexa looked down to meet surprisingly unfazed eyes. She was surprised Clarke was speaking Trigedasleng, though she understood Clarke’s meaning and her choice to use Lexa’s language in that moment.

“She, Klark. Yes. Together we are strong.”

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“Yu kamp.”

Clarke groaned as she heard a deep voice from the other side of the partition separating the sleeping area from the rest of Lexa’s war tent. She processed a heavy arm over her waist and a light fluttering of breath against her hair. Feeling sore, she turned over, Lexa moving with her as the grounder Commander rolled onto her back and Clarke curled into her side, head nestling into the darker woman’s shoulder and her arms slipped around a muscled waist settling on an uncovered breast. She felt Lexa pull her close, the arm that was over her waist coming around to hold her near as the one that was under her head came up to sift through blonde locks. Clarke sighed at the feeling, then groaned again as she heard another, softer yet no less harsh, voice speak.

“No, you go in!” The voice whispered and she recognized it as Octavia’s. Years of waking up next to her friend while Lincoln was out of the town tuned her into the voice immediately. She simply nestled herself into Lexa’s shoulder more.

“Oh for fucks sake, it’s just Clarke.” Raven grumbled. “Move; I’ll wake them up.”

“Shof op!” Clarke heard Lexa’s voice, ragged from the night before, though the woman made no move to let go of her. “Unless there is an emergency.” Lexa said in English, likely for the benefit of Raven, “exit my tent and allow us our rest.” She found this comforting. Obviously Lexa was awake and not wanting their morning to be interrupted.

“H-Heda...” Octavia started, hesitant but strong. “Indra says the village’s Elders request you in the meeting hall this morning. Uh, uhm both of you.” Clarke chuckled into Lexa’s neck. Her friend sounded unusually flustered. Clarke felt more than heard Lexa’s annoyed sigh.

“Very well, we will meet with them in one hour.” Clarke leaned up, meeting Lexa’s eyes, forest green which softened from annoyance as soon as they met sky blue. She raised a hand to her face, lowering Clarke so they could share a soft kiss before directing her back into the crook of her neck and wrapping an iron like grip around her waist again. Lexa lowered her voice, whispering so only Clarke could hear. “Is there anything you require that your people or mine may bring you, ai kwen?”

Lexa placed a soft kiss on the side of Clarke’s head. Clarke sighed and nodded, raising her voice to speak to her people who waited outside the divide of the tent.
“Octavia,” Clarke stated, loud enough to be heard without moving. “Can you bring me the saddle bags with my change of clothes in it?” She swore she heard Raven and Octavia high five, and thought she could hear her friends stifling giggles. For all that they practically ran the town of Jaha, Clarke was pleasantly reminded for a moment that they were all just girls in their early twenties. She could practically see Lincoln’s uneasy stance next to them, and giggled as well.

“Of course, Clarke.” Octavia said, and Clarke was again thankful that the formality of ‘Chancellor’ would not be used by her friends again until they met with the town’s elders.

“Is there anything else either of you require?” This was Lincoln, not sounding as unsure as Clarke was sure he felt, in the tent of both of his leaders who were clearly lying together. Clarke shook her head into Lexa’s shoulder before the commander could repeat the question to her.

“No, chofo. Daun ste pleni. Beja gon we.”

“Shaa, Heda.” Was echoed by Lincoln and Octavia, who promised to be back quickly with Clarke’s things; Clarke half groaned, half laughed, when she realized that a good portion of her clothing from yesterday was scattered around the floor in the war room. It’s not like it was the first time Octavia or Raven had walked in on her in a compromising position. She had a tendency to forget to lock her doors, and her friends had a tendency to burst in on her, as her trysts were so infrequent they didn’t usually cross the mind.

“Clarke…” Lexa started, hesitant, after their people left them. “About last night, and what will be expected of us today…”

“Lexa, I’m a big girl. When we step outside this tent, we’re Heda Leksa and Chancellor Griffin again. I can keep myself professional; we do have a huge problem to deal with after all.” She started to feel the weight of her position crushing down on her again, and she pushed it away. “But can we just… wait… until we have to at least get out of bed for that?”

“Of course, Ai kwen.” Lexa replied, laughing a little and running her fingers through Clarke’s hair. “I have to say, I quite enjoy who we are inside this tent. Perhaps later we can discuss what has happened between us and…other places we can show ourselves? After the day’s business is done?” Lexa sounded hesitant, as if Clarke might reject the offer. Clarke knew she and Lexa had a lot to work through, one night of, admittedly very good, sex wasn’t going to erase that. It sure as hell helped though.

“I’d like that.” Clarke smiled, and then had a sinking feeling. “Wait, what about… Lexa we weren’t quiet last night. The whole camp knows about us.” Clarke frowned and sat up slightly when Lexa struggled to hold in a laugh. “What’s funny?”

“Clarke, last night, for my people, was nothing more than proof that their Heda is still powerful, and that peace really can be achieved between the Trikru and Skaikru. You did hear the cheers, yes?” Lexa had an insufferable smirk in her face, and Clarke turned red, burying her face in her lover’s shoulder once again.

“Yes, I heard.” Clarke said, without lifting her face to meet Lexa’s eyes again.

“Ai Kwen…” Lexa moved the arm holding Clarke close to her to lift her chin up to meet those forest green eyes again. “My people value strength in all areas, the ability to please one’s lover being one of them, but they would never design to comment on the private life of their Heda, or another leader of my stature.” Clarke’s eyebrows rose.

“And you command the Skaikru. Much has changed in both our lands; I have been told that your people elected to put a... hold on your elections as the Trikru refuse to accept any other leader than yourself. In their eyes, after the Battle of the Mountain and the improvements and decisions you have made since then, you are a leader in your own right, and answer to no one but the needs of your people. The Trikru have dubbed you Skaikwen.” Lexa said this with a fond smile, though her eyes were serious. Clarke was shocked, and at a loss for words. At least she knew where Lexa’s new nickname for her had come from. “You may receive some smiles and nods from those that heard us last night, but no remarks will be made by the Trikru. It is no shameful thing, to give or receive pleasure. The boat people are too far away to have heard us, even with as much of a show we put on for the camp.”

“I can’t even with you...” Clarke said, burrowing her face in Lexa’s shoulder. Her face rarely changed but she could see the mirth in the other woman’s eyes. Lexa laughed, a sound Clarke was finding she enjoyed very much. She leaned up again, leaving a lingering kiss on Lexa’s lips that was only interrupted by Octavia announcing that she was leaving Clarke’s bags on the war table and she would be waiting outside with the others.

“You know...” Clarke said, a glint in her eye. “We do still have quite a bit before we have to get ready to meet in the town. You told them to give you an hour.”

“I did.” Lexa replied.

“We should use that time...” Clarke continued, starting to pepper kisses down Lexa’s neck.

“We should...” Lexa sighed, “You’ll have to be quiet this time... it is morning and we are supposed to be getting ready for a meeting...”

“So... the Trikru don’t believe in morning sex?” Clarke said with a smile, in between kisses that lead to Lexa’s lips.

“Oh, we do.” Lexa answered when they broke apart, and used her superior strength to roll Clarke over. “We just have to be discrete before our meeting with the generals today. You know how some of them can be, ai kwen; we do not need them accusing me of a muddled mind this morning, as much as you do manage to dazzle me sometimes.” Lexa smirked. “Trust me, that if I am allowed the privilege, when we have less pressing matters I will have the camp cheering us again by daylight.”

Chapter End Notes

Poor Lincoln. Prepare for some teasing of Clarke from Raven and Octavia next chapter!

Also Ya'll better appreciate how hard it is to write a scene like this with an only partially developed language. I've got the Trigedasleng dictionary open in a window the whole time. I swear I'm gonna start speaking in the bloody language soon... =P Hope you enjoyed it, and either way drop me a line in the comments I love hearing feedback!

Edit: This is not the best smut I have written; it was the last scene in this chapter I had to finish before posting and I trailed off near the end cuz it was late (really late, 3am late...). I promise I'll make up for it in chapter 4. ;) By then I'm sure that I will have an idea how many chapters this will be as well.
Lexa had to hold in the gasp, mostly of surprise, when Clarke flipped them back into their previous positions. Clearly the sky girl had been learning some new tricks from her friend, she grinned into the kiss Clarke planted on her. It quickly turned rough, and she bit her lip when the blonde moved kisses across her jawline and to her ear.

“If you think I’m letting you out of this tent before I get to taste you, you must have forgotten everything you learned about me.” Clarke trailed kisses down her neck and chest, stopping briefly to nip at a breast. Lexa barely held in a groan, and it escaped in a hiss that had Clarke’s eyes glinting up at her. “Looks like you’re the one that has to be discrete, Heda.”

“Ahh…” Lexa would swear she had a clever retort to Clarke’s statement, but it slipped her mind as Clarke reached her destination and she allowed her legs to fall open for the sky girl. Lexa gripped Clarke’s blonde curls, and the forgotten firs that Clarke had thrown off them during her journey downwards. They both had to withhold a moan when Clarke took her first taste.

Lexa tried to breathe through the pleasure Clarke was giving her, her tongue swirling around her clit, quickly bringing it out from under its hood to add the extra stimulation from Clarke’s tongue. Though she was sure she was still, by far, the quieter lover, it was still not easy to hold in her cries as Clarke circled around her entrance and slipped her tongue inside. Lexa’s hips lifted up and Clarke threw a strong arm across them to keep her in place, wrapping a hand around the other thigh to reach her clit as she sped up the thrusts of her tongue.

The feeling had her grip tightening and her body shaking. Lexa bit her lip again, letting out deep breaths to avoid crying out too loudly, though each had the hint of a small moan on the end of it. She was so close when Clarke trailed back up to her clit to suck on her Lexa actually let out a small whimper.

“Klark…” Lexa paused, her brain racing to keep up with the feelings that were raging within her, to find the English word for what she wanted. “Inside…” Lexa’s voice was soft and low, filled with lust and Clarke moaned around the brunette’s clit even as she complied too Lexa’s request.

Clarke moaned again, as she felt Lexa’s walls clenching around the two digits she slipped inside as she continued to use her tongue to play with Lexa’s clit. She realized how close the other woman
must be, and rather than teasing, which she hoped she would have the time to do later because seeing and feeling Lexa like this was almost painfully arousing, she pumped her fingers a few times for good measure before seeking out the spot inside Lexa that ended up making her shake and let out quiet growled curses in Trigedasleng.

Lexa didn’t even bother to try to hold off the orgasm that rolled over her, this one softer and somehow more powerful than the ones she had had all night. Clarke rode it out with her, lips around her clit and fingers pumping lightly, every once and a while hitting that spot that had set her off in the first place, causing heavy aftershocks to rock her body. When she finally calmed down, Clarke was leaning over her, and pulled her into a kiss, sharing her own taste with her. Lexa didn’t know how the sky people viewed things, but it was a very intimate act among her people, and it gave her enough energy back to roll Clarke once again onto her back.

Clarke had meant to speak when the kiss broke, but before it was over she was on her back and Lexa had two fingers searching inside her. Clarke allowed her legs to fall open for the woman above her, who was pumping furiously as they kissed. Clarke’s hips met each thrust and her sounds let out into the kiss, until Lexa broke it as she found the matching spot inside of Clarke that caused sound to stop in her throat for a second.

Lexa smiled down at Clarke as she paused for just a moment to adjust her hand, rubbing at Clarke’s clit with her thumb as she danced her long fingers over the spot inside Clarke that was going to send her over the edge.

“Oh… fuck…” Clarke forced a whisper and felt her hips rise from the bed as Lexa continued and realized almost too late she wouldn’t be able to be quiet through this orgasm. She twisted her hands in Lexa’s hair, pulling her lover down enough that she could sink her teeth into Lexa’s shoulder. She heard Lexa moan as well, noting the sound away for later, as she let out a muffled cry into the place she had bitten down on. Clarke’s body shook, Lexa working her through her orgasm as she had her partner just minutes ago.

Clarke let out a small whimper as she let go of Lexa’s neck and the woman above her slowly removed her fingers, looking up at Lexa sheepishly and about to apologize for the angry looking red mark she had left when Lexa slipped the fingers that had just been inside Clarke into her mouth, cleaning them up and moaning softly at the taste, which in itself had Clarke speechless, before leaning down after she finished and starting a slow, deep kiss once again. Both of them moaned softly at the taste that together was uniquely them.

Lexa pulled back and smiled; an honest, real smile; down at Clarke who looked into Lexa’s eyes, surprised she had ever been so angry at the woman. All Lexa had ever done was what was best for her people, and Clarke understood in that moment that she was one of those people. Maybe all of the Skaikru were not, but she was; and Lexa understood her, her drive to protect and keep safe at all costs, even when the cost was her love or her soul.

There weren’t any words needed between them in the moment, Lexa laid another quick peck on Clarke’s mouth and settled her head on the blonde’s chest, taking comfort in her heartbeat and allowing Clarke to do something she hadn’t let anyone do since Costia, simply hold her for a moment. Clarke’s heartbeat solidified the moment, making it real for Lexa.

Clarke was here.

She could see her, touch her, and hear her heartbeat. No more reports that Clarke had lived, that she recovered, that many said she had turned cold, precise and commanding in the last years. That Lexa’s name had been unofficially banned from Jaha, no more meetings with Lincoln as an emissary, his mere presence reminding Lexa of what she had lost; there would be no more fearing
that Clarke would open the mountain again on her own.

For she was sure Clarke was all of the things she had heard, and that all the things she worried for were well founded; but underneath the mask she was the same as Lexa. A young woman that would do anything to keep safe what she had been charged with.

“Heda, Chancellor.” Lexa heard Clarke’s groan through her chest. She was not surprised that they were only allowed a few moments of peace, this would be a busy day; neither of them would really relax until the threat of the Ice Nation had been handled.

“Ugh, why the title now?” Lexa heard Clarke whisper quietly to no one in particular.

“Sha?” Lexa answered for them both. It sounded like it was the boat people’s headwoman.

“Your guards refuse, upon your order they say, to come to remind you there is twenty minutes before the meeting with the Elders.” The woman said in heavily accented English. She had been a warrior once, one of the last Heda’s Generals, but had dealt with the running of her town for the last decade. “The Chancellor’s Counselor, the woman that looks as if she is Trikru but for her status symbol, and the woman that keeps fiddling with some electronic device refuse to enter because, as they stated, they did not want anything heavy thrown at their heads? All the Skaikru Gona seem to dislike speaking at all…” This was said in a confused manor, and Lexa felt Clarke stifle a laugh.

“Octavia and Raven…” Clarke said, shaking her head as Lexa rose from her position, and Clarke moved to sit up in bed.

“My guards do well to listen to their Heda’s orders.” Lexa replied in Trigedasleng, a small grin on her face that Clarke was sure would not be there if the partition curtain was not there.

“Can you send in Octavia and Indra in five minutes please?” Clarke asked, though her tone conveyed it was not a question.

“Only if you promise to be dressed and not to throw anything!” This came from outside the tent and Clarke collapsed in silent giggles. Always Octavia. She got herself under control before responding.

“Tell Octavia that we’ll be clothed and she won’t be injured.” Clarke said, command in her voice. Lexa heard a muffled reply from outside and the amusing picture of Lincoln casually covering Octavia’s mouth with his hand came to her head for some reason; probably because that was what was actually happening outside the tent.

“Do you require anything else, Heda?” The Headwoman sounded confused; to be truthful Lexa was a little bit as well but she enjoyed the exchange and from what her information gatherer had brought back, it was well known that only certain people were allowed to speak to Clarke in such a manner in Jaha, though the rule was unspoken.

“No. Bants.” Lexa heard the woman leave; Lexa stood and found a cloth to clean themselves with. She quickly found pair of pants, as Clarke exited the partition to grab her extra clothing. Lexa stopped dressing long enough to look at her as she returned a pair of unbuttoned, frayed jeans over her hips and her heavy jacket in one hand.

“Like what you see?” Clarke asked with an amused smile as she realized that Lexa was staring, as she pulled on her boots and found her bra, pulling the shirt she had carried from her bag over her head.

“Very much so.” Lexa replied, not one to be embarrassed. They had mapped each other’s bodies most of the night. There was no reason to be ashamed now. “I… uhm…” Still, she stumbled over the
words, unused to having to say them, as she bound her own chest and pulled on a shirt and her usual long jacket, quickly doing the clips. She cleared her throat. “A tent has been made ready for you, in anticipation of your arrival, of course. However, I would be honored if you would stay here for the remainder of your stay.” Lexa tensed as Clarke looked pensive.

Clarke fingered the gold star pinned to her jacket’s lapel. She knew in a moment they would have to take off the identity of young lovers who had found each other again and put back on the guise of Chancellor Clarke and Heda Leksa. Still they had a minute, and she felt Lexa let out a breath as she walked over and placed a small, soft kiss on her lips.

“Of course I would love to stay.” Lexa smiled again, and Clarke felt her heart skip a beat at the rare sight, one she was sure she wouldn’t see the rest of the day. “Let’s finish getting ready. I asked Octavia and Indra in to fix our hair, I’ve found that even though I don’t wear paint, your people respond better to me when I wear my hair in a warriors braids.”

“Clarke.” Lexa said softly, raising her hand to cup Clarke’s cheek. She knew, somehow, the day would come soon when Clarke would don not just the braids of a warrior but the paint upon her cheeks, and that saddened Lexa, though she knew that Clarke had first seen battle long ago. “That is because the Skaikwen is a gona.” The mixing of their languages should have been awkward, but it felt right in Lexa’s mouth.

“I like it better here, where I don’t have to be the Chancellor.” Clarke said sadly, leaning into Lexa’s hand. “But our people need us. We always seem to have a war to win, don’t we?” Clarke stated, contemplatively. Lexa knew it was a question of rhetoric, rather than one that should be answered.

“As do I, Ai Kwen.” Lexa answered her, once more just looking the woman in the eyes, forest green to sky blue. “So let us just finish this day, so we can return to you being my queen, not the blasted Chancellor.”

“I hate that name.” Clarke sighed. “I remembered you saying once we don’t get to decide our roles in life. I suppose titles go along with that.”


“Okay! Clarke this is your warning, I’m coming in, you better be decent and I want no furniture or pottery of any kind thrown in my direction!” Clarke pulled back, dissolving in a fit of laughter against Lexa’s chest.

“You will have to tell me that story sometime.” Lexa replied, as they gathered themselves and put what Clarke called their ‘game faces’ on. It being Indra and Octavia they could afford to move a little more slowly with that than with others, thankfully.

“I doubt you’d like it very much, Heda.” Octavia chimed in from where she stood by the war table, leaning against it as they emerged into the main room of the tent. “And Jaha needs all its soldiers and medics in one piece for this war, so if you tell her Clarke, leave names out of it, yeah?”

Lexa raised an eyebrow as Indra entered. She was quite sure she would not find knowing any of Clarke’s conquests, for she had no doubt from the way the woman acted with her that they were not anything more, very conducive to conducting business. Particularly if they seemed to still carry a torch for the young Chancellor, who she knew from experience would be oblivious to such attentions. Injuring upstanding members of Jaha would not go far in convincing them of her offers of peace.

Clarke just laughed, sitting on a stool as Octavia moved instinctively behind her to begin a simple set
of braids for the blonde.

“You’re the one that likes to tell those stories, O, not me… and it’s not me Lexa’s likely to injure so I’d be careful what you tell her about us sharing a room occasionally in the Ark.”

Lexa tensed for a minute, she had heard the rumors that though Clarke took lovers the only steady person to share quarters with her was Octavia. She sat stiffly on a stool as Indra moved to braid her hair slightly more intricately than Clarke’s design; however, when she saw the *Skaikru Gona* roll her eyes and shove Clarke slightly in annoyance she remembered Lincoln mentioning during a visit to Polis that his teina had trouble sleeping when he was away.

Lexa relaxed momentarily.

Clarke saw the look and grinned at her and Lexa had the feeling this was to be a very long day.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for the comments, keep them coming. They keep me writing, knowing you guys like the story!
Chapter Summary

The meeting with the Elders shows Lexa a bit of the Clarke that presides over Jaha.

Chapter Notes

Sadly, no porn in this one; just lots of plot and a little fluff. I figured out how I'm gonna play some things while writing this so I'm sorry if it's a little choppy.

The building described in Apeak is a longhouse, the type that Vikings used to live in though obviously modified for post-apocalypse. I didn't describe the other buildings as Clarke was not paying attention to the buildings; though I will. Many are underground like in TonDC, as there did used to be a city there, the longhouses are the above ground structures. The city will be described in more detail later.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The Clarke that emerged from Lexa’s tent was a different Clarke than the angry, fiery woman that had entered it, and a different entity entirely from the caring, loving, sexy woman Lexa had found in her bed last night. To be fair, Clarke was still Clarke, she was just, somehow, harder. Colder. More calculating and aware of her every move than Lexa remembered and she wondered if that’s how she had appeared to Clarke all those years ago.

Clarke and Lexa made an imposing team, stepping out of her tent that morning. Clarke in her leather boots and jacket, gun strapped brazenly to her hip, machete-like sword on the other. Her hair was braided in a simple form of a warriors braids, not along her scalp as Octavia and some of the others wore them but twisted back to hold her hair out of her face in a simple design. Her blonde hair and blue eyes shone in the sun like the sky she fell from, and she surveyed the camp in full daylight.

Clarke was pleased to see most of the grounder warriors met her gaze and bowed their heads away only in a sign of respect, not fear. Many of them smiled.

Some of them, whom she recognized from years ago, gave her a thumbs up or other sign of approval. She had enough control over herself to avoid the blush but she did share a brief look with Lexa, who raised an eyebrow.

‘I told you so.’ the look said.

Lexa, for her part, was every bit the imposing Heda in her long coat, armor and red cloak, face as impassive as ever under her warpaint; to everyone but Clarke, who could read her minute expressions. Her eyes shone a bright green today, matching the trees she called home; in them there was pride and determination, and though the others wouldn’t notice it Clarke saw apprehension and worry about the looming threat. That was for tonight though. Today they had to deal with the Elders, to which Clarke honestly had no clue as to why she was requested as well, as Lexa had mentioned usually meetings with the Elders were about local issues.
“Shall we go?” Lexa said, in English this time. They had decided to keep Clarke’s nearly fluent proficiency in Trigedasleng to themselves, for now.

Clarke nodded once.

Lincoln stepped up to flank Clarke on the side not covered by Octavia. Indra and a grounder with a handgun, meaning he was from Octavia’s TonDC force, one of the few who was no longer afraid of the Mountain’s retribution, stepped up a half a pace in front of the Commander, falling in line with Octavia and Lincoln’s positions with Clarke and Lexa between them. Lexa had explained while they were getting ready that she didn’t carry firearms as many of her troupes were extremely superstitious and they rarely had a threat that involved them needing one. Clarke’s other two guards fell in behind them, Raven between them and Octavia and Lincoln, as they all strode confidently down into the village.

Clarke’s slight limp didn’t slow her, she had adapted over the years, the old wound rarely hurting anymore, her knee simply a little stiff in the cold. Those that watched thought it added an air of power to the *Skaikwen*; her movements were precise and directed, though Indra and Lexa lead them to their destination.

Clarke perked up when she saw the others that had come from TonDC with her party scattered in the crowd, clearly guarding them but from afar. She would have to ask Lexa later to be sure, but she knew this tactic from Marcus. It meant only one thing.

There were unhappy people about, and one of them might be unhappy enough to attempt an assassination.

Clarke rested her hand on her pistol, turning discretely to Octavia, briefly. Her Councilor and friend had a hand casually on her dagger hilt and nodded at her. Lincoln appeared unaffected, his main weapon on his back as Octavia’s was, but Clarke knew there was a knife concealed near where his hand hung by his hip. Raven, she knew, carried a pistol in the band of her cargo pants, concealed by her jacket; Clarke also noticed her utility tool in her left hand, her thumb on the button that released the saw blade. Clarke again marveled at what they had become over the last years.

The party reached a great hall, one that looked a lot like the Longhouses she had read about on the Ark, from days thousands of years past.

“The Boat People are distant cousins of the Ice Nation.” Lexa answered Clarke’s unasked question. Clarke raised her eyebrows in surprise. “Their *Capton* remains one of my Generals, and has proven his loyalty; however some of the people believe the Ice Nation to be correct in challenging my Command at my denial of their request for your weapons.”

“Holy shit.” Clarke muttered, no longer surprised at the tree people hiding in the crowd.

“The Ice Nation’s king is large and stupid.” Lexa stated confidently, stepping along with their entourage into the Longhouse. “Few know, though it is not a secret, that he had removed himself from the alliance before the request was denied. My sources state they had planned an attack on Polis after their request was granted. Unfortunately, though being cursed with lack of actual intelligence, he is gifted with a charisma that almost entrances his people, and his army has many competent generals to lead it.”

“So they were going to attack anyway?” Clarke asked. “You denying them our guns and explosives wasn’t what started the conflict?” They had stopped, Lexa sitting in a large throne like chair with Indra and the TonDC security man behind her. She motioned for Clarke to take the ornately carved chair on her right hand.
“It was not, it served simply to bring the conflict into the open. Your Councilors may sit, Chancellor.” Clarke’s gut twisted at hearing the name out of Lexa’s lips, and she was gifted with a look that she recognized as an apology. Her stomach unclenched. Lexa knew, it was simply a formality. “The Elders serve as a counsel for the Capton and he has called this meeting, so your representatives should be acknowledged.”

Clarke, knowing that at least Octavia and Lincoln would not move without permission, motioned with a hand for them to take a seat; Octavia, as Clarke’s Vice-Chancellor and second in command took the seat next to her, Raven tried to move around the table, but Lincoln grabbed her and pushed her into the chair next to him. Clarke nodded, Raven still wore the brace and though she was proficient at defending herself she was slowed and Clarke wanted her under Lincoln’s reach. She disliked the implication of assassins, and would feel safer when they were back in the Trikru camp. After living on the Ark she had an idea of what could hide in a city, only they had means of escape on the ground.

Clarke and her people fell into what passed as small talk with Lexa as they waited. Clarke thumbed the pin on her jacket’s lapel more than once, feeling the weight of politics upon her shoulders. Looking over at her three friends she was glad both that she had chosen them to accompany her and that they had designed the grey/silver stars to designate them as people of import to her. Lincoln and Octavia both wore a grey version as it was less detectible in the woods but still noticeable in important situations; Raven’s jacket lapel held a small pin, the same size as Clarke’s, though it was silver.

Soon enough the door at the other end of the long hall opened and in filed six older men and women, many with battle scars and tattoos. Indra moved in between the open chair on Lexa’s left and her Heda, as the Elders took their places. Clarke guessed the youngest of them was likely her mother’s age, the oldest maybe in their seventies. When they were seated another door opened, on the opposite side from where they entered.

Clarke’s long history of having to school her expression kept her from gaping. The Boat Capton was young, maybe ten years older than herself if that, and extremely attractive. A broad shouldered, large man, perhaps an inch taller than Lincoln, his skin was weathered by the ocean air but still fair in tone. His hair was blonde, and close cut short beard red. He wore what Clarke recognized as a relic of the Old World, a worn United States Naval Officers jacket and cap, which he took off and placed on the corner of his own throne-like, though less ornate, chair. He did not wear the rest of the uniform, sporting old jeans as Lincoln did, and a sword baldric over his left shoulder. His belt, no longer white, held several knives and tools she didn’t recognize the use of. He sighed as he sat, lacing his fingers in front of him and looking at Lexa.

“Heda.” He acknowledged with a nod of his head. “Shish op Gonasleng?”

“Sha, Toumaus. Speak English. The Chancellor has a working knowledge of our language, however one of her Counselors does not speak fluently. Not to mention the boat people’s slang may confuse matters to those not acquainted with it.”

“Two of my council of elders will have to be translated for but that can easily be arranged.” His voice was smooth, though tripped over some of the words as if he had not used English in a long time. Clarke had gotten a run down on the boat people before they left, even the Capton, their leader, spent most of his time at sea or on a boat in the bay where English was rarely spoken, though like all grounder warriors he learned it at a young age.

“Toumas, what exactly have you called this meeting for. You will be at the war council this evening.” Lexa looked displeased, and though most in the room assumed she resented her time
possibly being wasted, Clarke knew it was because their time together this morning was interrupted.

“I have had news, last night though too late to disturb you for anything but emergency. There are Reapers to the south.”

“What?” Octavia was the first to speak. Lincoln’s head snapped up.

“That is impossible. We destroyed every ounce of that drug when we raided the Mountain.” Clarke was slower to put her opinion in. Her voice was calm and strong, though inside she shivered. “It has been three years, all of the reapers we didn’t manage to turn should be dead or at the very least not on the drug anymore.”

“Unless the Ice Nation managed to get ahold of the drug,” Lexa mused. “They only ever agreed to alliance in the first place because I subdued their queen and gave them an ultimatum.” The set of Lexa’s jaw let Clarke know exactly what that choice had been. Join or die. “It would not surprise me if their treachery had been planned from the start. They may have taken some of the drug, and saved it for now.”

One of the old men was being translated for by a woman about Clarke’s mother’s age. He spoke up, in a version of the grounder language Clarke was sure was not Trigedasleng, but an offshoot dialect of it. She understood every few words.

“Then why to the south? The Ice Nation hails north of Polis.” The woman said by way of translation.

“If…” Raven spoke hesitantly, looking around as if unsure of etiquette and then deciding clearly that she didn’t give a flyingfuck and continuing, showcasing exactly why she was one of Clarke’s Council. “Okay, so if the Ice Nation or whatever, if they were planning this from the beginning, what’s to say they didn’t recruit others in the alliance to their side.”

“Others have dissented, Heda, though lacked courage to follow the Ice Nation openly.” Toumas stated. Clarke knew instantly why Lexa trusted the man as one of her generals; he wore his emotions on his sleeve and was obviously disgusted with those who were traitorous.

“Toumas, some of your own have dissented.” Lexa reminded him, her voice hard though not accusing.

“Yes.” He stated simply. “But as we have dealt with those that openly challenged, and I do not believe my people to be capable of the cowardice…” He paused, clearly searching for a word.

“Espionage.” Octavia supplied. “Spying?”

“Yes, spying. I do not believe them to be capable of the cowardice spying requires. It is against our code of conduct here in Apeak. While it is possible, very few would dare. Lying is considered a grievous sin, punishable by death depending on the severity of the crime. Small children know better. Even thieves, when caught, will tell the damning truth to avoid the punishment of a lie.”

“So it must be a Southern Clan then.” Lincoln said gravely.

“What clans lie south of here?” Raven asked.

“Many.” A woman, about sixty, said in perfect English. “Below the old borders there are many, but none that would work with the Ice Nation, they are despised; also they are not a part of the alliance, they mostly stay out of our way, and we theirs. The only ones that might ally with the Ice Nation that would have the means to have the…” She paused and looked at Clarke.
“The drug.” Clarke supplied.

“The Red.” Lincoln said, a dark look in his eye.

“Yes, the poison that makes the Reapers?” Clarke nodded. “The only ones would be the Swakru or the Gulkru. They are the only ones in the alliance who have lands that lie south of us.”

“The Swamp People and the Northern Gulf Clan.” Octavia supplied, for Clarke and Raven.

“Both of their leaders are in town for the war counsel tonight.” Lexa stated, slamming a fist on the table. “Which means we have less than twelve hours to figure out which one it is, if either, or both;” She sighed. “Have you sent men out to deal with the problem yet, Toumas?”

“I was waiting for your word, Heda. Legend has it that the Skaikwen can bring Reapers back from the madness, the villages south of here that are under my watch have good warriors if the Reapers decide to attack.”

“She can.” Lexa answered simply. “You were right to wait, send out a team a half an hour from when we break from this meeting. Indra, I want our own eyes on both Generals before I leave this room.”

“Sha, Heda.” Indra was out the door without another word. Octavia’s guardsman took her place immediately at Clarke’s motion. Even here, things were so much about appearance.

“Toumas, I will send Trigedakru specialists with your men. Ground and tree warriors; I had not planned to leave for two days, how far south are they?”

“Near a village, about a half a day’s walk of the southern border of Apeak.” The large man answered instantly.

“Then I want them back here, alive, by nightfall tomorrow, and another counsel will be held the morning I leave for the north. Chancellor Griffin has the knowledge to assess them. We will move them with us if needed.” Lexa spoke as Indra came back inside, and the grounder guard moved for her to take her place.

“It is done, Heda.” Indra said simply.

“Good. Is there anything else Toumas?” Lexa asked. Clarke leaned her chin on her fist, looking at the large man.


“Speak true, Toumas.” Lexa nearly barked. Not a morning person, Clarke observed. The Commander was already slightly irritable at being called to a meeting this early in the morning, though the time it had taken them to walk through the large city, their wait in the longhouse, and the meeting itself had Clarke guessing it was near noon now.

“The Reapers were said to be wearing strange clothing, even for Reapers.” Toumas stated bluntly. “Though all that was relayed to me was strange clothing, no specifics; we will know when they return, I suppose.”

“That we will.” Lexa stated, standing. The others rushed to their feet, though Lexa motioned for the elderly members to not hurry. Toumas stood quickly, as well. Clarke refused to scramble, and though Lincoln and Octavia moved quickly they did not either. Lincoln held Raven’s elbow as she adjusted
her knee brace. Clarke was surprised when Lexa offered her a hand, and she rose trying to ignore the sparks that touching Lexa ignited.

Toumas looked shocked, as did the Elders. Indra and the rest of the Tree People were unfazed. Clarke gained her feet more slowly and made sure her bad knee would hold, though the movement was practiced so that to others it would look simply as if she were in no hurry. Clarke had a feeling the looks, and lack thereof, had more to do with what the camp had heard last night and rumors not flowing effortlessly between the tree people and the boatmen.

The shock went away quickly as Lexa moved to leave, their formation starting to slip back into place as they moved for the door.

“Lincoln… when Heda and your Chancellor have no need of you, send me word?” Toumas asked, with a smile as they passed and gripped arms. “I would like to catch up, old friend, before we are engulfed in war plans once more.”

“I will send a runner to you with a good time, Toumaus.” Lincoln smiled, though it was small. They moved back to the camp quickly, where they relived their guards to their own noon meal, and were sequestered in Lexa’s tent for a lunch of fish, the type of which Clarke had not tried but enjoyed quite a bit as it was fresh and not salted or smoked, and other local foods from the bay. Some of them looked odd, and she recognized a few as either shellfish or mutations of from her Earth Skills class.

Lincoln was instructed by Lexa to get more information out of Toumas when they met, as apparently they had been good friends as boys. Clarke and Indra both were convinced there was something to the strange clothing, and Clarke found it odd to be agreeing with the disagreeable woman. Octavia let slip that though Toumas was on the up and up, some of the Elders seemed sketchy to her. Raven agreed, as she ate and tinkered with one of the radios.

As they got up to leave after the noon meal, Clarke instructed her to contact the Ark and speak only with Marcus or Jasper, and not to mention the Reapers. Only necessary information, no specifics just that they had arrived last night and would have more information tomorrow around this time. The others left, with instructions to not interrupt them until it was time to ready themselves for the meeting that night. Lexa told the guards outside in no uncertain terms that anyone entering the tent was to announce themselves or be held at spear or gunpoint.

After Indra left, Lexa took off her cloak, arms and armor, hanging it up as Clarke chucked her jacket, weapons belt and fingerless gloves over a stool, leaving her in a t-shirt and jeans.

“So.” Clarke said as Lexa collapsed, frustrated, in her throne. In an odd move, for them at least, Clarke faced the other woman and took Lexa’s right hand in her left, lacing their fingers together. Lexa looked up, and Clarke saw the relief in her eyes, that they had time to return to their private selves before the meeting tonight. She also saw worry and horror that had been held back, at the prospect that there may be more traitors out there than the Ice Nation.

“So?” Lexa replied. Clarke yelped as Lexa tugged on her hand and she ended up in the taller woman’s lap. Their fingers still laced, she felt another strong arm wrap around her back, holding her steady so she could kick her knees up to drape over Lexa’s other thigh. She didn’t think twice about tucking her head into the crook of Lexa’s neck and it was then that she felt the brunette relax under her. She let them sit there for a moment, taking comfort in each other. Lexa let her death grip on Clarke’s hand go in favor of playing lightly with Clarke’s hand, running her fingers over her palm and up to lace their fingers again, then repeating the motion.

This morning was just a test run, the war council would be brutal, Clarke knew, and she would be
challenged more than once. Not to mention the prospect of two double agents in the room with them.

“So…” Clarke repeated. “How many assassination attempts have there been?” She didn’t look up at Lexa, just continuing to play with the fingers of their entwined hands. She felt Lexa let out a breath of air, deflating. She knew she couldn’t possibly have kept it from Clarke forever.

“On myself? Three.”

Chapter End Notes

Okay so I totally made up the Swamp and Northern Gulf Clans simply because they made sense. "South of the old borders" implies Mexico and below. I don’t know if it will get described later or not, depends on where the plot takes me, but I headcanonned that they eventually took back California, Arizona and New Mexico after the nukes went off. They refused alliance but did agree to a peace treaty with Lexa’s alliance that basically amounts to don’t fuck with us, we won’t fuck with you.

The Northern Gulf Clan is basically in east Texas and their lands bleed into the rest of the south till you hit the Swamps, which is obviously where the Swamp Clan resides. That territory is Florida and a little north of that until you hit Boat People lands and west through what used to be Louisiana right until they hit the border of the Northern Gulf Clan.

The Trikru basically run the forests around Virginia and such, the Boat people, if you hadn’t picked up, reside in what used to be Chesapeake Bay. I don’t know why I decided they were warm weather Vikings, that’s just what my brain came up with when writing this to connect them to the Ice Nation (which I’m assuming is Canada buuuutttt they basically are the grounder version of landlocked Vikings cuz I like the idea).

Oh, and I have decided if I’m bringing Bellamy back or not... but I’m gonna make you wait till Octavia’s story kicks in to let you know if I am or not. She’s not very happy with Lexa as a whole and that’s going to be interesting as Clarke will have her generals with her at the war table too...

Anyway, I love feed back and this chapter kinda felt rushed so let me know what you liked and didn't? Also I am taking suggestions for how the Northern Gulf Clan should look and act, I have ideas for the Swamp People but I could literally go in any direction with the other and its less likely to be random whatever comes out of my fingers while typing if you guys give me feedback about how and why you think they should act (and how and why they MIGHT be traitors to the alliance). As usual I will credit any idea that I use that is your guys'.
Clarke and Lexa sat there, in Lexa’s throne; Clarke curled into her and Lexa’s protective arm around her, for quite some time. Neither was sure exactly how long. It was quiet, mostly, after Lexa answered Clarke’s question, Clarke just nodding her head against where it rested on Lexa’s shoulder. Eventually their hands quieted, lightly entwining and settling on Clarke’s lap.

Clarke was lost in thoughts of the past, the people she had lost, the trust that had been lost and was starting to be regained between her and Lexa. The thing’s she’d had to do to just keep her people breathing the last three years. She was barely twenty-one and she’d already ordered the execution of an entire population, fought in two wars, not to mention numerous other scuffles, and had to forcibly seize power from her own mother.

Sitting here with Lexa didn’t make it any better, she knew that things were going to get harder with a full on war coming their way, from a people who were brazen enough to try to assassinate their believed-to-be divinely chosen leader. Somehow though, it made it slightly easier to breathe. Knowing she wasn’t alone, knowing Lexa understood. Maybe they should be spending this time
catching up on each other’s lives, but she and Lexa had always been necessary talkers. Besides there would be time, one thing Clarke had learned was that there always was both too much and too little time; the important things, though sometimes needing to be given a shove, generally would happen anyway.

As for Lexa she contemplated the future. Three assassination attempts had the tendency to cause that type of thinking, she mused. Things were different now that Clarke knew the truth about that night; she had someone who could truly share the weight of decisions with. Though she had been in the capitol for most of the last several years, except when she was needed in the TonDC area, Lexa’s people had pretty seamlessly ended up melding with the Arkers. She had word of Lincoln and Octavia’s ‘special forces’, both Grounder’s and Sky People trained in tactics and weaponry from both cultures. She and Clarke would need them in this war.

Laying her cheek upon the top of Clarke’s head, she contemplated the decisions her lover had been forced to make in the last years, and how she could see the changes in her in even the small things. This morning Clarke had listened to the Elders, and gone with the decision that had been made, even though she was the one expected to cure the Reapers when they got back, not knowing whether or not it was the same drug used to control this re-emerged threat. Her face, when they were in public, was impassive. Nothing like the expressive woman she knew three years ago, though Lexa knew from their private time that Clarke still felt everything she had before just as strongly. The storm that was the Sky Girl was now a concentrated force, and she was not surprised at all by her people in the forest refusing to deal politically with anyone but Clarke and her chosen ambassadors.

“Clarke?” The blonde turned her head slightly towards the opening of the tent, recognizing Octavia’s voice and relaxing. When Lexa made a move to get up, Clarke simply clamped her fingers down on Lexa’s, holding her in place and stroking lightly with her thumb, in an attempt to reassure.

“It’s okay, it’s just O.” Clarke whispered before raising her voice. “What’s up Octavia?”

Both she and Lexa heard a guard speaking in Trigedasleng, telling her no one was allowed in. Octavia’s reply was short and fast, she went where she wanted. Lexa quirked a brow as there were three short thumps and a grunt, followed by a harsh, deep laugh.

“I shall stand guard, my love. You must talk to Heda and Clarke about finding smarter people to guard their tent.” Lincoln’s voice was familiar, and Lexa relaxed, not concerned in the least that Octavia had clearly overcome one of her guards by herself. Indra had said the girl was a prodigy at combat, and the changes in Clarke that she had seen let her know that Octavia seeing them in a private moment wouldn’t change the way they would be seen by Clarke’s second in command. The tent flap opened briefly and Octavia stepped in.

“Well aren’t you two cozy.” She had a more serious look on her face than this morning, and at lunch. More like the one she had worn on the walk to and during the council meeting, not the girl that had helped Clarke to get ready in these same quarters just hours ago.

“You seem to have given Lincoln a sense of humor.” Lexa replied, her voice dry. “Clarke didn’t tell me that she had a miracle worker on her counsel.”

“Yeah, well, I’m awesome; what can I say.” Octavia flashed a smile that was gone in a moment. Lexa knew the girl bristled like a cat around her, trusting her for Lincoln and Clarke and their peoples sake’s, but still not comfortable around the Commander. Still, Lexa was glad that bits of the girl that must have existed long ago still existed in the woman. She knew, personally, how hard that was to hold on to and how hard it was to get back once it was lost.

“O, what’s going on?” Clarke said sternly, though she had a lazy grin on her face at her friend’s
antics. Octavia got away with much more than anyone else at Jaha did, mostly because it would be more work to stop her than to work around her. Also because Clarke knew that in the important moments, Octavia would be by her side, particularly now that the slightly younger girl had a taste of what it took to hold an entire culture together. Granted sometimes Raven or Jasper tested her patience as well, but they had both mellowed a little in the last years, keeping most protests private or behind council doors.

“Why does something have to be going on?” Octavia pushed, leaning against the war table as had become her habit in the last six hours.

“You wouldn’t have busted a guard to the ground if you just wanted to chat.” Clarke said, rolling her neck to put the warrior in her sightline.

“You know me so well.” Again, the flash of a grin, this time lasting longer as it was directed at Clarke. Clarke was also grateful her friend still managed to keep her humor. It had been almost a year after the mountain before anyone but Lincoln could get her to crack a joke. Almost that long before anyone but Clarke or Octavia’s grounder partner could get her to crack a smile. “Nothing serious, Indra wanted me to come get you ready for the war council. She suggests you wear some paint and your less formal clothes from this morning, though, not a full war-kit.”

Clarke sighed, moving to stand. Their quiet time was over. She was surprised when Lexa laid a silent kiss on the side of her head before allowing her to stand and following her out of the chair; the taller woman only unlinked their hands when they both stood. Clarke saw a series of emotions flash through Octavia’s eyes, had she been anyone else she likely would have missed them; she had learned her game face from Octavia after all. Fondness and happiness for Clarke warred with distrust, anger and grief directed at Lexa.

“Okay.” Clarke said, pulling her jacket on over the ragged hoodie with the broken zipper she wore, Octavia coming over to clip her light scrap metal-and-plastic shoulder pauldron on. Raven had improved upon the one she wore years ago after it had been damaged in a skirmish with the remaining Mountain Men. “What do you suggest for paint?” She pulled her hair and the hood of the maroon hoodie out over her now-signature blue-striped leather jacket. The gold star pin lay heavily on her chest, though it weighed next to nothing.

“Just the eyes.” Lexa answered, from where she was across the room; she already had her weapons on and was buckling her own pauldron and cloak combo over her jacket. “I would like to share with you the significance of our paint before you have a design chosen, ai kwen.” Lexa let the term of endearment slip, though oddly she wasn’t worried about Octavia sharing the secret. True, it was Lexa’s private name for her lover but, even with Octavia here it felt like a private moment as she turned to Clarke. Lexa saw a conflicted expression cross the Counselor’s face just after she spoke.

“Sit.” Octavia said, after Clarke strapped her weapons belt back on. Clarke picked a stool, sitting obediently as Octavia gave Lexa an expectant look. She saw Lexa nod and wondered what passed between the two as Lexa moved to pick up a small jar, handing it to Octavia.

“Close your eyes.” Octavia said, kneeling before her. Her friend had explained the different meanings war paint could have in grounder culture to her one sleepless night a year ago; something in Lexa’s voice told her that she meant more than the general custom however and remembered it being mentioned that the Commander’s warpaint had a specific meaning; Lexa had hinted hers was personal but had never elaborated. Clarke felt Octavia quickly applying the kohl to her eyes; lightly and with precision smudging the black around her lashes, lighter towards her eyebrows, a little darker next to the corner of her eyes and slightly angled downward, highlighting her cheekbones.

When she opened her eyes, Lexa handed her a mirror, a polished piece of scrap metal with its edges
molded into a nice frame. Clarke nodded, a little surprised at how the look seemed to suit her. She wasn’t the first Sky Person short of Octavia to don the paint; most of the Special Forces on both sides wore it. She saw, though, in her braids and clothing the mixing of their two cultures, and liked it.

Lexa noticed as well, earlier while she watched Octavia apply the Kohl to Clarke’s eyes. The blonde still wore the clothing of her own people, even the piecemeal armor she wore said more of Ark culture than the Trikru, as did the gun and sword at her side; the blade forged in the style of the Trikru but clearly made of metal from the Ark wreckage.

Clarke stood, her shoulder’s setting even more firmly than they had this morning, and Lexa looked on as Clarke released the presence of the leader she was always meant to be. Lexa wondered, in that moment, if maybe the Skikru had their leader on the ground chosen for them in a similar way that she had found herself in her own position. There seemed to be an aura around Clarke, particularly now that the colors of the ground resided on her face, and Lexa’s breath was taken away in a completely different way than it had been before.

Not only had Clarke seemed to change before her eyes, in a way that was unsettling but also reassuring, but her right hand also had a set to her jaw and an aura around her. Lexa wondered what these two looked like, going into battle against the remainder of the Mountain together, and even just leading their people back at the Ark she had never set foot inside. As both of them looked at her, Lexa had a sudden realization, one she hadn’t really considered until now; for a war was never won until it was over; with Clarke and her Council by her side, she had a chance to beat back this enemy even though things looked grim.

Lexa looked away, feeling her own posture straighten impossibly as well, real confidence, not just the Commander’s arrogance, giving her a lift. She looked at the sides of the tent, seeing the darkening of the edges that signaled sunset.

“Gather your generals, ai kwen.” Lexa said, stepping closer. “Not all of mine will appreciate your presence. We have the beginning of a war to plan, and we need the best of minds on all sides present.” Lexa then raised her voice, to be heard by Lincoln and the other guards outside. “Hon op ai yuj gonas!”

“Octavia?”

“Yes, Chancellor?”

“Let’s get Lincoln and Raven.” Clarke said, with what was half way between a smile and a grimace and could be, reasonably, described as a smirk. “We have a war to win.”

Chapter End Notes

So, like I said, I originally planned for there to be 'in the throne' porn happening here, but that's not where the characters decided to take me so that's not where we'll end up. We're getting more into the plot (though don't worry, this is Lexa and Clarke now that the sexual tension has been let loose its not going back in the box that easily). This is still kind of set up, but we will finally actually see the war council next chapter.

Also, yes this chapter is named after a line in a Fall Out Boy song. It was playing the entire time I wrote, seems like the perfect Clexa song. Might be why this ended up not-porn. I usually write to music, last time for some reason Mordred's Lullaby was playing
randomly and that's how we got 'Loyalty' cuz it seemed to just fit the chapter. I wanna see if you guys have any suggestions for good Clexa songs, so I can maybe get a playlist together for this bugger!

What do you guys think of the developments happening? I kinda needed a bit of introspection for Clarke and Lexa hence the beginning of this chapter. I wanted to hint at some of the things that happened over the last few years (I do plan on doing a flashback scene at some point, but I'm open to suggestion as to how its handled).

What do you guys think?
Let Me Learn to Take It

Chapter Summary

The war council and a surprise.

Chapter Notes

Okay; so there was supposed to be porn in this chapter but if I waited to be in the mood to write it AND have the energy and time to get it down then this update would be forever away so we're just going with plot and I will make it up to ya'll in a future chapter or write an outtake or something.

I'm soo sorry for how long this took. I've got a pivotal scene to write for Chapter 8 and then that will be up too. This fic has not been abandoned, I have just been crazy busy with an unpredictable schedule.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“Why should we help the Skai People!??” One of Lexa’s generals, a large hulking man with a full beard and braids, demanded in Trigedasleng. “We did not need their help at the Mountain, the Ice Nation proves no greater threat!” Clarke felt Octavia bristle next to her. Lincoln discretely laid a hand on his lover’s lower back, calming her.

“The Mountain Men were monsters, that is true enough, Slone.” Toumas interjected before Clarke could reply. “They were not traitors though. The ice nation has gone directly against an order from Heda.” He nodded in Lexa’s direction.

“Lok op.” Clarke said in a voice that garnered attention. Strategically she had placed herself on the opposite side of the table from Lexa, an idea her lover was not a fan of; Octavia and Lincoln to her right, Raven on her left. A part of her wished for Jasper and Monty, and even Kane. Still she lifted her head when the Grounders had all put their attention on her.

“Yes,” she continued in English. “It is true the Ice Nation broke ranks. From what I have heard that is not at all a surprising; what we should be concerned about is what they can do with Skaikru weapons. They have an army large enough to trample Jaha and TonDC with just numbers alone, and that is without the raiding problems we’ve had the last two summers. With the amount of ammunition we have stored up from the last few years they could raze the entire eastern seaboard from the Swamps to the Deadlands!”

“How do we know,” spoke another general, this one a dark skinny man with several facial tattoos and short braided hair who bore a pensive look on his face. He was from a desert tribe just east of Polis bordering the Deadlands. “That the raiding parties were not part of the Ice Nations plan all along? That they were not sent?”

“We don’t.” Clarke stated harshly. “Actually, the fact that they’ve increased their raids in the last months suggests they might be.” She stated, and was not sure what was worse. Fighting an army and
bandits, or fighting an army and hired mercenaries. A war on two fronts, or a well thought out and strategic opponent. Either was asking for disaster.

“They are traitors and spies!” Toumas spit the last word with disdain, a disgusted look on his face above the tight blue collar. “That should be enough to move against them.”

Lexa watched her generals and Clarke’s argue back and forth. Octavia broke in occasionally, Lincoln offered his opinion when asked and Raven was crass and direct in her rebuttals. Clarke was calculating, only in putting her opinion if it was necessary, mostly listening and looking at the terrain map that was on the table. She looked impressive, strong in her leathers and armor, a hand holding her chin in thought.

The braids adorning her hair and paint on her face made her fit in just as much as any of the other generals in the tent, but the way she carried herself, with confidence and grace, let everyone in the room know she was not just another grounder general. She was Klark, Skaikwen kom Skaikru; her forces had taken down the mountain and united her people and Lexa’s in something that had not been seen since the bombs; a treaty; specifically involving training of forces and the trading of goods.

“The Skai People have been nothing but a nuisance…”

“Pleni!” Clarke barked at Slone and his lackey who had made the comment. “My people have given yours farming technology, defense for your capitol, weapons when asked; and all of that after an alliance that was not honored!” Clarke wanted to shoot Lexa an apologetic look but couldn’t afford it, she looked straight at Slone, the representative of the Swamp people, and then swept her gaze around the room.

“We did not ask to be caught in the middle of a war because you can not keep hold of your own alliances. However, it is our technology that the Ice Nation wants, and so we are in the middle of it. You do not want our guns in their hands; or do I need to remind you all who finished the war with the Mountain?” Clarke’s normally blue eyes had turned the grey of cold stone as she locked eyes with each of the representatives of the Twelve Clans. Octavia chose that moment to bury one of her knives in the table for emphasis and Raven had a look of un-surprised pride on her face as she observed Clarke. She had handled the generals much as she would have her own Council Chamber.

Lincoln had crossed his arms and seemed to have unintentionally puffed out his chest with pride in his Chancellor.

“Lexa.” Clarke addressed, and two or three of the generals balked at Clarke assuming a first name basis.

“Maybe it’s time to go over the strategy we spoke about?” Lexa was brought out of the near trance she was in when watching Clarke control the room. She had not needed to step in once, though she had wanted to when the large Swamp Man had moved too close to Clarke for comfort. The blonde had not moved an inch.

Lexa simply nodded; assenting that now was as good a time as any. She looked at Indra who called in several guards. A look from Clarke had Octavia barking commands in Trigedasleng that brought in their Combined Forces. Two large grounders whose aim with the automatics they carried was as good if not better than their aim with the knives they had been throwing since boyhood entered the tent.

“What is this?” Barked the Swamp Man and his lackey, who just happened to be from the Northern Gulf Clan, as one of Indra’s grounders grabbed them by their collars and dragged them to the entrance; Toumas was smirking.
“Just a precaution,” Lexa answered. Then after a moment, “And perhaps a test? We shall see.”

“Wha-” Both men and the representative of the Northern Gulf looked confused as they were dragged out.

“Treat them with respect.” Clarke stated. “We might be wrong after all.”

“I doubt we will be wrong. Skaikwen.” Lexa answered. “Clarke is right however; simply take them to a tent far from here, they will be released when our meeting is finished.

“Octavia, get the Sky Guard to walk a perimeter around the war tent; preferably anyone with family in Jaha right now, who remembers what happened when we caught the guard exchanging information with the Mountain.” Her gaze was cold, but Octavia nodded, nonplussed and moved to do as asked. “Raven, are you sure the tent is not bugged?”

“Nothing that resembles my tech;” The darker woman responded. “Or anything from the Ark or the mountain.”

“Good. Lexa?” Clarke stated, looking at her lover for the first time since the beginning of the meeting. Octavia and Indra returned and took their places.

“I put two that Lincoln and I trained ourselves on perimeter duty, no one is getting within a hundred feet of this discussion without us knowing about it.” Octavia said with a stony expression, looking fierce.

“Okay then, the rest of you, lok op.” Lexa continued. “If any of this information gets out of this tent I know who to look at, and I will take you all to the tree to find out who leaked it if I have too.” Her voice was light, as if it would not wound her as Clarke knew it would, to torture information out of the closest thing Lexa had to friends.

“Here’s what were gonna do.” Clarke came in stepping next to Lexa. “Everything has to be timed perfectly, and the story is that Lexa is accompanying me, in a day’s time, with a small force to deal with the bandits to Jaha.”

“What are we really doing?” Asked the tattooed man from the desert tribe.

“Setting bait.” Clarke said, cold eyes moving from the model in front of them to the darkskinned man.

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The first thing Clarke was aware of when she woke was the warmth of furs and Lexa wrapped around her. She snuggled deeper in the nest they had managed to make overnight, Lexa’s long body wrapping around her as she pressed her face into the shoulder she was using as a pillow.

The second thing she was aware of was much less pleasant. Light peaked in from the corners of the tent, it was just after dawn and they had gone to bed late as it was. There was a harsh and hurried whisper from near their bed.

“Heda, Chancellor; wake up, quickly it is urgent.” That voice had Clarke’s eyes shooting open; Lincoln would never come into the private quarters of either herself or Lexa unless it was an emergency.

“What is it Lincoln?” She asked, sitting up and covering herself with one of the furs, rubbing at eyes that had not had enough sleep.
“The hunting party has brought back the Reapers and you must both see this at once!”

“Where the hell is Octavia?” Usually it would be she who would wake Clarke with such news.

“Still asleep, I need to be certain before I wake her… please come quickly.” And with that he left the bedroom area of the tent. Clarke, worried as Lincoln had sounded odd, almost fearful and sad, leaned over Lexa and gently woke her. The Commander was not a morning person.

“What is it Clarke?”

“Lincoln came in; he said they found the Reapers. We need to go with him immediately.” There was no time for slow good mornings today. Both of them were out of bed and dressed in record time.

“Where are they?” Lexa asked, buckling her cloak.

“In the tent we kept the Swamp Man in last night. They are chained.” Good, thought Clarke, as she buckled her own weapons belt and rushed behind Lincoln out of the tent.

They crossed the camp in record time, Clarke concerned at what would have Lincoln up without Octavia. He apparently had been on guard duty, but to not wake her second in command for such a discovery was odd for the formal and rule abiding man. Lincoln only ever went off-script when something unexpected was happening.

Clarke grabbed for Lexa’s hand, not caring who saw. She was concerned, and it was morning. Very few were even awake to see them. Lexa looked over at her, worried, and when they reached the tent Lincoln entered, Lexa insisted upon going first, her sword drawn. Clarke drew her pistol and held it at her side, her index finger ready to cover the trigger when needed.

“What…” She entered the tent, and heard growling and chains clinking; she ran into Lexa’s back. There was a circle of guardsmen, mostly grounders, blocking her view. Lexa turned around.

“Clarke…”

“Lexa what is it?” Lexa briefly attempted to protect Clarke from the sight in front of her, before realizing it was fruitless.

The first thing Clarke noticed was that these Reapers did, indeed, wear odd clothing. They did not wear the traditional grounder gear. She recognized that one was a grounder from the cages from his lack of dress, just previously white boxer-briefs. Another in heavy body armor was Carl Emerson, one of the Mountain Men she had let flee. Clarke’s eyebrows knit together as she went over the five men in front of her, all growling, pulling at their chains and snapping at them. Her eyes floated over them, every single one was from the Mountain except—

“Oh…oh my gods…” Clarke felt like she was going to be sick and she turned into Lexa for a moment, a hand covering her mouth, the Commanders arm wrapping around her shoulders briefly. She shut her eyes tightly, willing what she had seen to be gone when she turned back around.

Chapter End Notes

Let me know what you think. I'm sorry its short like I said there was intended to be more but I wanted to give you guys an update.
By let me know what you think, I mean about the Reapers plot twist? Did you see it coming (one of you did gave me the idea actually but I'm not saying who till next chapter) and the war council. Do you want more of scenes like that, longer ones? What do you all feel the characters could contribute to that?
Yesterday's Gone

Chapter Notes

Gonajak: Grounder's name for Post Traumatic Stress Disorder.
Enrik: Trigedasleng for Henry or Henrik.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“Is it him?” Lincoln asked, hesitantly. “I thought it might be, but I had to be sure…”

“Yes.” Clarke said, trying to get a closer look at what was once a man she knew very well in front of her. His clothing, that of a mountain guard, was ripped, dirty and shredded. His arms were chained and the grounders pulled him down as she crept closer, using the gun in her hand to maneuver his face from side to side. His face covered in mud, blood and chalk; his hair was longer, his curls framing his snarling face; but she would recognize Bellamy Blake anywhere.

“Go get Octavia.” Lincoln was gone almost before she finished the sentence.

“I want them isolated.” Clarke barked out the command, Lexa nodding for the guard to listen to her. “We can’t control five at once, put those three in another tent and make sure it is secured. Bell and that one,” She pointed out Emerson, again with her gun hand. “Stay here. I need my medical kit from my saddle bags and one of my security guard’s shock wands, now!” Clarke’s voice was hoarse as she moved into work mode. She didn’t know how the drug would affect them, she needed Emerson as the control patient. He was about the same height and weight as Bellamy. As her orders were followed she began to pace, waiting for Lincoln to return with Octavia.

Lexa put out an arm to stop her, and Clarke looked at her with eyes that looked half mad with desperation. “We can’t save them all, but if it’s the same drug they might live through it.” Lexa backed off and let her continue to pace. She knew Clarke needed to work to feel better. The problem was, there was no work until the withdrawal of the drug started to kick in.

Clarke’s medical kit and the security guards shock wand arrived just before Lincoln, and Clarke was outside, waiting for them while Lexa helped keep guard inside the tent with the now two men snarling and attempting to break their chains. She heard Lincoln and Octavia approach when the former spoke with Clarke outside the tent.

“What’s going on Clarke? Why didn’t Lincoln come get me and have a runner go to you and Lexa, finding the Reapers is kind of a big deal, Griffin.” The woman’s voice was raspy from sleep, more than a little sharp from annoyance, and rather confused.

“Octavia I—” Clarke stopped and Lexa could practically see her running her hand through her hair. “Never mind you just have to see.” Lexa knew Clarke, and knew that she had been trying to come up with a way to lessen the blow for her second in command, and she hadn’t found a way. “It’s not pretty, O.”

“Okay… cryptic much?” Octavia said her voice moving towards the tent. She entered, Lexa heard the other two behind them. The woman’s footsteps falter and then stop just behind her. “What the fuck Clarke?!”
Lexa didn’t bother to turn around, her mind on the guards keeping control of the reapers. She heard Clarke whisper behind her.

“Lincoln wanted to be sure before he woke you.” Lexa heard the choked emotion in her partner’s voice. She wanted to turn around and give comfort, but aside from appearances in her warriors presence, she knew no comfort could be given until they knew if the men made it through their withdrawal.

“Bel…” Lexa heard the sob behind her, and the footsteps before she saw Octavia cross her peripherals. Before the dark haired woman could reach her brother, before she could get close enough to get herself injured or killed, Lexa had grabbed her around the middle, halting her progress.

Lexa had expected more fight, but all she got was some struggling and curse words in both English and Trigedasleng behind more sobs.

“They are still dangerous.” Lexa said as she handed the woman off to Lincoln, whom she clung too as she fell to the floor. Wishing she could do something for her lover’s friend, or even for Clarke who had a pained expression on her face as she knelt at Octavia’s side, pushing her friends hair back and murmuring soothing words while the woman struggled against Lincoln and growled curses through her tears. Lexa was not a fan of being helpless, and the fact that they all were at the moment was not helping.

“You’re going to fix him right?” The woman asked after her outburst had calmed some. “Like you fixed Lincoln? You have to fix him, Clarke…”

“O…” Clarke started, then stopped as her friends head raised. “O… we don’t know if it’s the same drug that made them this way or how long they’ve been on it. The other one? That’s Emerson, which means they were both taken when we took the mountain.”

“Clarke…” The blonde pushed dark hair back again and took Octavia’s face in her hands, kissing her on the forehead, meeting her eyes.

“I’m going to do my best, O. I promise. We have the shock wand, and Emerson can be our Alpha test to make sure they react the same as with the Red. Got it? I’m going to fix it if I can O. I won’t do anything less than my best.” Octavia nodded and slumped in Lincoln’s arms, her eyes fixated on her brother, but with a storm behind them as if she was remembering a great horror.

Lexa supposed she was.

It was mid-day before Lexa could convince Clarke to go take a nap with her in the tent. The blonde had threatened to sedate Octavia unless the woman calmed down. She sat in a corner of the tent, Lincoln’s strong arms around her. She could see Clarke didn’t want to leave her friends, but she could also see what the pressure was doing to the woman and knew the best chance of this turning out well involved Clarke being well rested.

Leaving instructions, after Clarke had ordered the Reapers to be chained to the floor between heavy stakes each with a guard on it specifically, for someone to come wake them in three or four hours or if anything changed in the state of the reapers; Clarke chiming in that she meant any change, and added to a Sky Guard to come get her if Octavia’s state worsened. She was safe with Lincoln for now but she saw the woman shaking. She’d had three panic attacks since dawn when they found the men.

When Lexa finally cornered Clarke by their bed, the blonde woman was muttering to herself about the last time they had saved Reapers, trying to remember everything. She was still pacing, as Lexa
de-armed herself. Then the taller woman walked over to Clarke and stopped her mid-pace. Quickly she unbuckled the weapons belt and pauldron, laying them aside and slowly taking the gun from Clarke and laying it atop her gear.

Then she pulled the woman into her arms.

Clarke stiffened for a minute before breaking. First her breaths came quickly, and then her arms moved up to encircle Lexa as well, holding her in a death grip. Then she began shaking and Lexa felt the wetness of tears on her shoulder where Clarkes face rested.

“How… How could he be out there like… like that for all these years without us knowing?!” Lexa was surprised at the complete lack of jealousy she felt at Clarke’s strong feelings for the Blake boy, another difference from years ago; she knew it was her concern for Clarke that kept the feeling at bay; she simply ran her hands through blonde hair and waited for Clarke to calm.

“Many good men have been turned into Reapers.” Lexa stated before pulling back, a small smile came upon her face. “Many more good men have been returned to their families from being with the Reapers because of you, ai kwen. Your Bellamy will be one of them.” It pained her to say it that way, but she knew it would bring Clarke comfort and that is all she cared for at the moment.

“God, I hope so. For Octavia’s sake; I’m not sure her mind can handle anymore loss. Not losing Bellamy. Again. I can’t let it be my fault this time too.” Clarke ran a hand through her hair, frazzled, and Lexa understood. Clarke had grieved for her friend years ago; Octavia however, showed all the signs of what her people called Gonajak. The sickness that befell those who had seen too much battle, or too much horror, often much too young; it was thought that the spirits of those they last fought or fought with haunted the living. To live with the sickness was seen not as a weakness, but in fact strength; for only the strongest warriors could fight off the dead day by day.

She had seen the signs in Clarke as well, to a lesser extent. She knew Clarke carried ghosts with her; Lexa laid a light kiss on Clarke’s forehead and pulled off the leather jacket with its deceptively light pin. Lexa unbuckled her own coat, baring toned arms and stomach beneath a worn, light green tank-top and deerskin pants. Lying down on the cot that made up their bed, boots and all in case they had to run to the infirmary tents, Lexa simply motioned for Clarke to join her on the bed; they needed no more words between them.

Popping the button on her jeans for more comfort, Clarke did just that. Crawling up the pelts that covered the bed she laid down on the softness of firs and into the strength of Lexa’s embrace. They had been up since dawn on very little sleep. It took only minutes of Lexa stroking her hair and humming a soft, familiar tune for her to fall into a fitful sleep.

Lexa slept in increments, being used to functioning on little sleep and not having five people’s lives directly in her hands she chose to wake and simply hold and soothe Clarke back to sleep when she moved and thrashed, knowing the nightmares were another sign of gonajak and knowing how to get them to leave Clarke, if only briefly. When the blonde settled, Lexa would slip back into a light sleep, as Clarke clung tighter to her; this continued in roughly twenty minute cycles for what Lexa assumed was the next three or four hours.

It was getting dark by the time a young boy ran inside, whisper-shouting; “Hedas, Hedas!”

“What is it, Enrik?” Lexa whispered to the grounder boy, avoiding waking Clarke unless it was necessary.

“It’s started, Heda. The gona from the mountain has started shaking.”
“Wait for me outside, Enrik.” The boy scampered off outside the tent and Lexa took a deep breath, preparing to wake Clarke. She knew this would be hard on the woman, but also knew time was important.

“Ai kwen.” Lexa said in a soft but firm voice, lightly shaking the blonde that was wrapped around her. “It is time.”

Chapter End Notes

Sorry it took me for fucking ever to write Octavia's reaction, even after I figured out what it would be it changed while I wrote it. Characters are annoying like that.

Points to anyone that can pin the song lyric from the title. Its less obscure than the last one but its an oldie. *Grin*

The lyric that was the title of the last chapter was from Lighthouse by Alex Johnson. She's an independent artist that is fantastic you should check out her music.
On Saint Peter's List

Chapter Summary

We get a lot of Clarke in this one, hope you're all ready.

Chapter Notes

Okay.

Gizmodo and amanda got the lyrics of the last chapter. For anyone that cares that wasn't keeping up with the comments, it was Fleetwood Mac’s "Don't Stop" (Singer: Stevie Nicks).

You two can go ahead, if you want, and give me a prompt in the comments. I can't promise when I will work it in but as long as it is canon with the AU I've set up I should be able to put it in, but when it winds its way in there I will credit the idea as a prompt! If its a smut prompt then it will probably work its way in as long as it seems plausible with the universe, if not then I may one shot it as long as its not one of my squicks (Y'all can like what you like, no judgement at all, but there are a few things I won't write I think I may put up a list on my writing Tumblr to make everyone's life easier). If one of you has a plot twist you'd like to see, send it to my Tumblr ask. I can't promise those will make it in as I have a direction I'm going but fresh idea's are always awesome (and may spark one shots, new stories, or I may throw them out there so that someone else can write them!). If you don't wanna put a smut prompt in the comments (I have no shame but some of you might be a bit more modest than me...) go ahead and use my Tumblr ask. See the bottom notes for my writing Tumblr.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Things moved quickly for Clarke once Lexa had managed to wake her. As soon as she heard that Emerson had started withdrawals she shot up from the bed; Lexa threw her the leather jacket that belayed her station as Ark Chancellor, and she threw it on as Lexa buckled her own armor. She was handed her weapons belt as Lexa grabbed her own, and Clarke was glad they had napped fully clothed, she didn’t have to take the time for either of them to lace or buckle boots.

Grabbing the shock baton, she and Lexa moved at breakneck speed out of the tent to where the boy was waiting for them. She was sleeping and she hadn’t caught his name, but she heard Lexa address him and tell him to follow them back to the prisoner’s tents. Clarke broke into a run, her boots crunching through patches of snow that were the remains of this year’s first snowfall; Lexa just behind her, catching up and keeping pace easily.

Many in the camp were getting supper ready outside their tents, and eyes rose to the two leaders who hurried through camp, not even bothering to tell others to get out of the way, Clarke simply slipped through or jumped over anything that was in her twisting path towards the edge of camp. She pushed
through the heavy canvas and hide door of the tent, Lexa attempting to enter first to protect her butClarke not having the ability to let Lexa take the lead. It may be The Commander’s tent, but it wasThe Chancellor’s people, and decisions, that had lead them to this place.

Several weeks after the battle of the Mountain had Clarke forcing her way out of bed, despite hermother’s advice. They had to deal with the remainder of the mountain people before they organizedagain and they started another war. She had learned from Octavia that most of the men that hadcome back to help them, with an exception of a few that went home to their Commanders justice,had returned to the ark with them. A few brought families along. Accommodations were being made to house the extra people, more people for Clarke to worry about.

She had also heard of the coup that had gone over while she was out. Many at Camp Jaha were unhappy with the rule of the council who had done nothing but get them captured and harvested for their bone marrow. She accused Octavia of raising the people’s voices, but had learned that it was in fact Monty, with the aid of Raven’s loud complaining, that had led to the election that established Clarke would be taking over as Chancellor as soon as she was fit to lead. Which she had decided was a week after she had woken and been forced on bed rest.

Raven had made crutches for her, her knee would heal nearly fully eventually, but until then she knew that her friend knew what it was like to not be able to get around on her own and had taken incentive. Octavia was declared her second in command after she had heard from several of the surviving 44 that she delegated beautifully with the grounders that had taken up camp outside of Jaha since the battle. For the last week Octavia had dealt with most of the common issues around Camp Jaha while Clarke healed; her friend didn’t protest as she forced her way past her mother however, just handed Clarke the crutches.

“Get Raven.” Clarke’s voice was stiff, a hint of pain in her voice from the wound in her side pulling its stitches a little. “Also I need a horse, everyone who was captured by the mountain including the grounders that were caged and came back to help.”

“Clarke, where are you going? You need to rest!” Her mother’s protests fell on deaf ears as Octavia helped Clarke outside and then proceeded to delegate the tasks she was dictated.

“It’s been weeks and we don’t have enough guards to keep watch on the mountain and to protect the camp from the bandits we’re likely to get as soon as the weather turns.” Clarke responded, her mother’s mouth dropping open in speechlessness. Clarke’s voice was hard with what she would have to do this day.

Raven showed up, knowing instinctively where they were going, and helped Clarke put on her gunbelt. Lincoln, a few minutes later, at a run, to tell her the grounders that were stuck in the mountain would meet them outside the gate. Monty, of all people, showed up with a horse and the rest of the surviving 44 gathered quickly, some at a run when they heard Clarke was awake and demanding their presence.

“We need to deal with the mountain.” Clarke addressed as soon as Lincoln helped her on to her horse. She stiffened as she recognized the animal as one of several that had been a gift from Lexa. “Those who were there will have a say in their fate, though I will make the final decision. We are leaving now. Gather your supplies and meet me outside the gate in twenty minutes.”

Clarke was done with her mother’s objections by the time they were half way there. A few of the hurt were provided with horses as well, and they moved rather quickly. Octavia updated her that there was still no sign of Bellamy, though there were several bodies that were his size that were still unidentifiable. Clarke looked at her friend only with a sense of understanding, she saw Octavia breaking behind the eyes but outwardly she was ever the stoic grounder. Clarke adopted a similar
expression, knowing already what her task would be today and it leaving a bitter taste in her mouth.

First they gathered all the soldiers that were kept prisoner in the quarantine wing. Most were immune to the radiation, and Clarke’s guard and a select few grounder warriors were tasked with their immediate execution. When some of the men asked what would happen to their families, Clarke refused an answer. Their deaths were over mostly quickly. Clarke, Raven, Octavia and Lincoln were present. Most of the grounders stayed to watch their spilled blood be paid with blood.

Next was the vote. Should those that helped them be given immunity to the punishment of the rest? This, she took advice on, and many were in favor though the grounders and Raven brought up points that could not be ignored. Clarke made her decision, and stated that it would be announced in due time. While they waited, Clarke asked for bone marrow donors. A surprising amount of the 44 stepped up, and many more Arkers came back with Octavia and Raven when they traveled back to announce that the decision had been made. Some, just wanted to hear the news fresh, but many had decided to become donors. It took a week to give transplants to those that had harbored them and their immediate families.

They gathered, just after dusk, outside the mountain as soon as the last was well enough to move. Clarke addressed them from her perch above her horse.

“All of you are here today because you risked your lives to save my people.” Clarke began, her voice steel, as cold and hard as Octavia’s face, and as impassive as Raven’s and Lincoln’s. “This is not a reward. We did not give of our own blood as any sort of incentive. Simply, you risked your lives to help us, and in return we give you and your families the ability to walk the earth. This earth belongs to you just as much as it does to any of us. You are free to attempt to make your lives what you wish of them, by yourselves or at Jaha with us.”

“However,” Clarke’s eyes became as cold as her expression. “No one in this mountain is innocent of the crimes committed. You used our blood and bone marrow as if we were animals, or worse, objects. Who knows how many of Trikru were murdered in the last hundred years. In the last two months four of my people, who if you so choose will become your people, were murdered slowly and painfully to save the lives of your soldiers and friends. You all have blood on your hands, and this is a thing you must live with; I want you all to remember that the ability to walk this earth can still be taken away, from all of you. Any attempt on the life of any of our people by anyone of age of majority, as will be decided in a future meeting of the new council, will answered as an act of war and be repaid to the entire family. I want that remembered, by all of you. You can be taken from this earth as easily as you stepped on to it.”

The grounders cheered. The Arker’s voiced protests. The 44 remained deathly silent. Everyone saw in Clarke a change. She was backlit by the sun going down, her hair appearing on fire. She gave one look at her people and they quieted. She looked to the grounders.

“Jus drein jus daun!” Clarke spoke, and the grounders quieted.

She looked to the Arker’s.

“What I do, you may not understand, but understand that it is for your own protection, and the best solution my advisers and I could decide on. Remember that, and remember that you know me and I do not make decisions lightly, which is the reason why I was almost unanimously elected when I was not even running for office.” Her mother had a look on her face that Clarke could not identify. She ignored it. “Remember that I do not take joy in my task, nor that I left it on anyone else’s head to carry out. There is already blood on my hands, what I do today I do to keep blood off of your’s in the future.”
With that, Clarke dismounted, easier than last week but still stiffly. She no longer used her crutches, her leg hurt and she limped quite a bit, but it did no damage when she put weight on it. Monty, Octavia and Raven walked into the mountain with her. From the control center, they looked at the cameras, showing empty halls, and children and adults all asleep in the common area on level five. Clarke’s heart hardened when she saw a few still awake and moving around. It couldn’t be helped. They had slowly sped the clocks so they would arrive back at Jaha by the next morning. Everyone in the mountain believed it to be around midnight.

Clarke sighed, and looked at Monty, nodding her head. He tapped a few keys rapidly and stopped, looking at her.

“It’s ready.” He said, tears welling up but not falling from his eyes. Monty swallowed hard.

Clarke looked to Raven, who just shook her head, and lifted her hand to her face, rubbing hard as if to wake herself from some nightmare. She had argued against it, but had eventually come to understand that they had no way to assure that the crimes of the past would not be committed again if they left the mountain to their own devices. If the children were let go, they may harbor grudges towards both the grounders and the sky people. If left alone, they may start taking people again. They may create more reapers. They may do worse.

Clarke looked to Octavia, who in the room with her friends from the dropship had allowed a sick look to come through her hardened grounder mask. She had refused to allow Lincoln to accompany them, wanting there to be no doubt that this was not retaliation, it was precaution.

“They killed Bel.” Octavia said, her voice raspy, and her lips set in a hard line, rebel tears rolling down her face. “I mean, we couldn’t find him for sure but, most likely they killed Bel… Just do it before I change my mind!”

Clarke’s hand shook as she reached for the lever to reverse the air vents to level five. Looking at the monitor on the screen, she saw both that all of the other vents were redirected; no one without the transplant would survive, and the only ones that they had not sanctioned had been the soldiers. She also saw the people on level five, some of them sneaking around in the dark, most of their chests rising and falling piecefully.

Clarke let out a pained sigh, just barely loud enough for her friends to pick up the words behind it, and pulled the lever.

“I’m sorry.”

Lexa watched, helplessly which was not a state she enjoyed, as Clarke rushed into the tent; handing her the short sword she kept at her side, sheath and all, and unsnapping the holster that held her gun in place in one moment. Lexa gripped the sword and watched the blond work. It was as violent as she remembered. The man in tattered tan clothing was writhing and foaming at the mouth, not even snapping at Clarke as she injected him with some drug, watching as his convulsions stopped. She watched as Clarke hit his chest, hard, and he awoke sputtering, only to fall back into convulsions again.

It was then that Lexa noticed that Lincoln and Octavia were not to be seen. The boy, who was the apprentice of the healer assisting Clarke, mostly holding down the man, stood off to the side.

“Lexa!”

“Sha, ai kwen?” She let it slip, though not caring; the boy’s eyes widened in fear and respect of Clarke, and Nyko barely looked surprised, continuing their work. Clarke didn’t catch the slip either.
“Watch Bel. Tell me if anything changes. Tell me when he gets more violent.” Lexa thrust Clarke’s sword at the boy, who took it reverently, and she did as asked. It seemed as if the shaggy haired man had tired out, two guards held him still but he didn’t fight just tugged at the restraints halfheartedly. It was then that she realized the men, while their hair had grown long, barely sported beards with growth of more than maybe a week.

She didn’t have time to mention it to Clarke, because as soon as Clarke shocked the other man for the third time, this time he settled down with a halfhearted curse and his breathing settled, the man she watched suddenly and violently lunges for her. She drew her sword, but the chains held tight.

“Would this be considered more violent, Skikwen?” She asked in a drawl, eyeing the man as her partner wiped her brow and cursed, moving over to the other man.

“Yup.” Clarke replied, tiredly. “I think it must hurt, it seems to be a pain response; now we just have to wait for enough of the drug to pass through his system for me to safely administer the adrenalin.” Lexa gave Clarke a look, to which Clarke shook her head. “It’s a drug that keeps their heart beating while the drug passes. The key to getting the Reapers back is keeping them alive while the drug that made them this way passes through their system.”

“So… that means basically that someone has been giving them the drug, yes?” Lexa questioned, pieces connecting in her head.

“Yeah, pretty much.” Clarke said, wiping her brow once more. Lexa didn’t have time to share her suspicions with the blonde, as the dark haired man roared and shuddered. Clarke jumped back in, Nyko moving to join her as the guards held him down.

Chapter End Notes

Much less fluffy, I know, but I need to establish how everyone got to where they are before Clarke goes back to Jaha. I tried to add a bit of fluff for you guys. If it makes you feel better all this angst may lead to some ‘I don't wanna think about things' smut. Maybe. Depends on what bloody Clarke and Lexa decide to do when I start frikkin writing it.

Okay, the guessing game for this one is a little harder. Complete 180 from the genera of the last song, and much newer and it is only a partial lyric, technically.

Writing Tumblr is rokstarfiction.tumblr.com

Main Tumblr is linked there but if ya want it its doc--rokstar.tumblr.com
Thankfully, Bellamy’s return to sanity was much less violent than Emerson’s. She still had to use the shock baton a few times; her attempts to kick start his heart not working without the electricity from the wand she held. Soon though, Bel’s eyes cleared, and he slumped back, giving Clarke enough time to wipe the sweat from her forehead again, and then sigh with relief when she checked his pulse and it was irregular but strong. She gathered her sword from the boy who held it and put it back at her waist, putting the jacket she had thrown aside back on as the chill from the air covered her again.

Clarke had just fallen, exhausted, into Lexa’s arms, letting the brunette run her hands soothingly up and down her back under her jacket. Lexa kissed her on the forehead, as she heard a voice she had thought gone behind her.

“Clarke? What the actual fuck?” It was tired, and scratchy, as if his voice hadn’t been used in a while, but it was Bel. Clarke shuddered in Lexa’s arms before pulling back, making sure to grip the Commander’s hand tightly, lest she get the wrong idea about her relationship with Bellamy. That had been a point of contention in private several times in the past, and she knew how her partner’s brain worked better than anyone. Clarke reminded herself she needed to have that conversation with Lexa, as she knew the Commander wouldn’t be the one to bring it up.

“You…” She pointed to the boy.

“Enrik, Skaikwen.” The boy answered.

“English?”

“No, Skaikwen.” He answered, hanging his head. Clarke had a fantastic handle of Trigedasleng, but was tired and almost all of it escaped her at the moment. She turned to the slightly less stoic than usual Commander, whose hand tightened around hers reassuringly.

“Lex, can you tell him where to find Octavia and to get her please. The other three are gonna need me to bring them back soon, but I wanna be here when O gets here.”

“Don’t worry.” Lexa said, the boy perking up. “I will make sure you have the ability to learn with your healing studies.” The boy grinned at her, about to say something but she cut him off. “I need you to find Oktavia of the Sky and Tree people and her partner Linkon, they should be in their tent near mine, bring them here as fast as you can.”

“Sha, Heda!” He said and ran out of the door. Lexa looked at Clarke and pulled her in again, raising a brow at Nyko who chuckled and shook his head tiredly. Bellamy was resting, Clarke hesitant to remove either of the men’s chains yet, but both seemed to have fallen into a heavy sleep. Bel’s chest rose and fell strongly, and Clarke allowed herself to relax for a moment. She would have to check on
the others after O got here to relieve her.

Clarke had not noticed that it had gotten dark and the tent was lit by candles in the corners until she heard the rushing footsteps outside the tent accompanied by the light of one of Raven’s flashlights, and fast spoken Trigedasleng to the guard outside.

“Clarke!” She came out of her daze and pulled out of Lexa’s arms as her friend and second in command entered, followed shortly by Lincoln. Clarke saw the fear in Octavia’s eyes, and she sighed as she explained.

“His heart didn’t stop as many times as Emerson’s, but I had more trouble bringing his heartbeat back.” Octavia moved to the man’s side, Lincoln hovering protectively behind her. “He’s okay, doesn’t seem to know where he is but he recognized me. Hasn’t fought his chains for a while.”

“Bel. Bellamy. Bel!” Octavia was shouting before the man woke up, Clarke felt Lexa wrap arms around her from behind and she leaned backwards, letting herself be supported. Nyko, the boy, and her friends were the only ones in the tent, Lexa didn’t seem as worried about how they would be perceived as she was when it was daylight and they had to deal with the other grounder generals.

“O? O, where the hell are we? When did you get that tattoo.” Bellamy’s throat was scratchy, and Clarke attempted to move to get him some water but, Lexa held her fast, and simply nodded at the boy who seemed to read his Commander’s mind and grabbed a waterskin from Nyko’s pile of belongings in the corner.

“Fuck. Bel. You’re back! You’re real!” Octavia fell on him, hugging him and sobbing, and Clarke sighed heavily. She and Lincoln shared a worried look. They didn’t know where he had been, why he had been taken, or why he was returned as a bloody reaper.

“We will have to question him and the other’s that survive before we leave for Ton DC, ai kwen.” Lexa’s voice was quiet, for her ears only. Lincoln was preoccupied by Octavia who had not let go of her brother, and Nyko was checking Emerson’s vitals. Clarke felt eyes on her, and she turned to see Bellamy, he held Octavia, who was now starting to calm down. He seemed confused, unlike Lincoln who had known exactly where he was and what he was doing after being brought back.

“I know.” Clarke sighed; she seemed to be doing that a great deal tonight. She felt Lexa’s arms tighten around her. “We still need to see if the others survive.” She felt Lexa nod. Just then a boy, about Enrik’s age, ran inside the tent. He had approached silently, and was in the tent without speaking to the guards.

“Hedas! One of the three has become more violent!” The boy said in heavily accented English. “Ryder said to bring you quickly.” Lexa’s arms had fallen from Clarke when the boy began speaking. Lexa addressed him quickly in Trigedasleng while Clarke moved to Bellamy and Octavia.

“O. O! Octavia!” The last was said with a not-so-gentle slap to her friends shoulder, and managed to pull her out of her hysterics. Clarke felt as if she should have felt more sympathy for the girl, but the truth is they had pulled each other out of so many bouts of hysteria in the last few years, there was no fooling around between them anymore. Once attention was gained, either her own or Lincoln’s voice usually managed to calm Octavia down instantly. “O. You can stay, with Lincoln, but you have to calm down.”

“Calm down!?” Clarke put her hand out on Octavia’s shoulder, and the fire in her eyes died to quiet embers once more when she came back to herself and realized who she was speaking to, and also realizing that, since it was Clarke, it wasn’t a command to quell her emotions, but one of necessity. She and Clarke rarely used the words ‘calm down’ with each other, and when they did it was out of
“Yes, O. Unless you want me to have Lincoln and one of our grounder boys drag you back to your tent?” Octavia shook her head. Clarke could hear her thinking about fighting it, and them, but knowing it wouldn’t be worth it. “He needs his rest. You and Lincoln can stay with Nyko, I have to check on the others, okay? Hold his hand, maybe, but let him rest.”

“Sha, Skaikwen.” Octavia bowed her head, leaning back as Lincoln sat down behind her, grabbing Bellamy’s large palm in her own. He looked confused, and Clarke wondered if it was the drug or just not being aware of all the things that had changed in the last three years.

“What the hell, Clarke?” Bel rasped again, his head falling back but his eyes still on her. Clarke could feel Lexa bristle by the tent’s opening. The blonde let out a heavy breath again, pushing his long hair back from his eyes, feeling his forehead clammy, which was much better from the burning fever that had been there twenty minutes ago.

“His fever is breaking.” She addressed Octavia quickly, and got a small smile out of her. Lincoln had taken off his jacket and used it as a pillow for the man’s head before wrapping Octavia in his arms again. “Try and sleep, Bel. We’ll explain everything tomorrow, okay?” She thought she saw him recognize her own exhaustion in her eyes as he nodded, turning his head back towards his sister. Clarke stood, as Octavia thanked her quietly in Trigedasleng and she answered in kind as her second in command handed her the flashlight, causing Bellamy’s brow to scrunch in confusion again, before he closed his eyes.

Seeing Lexa’s face as she went for the door, the boy ready to lead them to the tent down the makeshift ‘street’ Clarke growled. She could tell the other woman was wrestling jealousy with reason, and just didn’t have time to deal with it. Not when three more men’s lives were held in the balance.

“Not now Lexa.” She barked, though her voice was quiet. Lexa’s eyes lit in surprise, then annoyance, then an emotion she couldn’t gather as she passed by, both of them following the boy to the tent at a quick pace. She heard growling inside, and turned after the boy went inside to stop Lexa, who came up behind her. She heard her feet crunch the snow as she stepped otherwise silently up to the commanding woman in front of her, face illuminated by the flashlights glow, and the candles glowing inside the tent.

“Shish na op.” Clarke whispered, feeling the taller woman relax as the blonde lay a soft and quick kiss on her lips as an apology. “I promise. We can talk later, Lexa.”

“Sha, shish na op.” Lexa answered, and Clarke softened at the look in Lexa’s eyes. It was one she knew was reserved for only her, and Clarke felt herself melt for a moment. “Go. Fis em op.”

Clarke nodded, breaking their moment as another roar sounded from the tent. Lexa held the canvas back for her to enter, her other hand on her sword. Clarke entered with a hand on her gun, though she did not draw it. One of the men was pulling at his own hair, and seemed to be getting agitated. The other was full blown wrestling with his guards and the healer, while the third was pulling at his chains, but much less violently than the second man.

“Here we go.” Clarke whispered to herself, before shouting in Trigedasleng. “Put him on the ground!”

One of the guard’s was struck as Ryder and the healer continued to wrestle with him. Lexa stepped up, and with a look that screamed she was beyond done with this mess, kicked the reaper in the back of the knee, bringing him to the ground as the other warrior jumped back in to wrestle him from his
knees to his back.

Clarke didn’t have to wait long, maybe a few minutes, before he started convulsing, she already had the needle from her medkit at the ready, injecting him with adrenaline that had the large reaper roaring back to life for a moment. When he stopped fighting the second time she hit him square in the center of the chest with the greatest force she could manage, bringing the reaper back gasping.

When he convulsed and lay prone again, she pulled out the shock rod, jabbing him with it and preparing to help the man fight the withdrawals.

It was going to be a long night.

Chapter End Notes

Hookay. So. A bit shorter, but like I said before... I have to end the chapter when it feels like it should be done, and it would be massive if I kept going to the next part that needs to be written. So you guys get two updates! Yay!

Both Lowiiie and Gizmodo got the band/song right. It was Rat-a-Tat-Tat by FOB. Neither had a prompt for me this time around (I did get a few on tumblr that will be incorporated but ya'll don't get to know till I write it).

Giz... I kinda set up the beginning stages of what you asked for here because it fit. Also I don't know why, but I just like Jealous!Lexa. Shows she has insecurities and is human and all that. =D

Lowiiie: More badass Clarke for ya, lol, with a side of badass done with your shit Lexa. *Grin*

Also this chapter's title comes from Alexz Johnson lyrics again, from the song 'Look At Those Eyes'. Apparently I should ONLY listen to her when writing these two cuz most of the fluffy scenes happen when I'm listening to her albums... even though her songs are usually far from fluffy in content.
Clarke worked as quickly as she could, with three reapers to bring back things were more hectic than in the other tent, and Lexa jumped in more than the once to help control the chaos. Twice, only Clarke’s eyes stopped her from seriously injuring a reaper who had laid his hands on the blonde. Neither time had she been hurt very badly, a backhand to the face that resulted only in a split lip, and a blow to her bad knee that caused more pain than it did actual damage.

The second reaper caused more damage to Ryder who was now sporting a black eye and a sluggishly bleeding wound on his forehead, Lexa managed to avoid any blows, though she had a few near misses and the other two bore some bumps and bruises. The pace in the tent was less tense than the other, more chaotic in nature as Clarke moved back and forth, switching off with the healer to bring the men back and keep them here, calling out instructions to Lexa on what to look for to call her back to one of them.

In the end, they lost the middle reaper, who Lexa promised they would identify in the morning as he looked like he had the markings of one of the Tree People locked in the mountain. One other seemed to be from the Ice Nation and the other was from the Boat People from his markings. All had been in the Mountain, as evidenced by their white shorts. Clarke had them covered with furs and the dead man taken away as she prepared Ryder to sit down so she could stitch up his forehead, which thankfully took less than five minutes.

Lexa ordered them guarded by freshly woken gona until they could be questioned after she and Clarke had rested and called together a small council to deal with the issue. They both stepped out of the tent silently, tense after the long fight in the tent, Clarke switching on the flashlight. It was the early hours of the morning and though they needed rest Clarke could feel the tenseness between her and Lexa, more from the fight than from their earlier confrontation in Bellamy’s tent. She knew they would be okay when, as they walked, Lexa slung an arm over her shoulder, allowing Clarke to burrow into her side as best as she could while they both had their weapons and armor on.

Stepping back into the tent, they had stripped off weapons and armor, Clarke unclamping her boots on a seat in the corner as Lexa unclasped hers sitting on the bed facing Clarke. The blonde looked up, seriously, holding Lexa’s eyes as she tossed her boots into the pile of her gear.

“Bellamy and I were never any more than friends…”
“Ai kwen… You do not have to explain. I was out of line to be angry with you for caring for a friend. I was just…”

“Afraid of losing me again, right after we found each other?” Lexa’s look let Clarke know she had hit it on the head. Clarke stood, walking slowly to Lexa and pulling her up from the bed, kissing her soundly before pulling back. “I know the feeling.” Clarke joked. “But Bel and I were never anything more than close friends. He was basically my general during the war with the Mountain; he has my trust and my love, but not in the same way you hold it. We only just found each other again, but we had unfinished business for years, and I never let that go. There was never anyone who came close to what I feel for you, even when I was angry at you for the Mountain. We have a lot to work and talk on but none of it will end this, Lexa. I can feel it. *Ai hod yu in, Leksa.*”

Lexa’s eyebrows shot into her hairline, and that look Clarke had noticed earlier was back, but this time with something else behind it besides surprise. Lexa kissed her, then, and it poured all the frustration, fear, love and passion that Lexa had been holding back all day into it. Clarke surrendered, reveling in not having to be in control for the few moments, when Lexa’s tongue invaded her mouth. Lexa brought her hand up to cup Clarke’s cheek and she knew the other woman could feel the tears slipping down her from her eyes. Lexa pulled back.

“It has been a long day, Clarke. We should rest.” Clarke shook her head, looking at Lexa with a different kind of desperation in her eyes. Clarke hated when she lost a patient, even under such violent circumstances as this. She needed to forget; it would be something she would normally go to one of her casuals to help her with, but she knew that that never really worked and knew instinctively that Lexa would understand her request.

“I don’t want to rest, Lexa. We lost him. He was someone’s father, brother or son, and we just lost him, because I couldn’t deal with three withdrawing from the drug all at once.”

“You could not have done anything, *ai kwen.* Those men were dead when they arrived in camp. Before even. The scouts brought in five dead men, and out of them you made three families whole again and brought us a powerful informant.”

“Emerson.” Clarke spat, “I half wish I had killed the bastard.” Clarke held Lexa’s gaze for long moments, letting the woman read her as only Lexa could.

“What do you need from me, *ai kwen?* What is it you need?” Lexa cocked her head to the side, genuinely concerned about how she could help Clarke.

“I need to forget. Not forever, just for now. Make me forget we lost him, that Bel is back from hell on earth…” She said, as Lexa leaned down and stopped her words with a kiss, instantly understanding.

“Make it stop Lexa, please?” Her voice was small and vulnerable, spoken into the kiss; never had Clarke Griffin asked for help, she usually found a willing participant and used them as she wished. She got to gain control over something that didn’t involve someone’s life in her hands, and they got bragging rights, within reason (she had shot someone in the knee once for going too far with that particular caveat) that they had bedded the Chancellor.

She looked at Lexa and saw in her eyes that she would take care of her, she would give her what she needed without question, and let out a sigh, this time as relief, as their lips clashed again and Lexa turned her to lay her down on the bed, pulling off both of their tank tops in the process before reconnecting their lips and working a hand down to unbutton and unzip Clarke’s jeans. The movements were hurried but not rushed. Just fast enough for Clarke to fall into Lexa’s presence around her and forget that anything but the two of them and this bed existed.
Clarke kissed Lexa back fiercely. A first it was a battle, but slowly she let Lexa take control and all she could concentrate on was Lexa. Lexa biting her lip, Lexa using the gasp she let out at feeling to gain entrance to her mouth. Lexa’s tongue over powering hers easily because Clarke had spent all night fighting, fighting for those men’s lives and she just wanted to let it slip away. She let out a small moan into the kiss as she felt Lexa’s hand slide into her jeans after they were unzipped, and another louder one as Lexa teased her clit with her middle finger, bringing the wetness that was already making itself apparent at her entrance up to enhance the feeling of her fingers working the small bundle of nerves and making Clarke buck her hips up.

Lexa broke the kiss, looking Clarke deep in the eyes and in them Clarke saw that look she’d seen all day and recognized it for what it was. Love, real love, not the love of two silly girls that fell in love over less than two weeks, but love and passion that was years in the making; that only grew with the years spent apart. Lexa held her eyes as she slipped her hand out of Clarke’s pants and the blonde was about to protest when the feeling of both of Lexa’s hands sliding up her bare torso and, before she knew it her partner had slipped her bra up over her breasts and lowered her head to take one of the already hardened peaks into her mouth.

“Fuck, Lex!” Clarke cried out, before letting out a shuddering breath. If she hadn’t been wet before she would be now; her breasts were extremely sensitive and it seemed that luck would have it that Lexa enjoyed playing with them. Clarke groaned as Lexa bit down lightly and pinched and rolled the other nipple, pausing every once in a while to kneed the one her hand played with.

“I enjoy how you respond to me, ai kwen. Remember, here you don’t have to be quiet.” Lexa smirked as she lowered her head to the neglected mound, as she used Clarke’s reaction, her back arching into Lexa’s mouth, to unclasp the bra from behind her back and throw it aside. Clarke whined and writhed on the strong makeshift bed, trying to get some friction where she wanted it. Every nip and tug went straight to her core and it was quickly becoming too much. She tried to grind into the leg Lexa had positioned between her knees, but it wasn’t enough with the amount of fabric between them.

“Lex… Lexa please…” Lexa allowed herself to be pulled up by the hair to meet Clarke’s lips, as she begged for relief. Feeling the rush of power and arousal that Clarke calling her name produced in her she smirked into the kiss as she pushed Clarke’s pants down far enough for her to kick them off. She felt Clarke’s hands on her belt, undoing it and untying her dearskin pants and pushing them down.

“Wanna feel you…” Clarke whispered into the kiss, and the words caused Lexa to groan as she kicked off the pants the rest of the way. Lexa let out a groan as Clarke slid her hand down into wet curls, just teasing for now but she felt the smile on Clarke’s mouth right before she slipped her tongue back inside.

“Nope, ai kwen.” Lexa laughed as she took Clarke’s hand and pinned it next to her head. Clarke groaned. “This is about you.” Lexa attempted to slide back down but Clarke’s hand in her hair kept her where she was and she pulled Clarke back in for a kiss as she slid her free hand down, both of them moaning into the kiss as she reached Clarke’s wetness. She teased her clit briefly, playing until she felt the engorged little bud come out of its hood, and felt Clarke’s violent reaction to the direct stimulation. The blonde cried out loud enough to be heard outside the tent even through their kiss; her hips bucked, both trying to move away from the overwhelming sensation and trying to get more friction.

Clarke was shaking as Lexa moved from her most sensitive spot to tease at her entrance and Clarke nodded vigorously as Lexa teased. She was half out of her mind when Lexa spoke.

“What do you want Clarke?” Lexa’s voice was low and sultry, and Clarke shuddered at the sound.
“Please Lex?”

“Please what?”

“Inside Lex. Take me, please.” Clarke was fairly certain that those words had never come out of her mouth in that order, begging to be taken, she was used to being in control but it felt so right to let Lexa take the lead for a little bit. She pulled Lexa back into a kiss and moaned, a long, satisfied sound, as Lexa’s talented fingers slid inside her before the last ‘please’ was out of her mouth.

Lexa set a challenging pace, using her hips to drive into Clarke with force, and the only brief thought Clarke allowed herself was the fun they would be able to have if they were back at the Ark. Soon, Clarke couldn’t think past the cry that left her lips as Lexa drove into her and added a third finger. She was panting now, not able to focus on the kiss any longer, but held Lexa there via the hand tangled in her braids. The feelings that were coursing through her were strong, and she just felt as if she needed Lexa near. Lexa seemed to sense this and laid her forehead against Clarke’s.

Soon the pace changed, though the violent feelings coursing through the blonde only intensified. Lexa could feel Clarke starting to flutter around her fingers, and she stopped the demanding pounding she had been giving Clarke in order to focus on the spot that had Clarke whimpering every time she hit it upon re-entry.

“Oh god. Uhhh, god Lexa…” The last syllable of the brunettes name was drawn out as Lexa fluttered her fingers against that spot that drove her partner crazy, and lifted her thumb to flutter against the woman’s sensitive clit in the same rhythm as her fingers inside her. She could feel Clarke teasing her own breast with the hand that wasn’t held down by Lexa and grinned down at her lover.

“Come on, Clarke. Come for me, ai kwen.” It was, surprisingly, Lexa’s possessive utterance, that she was her queen that sent Clarke back to the stars in the end. She cried out for her lover, who pulled her into another kiss as she was worked higher, clenching around Lexa’s strong fingers, and as she was worked back to earth gently, so gently she could hardly believe it was Lexa, and though no concrete thoughts were able to form and stick in her brain something inside clicked that this was Lexa. Not the Commander, not the powerful Heda. Both of them resided in Lexa, for sure, but this was the Lexa that the rest of the world didn’t get to see, and Clarke smiled up at the woman whose forehead was still pressing against hers, even throughout her nearly violent orgasm. She shuddered when Lexa pulled her fingers from inside her and drew them to her lips, licking them clean as she looked Clarke in the eye.

“You are beautiful when you come apart for me, ai kwen. I hod yu in, Klark.” Clarke pulled her into a less frantic kiss and laughed when they pulled apart. Lexa recognized it for what it was, relief and joy at Lexa’s returned feelings.

After a short while, their quick, soft kisses turned heated again and Lexa groaned, Clarke pushed her over, onto her back and trailed kisses down her torso. Lexa groaned, it almost causing her physical pain to utter the sentence that next came out of her mouth.

“Ai kwen, you don’t have to…”

“I want to, Commander.” The use of her title and the absolutely wicked grin Clarke sported had her letting out a growl. She lay back, opening herself for Clarke as her kisses trailed farther down her abs, where Clarke’s fingers teased and tickled. It had been a long time since she had simply allowed herself the pleasure of a lover taking care of her, the first time in a long time when she lay with Clarke the day the blonde arrived. She was surprised at how easy it was to trust Clarke with this type of intimacy, and moaned as Clarke took her first taste.
Clarke took her time, now that they had it, and worked Lexa up slowly with her tongue on her clit, waiting until the brunette’s pants turned into growls and a hand fastened itself in her hair before slipping her fingers inside. Soon, Lexa was calling out Clarke’s name as Clarke started a rhythm similar to the one Lexa had given her. Her thrusts were strong, though her tongue was soft and gentle on Lexa’s clit. The dual sensations made Lexa start to shake much sooner than she anticipated, though she had found that bringing Clarke to orgasm very much worked herself fairly quickly toward her own. The blonde’s hands and mouth were simply finishing the job.

“Clarke…beja Klark!” The blonde switched up her rhythm when Lexa started to flutter around her fingers more strongly, lashing the woman’s clit with her tongue and slipping her fingers inside to play against the spot that caused Lexa to shudder and call out her name again and again.

What finally sent Lexa over the edge was looking down and seeing Clarke there, blue eyes, so blue, looking up at her as she did wicked things inside her and on her clit. Lexa came hard with Clarke’s name on her lips, letting out a long moan as Clarke worked her back down and kissed her way back up her torso, between her breasts to her lips. Both of them groaned at their combined taste.

Somehow, they ended up under the heavy firs, Clarke keeping her position on top, laying her head against Lexa’s shoulder and possessively placing her knee in between Lexa’s leg and throwing an arm around her middle. Lexa’s arms came up and around to hold the blonde. She looked down, lifting Clarke’s chin for a chaste and exhausted kiss. It had been an extremely long day.

“Ain.” She whispered, a promise to keep Clarke by her side; to lead their lives and their people together. Clarke heard it in her voice, even though neither of them were ready to admit such a thing out loud. Clarke smiled and let out a sleepy and relived sigh.

“Ain.” She repeated, looking Lexa in the eye before turning to lay a soft kiss against the shoulder her head rested on and she snuggled into her partner’s shoulder as best she could as Lexa’s free arm came down to rest on her hips below the heavy winter covers. Both vaguely registered the sun begin to filter through the canvas and hide of the tent as they closed their eyes and fell into a heavy sleep.

Chapter End Notes

This chapter was kinda the hill I had been trudging up for most of the story until now, and I can actually get rolling on some plot points other than Clarke and Lexa dealing with Clarke and Lexa. Not that there will be less Clexa, but we can have more badass Clexa being leaders together action now I hope.

Title is the name of the song. I was listening to an old RP mix I made that had some Glee back before it made me want to jump off a cliff. I don’t know that particular cover of the song was the feeling I was getting while writing the Clexa fluff.

Anyway I’d really love feedback on this chapter, I wanna know if Clarke and Lexa came off as I intended them to while writing.
Clarke’s hand hovered over the lever, and as she looked up at Monty she heard them all outside.

Blood must have blood. Blood must have blood. But that was impossible, they were deep in the Mountain and their grounder friends were outside.

Then suddenly she was in the operating room with her mother, and the heart monitor is letting out that whine, the one she hates so much. They’ve been working for 8 hours after an attack by raiders, their fields had been lit on fire and Clarke had been forced to leave Octavia in charge in order to help her mother and Jackson in the operating room. Her mother reaches over to turn off the machine, shaking her head. Clarke actually throws the clamps she’s holding across the room, rips her gloves off and puts them in the trashcan, the lid leaving a loud banging ring after her as she marched out of the door and away from Harper’s body on the table.

They’re fighting, it’s their second winter, and the raiders want their guns. They are winning when suddenly, and arrow falls from the sky and lands directly in Jones’ throat. Clarke scrambles to get to him but he’s gone when she gets there. Her eyes go dark and she lets out a ringing command to Octavia to open the gates. Her second in command grins. All of their civilians are locked up in the Ark. Clarke hears swords pulled from sheaths and magazines being clipped into automatics. She draws her handgun in her right hand, sword in her left as Octavia yells at them to let up the gate.

They won the day, but not before losing ten more lives, three including Jones that were from the original 100.

“Ai kwen.” Clarke turns around; confused at the voice she hears calling her. She doesn’t know how she knows it’s her that’s being called, but she does.

Clarke lashes out, unsure of where she is at first, only to have her fist be caught easily by Lexa. She knows what her lover sees in her eyes as soon as they clear. That faraway look that’s she’s seen from Octavia over the last years; Clarke sees the fear in Lexa’s eyes at first and she freezes because it’s a look she’s never seen on Lexa, fear. It takes her a moment to realize that Lexa isn’t scared of her, but for her. When that knowledge hits, she collapses into Lexa’s arms. Lexa says nothing, simply soothes her sobs and pulls her in tighter.

“I know.” Her partner whispers and it’s the first time Clarke has believed it from someone other than Octavia.

“We…” Clarke chokes up, trying to tell Lexa what happened.

“You don’t have to tell me, Ai kwen; only if you want to.” It’s this completely unpressed comment from Lexa that convinces Clarke to say what she had been trying to. Lexa should know, should understand where the dreams came from, if she were to be waking her from them so much.
“There were 48 of us that entered the Mountain.” Clarke said. “A few others I guess got away like Octavia and Bellamy. Just 48 of my people; the kids from the drop ship; 48 of us left.” Clarke takes a deep breath and continues. She is still crying slightly but Lexa does not wipe her tears. Simply holds her and runs her fingers through her hair. “48 went into the Mountain. 45 came out of the mountain; everyone but Octavia, Murphy and Bellamy died in some accident or in the battle; we lost three, they were sucked dry of their bone marrow and thrown away like trash. Then we were 47. Three years ago. Now there are 37 of us. 35, Octavia, and me.”

“38.” Lexa says quietly, and Clarke shifts to look at Lexa, who once more pushes blonde hair out of her face. She doesn’t have to ask the question. “38, you brought Bellamy back, teina.”

Lexa was quiet, but Clarke recognized the word, and the weight behind it. She felt like she should be worried that they were moving so fast, but she wasn’t. Being here, with Lexa, felt right; for once she had woken up from a nightmare and felt like the world was not turned on its head for the next hour. She settled down, pulling Lexa in tighter and pulling the blankets and firs up to guard from the chill of the winter morning.

“Come, Ai kwen. Let us go back to sleep, it is still early, we have some time before we have to prepare to leave this afternoon.”

Clarke sighed, leaning up to kiss Lexa soundly on the mouth.

“Teina?” Clarke asked, giggling a little, nightmare for once forgotten, for now. “Did you just ask me to be your girlfriend? After we’ve been fucking like rabbits for three days?”

“Is there something wrong with that?” Lexa asked, confused.

“No.” Clarke giggled again, a sound that was foreign to her ears after the last several years. “It’s just; in Skai culture you usually do that the other way around.” Thinking of Raven and Wick, she grinned again. “Usually.”

“Why would you ask someone to join with you before you know if you are compatible?” Lexa asked, confused.

“It’s just the way most of us do things.” Clarke ran her hand up and down Lexa’s naked torso, making the usually daunting Commander sigh in contentment. Clarke grinned. “I think I like this way better. Besides, from what I understand, teina means a bit more of a permanent connection than the Skai word.”

“Are you okay with that? I know it seems as if we are moving quickly but I wasted three years, I do not want to lose any more time with you, Klark.” Lexa’s face was serious. “Besides, it’s not the most permanent connection in my world. We are joined, not bound.” Lexa grinned a bit, as if thinking about the last. “We have much to talk about and sort out; love can only fix so much. Besides, if I decide to ask you to be bound to me, I intend to do it properly.”

“You better.” Clarke jokes, tickling Lexa in the side just to see her squirm. Lexa squeaks and moves further into Clarke and away from her wandering hand, an added bonus.

“Unfair.” Lexa yelps before settling down.

“So do something about it.”

“Oh I intend to, ai kwen.” Lexa’s grin was almost feral. “After… we sleep. We have a long ride this afternoon.”
“Hedas! Hedas!” Lexa groaned. She was really starting to dislike the boys the healers used as runners. Her eyes popped open when she recognized the voice as that of Enrik, however. The boy that was with Nyko and Bellamy, and he sounded panicked.

“Clarke wake up.”

“What is it?” Clarke groaned again. Lexa realized by the light it was late morning, leaning towards noon. They would still have time to ready to leave.

“I don’t know yet.” Lexa said, her voice serious, and making sure she and Clarke were covered before calling the boy inside the bedchamber.

“What is it Enrik?”

“The Mountain Man went mad! He had a knife and went after General Oktavia’s brother.” Lexa and Clarke were both up and searching for clothing before the boy finished his sentence. He didn’t seem the least bit concerned about seeing his Heda’s scramble out of bed with each other naked, so Clarke figured it must be another grounder thing. They made a lot less of an issue of sex than at the Ark.

“How is he?” Clarke asked as she was lacing her boots at breakneck speed. Lexa handed her the blue leather jacket as she threw on her own longer coat. Clarke reached for her weapons and strapped them on, before looking at Lexa and seeing the woman ready.

“Alive, but Nyko and Lincoln both have their hands full and he needs help.” Happy her medkit was still in the tent with them, Clarke took off at a run, crunching through snow patches as they had the evening before, with Lexa and the boy on her heels. She burst into the tent and quickly took in the scene. Lexa entered with her blade drawn.

Lincoln was in a corner, holding down Emerson, who was laughing and struggling, a knife just out of his reach. Nyko held a struggling Octavia, who was fighting him hard in rage and panic. She saw Clarke and the blonde saw the change in Octavia’s eyes, some of the worry fled out of them replaced by rage and she now struggled harder to get at Emerson specifically. Nyko had taken a few blows, Lincoln’s arm was bleeding from the knife wound but it was superficial.

Bellamy lay on the floor, still covered in dirt, chalk and blood. There was a dark stain in his side where the knife had gotten him. Clarke let out a breath when she saw it was his right side, no chance of heart damage, and moved to grab her kit. Lexa moved to Emerson, her blade at his throat and he stopped struggling. Someone had landed several powerful blows to at least his face. There were scratch marks on his jaw and neck she was sure were caused by Octavia being dragged away from him. She told Lincoln to go to Octavia, who was still struggling.

“Pleni!” Lexa barked at the woman. Octavia went quiet, still panting as Lincoln came over to her. He switched places with Nyko, who moved to Clarke’s aid as Lexa put her boot on Emerson's chest and allowed her sword to slightly nick him near a major artery. Blood trickled out and the man swallowed.

Clarke took out her dagger and ripped open the Velcro of the uniform that Bellamy wore before slicing the shirt. She checked everything, nothing inside seemed to be damaged and she thanked whatever deity that may be out there for that. She did have to fashion a chest tube when she felt his breath sounds lowering due to blood building up but that was dealt with quickly and easily, Nyko
helped her get the bleeding under control and she ordered the boy in Trigedasleng to bring her a hot knife.

“I’m sorry Bel.” She said quietly as the boy came back with a knife heated to glowing over the fire.

“Just do it Clarke…” He grumbled. Clarke sighed in relief. He was conscious again and complaining that was a good sign. She as soon as the bleeding slowed she quickly sealed both wounds. Octavia’s scream of rage was louder than Bellamy’s of pain, as Lincoln had to hold her back from Emerson again.

Clarke sighed and got up, as she saw Bellamy fall back onto the pillow made of Lincoln’s jacket, tired and in pain. She walked to Octavia, somewhere registering that Lexa had Emerson under her boot, still. Clarke grabbed Octavia by the chin and forced her eyes away from the despicable man and on to her.

“Octavia. Octavia!” She stopped struggling against Lincoln and met Clarke’s eyes. “I need you to chill. I fixed Bellamy he will be fine. We need information from that rat before I let you at him, do you understand me?” Clarke spoke in Trigedasleng to avoid Emerson overhearing anything. The look Clarke gave her second in command communicated more than the words.

“If Bel is not well or does not want to deal with the Mountain Man himself, he will be yours to do with what you wish. I would like you to sit in on his interrogation but I can’t let you if you keep losing your mind. I get this is rough, but I need you here. I need my Vice-Chancellor back, got me?”

“Sha, Skaikwen.” Octavia relented, still tense but back to herself enough that she didn’t need to be held back. Her eyes held steel, much the same as Clarke’s.

“Get a guard.” Clarke ordered Lincoln, and he nodded. “I want Emerson isolated and one of our trusted people with him at all times. Leksa, we may have to take them with us. If the plan is to work we need to be back at the Jaha in two and a half days.”

“Sha, Skaikwen.” Lexa agreed. “It will make it more complicated, but I agree.”

“Okay then. Octavia, search Emerson. When Lincoln gets back have him find some of his own clothing to give him. I want that guard’s uniform off; there are too many pockets on that thing.” Octavia grinned and stalked to the man. Lexa looked at Clarke, but Clarke shook her head. Octavia may be rough with him but she was back to herself, she wouldn’t hurt him until she was told that she could.

As they exited the tent, Lexa and Clarke found Indra and updated her, telling her to bring six more guards than they had planned, and to start loading up the horses.

“Ai kwen, I promised you we would find the family of the Trikru we lost. Let us ask around before we ready ourselves to leave?”

“Yes, teina,” Clarke said, testing out the term of endearment. “That I want dealt with before we leave. The man’s family may reside in Ton DC or Polis and we should make arrangements for him before we go.”

It turned out that finding the man’s family wasn’t hard, his brother was serving in the army camped outside of Apeake. Clarke, rather than feeling saddened at the fact that she had lost the man was surprised that notifying his brother actually lifted her spirits. He was one of the men that had come back to help her at the mountain and returned to his people when his brother was not released with the rest. He was very grateful that they now knew his brother’s whereabouts, and had a proud look
on his face when Clarke told him that his brother had gone out fighting, and not just fighting but fighting the red.

“His wife and our mother will be proud that he found his way back to his people. Thank you.” The man said, and he spoke with Lexa briefly in Trigedasleng, and he was given permission to return to his body to Ton DC where the dead man’s family now lived after moving from Polis at the end of the war with the Mountain.

“Do you see?” Lexa said, as they walked slowly back to the large tent to pack for their quick journey back to Jaha. “The man’s fight is now over, but you gave his family something just as important as having him back, knowing that he died honorably and not as a Reaper.”

“I guess you’re right.” Clarke said grudgingly, lacing their fingers together as they walked. She thought it strange that Lexa, when among her people, did not have any issue with small displays of affection, and she asked about it as they reached the tent.

“Why would I not want my men to know that I have captured the interest of one of the most ruthless leaders to ever grace the earth?” Lexa said, with a small smile, almost a smirk.

“What?”

“I know how what you have done haunts you, Ai kwen. I know it because I have done things that haunt my own mind. However, you have to see what you have done. You defeated the Mountain and brought families back together by continuing to cure the Reapers even after you felt my betrayal. You did not have to do these things.”

Clarke tried to speak and Lexa stepped into her space, quieting her with a single finger on her lips. “No, Clarke. I know. Do you really think I didn’t have weekly reports on your progress at Jaha? That I did not know about you combining Jaha and Ton DC in an alliance that benefited both our people? How you handled the Mountain has made you a legend among all of my people, all of the Clans. That is what the Ice Nation wants, they believe your strength is due to your weapons, not to their leaders strength and amazing presence.” Lexa stared into Clarke’s eyes until the moment was broken by Clarke leaning up to kiss her. Lexa fell into the kiss quickly and it lasted quite a while before Clarke pulled back and looked at her with such love she thought she was going to break.

“I love you.” Clarke whispered, and it was the first time she said it in her own language, and the power of that moment fell onto her, she almost felt as if the world shifted a little. She knew she and Lexa were destined to do great things together.

Chapter End Notes

Yeah so this got a little sappy at the end. I also wanted very much to get to them leaving for Jaha but its not happening tonight and I wanted to give you guys an update cuz I don’t know how much time I’m going to have for the next week or so. I may be able to fit in another update, I hope I will, but I’m about to get rather busy. :)

Also just to clarify. Clarke and Lexa have not completely forgotten the scene at the mountain, they’ve just elected silently to let things take their course and they will talk about it when it is right for them. Seeing as Lexa didn’t actually betray Clarke in this timeline, its a bit less urgent. Clarke still has a bone to pick with Lexa about the whole letting her THINK they were betrayed thing though. (*cough that's likely to come up for
them around the time Abby starts making an issue cough*)

Oh. And yes. I stabbed Bel. Ya didn't think Emerson was gonna be a fluffy puppy now did you?

Thanks for reading guys. Gimme reviews! It makes me feel all warm and fuzzy inside if you guys are enjoying this, and warm and fuzzy puts me in the mood to write ya'll more sappy yet satisfying smut. =P
“I love you.” Clarke whispered, and it was the first time she said it in her own language, and the power of that moment fell onto her, she almost felt as if the world shifted a little. She knew she and Lexa were destined to do great things together.

Starting with taking down the ice nation.

“I love you too, Skaikwen.” Lexa said, smiling, and she pulled away into the partitioned portion of the tent that had become their bedroom. “I hope you don’t mind going without a bed for a few days, in order to travel at the speed we must, the army and most of our gear will have to follow more slowly.” Lexa was packing a bag, mostly a few changes of clothes and some gear to sharpen weapons and take care of her armor. She put a glass container of her Kohl in the side packet of an old backpack, as Clarke also re-packed. Most of her things were already ready to travel as she hadn’t expected to be here more than a week.

“Yes, his family has already been found and he has been moved. He is no one of major import to the people, a fisherman; brave profession to be sure, but not one likely to be militarily strategic.”

“So Emerson, Bel, and the Ice Nation man?”

“Yes, that sounds about right. Come we must load up. Indra wants to leave after the noon meal. Raven must check them over first, and we need to find suitable bindings for the Ice Nation warrior until he can be questioned and the Mountain man.” Clarke picked up her bags and together with Lexa made her way to where the advanced party was getting ready to head out, back to Jaha to deal with the bandit problem.

Their party had increased exponentially. The five leaders that had arrived with six guards, had turned into a larger raiding party. Clarke saw, as she walked over to her own horse, that in addition to the ten extra Trikru that would be with them, most of them tree specialists, three more Trikru proficient in fire arms and another three elite from Ton DC and Polis had jointed them. Two each were placed on Emerson and the Ice Warrior, another two were assigned to Bellamy, who sat on a horse looking pale but determined to ride. This brought their party to near thirty, which was more than Clarke had wanted, they would not be able to move as quickly or quietly.

“So, think this is gonna work?” Octavia asked. She quickly covered her question expertly. “The bandits usually move in multiple small parties at once, do you think this force is large enough?” She and Lincoln, already mounting his horse after helping Raven up, both wore their weapon straps with the grey star stitched into it proudly.
Raven, astride her horse with a pistol stuck in her jeans and a bandolier of smoke grenades she had figured out to make last winter, sported her silver star on her usual red leather jacket, glinting in the noontime sunlight. Her friend was comfortable on horseback, providing cover support and moving more naturally than she could on the ground with her brace. The few fights the mechanic had been forced to fight in after they acquired horses were a sight to behold, and Raven alone had the same horse she had ridden in on, an animal that had been trained to put up with the loud noises that constantly went off around the woman. She also carried, over her back, a spear like weapon that was good for attacking both others on horseback and on the ground.

“It better.” Clarke said, looking Octavia in the eye to let her know that she caught her real meaning. “I doubt we can fight off the raiders ourselves with growing season coming up in a few months. We also can’t afford our storehouses to be lit on fire like they were last winter; I hate hunting in the snow.” Clarke’s own weapons adjusted themselves as she pulled herself up on to the gelding Indra had assigned her. She noticed that it was a much higher quality animal than she had ridden here, and looked at Lexa who just smirked from her place on her own horse. Everyone but Clarke and Raven sported war paint, and they looked less like a party to break up the bandits that had been hitting Jaha and more a delegation accompanying Lexa to formal finalized peace talks at the Ark; which wasn’t too far off the mark, and actually worked to the advantage of Clarke’s plan.

Lexa looked around at her party, and though she didn’t let it on, she was impressed with the progress Clarke’s friends and council had made. The darker girl with the red leather jacket looked more at home on a horse than she did on the ground; and Lincoln, Octavia and their personally trained special forces looked formidable in what small bit of uniform they each wore. A dark blue sash tied somewhere on the body of each soldier, to designate them as part of the special Skaigona, or Skai Guard as they were referred to at the town of Jaha.

Clarke herself blazed with something else entirely. It was not the sun lighting her golden hair, or the reflection of the sky Lexa saw in her eyes every time they met; nor was it the small silver star on her black and blue jacket or the armor she wore that designated her as the leader of her people, much as Lexa’s red cape and pauldron designated her as Heda. No, there was a determination and fury about Clarke that Lexa had seen in the woman when they were younger that had blossomed into a force to be reckoned with. Lexa was suddenly very glad that she had elected to open up peace talks with the Skaikru again. Clarke and her people would not be giving up their weapons quietly to the Ice Nation.

“Warriors! Move!” She shouted in Trigedasleng, as Clarke let out a battle worn yell and raised her arm to tell her people to move. Lexa hid the smile she felt trying to force itself on her face when she finally really got to see the leader her love had turned into over the years.

Most of the afternoon passed pleasantly, they moved at a trot as the soldiers were not mounted. This left time for quite a bit of conversation, as they kept to the main road. Lexa and Clarke talked of unimportant things, for a change, and Lexa found it comforting. Clarke told her about the councilors and what their reaction was likely to be, but with amusing detail on each one of them, even her friends from the surviving 38. Lexa found herself laughing when Clarke described the antics of Jasper and Monty, and how Jasper’s girl from the Mountain, her people’s chosen council member, often got dragged into them. Her stories of the two elder members of the council, elected by those that mostly avoided the mountain and had found the Ark within the three years that had passed from other stations that had landed farther away, were similarly absurd, though it was more from their political gaming, which had little place on this earth anymore outside of Polis.

“How do you put up with them?” Lexa asked, perplexed. “I would have taken them to the tree far before now.”

“They’re mostly harmless. They’re usually outvoted, and they may actually be useful to us, they may
offset Marcus and my mother’s votes on the matter of us making another alliance.”

“Your mother does not approve of you being Chancellor?” Clarke sobered and growled a little under her breath at Lexa’s question.

“I don’t think she’s fully forgiven me for seizing power while I was unconscious.” Clarke said darkly. Lexa reached over and briefly put a comforting hand on Clarke’s forearm.

“The people know what is best for them is you in power. That is why they suspended the vote, and almost all council members are appointed by you, yes?” Clarke had told Lexa before that most of the Council was made up of surviving 35 members. She was considering how to approach putting a seat in for the grounders that had made their home in the town of Jaha.

“Yes, I suppose. Actually, you could help me with something. While my people would likely be outvoted, I feel as if the Trikru that chose to stay in Jaha with us after the mountain should have a representative on the council that is not connected to me as Lincoln is, or a member of the 35 like Octavia. The problem is, my mother is likely to vote no, Marcus is a swing vote and the older council members will vote no. Maya would vote for it if it was just her, but the Mountain families that were spared due to helping us inside are represented by her and many of them would not agree with it.”

“What can I do to help, Skaikwen? Lexa was curious where this conversation could lead them.

“Insist that there should be a representative of the Trikru on the council. Octavia and Lincoln can pick several candidates, they can be approved by you, then myself; and then the council will decide on which they would like to have for the first term. Afterwards the Trikru population would vote for their representative.”

“Ah. I see. Allow the council to think they have some choice in the matter, they will make less fuss.” Lexa grinned. Clarke was quite the political genius she could use her in Polis some days.

“Exactly.” Clarke grinned back, and though she wore no paint, Lexa saw the spirit of the Skai’s own Commander shine through her eyes.

The conversation was pleasant enough for the rest of the ride. Lexa found herself speaking to Octavia about battle strategy and fighting styles, while Lincoln caught up with an old friend that was in Lexa’s guard. Indra joined in and Lexa found it quiet an enjoyable conversation. The young Blake had changed much in the last years, she was now patient and carefully spoken when in the public eye, though she still had a spark of fire from the anger she held within herself, as well as a spark of childlike mischief that reminded her very much of Costia. Lexa smiled at the memory, having long ago put away that pain and instead letting the good memories become gradually more warming and less painful.

Clarke fell back to speak with Lincoln for a few moments, before having her horse nudge in beside Bellamy’s horse. The man still looked confused, though his spirits were up when one of the first things said to her was that he seriously wished he could cut off all the extra hair he had found himself with.

“I don’t want to ask you what happened while we’re on the road.” Clarke stated. “I think Octavia should be there for that too. We’re not debriefing you or anything, we just want to know what happened, but it can wait until we’ve questioned the other two, yeah?”

“Yeah.” Bellamy nodded. He needed the time to process everything and make sense of it anyway.

“Is there anything you want to ask me? You know it’s been nearly four years already. I assume you
talked to Octavia about some things.” Clarke left the question open, if he didn’t want to know, he wouldn’t ask.

“There’s two things I really wanna know about. First, why on Earth would you make my sister the hothead your second in command?!” Bellamy laughed, though the question was genuine.

“Well.” Clarke laughed along. “First of all, she’s good with grounder politics and a great leader in battle; which is useful when we’re fighting fucking raiders and I have to stop to help out in the med bay. Also she’s not your baby sister anymore Bel. You know her and Lincoln have been talking about kids after this whole mess has settled down?"

“What?!” Bellamy choked on his own spit.

“Yeah, but that’s assuming that this mess won’t really be cleared up for a few more years, I just wanted to see how you would react to that.” Clarke laughed. Bellamy glared at her, doing his best to be intimidating despite his healing wounds and pale skin. “What was the second question?” Clarke asked and Bellamy grinned.

“How long have you been banging Commander Racoony Eyes?” He laughed as Clarke sputtered for a moment. Payback was a bitch.

“I hav- How did you- about three days.” She answered all at once, not looking Bel in the eye.

“What was that?”

“I said about three days. We haven’t seen each other since the Mountain until now. You’re not surprised, or pissed?”

“Why would I be pissed?” Bellamy answered truthfully. “Oh, that whole leaving us at the Mountain thing? I knew she came back for you.”

“You knew?!” Clarke was shocked. Who else knew, Lincoln had and so had Indra, but word never got back to her so it couldn’t have been too many people.

“Yeah. She practically kill-stole Cage from Miller and I,” Bellamy laughed at the memory. “She actually dropped her sword and beat him to death… when she told us it was because he broke the deal to not have you harmed and you’d been seriously wounded Miller went looking for Octavia and you, and I tried to book it outside to find you. That’s when…” Bellamy’s words trailed off, but Clarke knew what the end of that particular sentence was.

“When they took you?"

“Yeah.” Bellamy swallowed hard, his mouth suddenly dry. “I got blackbagged out of nowhere on Level 1. I… It wasn’t pretty Clarke…”

“Shh. No. Tell us when you tell all of us, that way you only have to tell it more than once if you want to talk to someone about it, okay?”

“Yeah.” Bellamy’s eyes were far away, and Clarke waved Octavia over. She always knew just how to handle Bellamy.

“Hey Bel?” Clarke said, as she prepared to join Lexa up front again. “I’m glad your back; even if getting you back wasn’t the easiest thing in the world for any of us.”
“Yeah. Yeah I’m glad I’m back too.” He said, dark look still on his face.

They set up camp as it started to get dark. Most of the warriors slept outside. Indra, all of Clarke’s council and Bellamy were in smaller tents spaced far enough apart that a guard could be on one and still watch the rest of the woods evenly. Emerson and the Ice Warrior were also placed in a tent with two guard’s inside and another outside. They had enough soldiers that they could get plenty of sleep switching off watch shifts.

The tent Clarke was to share with Lexa was a small one, meant for a long distance travel with frequent stops for the night. Both of them took off their gear outside, before stepping inside where Clarke gasped. Even on the trail the Commander had the best of everything. The tent was just large enough to stand up in in the middle, there was enough space for their weapons and boots on either side and in the middle there was a pile of plush furs and blankets, some meant to pad the floor and others to cover them from the cold. The whole head of the bed was strewn with small throw pillows.

“You don’t mess around do you?” Clarke asked as she took her boots and shirt off, preparing to climb into bed.

“The tent is easy enough to set up, and I like to be comfortable.” Lexa states. “The others have been provided fir along with their bedrolls as well, just not from such a wide variety of hunts.”

“Mmmhumm.” Clarke said as Lexa laid down, her own jacket in the pile of gear outside and her tanktop and pants stripped off. Clarke followed suit and the found their way under the blankets into warm padded firs. Clarke leaned over and kissed Lexa, long and hard, until the woman underneath her let out a quiet moan. Clarke knew they needed to get as much sleep in as possible, but hearing what Lexa had done to Cage because of her had left her in a mood.

“And when…” Clarke trailed off, kissing down Lexa’s neck and the other woman moving to allow her access. “Were you going to tell me that you were the one that took out Cage?” Lexa’s eyebrows shot up, to her collar bone. “Because of what happened to me?” Further down and Lexa met mischievous blue eyes in the dim lighting inside the tent from one of Raven’s fireless torches. “With your bare hands…” Clarke’s mouth met a hardened peak and she suckled and nipped, as Lexa held back sounds she definitely didn’t want the entire camp hearing on their first night out here. She wasn’t able to contain all noise, however, and Clarke could swear she heard Octavia let out an annoyed ‘again?’ out by the fire.

“It was part of the deal.” Lexa panted as Clarke brought a hand down into her heat, hearing a small whimper as she grazed over her clit. “They were not to harm you. It’s how I made sure I could come back if something happened, I knew you wouldn’t stop fighting. When I saw you fall, when I held you and kept you from bleeding while Lincoln found what he needed, I saw red.”

Lexa was stopped by a fierce kiss on the lips, one she submitted to rather quickly, liking this side of Clarke that took charge. They sighed into each others mouths as their bodies brushed against each other.

After many minutes, Clarke pulled back, looking Lexa in the eye.

“I love you. “ She repeated the day’s earlier sentiment, though this time her voice broke. Lexa knew what she meant. She’d never stopped. Neither of them had, Clarke’s passion simply had turned to rage, and then back with each bit of information she was given that got her closer to the truth. Lexa defending her, being distraught at the thought of losing her even then… It just cemented what she knew to be true.

“I hod yu in.” Lexa said back, but by the time the sentence was out Clarke had quickly kissed her
way down Lexa’s torso, and she groaned as she allowed her legs to fall open for the blonde. Lexa gasped as electricity shot through her at Clarke’s first lick, firm and insistent against her clit. She couldn’t see the blonde under the cover of the firs but she could feel everything, and found her hair and gripped tightly. Lexa arched up as Clarke used her tongue and only her tongue to slowly pull her clit from its protective hood, and Lexa almost cried out when, after what seemed like forever, she felt Clarke flick the bundle of nerves at her core.

Then she felt Clarke farther down, at her entrance and groaned, this time loud enough to be heard just outside their tent. Clarke’s pace was fast, and Lexa gripped her hair and the firs beneath her as she felt Clarke piston in and out of her quickly, not giving her time to recover from each touch of her tongue. Clarke gripped her hips as they started to try to meet her mouth, and held her in place. It was glorious agony, Lexa could feel her orgasm upon her, but at the same time her body wanted something else, more of Clarke to grip on to as her muscles fluttered and contracted. Lexa writhed and tried and failed to keep her breath steady. When she came, it was when Clarke moved her mouth upwards to suck at her nerves hard, knowing Lexa was there and wanting to bring her over the edge unexpectedly. Lexa bit her lip hard enough to bleed a little to keep her moans to a reasonable level for middle of the forest, surrounded by your friends and soldiers.

Even still she heard some claps and a wolf whistle or two when she was catching her breath, Clarke kissing her way back up from under the blanket and kissing her hard on the mouth, slipping her tongue inside and causing Lexa to groan again at the intimate act. Clarke pulled back and grinned at her.

That’s when Clarke found herself on her side, Lexa slipping her digits inside of her without warning. She gasped; eating out Lexa had definitely given her a boost in the arousal department. This time though, Lexa was slow and controlled, and Clarke held tight to her lover’s forearm to ground herself. It didn’t take long for Lexa to work her towards coming. She looked up into Lexa’s eyes and saw the love they had declared just a short while ago and she gasped as she felt herself start to clench around Lexa’s, now three, fingers as her thumb found the little nub that was waiting and begging for stimulation.

“Do you know…” Lexa started, and Clarke had to force herself to pay attention to Lexa’s words and not just the hand that was driving a slow and steady, but hard pace inside her. Clarke had started letting out gasps and moans almost as soon as Lexa had entered her. “What it means when you kiss me, with me still on your lips? Do you have any idea what that means to my people Clarke? It’s not something we share with just anyone. Do you have any idea what that does to me?”

“Ahh… Lexa please?” Clarke shook her head at the same time her hips started to meet Lexa’s thrusts.

“Please what?” Lexa growled, picking up her pace and seeing the sweet torture on Clarke’s face and in the eyes that were still locked with hers.

“Leksa….”

“It says much about the relationship of the people who share such a thing with each other. Probably the most intimate act we could perform. It’s the cycle of sharing yourself in this physical-” Lexa thrust harder at that word and Clarke cried out, gripping Lexa’s arm tighter. “Act. It says, I have no desire to be with anyone but you.” Clarke gasped, her orgasm ripping through her violently. Lexa talking to her as she had been had been a huge turn on that Clarke hadn’t even registered was something that did it for her. Lexa quickly leaned down to take Clarke’s lips, knowing her kwen would not be able to be quiet from the force with which she gripped Lexa’s fingers. She wasn’t wrong, but most of the sounds were covered by their kissing.
As she worked Clarke down and the blue eyes fluttered open to look at her she removed her hand from between Clarke’s legs, causing a whimper at the loss, and continued to look Clarke dead in the eye as she cleaned her fingers. Clarke’s eyes widened as Lexa leaned down to kiss her hard, and Clarke was the one that met Lexa’s lips with her tongue eagerly, knowing what Lexa was trying to say to her and tasting herself on her partner’s lips. Clarke quickly took over the kiss, pushing Lexa back onto her back, though she knew they were both too tired to continue she wanted to make clear to Lexa she knew exactly what was being said as their taste’s mingled together.

It was the best thing Clarke had tasted since landing on this earth.

She pulled back, looking Lexa in the eyes and the green orbs that stared back at her were serious and a little playful, as well as a lot tired. Lexa reached up and pulled a pillow down to support her head as she pulled Clarke against her chest again and Clarke proceeded to tangle their limbs together again.

“Go to sleep, Ai kwen.” Lexa said softly into Clarke’s hair. “I will be here in the morning, and I will teach you of another important part of my culture, and we shall paint your face to properly reflect the Queen you were always meant to be.”

Clarke nodded, running her hand up and down Lexa’s side as Lexa reached over to turn out the electric torch, soothing them both to sleep in the warm tent.

Chapter End Notes

Well, what do you think?

Next we get to see Clarke in full war paint. Anyone else excited?
Clarke woke up the next morning to Lexa staring in a hand mirror made of polished metal, a smaller version of the mirror she used back at the camp. Lexa smiled, as she finished applying the kohl and gestured for Clarke to sit up. Clarke narrowed her eyes, realizing that Lexa’s make up once again held three points, rather than the four she had been wearing when Clarke showed up in her tent, and she realized that Lexa had worn warpaint with three points ever since.

“Why is your facepaint back to three points under each eye?” Clarke said, as she faced Lexa who put down the kohl and small brush she used to define the edges, wiping her hand on a handkerchief that was already covered in various old fingerprints of kohl. “You had four, when I showed up, but ever since I’ve only seen you wear three.”

“That is a good question for this day, Skaikwen.” Clarke noticed the use of her title deliberately from Lexa, and saw that she had an almost sad look on her face beneath the paint. Clarke cocked her head to one side. “Most people do not have a specific meaning to their paint, when they first enter battle.” Lexa explained. “It is not required, and many times a second will take on either the pattern of their teacher, or the pattern of a particularly loved parent. Later, they sometimes come up with their own designs with meaning. Some assign meaning to their patterns, some take on the patterns of a lover they have bound with as a gesture of unity. It is private, and though it may be told, it is considered impolite to ask.” Lexa grinned at Clarke’s sheepish look, though her smile still seemed somewhat sad. “It’s okay, Aikwen; I was going to tell you this morning anyway. The Commander, traditionally must assign meaning to their pattern. Something to remind us what we fight for; traditionally we take on the paint of the First Commander, and only the Commander and their closest confidants know the meaning.”
“And that is?”

“One strike, or point, under each eye for each battle with a significant loss; not just numbers and not just battles or wars lost, but something the current Commander has lost personally. After so many, the pattern changes to allow for more reminders, if needed. This one,” Lexa pointed to the longest strike radiating from her eye. “Is the first set of battles lost trying to unite the clans. I succeeded, but before the campaign was half way over I had lost my father and brother. It is to remind me that every battle has a price, no matter how noble the cause.” Clarke reached out and took Lexa’s hand, and Lexa squeezed it. It was still a painful memory, as her mother had passed just after she was born, though she spent little time with them while training for her position her father and brother were the only serious family ties she had left. “This,” she continued softly. “is for my second, whom I took on my 18th birthday. I had been acting as Heda for two years, and she had great potential. She would have been one of my strongest generals, but she- I was arrogant and sent her into battle too soon. Kendra was 13, and it was my fault she was killed. I allowed her on the front lines when she begged to go, though she was still too young. I thought surely my second would be superior, and she was so gifted. It has been six years, this spring.”

“Lexa…” Clarke started, but the Commander shook her head. “I will not take another second until I am sure that I have humbled myself, and any risk that I have put them in is a carefully calculated and that they are prepared to handle it. I do not want to hinder any potential by being too skittish, but I also do not wish to repeat the mistake. The last one is for Anya, when she was taken by the Mountain Men. Though I knew she survived the battle at your drop ship, as we could not find any hint of a trinket Anya always carried with her, for such an occasion, losing her to the mountain was worse, and I was the one that declared Tristan take over for her, which lead to the events in which she was captured.”

Clarke was silent for a moment, taking in the new extremely personal information and processing it. Realizing that Lexa still didn’t know how Anya had died, Clarke felt she deserved that knowledge at least, even if it caused tension between them.

“I should tell you Anya didn’t die because of the Mountain Men. When I came across Camp Jaha, they thought we were both grounders and shot at us. Anya was killed, by my people. It was my fault.” Clarke held her breath and waited for the backlash.

“I know.” Lexa said simply, and Clarke looked at her, shocked. “Do you think I would have agreed to our alliance if my mentor thought it was a bad decision? There were Tree Specialists following you, with orders to not interfere under any costs unless a village was endangered, when we first had word of someone from the mountain escaping. I was told she was to bring you to me, so we could discuss a treaty and take on the Mountain together, and that she made this decision of her own free will. That you both were leaving when you were fired upon.”

“You knew the whole time?” Clarke asked.

“Why else would I grant you audience when we could have easily erased Jaha from existence? I knew it was the right decision when you brought me her braid.” Lexa smirked a little at that. Clarke thought a moment, before asking the question she was pretty sure she knew the answer to already, but wanting it confirmed.

“And the forth?”

“I wore for three years, from the day after The Mountain. Though we won the day, I thought I had lost you, and that was a reminder deserving of a mark upon my skin. As I said, the loss is a personal lesson to the Commander, to remind us of what the weight of the power that we hold is. After we spoke, and I realized that you would still allow me a chance to be worthy of you, the mark was no
longer needed. I had you with me.”

Clarke kissed her softly, before asking the other question on her mind, though knowing it was something Lexa would most likely not wish to talk about.

“No mark for Costia?” Lexa’s face hardened as she said it and Clarke worried for a moment before the other woman spoke.

“Her death was not a lesson. At least, not one she would want to be remembered as. She was so full of light and love and mischief. That I told myself love was weakness was a lie, and I always knew it. I also knew that if I added her death to my lessons she would be disappointed in me. Her death was because she was mine, but she was a warrior as well, and it was because the Ice Queen wanted to send me a message, not because of anything I had actually done. So I forced a peace upon their King when his mother was killed in the attack, and remembered her in my heart. Hoping that someday something might remind me that love is not weakness, though I never admitted it to myself; then, a little over a year later you fell from the sky, and as I got to know you I knew her spirit had sent you to me, to remind me that love is strength.” Lexa paused, tears in her eyes though none fell, and looked directly at Clarke. “Just like the both of you always told me.”

Clarke gasped, and after a moment, without breaking eye contact, raised Lexa’s hand to her lips and kissed it in an affectionate gesture. Lexa returned it. Clarke thought hard. She had never really believed in a god, or multiple gods, in anything as more than an abstract. She never gave serious thoughts to spirits, science filled in most of that, but she started to consider that all these things came from their connection to the earth, and her people may have very well lost that connection. Ever since she had landed she’d had what some would call spiritual experiences.

Lexa’s belief in spirits and reincarnation she had respected, of course, but never really gave serious thought to it until now. That Lexa believed that Costia had drawn them together out of love, to be loved by each other, and that they both apparently routinely had told Lexa the same thing about love in what Lexa seemed to mean in a similar way, Clarke began to wonder. Maybe there was more to life on the ground than what you could see.

She knew she could never really be sure, but Clarke suddenly saw things a little better from Lexa’s perspective, and saw the draw Octavia had had to the grounders. She maybe couldn’t believe in spirits and past lives completely, but her dad had always talked about fate, and she thought maybe, just maybe she could believe in that.

“Aikwen? I asked if you had any ideas and if you wanted your paint to be something specific?”

Clarke snapped back to reality, feeling Lexa’s hand in hers, and knew, at least, what she wanted to portray.

“My dad…” She stopped, thought for a second, and continued realizing Lexa may know but hadn’t been told by her what had happened on the Ark. “The life support systems were failing about a hundred years before they were supposed to on the Ark. It’s why they sent us, prisoners, down here, and why they crashed the Ark in a last ditch attempt for some of us to survive.”

“I know, Aikwen, Octavia has told many of our people what caused them to crash your Ark.” Lexa said, confused as to why Clarke was telling her this, though figuring it had something to do with her paint design. She had mentioned her father after all.

“Well. The reason I was in prison when they sent us was because my father was the engineer who discovered the problem.” Clarke swallowed, the memory still hurting. “He thought the people should know, and I agreed. Chancellor Jaha, and my mother, disagreed. So they floated him. Executed him
by putting him in the airlock and releasing him into space,” Clarke clarified for Lexa. “It was the price for any and all crime on the Ark. I was put in prison because they couldn’t execute anyone under the age of eighteen, and they had to have a hearing on your 18th birthday to see if you could be productive on the Ark and not cause any trouble. I would have been floated about a month after we landed here, because I still agree with my dad. We should have told the people. My mother went against the council later and released the video we made. We were right. The people came together on the Ark after we left, three hundred people voluntarily allowed themselves to be killed to give the others more air for a few more months.”

“Aikwen,” Lexa’s voice was full of awe and a little bit of horror at finding out how crime was dealt with in space. Death for every crime? It was barbaric. She decided to keep her thoughts to herself as Clarke continued speaking.

“I think I want a star design, because that’s what the Ark looked like from Earth, and it reminds me of my dad, and he reminds me what my duty to my people is.” Clarke said in a fast breath. “I like the idea of having each mark meaning a lesson, but not a loss. Something valuable though; I only have three points for now. The first for my dad and deciding to side with him; second for agreeing to the alliance even though so many people were telling me what to do, all different things. The last for accepting the people’s decision to make me Chancellor; I would have rather lived a normal life, but I’m the one that can give them normal lives and that’s important.”

Lexa nodded in approval, already the idea for the kohl design in her head, and gave Clarke another soft kiss before motioning her to sit up fully and close her eyes. She felt the cold of the kohl on Lexa’s thumbs as she spread it around her eyes, not pulling out to her hairline as the Commander’s did but leaving it dark around the eyes. Then she felt the brush pulling the black substance from her eyes to points around her them. When Lexa told her to take a look Clarke’s face remained serious as she looked into the little mirror. Each point, three around each eye, was thin but defined, one coming from the corner of her eye diagonally down about an inch, the second straight down her cheek bones to a quarter inch above her lips, and the third between the two. She noticed there would be plenty of room to add to the design as she felt she needed to later.

“How do I look?”

“Fierce, my love.” Lexa stated, only half joking. “Come, let me do your braids before we go outside.” The sad little smile was still on her face.

Octavia gave her a startled look when they exited their tent, both in paint and with braids done. Lexa had told her how to quickly do a complex set appropriate for riding any any skirmishes against bandits they may face. Clarke’s braids were simple, holding her hair back from her face with a few extra’s as some grounders did for casual scouting.

Still, Octavia gave an approving nod, and rolled her eyes at Clarke as she and Lexa geared up, tending to their horses while one of Lexa’s men took care of the tent itself. Clarke just smirked at her friend; payback for the ages she’d had to hear her and Lincoln.

They moved out quickly after dawn, if they rode quickly they would arrive at Jaha the next day around noon, and Clarke hoped to see the outer wall constructed, though she had given them another few days before her deadline, Raven had been in touch to tell the guard their likely time of arrival. The wall, she had said, was moving along well. They stopped for lunch by a small creek, too big for monsters to make their way up, and refreshing.
Lexa was even a little playful with Clarke and her men, splashing some water around at her after she was hit in Octavia, Raven and Clarke’s small water battle: Clarke splashing back and laughing, though not enough to break the aura of The Commander. Most of their people seemed happy and relieved to see their leaders acting in such a way, reminded of earlier days when they both showed more emotion, the kids from the drop ship that had become part of Octavia’s elite guard smiling at each other, and Lexa’s older soldiers sharing pleased but subtle looks.

They were half way through the afternoon, talking and laughing at old stories as they rode, when they heard a crashing through the woods towards their path on the road and a Trikru soldier shouted at them before he was felled by one of a volley of arrows. Lexa and Clarke immediately jumped off their horses with the rest of the guard, with the exception of Raven who stayed mounted and drew her gun and spear. It took a moment to process what the guard had been shouting in Trigedasleng.

“No Breikgona! Isekru!” Not bandits. Ice nation.

As it hit them Clarke saw, swarming out of the trees surrounding them, men in large white and grey furs that had light blue and silver war paint around their eyes. With them came people dressed in darker greens and blacks with green and black paint, the Swamp people as she and Lexa had expected. Within them, to Lexa and Clarke’s combined fury, there were Trikru black and Watakru dark blue. Not many, but enough.

“Well fuck.” Octavia said drawing her sword as she sent her horse away with the others, knowing the animals would stop at the next river down the road.

“There’s gotta be at least seventy-five!” Raven rounded on her beast, taking the first shot from her higher vantage point. There was a yell of pain and a gurgling of breath through blood from the direction she shot, signaling she had hit her target. Clarke drew her gun and sword as Lexa pulled the sword off her back and entered a fighting stance, the Skaigaurd shooting the first wave effectively and the Trikru gona drawing weapons and stepping in front of the Skaiguard slightly to give them the few extra seconds they would need to drop their automatics and draw other weapons after the front most attackers reached them.

Chapter End Notes

For those of you paying attention to my obsessions. Yes. I named Lexa's second after Kendra, the slayer from Season 2 of Buffy.

Chapter title from 'Won't Back Down' by Tom Petty.
The first wave of the attack hit them like a brick wall. Lexa readied herself, pulling her sword from its sheath on her back and checking that her knives were all in place. Ten feet from her, in the trees, an Ice Warrior was taken out, straight through the head, by a shot from Clarke’s pistol. Three or four others were taken out by the Skaigaurd’s guns, more being taken down on the other side of the tree line from them. The enemy had too large of a force though, and screams and curses were heard in several languages as the two forces met, Lexa taking down three men with two slices of her blade and readying herself for the others.

She heard shots fired at close range and was surprised that anyone but Raven was still firing their weapon. A swing of her sword turned her the ninety degree’s she needed to see what was going on, and what she saw almost froze her, though it was over in a second. Clarke, with a gun in her left hand and sword in the right, turned and moved almost as if in a dance. One hand took out an Ice Warrior and the other fired the trigger that took down a Swamp Man and one of the traitorous Trikru. Lexa was shocked. She saw the same technique being used by many of the Skaigaurd, using the smaller firearm as a support weapon as they spun and danced around their enemies, their automatics forgotten hanging on a strap over their backs. Lexa took down two more men in front of her with a swipe of her sword, and a third behind them collapsed from a bullet from Clarke’s gun. This allowed her a second to see Raven, atop her horse stabbing and firing, pulling the beast back far enough for her to lodge one of her smoke canisters in the middle of the attacking men. Octavia and Lincoln were only visible by the screams coming from their felled enemies less than ten feet from Lexa.

There were too many, though the Trikru had provided the support for the Skaigaurd to switch weapons and behind them bow men and Skai gona were firing quickly, they were starting to be overcome. Their force was being pushed back to the tree line on the other side of the glade. Lexa looked over, Clarke in her warpaint and covered in blood, with a ruthless look on her face met...
Lexa’s eye. They were surrounded, and most of the enemy force was pushing on them from inside the glade, very few in the trees. Several of their party, though thankfully none of the leaders, had fallen injured or dead, unable to fight the sheer numbers. Each of them had five warriors to worry about each with more waiting for their chance to take the place of the fallen behind them. Even their best could not put up with these numbers forever.

Clarke nodded.

“ZOG RAUN!” Lexa shouted over gunfire and battle cries, running though a traitor and slicing off the head of an Ice Warrior.

“ZOG RAUN!” This time four other voices joined in her call to arms. Clarke, covered in blood and drawing more, shouting over the sound of her weapon firing. Lincoln and Octavia from behind the enemies lines where they and a few of the elite Skaigaurd were clearing a substantial hole in the enemies forces; and Raven atop her horse as she skewered a Trikru traitor and turned her beast around to shoot an Ice Man in the face.

Almost instantaneously, Lexa saw the tree line in front of her darken, and heard surprised screams from those of the enemy force still in the trees. Seconds later she heard the same surprised death yell from those that had surrounded them nearest the tree line behind her. She saw Clarke smirk, never stopping her attack dance, slice, shoot, punch with her sword hand. Locking weapons with a traitor and then letting a round of her weapon off in his gut. Lexa grinned. Beauty, brains, and deadliness; she was lucky to be granted a second chance with the Skaikwen.

Within minutes she was locking eyes briefly with her tree specialists that swarmed the enemy from behind. Though the enemy was now aware of their presence, these were Lexa’s elite and trusted. Combing them with the Skaigaurd and the battle was over in minutes. She turned to see Octavia hamstring one of the last standing fighters, and Clarke kneecap another as Raven took out the shoulders of two others who fell to the ground in pain. She was no longer needed to fight; she directed her newly arrived troops to capture the rest of the attack party.

Lexa looked around. Seventy-five traitors to the united clans had been nearly exterminated by a mere fifty of her warriors in what must have been less than fifteen minutes. She smirked. They had only had twenty warriors following them in the trees, but it was all the advantage they needed.

“It looks like your theory about the Swamp Man was correct, Skaikwen.” Lexa said, cleaning her sword off on a semi-clean part of her armor and sheathing it. Clarke cleared her weapon on a spot in the grass slightly less covered in blood and looked out over the near one hundred fallen bodies. None of the Tree warriors had fallen, they had been a surprise, a few of their escort party had fallen but all of the Skaigaurd was intact. Raven’s horse was covered in blood but seemed disturbingly calm.

“Yes, well for the record I wish it hadn’t been, Heda.” Clarke replied as Octavia helped an injured Lincoln hobble over to them, Raven following on her horse and the Blake boy came up behind her with one of the Skaigaurd’s automatics over his shoulder. The remaining ten traitors had been bound and deposited face down next to the bodies of their dead comrades, awaiting her word on what was to be done with them.

“So do we all.” Lexa answered as Clarke went to check Lincoln. A gash in his leg that was easily patched up, though he would be riding the rest of the way according to Clarke; he grumbled a bit about it but didn’t argue with his leader. Lexa raised her voice, as Clarke checked the others for wounds. There were a few serious ones but most were minor or easily set broken bones.

“Gather the traitors!” Lexa shouted in Trigedasleng. “We will continue on until the end of day. After that we have likely a little more than a half a day’s ride to the Skai people’s town. The Ice
Nation warriors will be kept for questioning and then executed. Any desert people among them, though I see none, will be turned over to their leader to be dealt with, and all Trikru will be held on trial as soon as the army reaches Jaha and they can be transported to Ton DC and dealt with as the people see fit. Send a runner back to the army, they should be on the move by now, and tell Indra and Toumuas that the leader of the Swamp People is to be held for questioning and trial when they reach our final location. You!” She pointed at her most banged up Trikru ground soldier who could ride. “Deliver the message directly to Indra, tell her to pass it on to Toumuas and tell him I said to contact Luna.”

Clarke had finished patching up all of their men, and a few of the traitors they wanted to question, and was approaching her.

“There’s a river a half a mile from here, the horses should be there and we can wash off.” Clarke said, and though Lexa remembered the ruthless look on her face as she fought, that look was gone and replaced with remorse.

“Of course, Teina.” Lexa replied, and directed her warriors as such as Clarke addressed her people, pulling the blonde in now that the danger had passed and checking her for wounds. “Are you hurt?”

“Just some bumps and bruises, Love.” Lexa smiled softly. It was the first time Clarke had called her such after they had declared their feelings for each other. Still she checked her over briefly. There was a cut on her forehead that could do with being cleaned, and her kwen was covered in blood but most of it appeared to not be hers. She caught Clarke doing the same visual check as Lexa had, knowing that Lexa would not mention any injuries in public. They were both relieved to find nothing, and Lexa was all that more impressed with her teina.

No one batted an eye as they moved for the river, Lexa gripping Clarke’s bloody hand with her own. They had all become used to it in camp, and all of her warriors, even those in the Skaigaurd, could tell she was made stronger by her love’s presence. In fact, to Clarke’s surprise, on the short walk a few of them addressed both women as Heda rather than as Heda and Skaikwen. In fact, Clarke’s title was now being used interchangeably with Heda and Lexa felt herself puff her chest out a little in pride. Not all Commanders chose a mate that was acknowledged by their people as an equal to the Commander. In fact, there was not record of one for certain since the first Commander, after the bombs fell.

They reached the river, and Clarke declared an hours rest, but that she wanted to get a bit closer to Jaha before nightfall. They still had several hours before twilight, and Lexa’s people looked to Clarke’s direction just as they did to her command that they stay alert while they took their rest.

Clarke and Lexa retreated slightly down stream to wash each other’s faces, careful to not touch the war paint lest it need to be re-applied and they were ambushed again by bandits, which was a possibility. Hands, faces, and arms washed and outer clothes rinsed of blood and set out on a log in the sun to dry, Lexa took Clarke’s hand and lead her off farther into the forest, wanting a moment to themselves before returning to the army twenty feet away from them.

“Where are we going?” Clarke questioned.

“Not far.” Lexa answered tersely. She looked back and walked on for another thirty or so seconds until the troupes were out of sight. She didn’t bother for out of earshot, knowing Clarke well enough to know that may well be useless.

“Oh!” Clarke exclaimed, with a smirk on her lips as Lexa roughly backed her against a tree and connected their lips, melding their bodies together. “So, fighting does it for you, huh?” Clarke asked in amusement before letting out a quiet moan as Lexa hit a sensitive spot on her neck.
“Not just fighting.” Lexa growled into Clarke’s neck, nipping lightly at the spot and feeling Clarke tremble against her at the feeling. “Watching you fight. You were beautiful. Powerful.” Clarke let out another moan as Lexa’s hand snuck up her white undershirt and slipped under her bra, tweaking and playing with the hardened peak she found there. Clarke was as turned on as she was, admittedly while she didn’t take pleasure in the violence, Lexa’s appreciation of her improved fighting style was attractive in and of itself.

There wasn’t time to deal with adjusting much clothing, Clarke had left her sword by the clothing drying several yards away, but still wore her gunbelt. Lexa had several knives on her person but somehow they still managed to maneuver around the clothes they wore that were not completely soaked in blood or drying on the log. Lexa was rough, which just made Clarke more eager, pulling up her shirt and bra to attack her breasts with her mouth and all Clarke could manage was to lean against the tree and let Lexa do as she pleased. Which was apparently draw more sounds out of Clarke.

She managed to maneuver around the belt Clarke wore over her tanktop and jeans to shimmy the pants down enough that Lexa could hike one of her legs over her shoulder. Clarke wasn’t sure how her partner had managed it but she didn’t much care as she saw Lexa sink to her knees on the forest floor and link one arm under her left leg, wrapping the other around her hips to steady her.

“Oh, god…” The first touch of Lexa’s tongue to her clit let Clarke know just how turned on she really was, she was swollen and throbbing and Lexa’s mouth only brought relief. Clarke found one of her hands gripping on to the bark of the tree to further steady herself and the other in Lexa’s braids, drawing her closer. The call she let out next was some version of Lexa’s name as her partner slid a strong tongue inside her, thrusting rapidly and causing Clarke to pant helplessly.

She was already close to the edge when Lexa slipped two digits into her and returned her tongue to Clarke’s engorged nub. Clarke cried out again as her inner walls finally had something solid to grip on to, a relief in itself even as she felt herself be pushed further to her climax.

“Lex. Ah, fuck Lex… harder.” Clarke’s words were a mix of desperate cries and triumphant moans as Lexa did as she was asked. It only took another minute of blissful torture before Clarke’s fingers tightened in Lexa’s hair as her partner curled her fingers inside just right.

There was no question that their party heard them back where they waited by the bridge’s crossing. Clarke quickly drew Lexa up by the hair and to her mouth, tasting herself and moaning as Lexa rode her through her orgasm with the fingers that were still moving steadily inside her.

“Ahh… Oh fuck…Oh god I’m gonna…again… fuck…” She barely registered the second orgasm coming, it hit her like a train, suddenly as she kissed her partner and clenched around her once more, making Lexa moan in return.

They kissed possessively, all tongue and teeth, while Clarke gained her energy back, and Lexa pulled out of her, causing another moan from Clarke, and pulled her pants back up as best she could with Clarke clutching at her and shuddering from aftershocks and keeping their lips attached.

Lexa felt herself rather aroused, but wasn’t expecting the tables to be turned just after she pulled back to clean her fingers off of Clarke. Before she knew it she was pressed against the tree and her dearskin pants were unbuttoned and Clarke’s hand slithered inside, still kissing her and Lexa groaned as their tastes mixed in her mouth. That pushed her even further as Clarke gently rubbed her engorged clit, and she bucked her hips into Clarke’s hand, groaning.

“Spirits…Klark… I’m close already teina… so close…” Lexa knew her words shifted from
Trigedasleng to English without pause but she was also pleasantly surprised that Clarke wasn’t phased by it.

“I know, baby.” Clarke muttered against her lips, taking them again in the battle that had continued as she slipped her hand lower to enter Lexa who let out a keening sound that was not at all covered by their kisses. No more than a dozen thrusts with Clarke’s palm working her clit and she was gone, throwing her head back and calling out for Clarke, who buried her head against Lexa’s neck, soothing her through the powerful waves hitting her.

“I know baby, I’m here, I’ve got you.” Lexa shuddered again as another aftershock hit her. Clarke, knowing her clit was usually too sensitive right after an orgasm, had pulled out of her unbuttoned pants and pulled her their hips together as the other hand snaked back into Lexa’s braids and pulled her back in for a softer kiss, bringing them both down.

Lexa finally pulled back, gazing at Clarke in wonder. The woman’s pants were still pulled down part way down her legs, but somehow she had flipped them so Lexa rested against the tree. Lexa grinned.

“What?” Clarke said, grinning. “You’re the one that wanted to have a quickie in the woods.”

“Quickie?”

“Yeah.” Clarke laughed. “When you really want to get someone off but don’t have a lot of time to do it in.”

“Oh.” Lexa said, and then smiled. “I should initiate these ‘quickies’ more often then?”

“Do I look like I’m complaining?” Clarke smiled again at Lexa, and Lexa was starting to notice that it was a smile she had only seen Clarke give to her in the last few days. Clarke pulled her in for another chaste kiss, though Lexa moaned again at the taste of them both on each of their lips.

“Come on, teina.” Clarke whispered into the kiss, Lexa smiling at Clarke’s use of the word. “We should get back, before Octavia sends out a search party with the sole purpose of catching us in the act…”

“She would not?!” Lexa was incredulous as she straightened her clothes, helping Clarke to adjust hers which were much more out of place than Lexa’s. Settling the gun belt back over Clarke’s hips, she took her hand, leading her back to their now hopefully dry clothing. It was starting to become a little chilly in the early winter. Some snow patches from the first storm were still melting around them.

“You think I chose her as my Vice Chancellor because she’s timid?” Clarke joked, picking up her dry hoodie and slinging it over her shoulders, zipping it up half way, before reattaching her sword and throwing her jacket on over the whole thing. She let Lexa help her buckle the pauldron over her right shoulder. Lexa, just slipping her sword holster over her shoulder, took her hand and the headed back to camp.

Clarke’s hopes were dashed when they were met with cheering and chanting troupes, even some of the Skai people joining in and Raven and Octavia smirking at her. Bellamy looked a little ill, and a lot bashful, not meeting either of their eyes. Lexa however, while Clarke blushed, took an exaggerated bow, her men and Clarke’s laughing at the Commander’s show of humor. Clarke looked at her partner and laughed, rarely getting to see Lexa act any sort of silly, even if it was covered by arrogance, when they were in public during the day.

“All right, all right!” Clarke shouted over the laughs, holding her hands up but smiling so their
troupes didn’t think she was upset with them. “Let’s get going, I still want to get to Jaha tomorrow, and Lincoln don’t you dare try to get out of riding, don’t make me get O to haul you up on a horse in front of her!” Grounder’s had different standards for privacy it seemed, and they clearly meant no disrespect towards her and Lexa.

Lincoln looked a little abashed, knowing very well he was going to try to walk it off even though he had several stitches in his leg, and knowing also that Clarke would make him ride with Octavia if he attempted to disobey her.

Later that night, warpaint and the rest of the blood washed off with water gathered at the river, as they lay in in their tent curled around each other for warmth and just because they liked having the time to be physically close; Clarke sighed and rolled over, Lexa moving with her to keep the pelts in place and keep Clarke within her embrace.

“What is the matter, Teina?” Lexa asked, sleepily. They had retired a bit early, some of the warriors still celebrating outside.

“Nothing really just… some of your warriors and the grounders in the Skaigaurd have started calling me Heda.” Clarke was slow with her statement, trying to keep the question out of it, worried that Lexa would be upset at the seeming transfer of power.

“I know. I am glad.” Lexa said, with a small smile.

“What? You aren’t upset?”

“Why would I be upset? My people agree with me that my chosen partner is my equal, in every way.” Lexa waggled her eyebrows suggestively and Clarke laughed, before sobering.

“Wait… you knew. That first night!”

“Our first night.” Lexa corrected softly, running her hand through Clarke’s wavy unbraided hair.

“Yes, I knew when I heard them chanting. They would not have used the plural, even as impressive as a show we put on for them, unless they believed you to be my equal. Today, the battle, and after word of the planned ambush being your idea to draw the traitors out spread, just proved it enough for them to call you this to your face. It is rare, I don’t believe there has been a Commander whose partner was considered their equal since the first, though it may have happened.”

“And that means?” Clarke pushed.

“It means they will follow your orders as if they were mine, unless directly contradicted by a later order I am to give. That they will fight for you as they would for me. That they will protect your people as they would my own. You have always been respected, Clarke, from the beginning. Our presumed union has only told the people that I wish you respected as they respect me.”

“So this doesn’t happen every time you… I mean every time the Commander takes a lover?” Clarke asked, her worry for their potential political situation seeping through her words, as well as her reservations about them and their responsibilities coming between them.

“No not by, what is it you sky people say… a long shot?” Clarke laughed as Lexa kissed her temple.

“We can talk more about us when we reach your Arc, Teina. We still do need to have a long talk, but it is not for the road.”

“You’re right.” Clarke said. “And here in this tent, it is time for Klark and Leksa?”
“That it is, and it is also time for sleep, unless we want to give those spear-heads outside yet another show?” Clarke laughed and kissed Lexa full on the lips, before pulling back. “They’ll get enough shows in the future, I’m sure.” Clarke said, letting Lexa know that she was also thinking in the long term, something she felt physically relax the other woman’s tenseness. “If we want to not sleep in and make it to Jaha tomorrow evening we need to rest.”

Lexa kissed Clarke atop the head again as the blonde snuggled in for the night, both tightening their arms around each other and drifting to sleep.

Chapter End Notes

Soooo. Yeah. Did ya'll see the re-enforcements coming? I made mention of Clarke setting a trap in a previous chapter but tried to avoid anything but short clues that this was it... I don't know if I'll have space to mention it in the main story but the reason Lexa sent the most banged up ground warrior back was so that anyone watching and not listening to the conversation wouldn't know how the battle had gone. That way Swamp Man won't run right away blah blah.

For the record. Clarke is an AMAZING shot and she's the one that taught the Skaigaurd to use firearms (Octavia and Lincoln still don't like them) so she trained alongside them, and helped develop a lot of the moves involving more primitive weapons and guns. She's become quite the badass in three years. The only ones with better aim than her are Raven, Murphy, and Miller; and Bellamy before he was captured, she's likely better than him now. Seeing how they are all received at Jaha is going to be... interesting.

As for the quickie in the woods scene... Scientifically, there's a phenomenon that occurs where, during and after a fight women and men will find themselves aroused; it has to do with the autonomic nervous system blah blah. I figured Lexa would be the type to embrace that, and Clarke would likely be the type to not realize it until Lexa jumped her in the woods so. That happened. Also Lexa's just hot for the fact that Clarke has gotten even stronger in the last few years.

What did you all think? Would you like more detailed battle scenes in the future (I had issues writing this one for some reason) or was this detailed enough? Did you all enjoy Lexa's little side mission into the woods? How about that all the Skai leaders knew about the reverse ambush?

Yes, I used a Fall Out Boy song again, stop judging me the wording worked for the Trikru ambushing the first ambush!

Feed the author please! You don't have to but more notes lets me know you guys are still reading, and lets me know what you guys like to see!
“Well fuck.” Octavia slapped her horses behind to send the trained animal away from the fight. Horses were precious and couldn’t be wasted in battle unless necessary, like Raven’s steed, who was a warrior’s beast in itself. She drew her sword, stepping up with Lincoln as the *Skaigaurd* and *Skai Gonas* prepared to take out the first few waves.

When the enemy hit it was like a battering ram. She heard Raven yell something about numbers from where she was firing somewhere above them, but all Octavia saw were the faces of the traitors to the Coalition. For all that she had her personal issues with the Commander, some of which were now in question due to her brother actually not being dead after all, Lexa had spent most of her life putting together a land of peace, which included all people. Anyone that wanted to destroy that enraged Octavia, and it was that controlled rage that took the head off of a Swamp Man whose chain weapon she was too far inside the range of to be hit by.


Her *Skaigaurd* had exchanged their weapons and stepped up alongside its leaders. Lincoln and Octavia didn’t use guns, preferring more traditional weapons when possible; she heard Lincoln roar and she briefly saw a look of recognition on his face as he exchanged angry words in *Trigedasleng* with a traitor in *Trikru* paint.

Octavia grinned as she turned to engage the next warrior. Lincoln very rarely got angry; the man he fought was already dead if Lincoln recognized him.

Dodge again; she locked weapons with a large Ice Man who went down when she took out his knee with her boot. His blood splattered her face as she looked over, seeing Clarke holding her own. The grin not leaving her face; she had seen Clarke fight before but never in these numbers and something about the paint she wore in anticipation of the attack today made her look as formidable as Lexa, or any of the *Skaigaurd*; Octavia Blake of the *Skaigaurd* deliberately worked her way inside the offense of the attackers.

She was four or five deep, and she noticed that they had all been surrounded by now and her grin turned feral at the challenge, Lincoln only two traitors away from her. She took on three to five at once, occasionally turning around to hack at a traitor attacking her friends behind her when she took down one of the men surrounding her. There were a few women in the crowd, mostly Ice Nation warriors, she noticed very few traitors from the *Trikru* were women.
There wasn’t very much time to process much else as she hacked, chopped and slid her way further into their ranks. The warriors there were not prepared for this kind of attack, but Octavia hated waiting in the line, fighting better when there was constant movement. She spun and sliced, hitting her knees a fair amount of times to take out the larger men from the legs, every few minutes she drew a dagger from the many she carried on her and launched it into the head of an attacker a few feet away, continuing her dance.


Landing on her knees once more and sliding in the grass she took out three more. Then she heard Lincoln shout and her head snapped around, seeing he had been hit in the leg by a large Ice Man’s blade. She roared herself, taking out every one of the men, five deep and three abreast, keeping her from her bonded within seconds.

Octavia didn’t so much help Lincoln as she provided support, standing on his left side so no one could take advantage of his wound. They still faced five men apiece and there seemed to be no end in sight. She was just beginning to wonder what the hell Lexa was waiting for when she heard the call.

“ZOG RAUN!” She and Lincoln echoed, hearing Clarke, Lexa, and Raven roar with them. She looked over at Lincoln and he gave her a steady look, which she returned with a grin and a wink as she sliced behind her, hearing the crunch of a twig and seeing the shadow of the Ice Man that lumbered over her, leaving himself open by attempting a large open hack with his axe.

He hit the ground hard and she used his body to trip one attacker into another and run both of them through before elbowing another in the face. She heard the roar surround her, the extra troupes that had been following them in the trees, and the surprised and overwhelmed cries of their enemies. Four more men down and the fight was almost done, Lexa shouting for them to capture the rest of the traitors.

Octavia laughed as she sheathed her sword and pulled out the metal and wooden batons she used to subdue enemies, kicking two over in the middle of the action, her heightened senses letting her know exactly where every body stood and which side they belonged to regardless of paint.

She hit an oncoming traitor in the stomach and as he doubled over kneed him in the face, clocking the man behind him in the side and back of the head with her other baton. The crowed had thinned and she started walking the field, kicking bodies to see if they still lived, and disarming and dropping those who still moved in a pile started by one of the Tree Specialists.

As soon as her area was cleared she made her way to Lincoln, who was bleeding and limping badly. Knowing some medical tidbits from listening to Clarke over the years she insisted he lean on her now the battle was done until Clarke could see to his wound so he didn’t damage it more than necessary.

Bellamy had trouble reconciling what was happening around him with the memories that kept flashing back. The only difference in his mind was the memories were for some reason clouded with red. He remembered ripping, fighting with his hands and inhuman strength that tore at his ligaments. He could feel them then, but it didn’t hurt, so he continued on.

The sounds of the battle happening around him intruded soon enough. Gunfire, strangely enough, brought him back. There was no gunfire in his fights over the last years, and he felt himself calm as
one of the painted men who fought with both Sky and Ground weapons pressed a heavy automatic into his hands.

They were surrounded, and though he didn’t know what was happening he took up a perch behind those in melee combat, in the line with the Ark Guard’s who were also firing. Whoever was attacking was coming from behind them again, and Bellamy focused on firing on those that had different colored paint, knowing he wouldn’t be hitting any of their own people that way.

He jumped when he heard Raven, less than ten feet from him and surprisingly in the fray of the fight on top of her horse, echo a loud call that came from behind him. He continued firing on those with the different paint as he saw men and women with masks made of bone and dark metal come from the trees.

His heart refused to stop pounding even after someone came over to push the muzzle of his gun down, and he realized he hadn’t fired on anyone in several minutes. Looking around, he slung the gun over his shoulder and tried to act normal.

Until a blur that was clearly his sister hit him hard, particularly with her newer, harder armor; a mix of grounder gear and Kevlar; pressed heavily on bruises he already sported.

“Fuck. You’re still alive. Thank fuck.” Octavia had a death grip on him, and he looked around confused. Lincoln was being patched up by Clarke, and he felt wetness on his shoulder. He realized she was crying about the same time as he registered his own tears.

She only took seconds, and surprisingly a look from Clarke who unnerved the hell out of him in that war paint she had emerged this morning wearing, for her to calm down. By the time they were walking towards the direction the horses had run, Lincoln at Clarke’s order riding behind Raven, and the rest of the force including those that had joined them either helping the wounded or pushing or dragging prisoners.

For the amount of men that had attacked them, there were surprisingly few survivors from the other side.

Many of the men were laughing and splashing in the river as Bellamy washed his face, Octavia plopping down beside him to clean her own hands, seemingly not bothered by the blood covering her clothing.

“So, big brother, you still know how to fire a gun it looks like.” She was smiling, though he saw a darkness in her eyes that he recognized, but couldn’t place.

“It’s not too hard. Pull trigger, don’t get hit in the face with gun.” He joked back with a wry smile, not mentioning that he had been caught in some sort of flashback before the gun was in his hand. His head jerked up as he heard a cry come from the forest in the direction he saw Clarke and Lexa wander off to. He started to stand but Octavia grabbed his arm.

“Don’t. You don’t want a close up, trust me.” Octavia was smiling though. “Clarke is bad enough when walked in on, I don’t want to see what she and Lexa are both like when interrupted.”

“Uh. Uhm… Yeah. About that about how long has that really been going on? Clarke said a few days but they seem uhm, really close…”

“Like a week.” Octavia answered casually, shrugging. “Don’t know what started it, except Clarke finding out Lexa actually came back… I’m not asking questions this is the first time I’ve seen her happy since our first day on the ground.”
“Yeah. You two get along now? What’s up with the star on you and Lincoln too… Clarke has a little pin on her jacket that’s the same but gold?”

“You didn’t hear yet?” Octavia asked incredulously. Bellamy shook his head.

“Uhm… well some things are a little different. Lincoln and I are on the Council, but the shiny pins give us away in the forest so we wear them on our weapon belts. The pins were made specially by a jeweler Lincoln knows in Polis.”

“I’m sorry you and Lincoln are what? And Clarke too?”

Octavia laughed at the look on his face.

“What?”

“Bel… Clarke’s Chancellor; that’s why she was meeting with Lexa when we found you…”

“CLARKE is WHAT?!” That was something he had trouble wrapping his mind around. Sure, Clarke was their leader but he never assumed that they’d elect her. If anything he was surprised the remaining of the 100 hadn’t broken off into a separate camp in the last however long he’d been gone.

“Yeah, if that shocks you, you’ll get an extra kick out of this. I’m Vice Chancellor.” Octavia had a big grin on her face, pointing at herself with both thumbs.

Bellamy choked on the water he was drinking from the canteen he’d been offered. Before he could say anything however, they heard a series of sounds that couldn’t be mistaken for anything other than something that made his ears color red, and he wasn’t exactly uncomfortable with the idea of sex. Before they had the chance to continue the conversation, the whole forest seemed to be cheering and laughing, including Octavia which confused the shit out of him. He gave her a look.

“What? Grounder’s aren’t shy about sex…” Octavia shrugged, coloring a little as his eyes narrowed.

Bellamy was even more confused when about ten minutes later, about the time Octavia had gotten up to go over to Raven and Lincoln to gather a party to break up the happenings in the woods, Clarke and Lexa stepped back into the clearing by the river and the whole party started up chanting either what sounded like “Heda’s” or cheering and laughing.

What shocked him the most was Lexa, carrying her coat and dropping Clarke’s hand, bowing exaggeratedly, a smirk on her face; and Clarke, Clarke laughing along with the rest.

Holy crap, he was glad when the tents were set up for the night.

It had been a fucking weird day.

- 

The events from yesterday went pretty much unmentioned. Though the grounders had cheered their leaders when they returned they didn’t seem to chide them much beyond that and thankfully camp was mostly quiet that night. The ride that day was casual, they had many more men most of whom were not on horseback and they moved slower but Clarke assured the party would reach Jaha by sundown.

When they reached it Bellamy gaped. He had thought yesterday had been odd. Lexa and Clarke were in the lead of their caravan and he rode a few horses back, but everyone stopped on the ridge overlooking the lake and the Ark that had crashed in front of it, so he got a good look, as Octavia
rode up beside him.

“Holy crap.”

“Did well for ourselves the last few years, huh big brother?” Octavia had that grin on her face again.

Bellamy took in what was once the tiny camp with razor wire electrical fence around it. It spanned most of the valley now; there was enough room on the hillside and near it for the grounder army when they showed up but just enough. He noticed fields off to his right, with people working them and what looked like guards patrolling, some on horseback. The fence had been expanded backwards so the lake front had been protected and there were what seemed to be crudely made fishing boats and what looked like a water turbine. He saw not just tents, but permanent dwellings nearer to the Ark and some of them had what appeared to be electric lighting in them.

The fence had also been expanded forward to account for the solid housing, and there seemed to be an outer camp of tents and cruder dwellings outside the razor wire fence, whose gate was open for the day. Around that, with a large field of space for expansion he assumed, there was a taller fence, parts of it seeming still under minor construction. He recognized metal from the drop ship and scrap from the exodus ship in the heavier wall, as well as heavy logs fortifying it. He noticed the same electrical wire running along the outside, wrapped around the logs and touching the metal which, he assumed, would electrify most of the scrap the fence was made out of.

“Woah. Yeah, I wasn’t expecting it to be this expanded in only a few years…” He trailed off as Clarke looked over her shoulder at them.

“Signal Octavia, Raven get Marcus or Murphy on the radio.”

“What, Murphy?!” Immediately, ignoring his outburst, Octavia pulled her bow up and Lincoln rode up with what looked like an old world lighter. They lit an arrow that had what appeared to be a flare on the end of it and Octavia sent it up as Raven rode forward.

“It’s Kane, Murphy’s overseeing the construction of the outer fence.” Raven paused to listen to some crackling. “He says they used the short range to inform Murphy it’s us, and they saw the flare. We’re good to go. Security won’t give us any issues.” Immediately they began moving again, and Bellamy kicked his horse to a trot down into the valley.

Octavia finally answered him.

“Murphy’s a long story, you should talk to Clarke, but now he’s one of the Council’s trusted. He took over running the security force from Marcus Kane about a year and a half back, he got back from the dead zone going on about how Jaha, you know person Jaha, was crazy talking about rabbit holes and throwing people to sea monsters, I don’t know. I donno know what Clarke said to him but he’s never given us a problem in public… always waits till he has just Clarke and me or the Council to air any issues. She let him work his way up and he did it fast… the Ark Security listens to him, without, you know, him being crazy or threatening people or anything.”

“Okay, stop, I don’t know how much more I can take.”

“A good chunk of Ton DC came here to rebuild after the mountain, and a bunch of Arker’s went to live and help rebuild there.”

“I said stop.”

“Okay big brother. Take your time processing.”
Bellamy really did need some time to process. As the reached the gate, they were all told to dismount and their horses were taken inside to what looked like a crudely built stable. As soon as she hit the ground Clarke began barking out orders, which wasn’t too weird. The weird part was people listening to her without question. She spoke quickly with Murphy, who now had a large scar running down his face over his right eye, and she smiled and smacked him on the back in a friendly way. He actually smiled and bowed his head in a respectful gesture. Bellamy was shocked.

No one seemed to much recognize him. He wasn’t surprised, with the longer hair and three day beard he didn’t look much like his old self, and he was okay with it that way for now. He noticed that Lexa and Clarke, while still retaining a level of contact that would be considered closer than two diplomats on the Ark, had distanced themselves from each other. Clarke was directing the grounders, and she marched, legitimately marched, through the inner gates to meet Marcus Kane and her mother as well as some others including Jasper and Monty. Unlike the Clarke he remembered, she didn’t exchange hugs with any of them. She rattled off a few more instructions he couldn’t hear, seeing prisoners dragged away, Emerson among them though he had a separate guard and was in chains not ropes.

She walked back towards him, Octavia followed her with Lincoln in tow.

“I was thinking.” She started, a wry grin on her face that reminded him of the old Clarke. “You would like to get cleaned up and out of that Mountain Guard uniform? Octavia, ya wanna go give him a haircut and have Lincoln show him where to find some shaving equipment.”

“That sounds fantastic.” Bellamy sighed. At least he could look and feel like his old self for a while.

“There’s a council meeting in three hours, at sundown.” Clarke continued, to both of them to Bellamy’s surprise. “We need all essential personnel there before the council meets privately tomorrow; we need to get all sides of this mess sorted out. Bel, I don’t want you to put out anything you can’t handle but we need some sort of rundown of what happened before you got back to us. Murphy will be updating us on the wall, and security in general. Lexa and her chosen representatives will be there as well. Sound like a plan?”

Then his sister said something he never thought he’d hear.

“Got it boss.”

Maybe he’d have time for a nap in the next three hours.

Chapter End Notes

Okay so a few things explained. Octavia has PTSD, but it mostly manifests in battle as heightened senses, she gets flashback’s at night and in certain situations but, as per the actual mental function of PTSD, it actually helps her out in battle. Rather than anxiety, its heightened senses that, in a battle, are appropriate reactions. The issue is outside of fighting she has anxiety issues and night terrors. That’s why after the battle she ran to Bel and tackled him, she flashed back to the Mountain for a second when she thought he was dead.

Bellamy’s PTSD is pretty specific and has only JUST begun to show up now that he’s off the drug. It may or may not get worse, depends on where he takes me.
Clarke's is pretty specific to the Mountain and the battle at the dropship, and any time she loses a patient that she knew well, just to clear that up. It doesn't affect her fighting, it has to do with the decisions she's had to make particularly nuking the mountain.

So. What did you all think of the different perspectives. It might take a little longer to tell the story but should I keep it up, not just Lexa and Clarke? Did you all like the little bit of extra action I put into the battle? Did I get characterization okay? FEED THE AUTHOR! ;)

Oh, and I kept Bellamy's POV for the arrival cuz I really wanted to showcase the change. I was originally gonna use Lexa cuz she's not seen Jaha since the mountain, but I think this worked better.

Murphy's here cuz I love his character, and yes it may be brief (because I character studied the shit out of Murphy during the show and his mental state is pretty easy to pin down) but I will explain the change in him other than Jaha is nuts and he came back. New! Clarke post mountain had an idea that worked.

BTW the whole Nuke thing at the end of season two didn't happen, though he did find the lighthouse. Haven't decided where Jaha is or if I care enough to deal with it yet (his whole Nuclear Jesus delusion thing annoyed the crap out of me).

TELL ME THINGS!

Next up: Clarke shows Lexa the Ark and the rest of Jaha.

Also points if you get the lyric, just cuz it's obscure.
Clarke dismounts and she gives a thankful look to the boy, one of the younger kids from the dropship, who takes her horse. He smiles at her, a huge grin, and she can’t help but return it a little, even with all that has gone on. She notices the inside of the walls are all lined with wooden panels and is thankful that at least some of her people are competent and don’t argue.

All of their clothes are still stained with the remains of the blood they couldn’t get out while on the road. She feels Lexa dismount behind her, to much chatter from the citizens of Jaha that can see their party, and she feels the woman’s presence close behind her. Lexa is closer than would normally be considered appropriate and she can almost feel the want to wrap an arm around her coming off the other woman; but the time for Klark and Leksa is over, Heda and the Chancellor must control their actions now.

“Octavia, have a runner get helpers to get the wounded to the medbay. I want prisoners in the Box right away, they can be seen to in their cells if they need medical treatment; no one from the same clan to a box!” She barks out, aware that only seconds have passed since her horse was taken. Clarke looks around, snapping out a few orders to keep the people of the Ark back. She doesn’t worry about the citizens from TonDC that have made their home in what is now the middle of the keep, between the walls. Some of those from the Ark may have issues with Lexa being there, and its then that she realizes that she painted her face this morning. The grounders look impressed. The Arker’s look confused.

“I will make a formal announcement about my visit to Apeake after the council has met tonight. Do not worry, you will all be informed with plenty of time!” She is loud, but not harsh. This seems to quell most of the Arker’s and the presence of security gets rid of the more curious. “Where is Murphy?”

“Right here Chancellor.” Murphy’s demeanor is still the same as it’s always been, threatening, and she feel Lexa step closer, an almost impossible feat. He stands a little straighter now, and his swagger
is only present when he is out of uniform; which is rarely. She can feel the arm brushing her back at an angle that suggests its resting on one of her hidden knives. She wants to tell her to calm down, but knows she cannot in public. Murphy is her guard dog at the Ark, and if she were to tell Lexa that he’s harmless now in front of citizens it would defeat the purpose of her promoting him to head of security.

“I thought I said to have the walls done by the time I arrived back.” Her voice is blank, neither approving nor accusatory. She can see that the wall is almost finished and she’s been given updates from Raven but she wants a report from him.

“You did Chancellor. They’ll be finished by sundown; the welders and carpenters are just finishing up the last touches for the lookout posts. It’s not hot yet, but it’s wired. Councilor Reyes wanted a look at the set up before we fired it up.” Murphy is formal, he gets away with calling most of those that were on the dropship by their first names if it’s not a public affair but Raven has never been the biggest fan of him, considering her several experiences, so he tends to stick to formality with her.

“All right, find me personally when it’s ready to be lit up.” She dismisses and he nods, turning on his heal to bark his own orders at his security team and the building unit working on the wall. She feels Lexa relax and understands her lover’s anxiety. Murphy had the potential to be a huge problem and she’s sure Lexa recognizes him from when he was a captive of the grounders. He’s loyal though, and Clarke herself doesn’t worry; even Raven puts up with his presence; the Mechanic, Octavia and Clarke herself are the only ones that know the origin of the nearly two year old scar across his eye; though she decides in that second, as she gives a few other small orders about Lexa’s troops setting up camp inside the outer gates, that she will tell Lexa tonight.

She holds in a sigh as she sees her mother and Kane approaching with most of the council at their backs; she motions for Lexa to follow though she probably didn’t have to, oddly Lexa is more protective here than she was on the road or in Apeake; she realizes that her lover is simply jumpy as she’s never been inside the walls of Jaha before, and Clarke wishes she would be able to deliver a less formal tour of the Ark than she will have to give Lexa later.

Lexa realizes that the Trikru who have settled here have noticed the change in her behavior when the one with the marked face walked up to Clarke. He’s the one Anya sent with the bleeding disease back, though he appears much less like a rodent than he did so many years ago. Some of their people are talking to friends who arrived with her party and no doubt their people will know of their relationship by nightfall, so she brushes it off. Clarke had explained it was the Council, much like her generals, that they would have to be careful around the first few days, particularly her mother, the two older members from the Ark who didn’t appear to be there, and the man she recognized as Kane.

She is even more impressed with her Teina as she commands her people, Lexa is simply uncomfortable in unknown surroundings and if there are traitors among the Trikru, they could be anywhere. Though she feels a protective sweep overcome her and she would have Clarke physically by her side as she did most of the trip to the Ark, she understands that the ways of the Sky People are different. Clarke commands her people well, no one questions her and things move as smoothly here as they would were she commanding her army back at Apeake.

At least until Clarke reaches her mother and the Council.

“Clarke!” The woman hisses, and Lexa growls quietly at the familiarity in public. The man called Marcus puts his hand on her arm and she seems to calm a bit, raising her voice slightly but with less disrespect in it than there had been a moment ago. “You didn’t tell me you were bringing The Commander back here with you. It would have been nice to have some warning!” Her name is said
with quite a bit of distaste and Lexa brushes it off. It’s not the first time her title has been said in such a tone.

“Actually, Mother, I informed the Council two days ago that Heda Leksa would be joining us, through Raven’s radio; unless Octavia didn’t get that information to Councilor Reyes in time; Vice Chancellor Blake?”

Marcus looked sheepish, the others, whom Lexa assumed were Clarke’s people from the Mountain and before, as there was a girl with them that wore very strange clothing even for the town of Jaha. Lexa smirked when Octavia came up behind Clarke’s mother, Abby she thinks she remembers, without a sound, causing the woman to jump when Clarke’s second in command spoke.

Indra would be proud.

“No, Chancellor. Things were hectic, as you recall, but I was with Councilor Reyes when she made the call. She spoke directly to Murphy, Councilor Kane, and Councilor Green.” Abby looked shocked. Lexa remembered the woman used to be in Clarke’s position and Clarke had mentioned last night, avidly, that they were just barely getting over the personal strain the exchange of power caused in recent months. Lexa looked at her lover, who to her pride looked completely unruffled.

“We were told only essential personnel were to know.” The young man speaking had very similar features as Anya and her family, sharp and strong, though he was lighter skinned despite years in the sun and sported darker hair. “Only Jasper was told, as he’s been in charge of keeping track of inventory since Harper, we weren’t expecting there to be a need for medical.”

“Neither were we.” Clarke lied expertly, not a feature changed and her eyes never strayed from those she was speaking to. “We were ambushed yesterday. Thankfully Heda Leksa anticipated possible dissension in the Coalition and had us followed by some of her specialist soldiers.” Lexa was surprised to see Octavia’s face remain calm, and Raven didn’t quirk so much as an eyebrow as she wandered up.

“The fence is ready to go, Chancellor. We’re just waiting on Miller to give Murphy the all clear from the last of the welders.” Raven interrupted Abby’s retort, though she shot the woman an apologetic look.

“How’s it look?” Clarke asked, and it was the most formal she’d seen the three women be together in the entire time they had been in her presence. Her tone was even and posture never changed. Lexa was beginning to see fully, again, why she was the chosen leader of the Skaikru and why she had insisted on dealing with Clarke exclusively. Lexa had to suppress a smirk.

“Looks great; I hate to say it but Murphy and Miller pulled off a perfect job.” Lexa quirked an eyebrow as the darkhaired boy, Green he’d been called by Octavia, held a proud smile back just barely. “The inner lining is insulated further in between the metal and wood with river rock and whatever the hell Councilor Jordan figured out to use for cement, so the inside is safe. The metal will hold up to bullets and arrow shafts, and the electrical razor wire will light up the entirety of the outside once we turn it on, and in the unlikely event they get past the electrical current the wall will hold against a sea of people crawling on it if needed. Miller let me look at his and Jordan’s,” she nodded towards the man with safety goggles pushing up his light brown hair. “Blueprints and I ran and re-ran the math. There’s even a catwalk to get between guard posts without running along the inside of the wall.”

“I’m impressed.” Clarke said, with the first hint of intentional emotion Lexa had caught from her since they hit the hill. She turned as footsteps sounded behind them. It was the rodent man with the scar and a bronze skinned man who smiled softly at the darkhaired man. It was then she noticed that
those that had exited the large structure that Clarke called the Ark all had on silver stars like the one
Raven wore, the rodent man had five bronze arrows on the stiff collar of his black guard uniform and
the darker man had a black star pin on his collar; she just noticed Clarke’s mother, Raven, the man
with the goggles and the dark haired man all wore the same beside their silver pins. Raven hadn’t
been wearing it in Apeake, she would have to ask Clarke what they represented later.

“It sounds like you all did good work while I was away.” Clarke praised, and Lexa felt confusion as
she saw the rodent man stand up a bit taller and attempt to keep a smirk off his face. The darker man
simply nodded and smiled.

“Thank you, Chancellor.” They acknowledged in unison. The rodent man eyed her with distrust, but
she oddly saw none of the hatred she remembered in the mans eyes.

“Mother.” Clarke spoke formally. Lexa had a feeling that ‘Councilor Griffin’ was saved for
particularly tense or formal occasions. “We have many things to discuss but I need you to head the
triage of the worst of those attacked with Lexa’s healer; you remember Nyko?” The large man
stepped up behind them, Lexa knew he was smiling a kind smile. “We patched most of them up on
the go, the only one I wouldn’t worry about is Councilor Lincoln, I had to fix him up well the first
time or he would have split the wound open again. You know how he is.” Clarke’s formality was
fading, but to Lexa’s surprise her air of control was not, even as she shared a small smile with
Octavia and her mother chuckled, probably despite herself. All the same the woman seemed to calm
at being given a job and seemed cordial to Nyko as she agreed to the task.

“I am holding a semi-open meeting of the Council in three hours’ time, at sundown in the large
meeting room. We have many things to go over before we discuss matters in a closed meeting
tomorrow morning. Wake up the rest of the Council if necessary, I don’t care if its inconvenient
timing for them the Ice Nation could be a significant threat, and soon. We need things sorted out,
now.” Clarke turned to the two men that had been working on the wall. “Miller, I want a full report
on the wall even though Raven has given the okay, the Councilors need to know what to tell their
Districts, Murphy I want a full security report at that time I know you mentioned there were things
you would rather not mention via radio.” Both men nodded.

“Okay, Miller and Raven get that wall lit, and then take a rest before the meeting. Murphy, get the
Trikru that arrived with us settled where Octavia and Lincoln tell you is acceptable, inside the inner
wall please. Mother, I have a special patient I need you to look over after the meeting, you will all
understand shortly, and there is a prisoner that needs the same attention but he is being monitored and
can wait until you have the time.”

“Yes, Chancellor.”

“Oh, we’ll light it up all right.”

“On it, Boss Lady.”

“Clarke, what is going on?” Clarke’s face hardened into a glare again, directed at her mother. Lexa
was impressed to find that the informality Octavia and Raven presented didn’t at all impact the power
of her orders and the rest all split off to their jobs. She addressed her mother tersely.

“Mother, I said all will be explained at the meeting. You have a task, we have several who may have
infected wounds, I did the best I could but we were traveling when attacked only so much could be
done. The rest of you I want informal reports from your Districts, including the other two who are
not here, I expect them informed. Jasper, would you mind?”

“Do you mean would I love to wake up those cranky old bastards and ruin their nights? In a flat
second, Chancellor.” Jasper, the one with the goggles she had previously called Councilor Jordan, grinned and gave a mock salute with two fingers, before turning around and heading into the Ark laughing. Clarke smiled, and still everyone’s attention was rapt upon her with respect. “Mother please show Nyko to the Medbay?”

For once Abby Griffin just nodded, and motioned for the healer to follow her, also into the Ark. Octavia returned as Clarke dismissed the others.

“How about we go tell your brother he can shower and cut his hair and that ridiculous beard he refused to shave on the road?”

“For the love of the spirits, please!”

Chapter End Notes

Yes. Clarke trusts Murphy.

Yes, Raven more than just puts up with it, though still is not his biggest fan.

Lets see... Oh, so as far as perspective changes go I am not designating Lexa's and Clarke's via page break intentionally. It feels more authentic to me because they are kind of feeding off each other right now. I am aware my tenses are all over the place, I usually edit as I re-read after pasting the text so I don't catch everything. I pretty much write the chapter then its out to you guys so it'll have mistakes I don't catch.

It'll be fully explained in the next chapter, but the arrows on Murphy's collar denote classic but simplified military rank. The Ark's inner security goes by this. Murphy's five arrows denote he is the head of security, somewhat akin to a police captain. The Skaigaurd doesn't operate under the same structure, they work alongside the Skai gona's (security force) not within their ranks.

Black stars will be explained next chapter, not too mysterious but better to show it than tell it.

What did you all think? Did I get Chancellor Clarke satisfactorily? I tried to show it through her eyes as well as Lexa's. Remember she's not as angry as she was at the beginning as well when judging this. She's more annoyed by Abby cuz she has bigger problems right now than angry at her at all.

Prepare for more character PoV shifts later, I'm not sure if there will be one in the next chapter or not but I decided I need others perspective's so everyone gets a voice. There are character reactions I can only get if I switch off of Lexa and Clarke that I feel are important to the structure of the story, but don't worry. We're just opening it up to an ensemble especially now that we are back at the Ark, we're still Clexa centered but we've got a war brimming!

I have a question, as I haven't decided if I want to write it or not. There's going to be a thing that happens between Bel and O; the aftermath WILL be seen at the meeting but do you guys want more Bel and O (and Lincoln) interaction? It won't cut into any of our Clexa, its gonna happen either way I'm just not sure if I want to full blown character shift or not for it. It would be much more personal than the battle, as that was high
tension and they needed to get the hell out of Dodge. Opinions would be appreciated but whether I write it or not is really just gonna depend on what decided to get out on the keyboard when I get there, and if I feel like I've written it properly.

Title's still from a song, I just like the idea of sticking with songs (Alone Together by FoB... not particularly important to the chapter and its not in context with the song but I wanted a fitting name and the song came on and I was like... well technically Clarke is coming home).
My Heart is Pounding, I Seek the Light

Chapter Summary

O being a little shit, the Ark, advances in tech, porn, more fluff, a little tiny bit of plot and SOAP!

Chapter Notes

Holy crap, okay so I only had plans for the beginning and ending of this chapter... and I planned to continue it but its long... at least four if not six pages of straight porn and that's not including the fluff and bit of plot I had to throw in there.

Lena and Clarke kinda decided while I was writing they were gonna get it on and who am I to object?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Clarke was glad for the moments of peace she got when she told the others that she was going to take the commander to clean up and change and then give her a tour of the Ark before the meeting.

“Yeah. Clean up.” Octavia said, dragging Bellamy into the Ark alongside them and turning right instead of left down the corridors that lead to their suites. Lincoln let out a rare laugh as he followed the siblings, still a slight limp to his step. Clarke just shook her head, and Lexa was glad that her soldier’s weren’t there to hear the comment or there may have been good natured jeering that they couldn’t afford until they closed the deals that needed to be made with the council.

“Woah…” Lexa didn’t bother to hide her awe as Clarke unlocked the door with what appeared to be her hand on a panel next to the door and they passed the guard on her door, one of the Skaigaurd, not the internal security Lexa noted. Everything since they stepped into the Ark seemed bright, the lights reminding her a bit of the internal passages of the Mountain, but everything somehow muted and reflected off metal at the same time. Sunlight filtered in through a window above her head, and she noted that this was just what appeared to be the front room of many, much like her Old World home in Polis when she resided there.

Clarke looked back, smiling at the wonder on Lexa’s face.

“So?”

“This is where you grew up? This once floated amongst the stars?” Lexa’s gaze when it fell back on Clarke now revered her with more wonder than before. She set her saddle bags down by the door.

“Yeah. Barely.” Clarke laughed, as she turned to turn the manual lock on the side of the door that kept it from sliding open. “And kind of where I grew up, I refused the Chancellor’s old quarters. They needed to be repaired anyway and it was too familiar, and I didn’t want to take my mother’s. So, we made the best of what we had. Clarke gestured around and noticed that some of the glass in the window had been replaced or patched over.
“Come on let’s get the paint off our faces and get changed.” There were small holes patched around the walls, repairing damages from the crash she assumed, but they were in the internal portion of the Ark so most of it seemed to have survived. Lexa noticed the furniture consisted more of crude benches covered in animal pelts and what looked like some old world chairs. The small dining table was clearly built of scrap metal and the dining chairs of wood from the surrounding forest. Lexa started when she realized Clarke had moved into another room and she heard something hissing.

Lexa followed her lover through the next room, which appeared to be sleeping quarters, it looked pretty patched together as well but still the scuff of metal shone of the sunlight. The floor looked like it had been evened out with the ground where the Ark itself rested as the ceiling sloped, but not overly low. There was a bed slightly smaller than Lexa’s own and Lexa suppressed a growl at the thought of the others she knew must have shared it with Clarke over the years. She shook her head to clear it of the thoughts as she walked past the bed covered in both Old World cloth and a few firs due to the coldness of the winter months.

There appeared to be a built in wardrobe in the corner, though it was open and held little clothing for its size. Lexa walked into the room adjoined to the sleeping quarters to see Clarke in front of what appeared to be a jerry-rigged Old World sink carefully washing Kohl off of her face. She had already shed her armor in a corner and wore only her under shirt and dirty jeans. Lexa got lost in her form for a moment before being brought back to the contraption she stood in front of.

“You have running water?”

“Of course. We have Raven, and we’re next to a lake. Though she bitched about not being a plumber the entire time she and Wick set up the system.” Clarke walked over, face clean and hair falling around her, still in its braids. Lexa brushed a lock back behind her ear and Clarke smiled.

“We have such things in Polis, but I am rarely there.” Lexa stated quietly. “Remnants from the old world, though, you have brought something from almost nothing here.”

“Well, it was Raven’s idea; she got tired of being stuck in the same dirty clothes day after day. It gets old after two years; we only really got it running last year.” Clarke started unbuckling Lexa’s armor, and Lexa simply let her continue. “Only the Ark and some of the huts closest to here have the piping for running water, and we’re on a ration system, though with the way Raven figured out how to filter it, and then use our run off for the fields like your people do when they bathe in TonDC, its nothing like it was on the Ark. The people have a public shower they are allowed to use three times a week if they wish. Also I’ve been gone for two weeks so I have two weeks of rations saved up.” Clarke grinned and shrugged, and the grin was slightly predatory; Lexa was confused as to why that look came with talk of water rations. The last two weeks had shown that look usually preceded other more pleasurable activities. Clarke was unbuckling the last of Lexa’s coat and moved for her weapons belt. Her pauldron and chest armor already resided in the corner with Clarke’s armor and traveling gear.

“Two weeks of rations?” Lexa questioned. The confusion must have shown on her face, because Clarke laughed and pulled her down for a gentle but suggestive kiss.

“Yup. Go wash your face, Commander, and then I shall treat you to a shower.” Clarke spoke as she moved to a corner of the room and turned a knob that caused water to pour out of a pipe in the ceiling. Lexa’s eyes widened. She had read about showers in Polis, but there they mostly bathed, not having the plumbing skills or time to set up such a system even from what remained. Slowly her mouth turned up in a grin as she saw Clarke taking down the simple braids in her hair and pulling her tanktop over her head.

Lexa burst into sudden motion, following Clarke’s order and washing her face off with the cloth the
other woman had used to wipe off her own Kohl. She then took down her own braids quickly and had to only shed the armor over her legs and underclothing. As she was pulling her still blood soaked shirt off she heard Clarke let out an absolutely sinful groan and she whipped around. Clarke was standing under the cascade of water, letting it run over her body and wetting her hair. Lexa’s pants were off in seconds and she walked to the door of the shower quickly.

Clarke laughed at the eager look on Lexa’s face and reached out to pull her into the shower and shut the door behind them. The box was big enough to comfortably fit both of them and, though Lexa was eyeing Clarke’s body suggestively, happy to have an unhindered view in the light of day, she was momentarily distracted when Clarke twirled them carefully and she felt the warm water running down her body. It was an entirely new experience. Lexa had bathed in waterfalls before but this water was warm and seemed to massage sore and aching muscles at the same time she felt the filth of travel wash off her. She let out a similar sound to Clarke’s and opened her eyes to see sparkling blue laughing silently at her.

“Nice huh?” Clarke said, finishing soaping herself up and handing Lexa the bar. “Jasper figured out how to make soap before we even got the showers going.” Clarke explained. She knew through Lincoln that the grounders had their own version of such things but he himself didn’t know how they were made and many of the makers of such goods were located in Polis, Ton DC being a large trading outlet.

Lexa soaped herself down with the strangely, but pleasantly, smelling bar as Clarke switched their positions again to rinse off and start on her hair, a metal bottle holding a liquid substance that soaped up in Clarke’s hair as she massaged it into her scalp, groaning again at the feeling before rinsing. Seeing Lexa looking at her Clarke chuckled, knowing that grounders didn’t have liquid shampoo, though they had, again in Polis, a substance that substituted.

“Turn around.” Lexa raised a brow at the command. “Just do it, you’ll thank me later, trust me.” Clarke continued to laugh. She backed up so that Lexa was once more under the flow of warm water and ran her hands through heavy thick locks, thoroughly soaking them. Then she got the shampoo and began massaging it into Lexa’s scalp.

Lexa sighed at the pleasant feeling of Clarke’s fingers in her hair, which probably still held some blood from the fight the day before. The suds felt nice against her head along with her lover’s fingers, much better than the gritty substance they used to clean their hair in the clans. The warm water running down her body as the soap washed itself out and Clarke assisted in rinsing her hair had her thoroughly relaxed for the first time in a long time. She let out another sigh as she felt Clarke’s hands leave her hair and motion for her to turn her body around again.

She was met with the predatory grin again and Lexa raised her eyebrow once more, this time with a smirk on her face and question in her eyes. Clarke backed her into the wall of the shower, pressing their bodies together causing Lexa to groan quietly and suck in a breath. She loved the feeling of Clarke against her and she wrapped an arm around the blonde to pull her closer. Clarke’s arms encircled her neck as she leaned in to husk in Lexa’s ear.

“O made Raven sound proof our rooms as soon as all the major non-essential projects were completed.”

“Sound proof?” Lexa questioned.

“No one can hear us.” Before the sentence could process enough that Lexa could take advantage of the situation, Clarke was already kissing her way down, stopping to pay particular attention to Lexa’s nipples, nipping and sucking and causing the woman to let out a low moan. Clarke left little bites on her trail, knowing the Commander liked the stinging sensation and adding to an arsenal of fading
marks that they both appreciated knowing we’re there when they were not alone together. Clarke paused to tenderly kiss any bruising she saw from the fight yesterday. She continued onto her knees and Lexa groaned again, this time a bit louder. Even if Clarke hadn’t worked her up on her way down, the sight of her on her knees, lifting one of Lexa’s legs over her shoulder caused her to flood and tangle her fingers in wet hair.

Clarke teased, like they hadn’t had time for the last several days, and Lexa moaned as she felt a tentative tongue on her folds, followed by soft nips to the outer lips, Clarke playing with her until Lexa let out a whimper. Slowly she worked her way inside, trailing around her entrance and up around her clit, never stopping where she wanted her attention the most. Lexa was already trembling when Clarke introduced her fingers to the equation, wrapping one arm around the thigh on her shoulder to reach her most sensitive area.

“Spirits…” Lexa let out, along with a string of curses in Trigedasleg as Clarke deliberately slowly worked her clit out of its hood. She cursed again when the blonde between her legs took the little exposed bundle between her lips and suckled. One hand steadied her against the shower wall, the other pulled Clarke closer, and when she looked down she met clouded blue eyes.

Clarke let go and Lexa nearly sobbed, her clit was throbbing in time with her heartbeat after the treatment Clarke had given it. Sounds of relief when Clarke continued to stroke her softly with one of her thumbs turned into pained noises when Clarke circled her entrance with her tongue. Lexa tensed up, expecting Clarke to enter her but the teasing continued, Clarke simply lapping at the juices that spilled out, occasionally descending to gather some up to continue lightly stroking her throbbing clit. Lexa felt her inside’s clenching and her entrance fluttering at the tip of Clarke’s tongue. She knew Clarke liked to tease, but she was starting to wonder what her lover was waiting for when she heard Clarke’s words run through her head again.

No one can hear us.

Clarke wanted her to beg, seriously beg, here, where there were no prying ears outside a tent or in the forest. She pulled Clarke to her more closely, tightening her grip on the woman’s hair, but Clarke laughed into her lightly, turning to nip at the thigh over her shoulder before returning to her previous destination.

“You know what I want to hear, Leksa.” Clarke said, loudly enough for her to hear before she went back to her teasing, retreating to nibble on her outer folds for what felt like an eternity and leave a brief kiss at her clit that had Lexa bucking her hips and sobbing out a groan, before her partner returned to her torture. Lexa fought with herself. Sure, she had let Clarke work her up to asking before, but never this far. Her men were not here to hear them though, letting her men hear her lover take her was very different from letting them hear her be controlled to this level; here they really were just Klark and Leksa though and Lexa could let up a little of the pretense she kept with her command.

Here, Lexa also desperately wanted Clarke inside her.

“Beja…” She paused in between huffs and increasingly pathetic wanting sounds. “Beja, Klark.”

“Please what, Leksa?” Oh spirits, Clarke speaking Trigedasleg to her before returning to nibbling on her folds again. This woman was going to kill her. The fact that Clarke knew her well enough to not try something like this until they had true privacy also causing emotion to flash through her chest and arousal to shoot to her core. The teasing on her clit had stopped, making her even more frustrated as she felt the little bundle throb, begging for attention again. She snapped, needing Clarke in her more than she needed her pride.
“Beja, Aikwen.” Lexa didn’t even recognize her own voice, as drenched in arousal as it was. Clarke’s tongue returned to teasing her entrance, but didn’t continue to do anything but tease. A look down at stormy blue eyes between her legs both shot even more arousal through her body and told her Clarke wanted more. “Please... Oh spirits... Klark I need you inside me. Now. Spirits, please!”

Lexa almost felt her legs give out as she felt Clarke’s tongue enter her instantly, no more pretenses. Clarke’s grip on her and her hand on the wall keeping her upright long enough to regain her balance; Lexa let out a wonton sound. As soon as she entered, Clarke showed no mercy; her tongue thrusting in and out of her at lightning speed, somehow meeting all of the spots inside that made her shake.

“Klark. Sha Klark. Ahhh…” Lexa let out another sound between a keen and a moan as Clarke’s fingers met her clit again. In this position she was able to buck her hips just enough to satisfy her need to get Clarke closer to her, but not enough to throw off the blonde’s rhythm inside her. At the introduction of nails on the outside of her thigh Lexa lost herself, moaning and not bothering to quite her cries of Clarke’s name, most of which came out on the end of sobs.

When she came down, surprised that she had managed to keep her balance, she was met with another surprise. Clarke had introduced her fingers, three of them, to work her down but also to make sure the feeling didn’t abate entirely.

“More...” Lexa wasn’t sure if it was a question or a request, because she was quickly climbing again. Her body had been pushed to its edge, and was now so quickly back at it she found herself confused as Clarke’s fingers reached deep inside her, tapping out a beat on the sensitive spot inside her that threw her off the cliff every time. This time she was lost, unsure how loud she was and what exactly was coming out of her mouth, she only knew that Clarke’s fingers were magic inside her, filling her perfectly and Clarke’s tongue lightly on her sensitive clit threw her into ecstasy again.

When she came to, Clarke’s fingers were bringing her down lightly, thumb avoiding her clit, and she no longer had her leg wrapped tightly about the smaller woman’s shoulder. Clarke was kissing her neck, breathing out husked declarations in her ear and holding her up with her other arm until she gained her wits back. Clarke turned and kissed her, her own taste on Clarke’s tongue when it entered her mouth, an action that her partner now knew was almost guaranteed to get her taken roughly, particularly after Lexa’s explanation of what the intimate act meant in her culture.

“God, that was hot.” Clarke muttered against her skin. Laying soft kisses there after their long, rough yet intimate, kiss ended. “Fuck, you’re hot when you come for me.”

Lexa growled, feeling her strength come back slowly. To give herself more time she wrapped her hand lightly around Clarke’s neck and jaw and directed her mouth back to her own. This time she felt a change, Clarke allowing her to dominate the kiss and pressing herself against her. Lexa pulled her in tighter as her strength returned and groaned into the kiss as she felt Clarke’s pebbled nipples against her own chest, despite the still very warm water cascading around them. By now, she knew what making her come did to Clarke, and as soon as she felt she could manage it she flipped their positions, pressing her blonde haired companion against the wall she had been leaning against. The kiss grew rougher and Clarke wrapped a leg around Lexa’s hips, and as Lexa used her free arm to settle her thigh to open her partner to her more she felt Clarke’s hips subtly twitching, searching for friction.

The hand on Clarke’s hip moved around her back to support her and pull her tighter against her, the hand that had been around Clarke’s back slipping down between her legs. Clarke let out a sobbing sound into the kiss as she felt Lexa’s hand on her mound, not even slipping inside the folds yet; Clarke was dripping, her arousal soaking her thighs even with the water washing over both of them. Lexa pulled back from the kiss, Clarke’s head falling backwards as she tried to catch her breath, and when
she was able completely blown blue eyes met green. Lexa grinned, even more predatory than Clarke’s when she first pulled her into the shower.

“You are soaked. Let’s see if they really can’t hear you, Aikwen. We both know it was you that woke the entire camp our first night, and several nights since.” Clarke simply whimpered in response as Lexa slid her fingers through slick folds, stopping briefly to tease the hardened bundle that was Clarke’s clit, enlarged, fully exposed for her and out of its hood. Clarke shook.

“Fuck.”

Lexa continued.

While she loved to see Lexa fall apart and completely drop her pretense of control around her, Clarke equally loved Lexa’s urge to see how far she could push both their bodies, and the control Lexa exerted over her in return. Clarke was already worked up more than she had been since their first night together and she felt another wave of arousal flood over her as Lexa roughly rubbed three fingers over her clit, her hips trying to buck but being pinned by Lexa’s own.

“Lexa… Oh god… Oh god Lexa…” She wasn’t even asking for anything, though her center clenched rhythmically begging to be filled all she could focus on was Lexa’s body pressed hard against hers and the fingers battering her pounding clit.

“Lexa I’m gonna come…” Her warning was cut off violently as her orgasm hit her, Lexa holding her up and she cried out again as she felt Lexa slip two fingers inside of her at the height of her pleasure. Contrary to the quick but almost gentle pressure she used on Lexa however, the woman moved her hand quickly and roughly, Clarke’s body jarring at each entrance.

“Lex… Oh god, harder please? Go faster.” Very few of her lovers had as quickly figured out her love of rough sex as Lexa had. Granted most of them didn’t stick around more than a night and she never let any of them take her, but Lexa had figured it out that first night and used it strategically since, as being quiet when Lexa was fucking her so well was not something that was possible.

“Ahhhh…” As Lexa complied, her head buried in Clarke’s shoulder as the blonde head thrashed against the shower wall laying soft kisses down her neck and on her shoulder in stark contrast to her violent thrusting. Clarke loved the feeling of Lexa’s fingers slamming into her at such a rapid pace, but then Lexa twisted her wrist slightly and began hitting a spot inside her she surprisingly hadn’t found yet during their quick lovemaking. Clarke’s cries, which she normally muffled in some way, Lexa’s favorite being the feeling of Clarke screaming against her shoulder when she bit down, had turned to almost screams.

“That’s it, Teíma.” Lexa encouraged, and the contrast between the gentle treatment and the hard pounding she was receiving caused Clarke to let out a string of curses as her love for the woman pinning her to the wall sent even more arousal coursing through her body. “I can feel you, Aikwen.” Lexa herself was panting now from exertion.

“I’m so close… Lex…” The name was choked off as a shock went through her, a precursor to the massive orgasm she felt building. “Oh god, oh fuck, fuck…” Lexa had introduced her thumb back into the picture, hitting her swollen clit on every reentry. She felt the grin of the darker woman against her shoulder, Lexa had begun using her own hips to aid in her re-entry, Clarke’s walls making it difficult to keep up the same pace and intensity, though Lexa was determined.

“I know, ai hodnes. I can feel you, so tight… you’re fluttering around my fingers.” Clarke let out her own keening sound as Lexa described the feeling of being inside her, never letting up on the pounding of her fingers. “I love your sounds, hodnes. I love you not having to quiet yourself. I love
you clenching around my fingers, so close to your edge.”

“Lexaaaa. Leexa. Oh god… I need to come again…Fuck Lex… Tell me I can come again…” The plea was desperate, and though Lexa hadn’t given any order for her to hold out she knew she was waiting for Lexa to tell her to finish. Something they couldn’t voice in the camp, the two leaders needing to be seen as equals, but something she needed here where they had the privacy to finally let go. Clarke felt herself there and it almost hurt; not the roughness Lexa exhibited but holding back the wave she felt cresting. She was cursing loudly and trying to meet Lexa’s thrusts.

“It’s gonna be…fuck…I’m gonna come so hard Lexa, please…” Clarke’s eyes were clenched shut and every breath was yet another vulgar sound that Lexa loved.

“Finish, Aikwen. I want to feel you, so tight around my fingers it is as if your body wishes to force them out. Let go, let me feel you. Let me hear you.”

Clarke could swear she saw actual fireworks go off behind her eyelids. Her cry started as Lexa’s name as she felt her core clench around Lexa’s fingers, who stilled her motions and Clarke swore she felt groan into her shoulder, and turned into a triumphant shout. Clarke’s orgasm was violent, and as she came down and her aftershocks started, her moans and cries turned into more cursing and praising of Lexa and their love, as Lexa started a slow thrust, avoiding her clit, attempting to bring her down softly. Clarke was shaking as the feeling started to abate, still wracked by aftershocks but no longer crying to the sky; Lexa took her lips and this kiss was as soft as the fingers working her down, Clarke shuddered and moaned or whimpered into the kiss as each aftershock hit her.

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Lexa pulled back to look in her eyes when her body seemed to calm for the most part, Clarke still panting a little trying to catch her breath. The smile she was met with when she saw green eyes again was soft, and Lexa left another peck on her lips.

“I hod yu in, Klark.” Lexa whispered, her forehead resting against Clarke’s. The smile she returned was weak but no less loving. “Thank you.” Clarke knew Lexa spoke of this moment they were allowed to lose themselves in each other fully, a rare chance and something she now realized they had needed before returning to politicking and annoying debates, and this time it was Clarke leaning up to give Lexa a chaste kiss.

“I love you too, Lexa.” They shared kisses and soft words for a while longer, until Clarke gained the ability to move of her own will again, before rinsing off and shutting off the warm water. Lexa didn’t know how long they had been in here for, but it seemed to be a while; she admired Clarke as the woman dried off in front of her as she dried her own hair with the surprisingly soft towel Clarke handed her from a closet in the corner of the small room, a little awed at the fact that she was allowed this privilege. She saw Clarke doing the same, admiring strong muscles and scarred and tattooed skin, she could almost feel the urge to run her fingers over her back tattoo that wrapped around her sides that came off of Clarke. It was a frequent occurrence when they lay together at night and a soothing feeling to Lexa. Though they had some time to relax, they couldn’t afford to relax into each other too much however.

When she was sufficiently dry Clarke walked out into her sleeping quarters, Lexa following her. As Clarke picked out a simple sleeveless shirt and soft pants from her closet Lexa pulled more casual clothing out of her bag, not bothering to put her bra back on right away glancing up at the clock on the wall and seeing the position of the sun through the roof window, they still had two hours until the meeting, she flopped back on the bed with a groan.

Lexa’s gear would almost completely cover her attire anyway so she followed Clarke’s lead and put on clean soft cotton patched pants from the old world and a shirt that pretty much matched Clarke’s but for the fact it was black. She could put her bindings and deerskin on when they left the room.
She walked back into the room from where she had left her bags and saw Clarke reach out a hand.

“Come lay with me. We have almost an hour before I have to show you around and I feel like I’ve barely had you to myself for days.”

“You have barely had me to yourself for days, Clarke.” Lexa laughed, and her heart swelled as Clarke’s eyes smiled back.

“Shut up and get in bed, Heda.” Clarke teased and Lexa climbed in, laying back and enjoying the feeling of the soft old world cotton and soft pillow made of something other than down feathers. She put her hand behind her head and looked through the skylight, still awed at the Ark and the fact that it had rested among the stars. Clarke rolled into her side, throwing a leg over her hips, and she instinctively pulled her arm around the smaller woman, pulling her in tighter as Clarke traced the memorized pattern of her tattoo over her shirt. Lexa sighed at the comforting feeling, Clarke smiling against her chest.

“I meant to ask earlier, but you distracted me…” Lexa ran her hands through Clarke’s hair as the blonde giggled against her chest. Lexa smiled, she knew the sound was a rare one. “What do the black stars mean? Raven wasn’t wearing hers in Apeake.”

“Hmmm…” Clarke was enjoying the feeling of Lexa’s hand in her drying hair. “The black stars are those in charge of some aspect of town life. She didn’t need it in Apeake cuz it really only has meaning here so people know who to go to for particular problems. She’s chief mechanic, Wick, who I don’t think you’ve met yet, is chief engineer. My mother is in charge of the medbay and our healers; she’s actually surprisingly good about integrating Trikru medicine when its superior to our techniques. Monty, one of the Councilors that came out with her and Kane, is in charge of agriculture and helps Jasper, the one that was excited to irritate the other two that weren’t waiting for us, who is our chief chemist.”

“Chemist?” Lexa asked, unfamiliar with the word.

“He mixes chemicals to make things like our bombs and gunpowder, but also alcohol and other substances, frequently medicines. Monty is the one with the knowledge of agriculture and plants and Lincoln’s shown him where to find most of the things he needs, but Jasper is a genius at mixing everything right so we can get what we want out of it.”

“Oh. An Alchemist, then.” Lexa answered. She remembered reading about chemistry in Polis, but what they did now was far enough away from the exact science her people had fallen back to the origin of the word.

“Yeah, basically, except a lot of the knowledge that was apparently lost here when the bombs went off got saved on the Ark. He doesn’t know everything, but he’s got enough to keep himself from getting blown up. He’s also in charge of inventory temporarily until we can vote in another head, it’ll probably be Maya the girl who is Councilor for the mountain people, and Miller is head of construction though he also trains with the Skaigaurd; his father used to be head of security but he likes being in the fray rather than behind the walls with a gun I guess. The internal security has a separate ranking system so we decided to not use the stars; their leader has five small arrow heads on his guard uniform; and everyone knows Lincoln and O are in charge of the Skaigaurd. Throwing more regalia at them didn’t make sense, we don’t want to make it too obvious who is in charge of everything. There are a few others, I’ll introduce you if you end up meeting. Kane chose not to take a position, I guess he had some sort of power trip on the Ark and only stayed a Councilor because my mother and I both insisted he was still needed. He’s the only one that can get my mother to listen really, so I refused to let him quit since I appointed him. You should meet or see just about everyone at the meeting this evening.”
“And the rat faced boy?” Clarke laughed at Lexa’s description. “Why does he hold such a high rank? I was told that he was exiled from your lands at least twice and left a third time on his own? Also that he is the reason Raven wears the brace.”

“Well,” Clarke sighed. Murphy was a complicated matter with their history. “That’s a longer story. Get comfortable.”

“Am I not comfortable?” Lexa joked, wiggling a little and Clarke turned into her, laughing again though Lexa could tell her mind had slipped back to days past to answer her question about the head of Jaha’s security.

“You’re a nerd.” Clarke teased, and Lexa made a confused sound. “Don’t worry about it, I was teasing you. Anyway. Murphy. Where the hell to start with Murphy?”

Chapter End Notes

Yes, I know that was a bitch move, but it's late and who knows when I'll be up to working on the story again with work starting back up next week (still gonna try to get one more chapter out at least this weekend). This was super long anyway so I decided to cut it before Murphy's story cuz then it would be massive and I wouldn't have gotten this chapter out tonight and there are about six places I thought about ending it before deciding on Murphy's story.

Oh I flat out dare someone to guess the lyrics in the chapter title. It's a foreign (to the US) band and I cut out a line to better fit the chapter.

I hope you all enjoyed.
So Misunderstood; How I Wish I Could Do it All Again

Chapter Summary

Where has Murphy been?

Chapter Notes

Okay, I decided you get the whole not chopped up version. I went with the idea I used earlier when showing Lexa saving Clarke of doing a flashback in that character's perspective. I realized, I started this out as a Clexa one shot and it has evolved into the story of how the Arker's rebuilt their civilization of the last few years. While the heart of the story is Clexa, because their relationship is what will help them to survive in the end, everyone's story really needs to be told somehow.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

He didn’t have any idea where he was going. He remembered making back across the water and the desert, how he didn’t know, but then it was endless forest. Sleep, kill food, eat, walk. Repeat. He was pretty sure he was delirious, and had lost complete understanding of time, just days and nights, no longer how many. He had stopped counting in the desert.

The only thing he knew was he wasn’t going to give up. He wasn’t going to die, and if he did he was going to go out fighting whatever was trying to kill him.

Then he crested a hill and saw it. The half circle of the shape of the Ark.

“Fuck.”

He stared for a while. It seemed different. There were small shelters outside the electric fence, that damned fence designed to keep them in as much as to keep anyone else out. It was bigger now, and didn’t seem to be on at the moment. There was building by the river, though he couldn’t tell what he was sure it was some insane invention Reyes had come up with. Strangely it looked like a few grounder families inhabited the dwellings outside the fence. It looked like someone had even cleared space for farming to the north.

“What the hell.” His feet had carried him here for a reason, wasn’t that what that insane jackass was always talking about, everything had a reason. Being a janitor was better than killing creepy hairless pumas for dinner and hunting down two headed rabbits. He could always leave again after he didn’t feel like death anyway, he was pretty sure he’d gained some sort of illness in the forest. His feet carried him towards the gates.

The open gates; what the actual hell?

He just walked in, past the tent city into where there were maybe a half dozen somewhat permanent shelters outside the Ark, before someone noticed him. He didn’t know who it was, though he heard his name as he fell to the ground.
Waking up there were blinding lights in his eyes.

“You’ll be fine.” He blinked harder; one of the leaders that Jaha always fought with, the medical one; Clarke’s mom. Well shit. “It’s just a bad case of the flu, you’re in quarantine so it doesn’t spread but you’ll be fine in about a day. It seems it’s burned its way through your system already.” The flu. How fucking ironic.

She was being nice to him. Clearly she didn’t recognize him.

“The Chancellor will be in to see you when you can join GenPop, we’re very interested where you’ve been all this time.”

“You’re not the Chancellor anymore?” He rasped. He hadn’t used his voice to do anything but yell in anger at his food when he killed it in months. Dr. Griffin shook her head, a smile that seemed sad and worried at the same time on her lips.

Great it was the other one then.

It was two days before anyone could come to see him. He noticed the blue jacket first and noticed the blonde now walked with a heavy limp, and felt the hard stare of Blake’s sister behind him. She was still almost fully groundered out, almost a perfect mix of the two cultures. Clarke sat next to him in a chair near the cot he had claimed in the corner of the medical facilities. Blake the younger stood behind her, her hand on a knife at her belt. Her sword was still over her shoulder.

That was weird. The main population, let alone their little delinquent group from the drop ship, were never allowed weapons inside the gate. His eyebrows raised when he realized that Clarke openly wore a dagger and pistol on her belt.

“What do you want blondie? I was told the Chancellor wanted to know what happened to Jaha but Kane-Stick-Up-My-Ass hasn’t shown up yet, and I want out of this bed.”

“You’ll get out of the bed when my mother is sure you’re not gonna run off and wear yourself out and have that flu take over again” Clarke said and there was something different about her. A darkness in her eyes, they looked almost dead where they had shone with life before; her voice was harder. What the hell had happened in that ridiculous war? “And I do want to know what happened to the Jaha.” She pointed to a gold star on her jacket, it was new and clearly made well by jewelers. So, so many fucking questions. What came out was the only thing he had left.

“What?”

“She’s Chancellor now, idiot. Or did you not catch oh-so-obvious wording and the gold on her collar?”

His lip turned up into a familiar snarl, and he had a truly rough and cruel comeback for the girl, but before he could say anything Clarke spoke again. Harshly.

“Octavia! What did I say!? ”

“Sorry.” The dark haired girl looked actually abashed at the scolding and Murphy let his retort die on his tongue, out of pure shock. The Octavia Blake he remembered didn’t listen to anyone.

Clarke sighed and looked up at the ceiling for a minute.

“What happened to Jaha?” She asked again.

“Hell if I know.” Murphy grumbled. The look she gave him shook him inwardly however, unsure of
what had changed in the woman in front of him but knowing it was not the same girl that stepped out of the dropship with him and his friends. “Look, a bunch of us took off with him to go find this ‘City of Light’ crap he kept talking about. I thought it was a load of bullshit, but he was right that it was better than staying around here and keep getting busted for shit I didn’t even do. A lot of them died in the desert… they called it the ‘Deadzone’, there was a mine field and mutant thieves and all sorts of shit. Me and two other kids made it to the shining area over one of the dunes, it was a bunch of solar panels I think from the Old World, and there was this drone thing there. Jaha insisted we follow it and there was a boat and an ocean type thing, I don’t know how big it really was. He lost his shit man, one of the guys got eaten by a sea monster that was basically just a snake with a mouth on one end; it tried to go after us but Jaha threw the damned thing overboard. I almost lost a hand. Kept muttering about how I was strong cuz I could sacrifice and some mumbo jumbo, and then we found land. It was a lighthouse, had a bunker in it, turned out the guy there killed himself; I think he had something to do with the bombs. Jaha’s eyes were even crazier when he came and found me on the beach, muttering about rabbit holes and how he was gonna be late or something fucking weird. I told him he was insane, took the boat, made it back across the water and basically the next thing I know I’m here. I swear he was alive when I left him!”

“How long were you in the desert and then the forest the second time?”

“I don’t have a clue. I lost count around like 100 days and that was still in the desert.”

“Well.” Clarke sighed. “Thelonious hasn’t been himself since he made it to the ground. He’s really been weird since he found out about Wells, my mother told me. It’s possible he just cracked, and we can’t send someone after him into the deadzone, we don’t have the men to deal with that and everything else right now.”

“You…believe me?”

“Look Murphy…” It was Blake this time and he was surprised the rage had left her eyes. “You’re an asshole, and kinda fucking psycho sometimes but even I doubt you’d leave for almost a full year, practically dying of a simple illness, and then come back here after killing… how many people were with you, like ten?”

Murphy nodded.

“The grounders told us about the dead zone. I believe most of your people died out there. I don’t know about the last two but Jaha’s like twice your size and I can’t say I care if the guy that floated my mom is wandering the desert insane right now. Clarke?”

“Yeah. Not gonna lie, I forgave my mom but she wanted Jaha to stop my father, not fucking float him. He’s not a priority. If there were others, maybe; you didn’t come across any Ark crash sites on your way?”

“No… not that I know of. I found a few places to scavenge from in the forest but they looked like abandoned crash sites or ones where no one lived. You know, no one tried to fucking kill me or anything so I assume there was no one left; I was fucking out of it in the forest but again I didn’t run across anyone.”

“Okay. That’s about it. My mom might want to go after Jaha but its case closed for now, we never know when the bandits will hit us we need all security here especially when Lincoln is in Polis.” Clarke stood, hands on her chair, and Octavia had to help her the rest of the way up. The blonde grimaced and he looked at her leg; he couldn’t tell what was going on but it seemed to be shaking.

“Knee not doing well?” Blake asked.
“Too long training with you guys today I think.” Clarke stated, and he recognized pain in her voice. Octavia said something in that gibberish language and someone dressed much like her, half modern clothes and half scavenged clothes, all dark blacks, greens and browns, walked in. He also carried a gun over one shoulder and a hell of a lot of knives, but looked like he was probably from the grounders not their people. Grounders with guns; Jesus shit was weird. He also carried a metal bar that had been bent into a cane like shape, the tip covered in melted plastic probably to protect the floors. Clarke took it and leaned on it, relief in her face.

“Murphy… there’s a new set of security recruits starting training in three days. I expect you to be there if you wanna stay here. Everyone has to do their part. If not you can leave when my mother decides your not going to die right away in that forest.” It wasn’t a question.

“I… you’re gonna let ME be one of the guards?” Murphy was flabbergasted.

“Were low on soldiers, you’ll start out at the bottom but you have the chance to work your way up. Let me make myself clear though… if you so much as bully someone for their lunch money,” It was an antiquated concept but he knew the phrase from the Ark. “I will personally kill you got it? No miss treating people, but you were always a good worker and fighter when you weren’t being an ass.” Murphy was surprised that Octavia DIDN’T look surprised.

“Sure but… I mean why?” He asked as they all walked away. Clarke dismissed the guard and Octavia waited half way between the end of his hospital cot where Clarke stood and the door. Clarke turned to him, and he saw a spark of what he thought might be compassion in the almost dead eyes. It shook him more than the look he got when she thought he had killed her friend Wells.

“Look. You’ve been given like a hundred chances around here, but we all know how the Arkers were to the 100 when we got here and none of those chances has been given by me; stopping the mob from lynching you wasn’t a second chance, it was keeping Bellamy from becoming insane with power, and we didn’t so much give you a second chance when you came back as we hadn’t decided what to do when you flipped out on us..” Her answer was straight to the point and blunt, he took it as truth.

“Reyes is gonna hate this? Why would you trust me with a gun?”

“She does.” He heard Octavia chuckle darkly. “But she told me that when we were giving Finn up, she wanted to pin it on you and Finn told her that you had tried to stop him. You didn’t kill anyone when you were in Ton DC and you risked your life for someone you didn’t know on that cliff. Yeah. I heard about that too. Don’t mistake me though. This is not a third chance. This is the real second chance you were owed, just like everyone. I do NOT give third chances.”

With that she walked off, and he was left confused as fuck, alone in the medbay.

He was not alone for long. Apparently a raiding party had moved through and they had a fight on their hands. They won, but there were a lot of men dressed like the man Octavia had called in with minor wounds.

It turned out that Kane was in charge of security, and when asked what happened to captain Miller, he found out that they were using the grounds near the drop ship as a graveyard for their people. The grounders living in the camp burned their dead there too. Training was rough, but for once he wasn’t stuck, in a cell or with a shitty job, and Kane either had been talked to by Clarke or didn’t remember him well, he was treated just the same as all the others. A few of the younger 100, whom he found out were now down to 40, were in his training class and harassed him but he kept his head down and sharpened his knife, saying nothing.

He found out that this was a very, very good idea one day during a break when an off duty guard
was bragging loudly and graphically about having been let into Clarke’s bed the night before; gathering an audience. He stepped up and walked over to the guy, ready to shut him up because he and Clarke may have never, and may never, actually like him but she had given him something he didn’t know existed. A chance to prove that he wasn’t a criminal, and he wasn’t about to let anyone badmouth her even if it caused her to banish him again; turned out that wasn’t needed.

As he reached the man, he screamed and fell down, holding his leg which was bleeding pretty badly but Murphy realized the wound missed anything he noticed as major and was above the knee joint in the muscle. He’d walk again. While the three guards around him ran to tend to him Murphy just looked up, expecting to find Octavia, or even Raven as she was a hothead with a gun if he remembered correctly. He was shocked to see Clarke lowering her pistol and locked eyes with her briefly, receiving a nod, before she spoke up.

“Anyone else want to air my private life and make me waste another bullet?” There was silence, except for Octavia who was posted on a guard tower laughing hysterically.

That night he was told the story of what happened at the Mountain by one of his companions in guard training. A grounder woman who had not been a warrior but liked using the guns, not in a disturbing way but, as she described it, everything went quiet when she aimed at their targets during practice.

“Holy shit? Griffin? Killed KIDS?! Are we talking about the same Chancellor?”

“Well, anyone that helped us and didn’t have family left in the mountain came to live here with immediate, secondary; you know brothers or sisters and their kids; family. Everyone else... We deserved blood. They bled us for over a hundred years. They were gonna kill the Chancellor’s people so they could walk on the ground. So she faked a lottery, gave those that helped our people transplants from those of the Skaikru that were willing to donate to them over several days, and then disappeared into the mountain with Councilor’s Blake and Green; when she came back out they were all dead. She let anyone who wanted walk through to prove that blood had been paid, and we took anything that was useful and left the rest. They were burned, it looked like she nuked them.”

“Fuck.” Griffin wasn’t kidding. She would kill him if he screwed up this chance.

The guard gave him something to focus on that wasn’t being angry, and he learned that there was a small ranking system. Little bronze arrows on their collars; one showed you passed training, two put you in a position of responsibility over those that had one, kind of a unit leader. Three was some kind of officer, they seemed to control small groups of those who only had two who coordinated the rest, but they still fought on the front lines. Four, of which there were only two people with enough experience and Clarke’s trust at the moment all of which had been in the Mountain, none of the new Arker’s that continued to came from across the forests, were tactical leaders and had districts inside Camp Jaha that they were in charge of. Kane wore five.

He learned there was a separate militia run by Blake and Lincoln that combined techniques and Clarke often trained with them. He watched them practice and they were impressive, particularly the grounders that he had learned moved here after Ton DC was bombed or betrayed their Commander and went back to the mountain. Many had been captives meaning they were soldiers or specialists in the coalition army. Apparently he had been gone months, and it had now been nearly a year. People seemed to at least not hate him, though he kept his head down and rarely spoke. He knew there were stories about the old days but the grounders, oddly, treated him in a friendly manner and those that came from other stations mostly reserved judgment, except some of the older generation. He had started to feel good about his existence in a way he never remembered feeling before. He was at least being useful.
The day of the pinning ceremony for those that passed their final tests, in front of the whole crowd, he realized he had done it. He took the first step towards climbing the ladder that previous kept getting yanked away from him like that stupid kid in the old cartoons and his football. He looked up, it was just turning to evening, the gates had been closed against bandits in the night. There was a star coming out, or maybe it was a planet due to it being so bright, but John found himself thinking about his father, who had always been a good man. He’d heard the grounder beliefs from others and never bought them; if there was something after this miserable existence and his father could see him now. Alive, healthy, and treating people right as he had been taught by the man without abusing the power given to him like the privilege on the Ark had always done.

He’d finally done something right. His old man would be proud of him.

That night he went to visit Raven Reyes in her quarters in the Ark where she experimented with Kyle Wick.

He knew it was a bad idea when a homemade knife hit the wall near his head hard enough to burn his face with the sparks it let off.

“Fucking what, Murphy? The only reason you’re not dead right now is cuz Clarke thinks you can be ‘useful’.”

“I…” He took a second because he knew apologizing wasn’t the right move, but he also had to say something to let her know he had fucked up in those early days. To let her know that he wasn’t the same person and at least, if she didn’t forgive him, make her know he wasn’t a danger to her or anyone she cared about. It’s what his father would have made him do. “Johnathan, always take responsibility for your actions; always, even if the results are not in your favor.” His old man’s words from when he was a young boy and got caught stealing a pencil from a friend in class came back to him and he continued.

“I’m sorry doesn’t fit here…”

“Your fucking right it doesn’t.” She still spit her words at him and he barely avoided wincing.

“Can I finish? I promise I’m not going to ask you to not hate me anymore.” The woman sighed and leaned back in her seat. He took this as progress and stepped in closer.

“So. I was a bit unhinged and bent on revenge when I came back… that’s pretty obvious. I didn’t know you were under those floorboards though. I was being selfish, worried about me, when we were being attacked by grounders. It was fucked up, and I never meant to hurt you. Still, I did mean to hurt some people, and I can’t take that back, ever. I also did hurt you, and I can’t take that back. I can’t make you walk again. But I can let you know that I know what I did was wrong, that I was angry at the wrong people and even in the case where anger was warranted I handled it really badly. I’m a fuckup, it’s what I do, but I couldn’t go on living here without at least confronting you about it. If Clarke ever does lift that ban on killing me, I totally get why you would try.”

“I don’t try Murphy, I get things done.” Was her answer, but her arms were crossed and her expression had changed to one of contemplation. He nodded, assuming the conversation was over and turned to leave.

“Murphy?” He paused, but didn’t turn around. Did not meet her eyes.

“My mom drank too.” She said, quietly. “It’s not a secret or anything, but she did and she said shitty things when she did.”

He tensed up, hands in fists, but nodded, waiting to see if she’d continue.
“I heard why you were locked up, and why they floated your old man.” It was then that he remembered they had been friends when very little, before things had gotten bad, and they spoke a little differently from the rest of the Ark. The slums had a tendency to do that. “It wasn’t your fault. Your dad did what he did because he loved you and would have done so anyway. They floated him because their fucking rules didn’t allow for bending, hell fucking Jaha floated his best friend for fucks sake.” Murphy felt tears slide down his cheeks. He refused to turn around or wipe them to give her any hint her words got to him. “Anyway, that was my point. You were a kid, the adults fucked up but at least you had someone who loved you; when you shot up the dropship you were still a kid. We all were. Fuck. I don’t like talking this much, my point is; your mom was a bitch, and she was wrong.” He nodded, stood for a moment to make sure she was done, and marched away in his new, for the Ark, black boots.

“If you go psycho again I’ll put you down myself though, got it?!” She yelled after him. He paused, just around the corner, and wiped his eyes.

“Got it.” He said back over his shoulders; he though he heard a ‘good’ behind him but he was too far away by then to hear exactly.

That night he was summoned from his tent by yelling. Bandits again, he took his place behind the wall. They were taken care of in moments but he felt himself swell with pride when he managed to take out three from between the bodies of their grounder-guard. Kane shook his hand. Clarke nodded approvingly from where she emerged from the Ark with Octavia in tow.

Two months later it was announced that Clarke had to attend a meeting with Indra in Ton DC. Lincoln was left in charge with Kane, Octavia and Raven, as she was working on their radio while they were there, would be accompanying them. Three of the specialists were selected to come, their bandit problem had only gotten worse the closer to harvest they got. Three guards were also assigned to Clarke and Raven. Murphy was shocked when his name was announced among two men who each had two arrows each.

Ton DC was a bit boring, they took shifts, trading off free time, guarding Raven, and sleeping. The specialists and Octavia were always with Clarke. He began to make friends with some of the kids, joining a game where they kicked a ball much like soccer from the Old World. They were there three days, and he had even started to learn some basic Trigedasleng. Here they thought he was some kind of hero due to his uniform, not a criminal as much of the Ark still seemed to keep in mind.

On the way back they were attacked by grounders who wore no warpaint. There were many of them and they were vicious. Murphy was shocked that Clarke fought alongside Octavia and the specialists while his guard picked them off from behind the circle of leaders and specialists keeping them back as they fired. He was standing slightly behind Clarke as she dodged and punched, using her pistol and dagger. He saw her knee a couple of folks with her bad knee as well, but didn’t throw the kicks the rest of the group seemed to be using, or slide around like Octavia seemed fond of. Raven stayed on her horse, which was weirdly calm at the gunfire, and fired from there, someone throwing her a large whittled stick in case they got too close. The specialist fought like Clarke, though they carried the bigger guns his unit had they used small pistols and a blade, or the butt of the gun to disable before firing if necessary. The battle was almost done, a few of the specialists and Octavia were bleeding but not badly.

He saw it when the rest of them were distracted.

The blade coming straight for Clarke’s neck from his side, while she was facing the other way and Octavia was too far ahead of her to stop it though she moved towards their Chancellor.

Murphy reacted without thinking, his specialty.
He managed to hit the grounder bandit with the butt of his gun as he shoved Clarke over with his shoulder, but not before the curved blade made contact with his forehead. Fortunately, the sharp blade was pulled back when the man welding it stumbled from the heavy hit of the assault rifle; he felt it slice skin, through his eye and down to his chin. There was yelling, more rage than pain, that he didn’t realize until later was himself. Before he could even register that his head had almost been split down the center he fired three shots into the man’s chest. Octavia was finishing helping Clarke up when he started to waver, and as he fell, searing pain starting in his face and that yell of rage coming out of his mouth as he felt the girl catch him. He couldn’t see out of his stinging right eye, but thankfully it was because it was covered in red that burned.

Everything until they reached Jaha was a haze. Clarke stitched him up in the field, she always kept a medkit on her he knew, and he heard something about too much blood loss. He remembers thinking damned right it was, the whole front of his shirt was sticky with it. Clarke had wiped his face as best she could so she could work. It hurt like a bitch, and he yelled like one and thrashed as Octavia held his head still. The knife cut through both his lips so even screaming in pain hurt. He remembered Clarke and a glowing small bar of metal. She said she was sorry softly as she held open the eyelid that had been stitched back together, something about bleeding he didn’t know then the metal touched his eye. It was only a half a second each, he was told later, but three times the bar touched his eye and three times his stitches pulled as he screamed.

Then he was in a medbay cot. The first thing he noticed was he could see out of his right eye, but blinking hurt. Clarke’s mother came over and explained that Clarke had to cauterize his eye as it was bleeding badly but it hadn’t hit his cornea. Murphy assumed that was the part that let him see. She taped his eye down and said they’d leave it for a week to keep him from hurting it. It still stung when his eyes moved but it wasn’t every two seconds anymore. Clarke came in moments later, along with Octavia, at what was almost a run with her limp. Raven followed more slowly.

“Why?” She asked. There was no ‘I’m so glad you’re okay, thank you, you saved my life.’ She was in Chancellor mode full force and he wondered what else was going on, but all the same he was grateful. He didn’t like a big deal made out of something it was his fucking job to do.

“It was my job.” He said, simply. It was, though he knew none of the other men there would have done what he did; lack of reflexes, lack of loyalty. He didn’t know, he just knew for sure and for once he didn’t feel the need to hold it above anyone’s heads. He was just doing his motherfucking job.

All three women nodded, he saw respect in Octavia’s eyes. A brief sparkle in Clarke’s he couldn’t identify, and even in the hardness of Raven’s stare he saw her nod.

Clarke was sitting and she took his hand and placed something cold in it, closing his hand around whatever the objects were. She stood, again assisted by Octavia. It was only a day after they had returned, he had learned, and knew she must be sore. Murphy looked at her, surprised, a question in his eye.

“Don’t put your uniform back on until I tell you, my mother needs to clear you for duty again.” The others had started walking away as she finished. “Also, don’t put them on yet when you do. You’ll understand later.”

“What?” He asked, and his voice was odd because talking with stitches through an entire section of your lip wasn’t fun. Chancellor Clarke Griffin just walked out of the medbay. He looked down, opening his fingers.

There lay two bronze arrow pins.

His silent gasp pulled at his stitches.
“You saved her.” He heard Clarke’s mother chuckle from across the room. There were no other occupants. “Now you won’t be able to get rid of her if you wanted to.”

Three weeks later, the stitches had been removed but the wound was still angry. He found out that the cut actually extended through part of his torso, though had missed his neck. At least he could blink again without his eye searing in pain, and Doctor Griffin had just cleared him for duty. His uniform was brought to him and he was told to report to Kane in front of the Ark.

When he walked out he realized today was the day they were pinning the new class of security. Only five of them had passed, out of seven. They stood upon a make shift stage as he had, that could be torn down to use as other material if needed, in front of the Ark. There was a crowd. Murphy moved to take the position Kane directed him to near the bottom of the platform. There was silence then whispering from those near him. His friend from his pinning class smiled at him from the other side.

He had noticed when leaving that his pins had been put away from the bedside table he kept them on, but wasn’t surprised Abby was super protective over how messy it got in there and though he could have stayed in his tent he preferred to be out of site so moved into a corner of the medbay until cleared.

After the pinning Kane turned around and motioned to the crowd. Everyone hushed as Chancellor Griffin, for she really was tonight, stone faced and regal, and the pin on her jacket twinkling in the light. Gun proudly displayed on her hip along with the sword she had been recently gifted, pauldron on her shoulder. He stayed stone-faced, until she spoke.

“Jonathan Murphy.” She said, and motioned for him to join her and Kane on stage. He wrinkled his brow, the pain a small stinging. He obeyed.

“Many of you know Murphy from the days of the dropship.” She started. “Some of you remember him before Jaha’s confusing mission into the deadzone. Today, you are all to forget that. Three weeks ago, as I am sure you heard, we were returning from Ton DC. We were attacked by the bandits that keep swarming the camp, as I am also sure you heard. There were a few injured, one who risked his life to save mine. I was fighting, and Vice Chancellor Blake was dealing with another threat ten feet away. The bandit man snuck up on us all, while my back was turned. Even Councilor Reyes, who had a vantage point, did not see the man in time to do anything. Jonathan Murphy saw the sword coming for my neck as Vice Chancellor Blake did. She was unfortunately too far away. The next thing I knew I was on my side in the grass of the forest and there was a dead bandit at Murphy’s knees.” There was murmuring among the crowd. “I was told, after we stabilized our wounded, that the only reason Mr. Murphy wasn’t cut in half by the blade was because the man striking with it fell back due to a blow he was dealt from Murphy’s assault rifle. Basically he got lucky.”

Clarke smirked at him, as he shifted uncomfortably in the spotlight. This was Clarke, for two point five seconds, he could tell. Her mask fell as she looked at him and returned as she addressed the crowd.

“Had he not been lucky he would have given his life, without hesitation I am told by witnesses, for his Chancellor. When I asked him why he had done such a thing, he responded, simply, that it was his job. This is a level of dedication that is beyond what is expected from anyone but the Skaigaurd. I want to make clear that what I am awarding Murphy today, something that has never been done in our short history, is not a reward. It was earned, selflessly.”

She turned, and his friend stepped on to the staged and handed Clarke something. She reached up for his stiff collar where it encircled his neck above the Kevlar vest. His two pins were added side by side, officially promoting him from a new guard to an officer. In under two months. He had known,
of course, when she handed them to him but did not expect her to explain the story to everyone. She winked at him while her back was turned and he knew she had done this do dissuade any jealousy for his quick rise in rank.

“You are to report,” She continued, her Chancellor voice as he called it to himself now, projecting across the crowd but she was speaking directly to him. “Four days a week to the training of the Skaigaurd. You will be on duty two more days a week, and one day of your training with the specialists will be followed by officer training with Captain Kane. Provided you do well and Vice Chancellor Blake and Councilor Lincoln agree you are ready, you will receive your fourth pin. Your district will be decided then.” His eyes widened, he was to be promoted again after training with the elite. He looked up and saw the star again.

Murphy had hurried off, only accepting offers of drinks from his friend and two others of his ten member pin class.

Five months he trained with the Skaigaurd, gained an appreciation for their fighting style and skill. He was one of the best shots in the training session three months in. He couldn’t believe he had risen in the ranks so quickly, and his drive to protect and serve Clarke increased as he realized she had given him what all of his acting out and violence had been meant to achieve; respect and a chance to prove that he was not just a dumb kid from the slummy side of the Ark. He wasn’t only being treated as more than a criminal, he was a member of the guard, and a respected one.

He was harsh and crude, the only way he knew to be, to those under his command; but never cruel. They listened to him; many of them knew about his involvement in Reyes’ paralysis, knew of the chaos he had caused, his inability to stop Finn which was probably his greatest regret even though it had basically gotten him this chance. He saw in their eyes though, at first they were afraid, as were most of the population of the Ark; part of him thought that was part of his value to Clarke and he appreciated that who he was had not been erased, just reshaped. However over time fear turned to true respect when they realized he was a hardass but was not going to completely lose it on them.

Chancellor Clarke Griffin surprised him yet again after his pinning, which he requested be private this time as the entire town basically, they had received new people in that time but word spread, knew he had to pass his basic training with the Skaigaurd to move up in rank, something he had found odd in the last months while he was grateful for the chance. He enjoyed the work and the fighting skills he learned would be useful; however none of the other higher officers had to go through that training. As his three friends, two of now which sported two pins directly from Marcus Kane, he realized Clarke had something else up her sleeve. After his friends were dismissed, told that he had the night off and could join them in a short while, only Kane and Clarke and Octavia remained. Raven walked in the room and sat, without asking as it was the Council chamber. She had crossed arms and her usual hard look on her face, sported whenever she was within ten feet from him.

Kane sat, followed by the other two women.

“What is going on?” He asked.

“Tell him Marcus.” Clarke stated, her voice hard.

“I no longer wish to serve as Captain of the guard.” Kane stated simply. Murphy raised his eyebrows, his scar no longer even tugging. “I was going to resign from the council as well but I was… persuaded… not to”.

“I had Lincoln and Octavia keep an eye on you, as well as Marcus, as you completed your training. You helped those that were new to firearms learn how to fire. You helped those new to unarmed
combat learn how to channel any rage they had into their fight, effectively reducing tensions and raising performance. You treat those under you with a hard hand but no cruelty. The citizens know you will do what is ordered; even if it involves punishments that are distasteful, though thankfully we’ve only had one of those.”

Murphy shuddered at mention of the shock lashing he had distributed two months ago; a man had raped a woman with considerable evidence and it was determined by the council that imprisonment was not enough of a punishment, and banishment may result in an innocent being hurt outside the camp. Murphy had delivered the lashes, twenty of them, spaced out to keep the man conscious, with resolve. He deserved it; he himself had been a violent, nearly psychopathic individual and had never even considered such a thing. The punishment was distasteful, but fitting. Still, Murphy didn’t enjoy it one bit, though he would admit he enjoyed the look of fear on the man’s face beforehand and the look of defeat on him afterwards.

“They also know they can trust you. It was two women from your district and one not that reported the crime from the same man to you afterwards, directly. You carried out his punishment for the two we could prove with a stern but closed expression. When asked afterwards you once again stated that it was your ‘job to keep the people of Jaha safe’. Yet, when you believe a punishment is too severe and we are in danger of repeating crimes of the past, you come to the council in private and make your concerns known.”

“What does this have to do with my pinning ceremony?” Murphy asked, confused. It was just his job, even though he might enjoy dealing out the justice to those who deserved it.

“Clarke has persuaded me to put off my retirement for another six months.”

“Still fucking confused guys.” He said. Though they were the council, several of the people in there had been on the dropship with him, and he knew a certain level of familiarity was allowed in private.

“Murphy, the next six months, while you take care of your district and do your job, you will be receiving training from Marcus on his job duties, should you accept the offer.” Octavia stated. As Vice Chancellor, though Clarke had veto power and final say if she desired it, Octavia oversaw all security matters.

“Wait. Wait. Hold up. You want me to be captain of the guard?!”

“For the reasons stated above, and for the reason that, and this never leaves this thankfully bug swept every two days room, thank you Raven;” Raven smirked and nodded. “I do not trust the others to be able to handle the job. I trust you.”

“Why?”

“You saved me, because it was your job, but you also have followed every order I have given you without question unless particularly upsetting, in which you brought the problem to me in private as soon as was appropriate even if it was after carrying out the order. Why was that, Jon Murphy? Speak true.”

Jon.

Jon Murphy.

His father’s name.

She had called him by his father’s name.

Maybe grounders had something with this spirit not dying thing after all.

“Because…” He stopped for a moment to think his answer through. This was as important, he felt, as his speech to Reyes had been. “Because you gave me a chance when I didn’t deserve it; not a second chance really but kind of a first chance. To show everyone that I could be better, to show them that I was more than a delinquent who went on violent benders to get things done, to get them to listen. More than an angry kid forced into being the dregs of society. You gave me a chance at a job that helped the community, and one that I could continually gain respect from. A chance to overcome the slums of the Ark that fucking followed us down here.” Raven’s eyes shot to him for a moment, and then nodded in approval. “You believed I could be better when no one else would look past what I was; you saw what I could be. Which made me see what I could be and honestly,” He hesitated, before looking up at Raven knowing she would understand. “A chance to prove my mother wrong, to prove to my father that I could be the man I knew he wanted me to be.”

Clarke nodded.

“None of this goes anywhere!” He growled, and the room chuckled.

“Trust us, Jon.” Reyes was using his name now. “All of us have conversations that show sides of ourselves we can’t always let the public know about.”

“Why do you think Clarke shot that asshole in the knee?” Octavia said with a big grin.

“The council voted this morning.” Clarke was back to business. “Majority vote, excluding those idiots that showed up from Mecha and Red stations which you are not allowed to know about by the way, has voted that given the simultaneous agreement of myself, the Vice Chancellor, Councilor Lincoln and Captain Kane himself, that you will be the next Captain of Jaha’s inner security forces upon Captain Kane’s retirement. Start thinking about if you want rooms in the Ark or if Millar’s team will be building you a hut outside; I’d prefer you were among the people so they have access to you but it’s up to you, we should have a few more rooms opening up in the Ark by then. Should you accept the post?”

“Uhm. Yeah. How could I not?” He was shocked. Most of the council, meaning everyone that had voted for him if only the two new district idiots had not had been a member of the original hundred or been in power when he left to see Jaha, with the exception of the nice but slightly sad girl from the Mountain.

“Because my promise still stands; I trust you Murphy but I will put a bullet in you if you put one toe out of line in front of the population.”

“You’ll have to fight Councilor Reyes.” He grinned.

“That’s only if you go totally psycho, idiot.” Reyes shot back; her lips pursed and face hard though there was a joke in her eyes. Everyone laughed for a second before Clarke turned serious again, turning her gaze on him.

“Understood, Chancellor.” He stated.

“Good now let’s get the hell out of here before we get trapped with complaints like last time they heard were we’re having an impromptu meeting.”

As Clarke herself pinned the fifth arrow onto his collar, it being taken off of Kane’s himself and handed to her, Murphy looked up and saw that star again and knew his feet had lead him back here
for a reason.

The people needed him, even if some of them might not like it.

Clarke needed him.

He wasn’t about to let anyone down, over his dead body.

“So he got the scar saving your life?” Lexa asked, suddenly liking the rat faced man much better than she had. Especially at the knowledge that the move was apparently instinctual, and he took his job seriously.

“Yup.” Clarke spoke into her shoulder. She didn’t seem to want to detangle them before it was necessary. “I heard Octavia shout, and I saw the blade for a second, before he knocked me over but I didn’t want everyone to know about it. At least he’s one of the one’s whose screams I don’t hear in the night.” Clarke shuddered, and Lexa ran a soothing hand over her side before tangling her hand in blonde hair again. “I wasn’t exaggerating, he really would have been chopped in half saving me if he hadn’t gotten lucky with that move. That’s why I suggested him for Skaigaurd training. He’s my security man not a soldier, people in camp are afraid of him if they screw up but respect and mostly like him even if he is intimidating to them. There are a lot of crimes that were reported to him after he took over the post from Kane, including some that happened during Kane’s reign as Captain. They just weren’t comfortable going to him. His training with the Skaigaurd makes him a triple threat though, and he’s taught basic hand to hand moves to the security force, and I can send him on missions like foraging the dropship site for metal for the fence with a security team without having to worry about losing extra soldiers while I’m gone.”

“He sounds like a man that just needed a second chance.” Lexa mused, still running fingers through Clarke’s hair. She loved how the blonde relaxed against her when she did.

“Mmmm… he told me when I asked him why he followed my orders without question, when back in the early days he was like a rabid dog on a fraying leash, that I was the first person to actually give him any sort of chance, without it starting with a judgment. He’s been head of security for a little over a year now.”

“I am glad you have someone who would protect you with their life, as I would, Aikwen.” Lexa stated, the truth in her voice evident. “I’ve found those most loyal tend to be the ones who others over looked in some way, Ryder for instance was a small boy when we were children, not fit for battle. When I became aware that I was to be Commander I had Anya find him a mentor to second with. He has saved me many times in battle.”

“Ryder? Was small?”

“I know.” Lexa chuckled, remembering the gangly teenage boy she had grown up with.

“I know.” Lexa chuckled, remembering the gangly teenage boy she had grown up with. “What happened to that Jaha man? The dark man that was obsessed with destiny?”

“The hell if I know or care, he’s been gone three years and hasn’t shown back up yet. He can rot, the only reason I didn’t shoot him myself was because Wells was my friend and it would dishonor his memory. My father was his friend, and he executed him rather than working a way around the problem like a functioning fucking adult government. My mother might have been the reason Jaha found out, but she went to him in trust to try to find a solution and his solution was ‘float him’.” Lexa was a little shocked at Clarke’s intensity, though she understood it.
“Uuughhhh.” Clarke groaned, looking up at the clock on the wall. “We better get dressed so I can show you around the grounds before the meeting, we have a little over an hour left and we should be ready to head straight to the council chambers as soon as its time.”

Lexa pulled Clarke back down and in tighter for a few moments, pressing a long kiss to the top of her head. They may have some freedom in the grounder section of camp as undoubtedly everyone there knew already anyway, but they would have to pretend to be no more than friendly for most of the rest of the day and she just wanted another second with Clarke. When she let go, the sparkle in Clarke’s eyes told her she felt the same, and both of them groaned as they got up from the bed and moved to put gear back on.

Chapter End Notes

So, for reference points Murphy’s story AT THE ARK takes place over about a little more then two and a half years. I’m pretty sure I got the timeline to fit properly without rushing his promotion any more than I intended him to (he was supposed to rise through the ranks very quickly). He was gone for a long time before the mountain and started heading back around the time the Mountain battle happened. He arrived at Jaha around the time Clarke had been Chancellor for three or four months, just after the vote was suspended.

I wanted to go more into his emotions, but as this is basically a flashback caused by Clarke telling Lexa what happened with a bit of embellishment for your guys understanding (much like Lincoln telling Clarke about Lexa) that he didn't turn from a beaten dog into a well trained rottweiler overnight. Which is why I will probably expand this into a stand alone later for those of you that want to read it. Also Murphy being loyal to Clarke needs to not be questioned the rest of the story, its a given in Jaha, and will be brought up during the war.

Hope you all enjoyed, it was over 15 pages of Murphy so. Hopefully you understand him better. Next up, tour of Jaha!
Chapter Summary

I hate doing this I always hated these but I have an important question for you guys in this not a chapter so please read if you are following this story.

So. Just so you know I have been continuing to write. I have two more chapters of Three Years just waiting for me to have time to edit.

For those of you following you know we have been in AU land for a while. So I have a question that is very important to me given the events of the last episode and the major character death that happened.

Would you guys still follow and be interested to read Three Years if I were to keep writing and posting? Even if it takes me a long time to post chapters because my life is chaos right now? The reason I ask this is because I know where the story goes. I will likely eventually finish writing either way.

I am nervous about people jumping 'ship' (yes I punned) after this as it would be very disheartening to me. So I wanna know if you guys still wanna read.

I also want opinions on the two other Clexa stories I have ready to edit and post. Would you all still like to read them?

Please comment. Either way this will eventually within the next week or two be deleted and updated with what I have ready to edit then post. But I want to know if I should keep writing it because you guys want to keep reading it its the longest and most popular I have written so far and I am having a very bad time right now so? Would you guys still read if I continue and finish?

Thanks for reading my insecurities and please let me know it is very important to me.

-Rok
Put on your Warpaint (Part 1)

Chapter Summary

Jaha is attacked. Someone dies. It's not Lexa. Or Clarke. This is an actual storyline chapter.

Chapter Notes

HOKAY!

First I want to thank everyone (bloody over 50 of you it blew me away) who responded to my question last night. It has indeed made me decide to keep writing (as I said I know where this story goes... I just needed to know if you guys wanted too). I will have my comments on the events from the last episode at the end of the chapter. I have not in fact watched it yet but I did ignore spoiler warnings so I know all of the gritty details. I have not decided if I will continue to watch regularly or if I will wait till the end of the season to see where it goes.

This is a heavy Murphy chapter there is only light Clexa as I need to process how I'm going to write them after Thirteen sinks into my brain as Canon. There shouldn't be much change but it is hard for me to write until its sorted out. Do not fear, I have plans for Clexa ;) I GO DOWN WITH THIS SHIP!

In fact if I'm up to it tonight my new Clexa ABO AU may get its first chapter up on here.

There IS a character death in this chapter, just in case you are still reeling from Thursday. I wrote it long before season 3 even started (by the way, I'm sorry for the long hiatus my life has been messy lately). It is not a major character but it does impact a major character in a serious way.

For the record, though I am not sure I will keep watching every week: Things from season 3 will still be added to this story though it will remain AU. There were things I liked very much so far this season that have already influenced if not the over all plot of Three Years but some of the scenes that will be in it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Raven was underneath a generator by the lake when she heard it.

Shouting from the fields. She was trying to pull herself up and get her brace back on, as she had been in a particularly tight spot, when she heard the gates crash and the gunfire. There was a shout going up in the town, no doubt the Skaigaured being called to action. She felt herself be pulled up, and she looked up to see Wick's face. She smiled as he picked up her brace so they could get to her horse and back to the gates.
"Gotcha babe!" He said, a smirk on his face as usual, helping to get her brace on as she grabbed her gun from where it lay near her.

"Ahhrghk." Raven looked up in horror as the choking sound came from Wick's mouth. There were several arrows sticking out of his chest but worse there was a grounder bandit behind him with a knife to his throat.

"Weapon." The grounder said in Gonasleng.

"Go fuck yourself." Was Wick's reply.

Blood sprayed her face. The gun fired and the bandit fell dead as Wick's body covered hers.

She wasn't aware that the person screaming for Wick was her until someone pulled her out from under him. The gunfire had gotten louder, there was now the crash of steel and iron.

She didn't recognize the face of her rescuer, her brace still left near Wick, until she was dragged screaming back through the gates.

---

Murphy was thankfully on watch when the bandits swept in. He yelled for the boy running in from the fields, grabbing him by the collar. He was small and scared but about thirteen, old enough to be a second.

"Boy, go find the Councilors Blake and Lincoln. Then get the Chancellor and the Commander and tell them there's a large force at the gates."

"Yessir." The boy was off.

There wasn't time. There was a woman with her knife to Wick's throat. He looked around and shouted for the guard to cover him.

Fighting grounders was easy in the open when you had a gun and some hand to hand training. He pulled out the axe he had been using the last few years to chop down the few that got close enough to him.

"Fuck." When he got close to Raven, the Skaigaurd had joined them so he had cover. He saw Octavia and Lincoln first. There were a huge amount of attackers so it was good they had the Special Forces they had developed. Otherwise his ass would be cooked. Murphy kicked the grounder zeroing in on Raven in the back of the knee and shot him in the head, blood spraying his face, as the man fell. At the same time he put his axe in its holder by his leg and grabbed Raven.

She was still screaming for Wick, and struggling to get to his body. Murphy sighed. If Reyes got killed out here Clarke would have his head, and she was beyond reason and being able to fight for herself. He didn't blame her, he shot another grounder and picked her up as best he could, her brace wasn't on and he couldn't see it, and dragged her flailing body back to the inner walls.

Clarke was there, and the Commander, neither in war paint but both pulling on armor as the grounders they brought with them geared up to meet the enemy.

"WICK!" Reyes couldn't stand but was still trying to get back out there. He looked at Clarke, shouted to the battlements his orders, and headed back out while Bellamy held Reyes back. He briefly noticed that though he had not been out there in the fray the rejoined member of the hundred was bleeding from the forehead.
The Commander raised the war call and she rushed out the gates with Clarke and Murphy right with them leading the new grounders into the fight. Murphy, though he mowed down any enemy he saw and narrowly avoided a few swings, chopping one guy nearly in half with his axe and taking down another with a three round burst from his assault rifle, headed straight to where he found Reyes. Switching to his single round pistol too quickly to see, dropping his rifle to hang on his back and letting his axe fall into the loop of metal that held it, he grabbed the heavier man by the harness he wore for his work on the power plant and dragged him over. At the last second he saw Reyes' brace in one piece, threw it through his arm, and picked up Wick to drag him back. He had intended to see if the man was alive, but it was clear he wasn't.

Still Reyes wouldn't stop her shrill screaming, which he swore he could hear from here, until Wick's body was back with her. Going back down the hill was slow. He was thankful for his training, he couldn't move quickly but his mind did, picking out enemy from ally, and immediately shooting the former before they registered him. He was pretty sure one of those was a woman going after the Commander but he wasn't sure.

Eventually he was back at camp. Raven was allowed by Bellamy, who had a haunted look in his eyes, to fall on Wick. Murphy shook his head at his fellow from the drop ship, he knelt down to look in Reyes' teary eyes, no longer screaming, and just dead looking after yet another loss.

"Here." He said, handing her the brace. "I know he helped you perfect it. Your horse made it back. Just don't get killed, okay?"

She said nothing, putting the brace on, but he saw something change in her eyes when she looked at him. The disdain from before was gone, replaced with what he dared hope was respect. He didn't deserve it, not from Raven Reyes, but it would be one of the few honors he would willingly accept.

He walked away, shouting orders to the guard inside on how to organize the people, and climbing a battlement, taking a long distance rifle and immediately covering Clarke on the battle field.

---

They heard the shouting of the child while they were walking hand in hand among the grounders between the walls that they had arrived with.

"HEDA HEDA, CHANCELER!" The young boy was a grounder that had settled here with his family after the war with the mountain. He worked as a second to one of the farmers, getting ready to learn from Monty when he turned sixteen. He was running clumsily and a little bloody, and a whole lot scared.

"The East Gate!" Both she and Lexa had heard the commotion. "Chancellor Blake and Lincoln already have the Skaigaurd on the move but Captain Murphy told me to find you after. Chancellor Blake said they may need Heda's forces the bandits have many.

"Thank you Redik." Clarke said, as Lexa yelled over her shoulder to gear up and meet half the force to exit the North gate and flank them and half to follow her and Clarke. The boy, Redik, handed her a bundle that included her gear, which she put on as she headed to the East Gate.

Her weapons were waiting for her there and she wasted no time putting them on as Lexa yelled a war cry that was, strangely, a little bit of a turn on. She looked at Lexa who grinned back at her and then shook her head. This was no time for such thoughts.

They hit the forces hard, from two sides pinning them into retreating or heading for the lake which was infested with all kinds of creatures, except for the walled off section for power generation and the small beach inside the walls. Lexa broke off slightly from her to the right as Clarke put a bullet in
a traitor's brain, and her sword in another's back.

She had found fighting was almost like dancing, and had found a dark joy in the act, which she now embraced. There was almost a pattern. Fire, slice, fire fire, kick, jump, slice duck. She was sprayed with blood and laughed, the sound would have concerned her if she hadn't caught Lexa's eye. Clarke knew she would mourn her enemy's deaths after the fact, but as for right now she would fight because their lives depended on it. She found she fought better when her brain was blank and simply enjoying the movements and the perception increase she received in a large battle.

Next to her at some point Octavia showed up, with the same look in her eye and laugh on her mouth. Clarke was less concerned after that and simply shot the invader in the chest twice and spun around to slice another across the neck.

All in all, considering the numbers, the battle was over quickly.

"INNER COUNCIL IN MY QUARTERS IN A HALF HOUR!" Clarke bellowed, as they trudged back inside the Skaigaurd and Lexa’s forces carrying the few casualties from the battle and the unfortunate number of civilians that had been caught in the fields. "Murphy, inform Council that the meeting has been postponed until later tonight."

---

Octavia jumped over a dying traitor, wondering how many of them there really were out there, and sliced another in the chest. He reeled back as she spun and kicked another in the knee before slicing the hamstring of another as she slid to her own knees, stabbing the man she had kicked before tumbling to a stand again and tackling another traitor, punching him in the face so hard he was instantly knocked out with the power of her sword hilt behind her fist.

She looked up to see Lincoln, as graceful as a tiger in battle. He also spun and sliced but did more damaging strikes with his fists than she herself did. For the kindest man she had ever met, he was a brute in battle. He didn't love the fight as she did, but he was good at it.

She yelled orders to the Skaigaurd as she saw Clarke bringing Lexa and the grounder forces out of the gates. They were now getting cover fire from the wall, the security team being expertly managed by Murphy. She returned a few swings thrown at her, killing another woman and knocking out a man before she saw that the sheer number of Lexa's troupes overpowered the rest of the bandits attacking.

Octavia looked at Lincoln and called for the Skaigaurd to retreat but to watch out for attackers on the way. When she returned to the gates, she paused, finally recognizing the screaming sound coming from the gates. Raven was being pulled off her horse and back inside and she was pissed. About to jump in Octavia stopped in her tracks as a blood covered Murphy walked over from where he descended the turret that was set up on the outer wall.

"Reyes." His tone was calm and cool, as usual. Almost unfeeling, and would have fooled anyone that had not spent so much time with the man with the crooked, rat like face. "Reyes, they're done. Captured or dead. I saw you cut down at least ten yourself, you need to get your head back on."

Raven turned, Octavia bracing herself for the rage she knew would come, her eyes growing sad as she saw Wick's body at the feet of the two arguing authorities of Jaha. Before Raven could unleash her usual snappy fury, Murphy said her name sharply one last time.

"Reyes! Save it for private quarters!" Raven opened her mouth and Octavia's jaw almost dropped as she saw tears there in Raven's eyes and she stopped dead sentence. Raven turned to walk back to the
inner sanctum of the Ark and Murphy followed her.

Octavia looked at Lincoln and he shrugged, motioning that they should get Bel back into the Ark before he overloaded again like he did this afternoon. Octavia nodded and move towards him as she heard Clarke's ringing voice for them to meet her in her chambers after cleaning up some.

---

"What the actual fuck." Clarke ranted as they found their way back to her room and the door slid shut. "This is the biggest attack yet and the fifth this month."

"It is the Ice Nation. While there were many traitors I saw many Azgeda among them. They wish to have you start the war by confronting them first or keeping you on the defensive until they can get your weapons."

"Wick is dead." Clarke's voice was flat. She was not sure what to feel, she flashed back to the early days when her friends were dying left and right. "I don't know if I can take it, Lex. More people dying because of me."

Lexa sat down beside her partner.

"Not because of you. Because of Azgeda and their King. Your people fight by your order, but they fight for themselves not for you. They just do not know how to justify fighting for themselves sometimes so they must see they are fighting for you."

"So many people Lex. So many people at the Mountain, and after we were peaceful until the bandits."

"We will defeat them. Together." Lexa turned and placed a chaste comforting kiss on her lips. They lingered a moment until the first knock at her door announced the inner council.

"Come in!" She shouted, getting up from the bed, she and Lexa starting to shed the heaviest parts of their bloody armor. They went to wash their face as O, Bel and Lincoln came in and sat down.

The blood was drying on their clothes but it was less of a mess than if they had kept their outer armor on, and there were matters to be discussed before they headed to the council meeting. She had to make sure all her people were informed and on the same page after this attack before they met with the less cooperative Councilors.

Chapter End Notes

Okay. Obviously everyone has feels. Please feel free to discuss them, your need to talk about them, talk about this chapter, or anything else in the comments. If you need to talk you all know where my Tumblr is though I have not been on it for some months I will be checking again. Just please no flaming. No arguing. We need to hold together... I feel like outside and inside the show the spirit of Clexa will live on...

Now, my opinion on what happened. We were enraged at the end of season two, calling queerbaiting. We shut up when Lexa showed back up in Season 3. We are again apparently. I do not think that it is queerbaiting, as the story of the 100 is about survival and politics not love life.
If any of you are old enough to have watched the original run of Buffy the Vampire Slayer, I have said many times... we have been Whedon'ed. This is how everyone felt after Tara died except we have more internet to yell at about it, and can talk directly to the creator. In that instance, it was to move a character and storyline forward for the last season. In this instance it is to move the character and storylines forward. In that instance, I hated the future love interest they gave to the surviving member of one of the first lesbian couples on TV. Then I re-watched and LOVED her.

I would like to remind you all that what happened last night... happened over a decade ago on THE SAME CHANNEL (WB and UPN merged to form CW and Buffy aired on both stations in its original run). It was actually the same scenario almost entirely, accidental shooting of the wrong person out of nowhere after the main F/F couple has made up and had sex and the fandom is crazy happy; causing a drastic shift in the lives of all the characters. It was NOT QUEERBAITING THEN AND JOSS PROVED IT!

As I said after the betrayal. It may be queerbaiting this time. But it may not be. Don't give up hope. From what Jason has said it sounds a lot like Lexa is not gone for good. Reincarnation is a thing, a real tangible thing after last episode. Lexa can likely talk to Clarke. Their physical romance may be over but I feel like I would rather have hope that Lexa encourages Clarke to find love again... just like she did after Costia (BAM PARALLEL).

They are telling a larger story. If Clarke ends up with a dude out of nowhere and her bisexuality is never mentioned again, then I'll be pissed... but reminder to keep her bisexuality alive they probably have to have her be with a dude in the future at some point cuz showing is telling on TV, not like real life. Personally, I think the show will end with Clarke having no love interest, but Lexa having such a profound effect on her she still lives in Clarke. So have your feels my fellow shippers, but even if you can not watch anymore keep an ear out. You may be surprised at the ending.
Let Your Heart Run Child

Chapter Summary

Lexa helps Clarke deal with the last thing you would think Lexa would be good at... feelings.

Chapter Notes

Can you tell what song I'm listening to?

Apologies for so long between updates and for the slowness and shortness of this chapter I'm still blocked. See my end notes for details.

Also MERRY CHRISTMAS BITCHES!

Points for reference noticing.

I'm also sorry if this chapter isn't as good as the rest. I've been blocked and this is what happened when I made the blank page say words finally.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

There were no snarky comments. One of their inner council was missing and everyone knew it. Raven was curled against Octavia, who was sitting on Clarke’s bed next to her. Lincoln stood with his arms crossed next to them. Lexa sat in a chair, holding Clarke’s hand and Murphy guarded the door. Bellamy, not able to be left alone, was in the corner with a stiff drink. Jasper, Miller and Monty were on the floor.

“What are we going to do about these bandits. Those bosos are going to come up with something ridiculous in their own hands if we don’t have a plan when we meet with them.” Octavia was quieter than usual.

“The barricades are fine. Wick…” Monty coughed, and Miller continued for him.

“The walls are solidified and electrified thanks to our engineers. We can take a beating at night. The problem is in the field, we didn’t get the mines up.”

“I can do it.” Everyone started as Raven spoke up.
“What? I can. Just because I’m sad doesn’t mean I’m fucking useless.”

“She has a point.” Murphy jumped in.

“She does.” Agreed Lexa, though Clarke eye’d her.

“You want to blow up those bandit bastards don’t you?” Clarke asked.

“Fuck right she does.” Octavia growled.

“Damned right I do!”

“Okay. We can have you do the mines but Lexa and I are personally picking out guards for you.”

“I don’t-“

“Councilor Reyes, the Commander and I will pick out guards for you.” Clark let a little command slip into her voice. She couldn’t lose Raven because of some vendetta against the bandits. They had Ice Nation to deal with.

“As or that, Octavia can you and Bellamy find out if he’s in any condition to undergo interrogation before the Council meeting. I would rather it be our people asking questions and fuckwhit was likely working with the Ice Nation.” Murphy asked.

Octavia looked like she was going to say something offensive but Clarke jumped in.

“Exactly. I can do it myself, or we can pick someone he’s comfortable with. Murphy, I want you on our Mountain Man.”

“Got it, Chancellor.”
“We should send scouts out to find the bandit camp. We can send a force to wipe them out so we can meet the Ice Nation on equal footing and have the town to fall back on as a keep. Forces can be pulled from the boat people to meet us behind and Polis to pin them between if we can get intelligence enough to know when they will be close.”

“Good. Simple. Plan. That’s about it. Get cleaned up. Rest. Tell the town the Inner Council has met, and the full council meeting will happen in public tomorrow at dusk in the center of town. Murphy you know your job, Raven wait on the mines placement until Lexa can have her troops figure out best placement but get started on them as soon as you want.” Clarke was tired and just wanted to make sure Raven was occupied, Bellamy was taken care of, and have some alone time with Lexa.

Everyone filed out.

Clarke flopped on the bed.

“It feels wrong that the battle still has me worked up.” She said to her partner. “I mean, losing Wick hurts… god it hurts so much…” A tear leaked out of Clarke’s eye, and Lexa sat down and brushed it away.

“But the battle still has you in a mood?” Lexa asked sympathetically. Clarke nodded, looking up at her lover.

“It’s wrong…”

“It’s not. It is how your body works, you are a warrior. You can feel more than one thing at once, too, Ai Kwin.”

Clarke grasped Lexa’s hand, held it against her face.

“Let me take care of you, Klark. Then we will clean up in that… shower… of yours and sleep.” It was a command but also a question and Clarke didn’t have it in her to turn Lexa away. She pulled her down for a kiss. It was deep and sweet, unlike the fire that they usually had this one simmered.

“Under my bed, in a box. Pull it out.”
“What?”

“There’s something I was saving for us under the bed. I think I want you to use it now.”

“Okay…”

Lexa pulled the box out from under the bed and opened it. Clarke saw a grin cross her face.

“You know what it is?” Clarke asked.

“Yes, we have them too but none in such great shape and of… such a size. You wish me to use this on you? Now.”

“Yes.” Clarke’s breath caught on what may have been a yawn. Or a sob. “I want you to make it all go away for tonight Lexa.”

“I can’t make it go away Clarke. But I can help you through it.” She was already attaching the appendage to herself with the leather straps around it, having stripped her underclothing off while they were speaking. “You have to harness your emotion, not bury it, to be a great leader. You are a great leader, we just both need someone to lean on sometimes.”

Lexa admitting that kind of thing to her was huge, and brought more tears to Clarke’s eyes.

Clarke’s clothing came off slowly and carefully. They both were covered in bruises, their faces still bloody, but they kissed through it and by the time Lexa reached through her legs Clarke was no longer ashamed at her wetness. It really was all for Lexa tonight, the different emotions just had her very confused.

Lexa was slow and careful, the opposite of what Clarke had expected from this particular toy. She shuddered as Lexa pulled her fingers out and placed the head of the fake cock at her entrance.

“Are you ready, niron?” Lexa asked, and Clarke wrapped a leg around slender waist.
“Please Lexa…” Clarke sighed. Her entrance was already clenching in want of the toy, and of Lexa.

Clarke gripped Lexa’s shoulder as she started to slide in, whimpering as she bottomed out. Lexa started a slow, hard pace, drawing want out of Clarke. The whole time they never spoke a word, Clarke focused on Lexa’s face as she slid in and out of her. Lexa seemed to be in a bit of awe, and was clearly enjoying herself, however she focused on Clarke, spilling kisses up and down her face and neck as Clarke clenched around the toy, happy to be full and happy that it was Lexa moving over her, finally. Lexa’s body was made for this, or maybe it was just made for Clarke because she was hitting spots no one else ever had.

As Clarke neared climax she felt Lexa brush her hair away from a sweaty forehead, as their eyes met all of Clarkes emotion flowed over. Everything she couldn’t show the others, vulnerability she wasn’t allowed anymore. She came hard around the toy, and she came with a sob that continued into many. Lexa slowed down and worked her up and back twice more, until she was too tired to feel anything but love for the woman above her. Their pace was slow and unhurried, even though Clarke tried to speed them up, make them rough, more than once. It was restraint on Lexa’s part that gave her what she needed, not what she demanded.

Her final climax came over her and she whimpered when Lexa pulled out. They laid there for a moment, Lexa holding her as Clarke just breathed. Soon enough, Lexa stood up and used the sink to clean the toy, then came back and with wirey muscle pulled Clarke into the other room and into the shower where they slowly took the grime and pain away. Lexa washed her hair, and Clarke allowed her too, relaxing into the touch until the water ran clean. She was pulled out of the shower and dried off by Lexa who then pulled her to bed, not bothering with either of their night clothing.

Clarke fell asleep crying softly into Lexa’s shoulder, something she hadn’t allowed herself to do willingly out of grief in years.

Chapter End Notes

Okay I'm going to come clean.

I am blocked on what should happen at the council meeting. Can someone start shooting me ideas? Maybe all of you with ideas? At the very least it might give ME a new idea.

Thank all of you who are still reading this by the way. Your comments make my day especially when I'm having a depressive episode. So thank you all so much.

Also to my old writing buddies... again I miss ya'll. Are you still around the fandom?
Nothing's Gonna Be the Same

Chapter Notes

Put up with me please. This is not my best, I'm trying hard to finish this story how its supposed to be but I've been so blocked I can't even manage fluff. It's short but its something. I'm not letting this story die.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

They definitely had their problems to deal with but Clarke insisted upon funeral rights for Wick. Their burial ground was a few miles away at the dropship, where the original kids rested as did most of their dead. A few of Lexa’s men who had fallen brothers in the raid had also asked, as a show of solidarity with their people, to have their funeral pyre’s there.

Octavia was glued to Raven’s side, the older woman only letting go of her tears in private. They all knew the council meeting would be later that night, but Clarke had put her foot down and Lexa had backed her up with the force of her army. A rider came in saying the other clans were sending reinforcements.

The ceremony was simple, no words were said. Raven had decided to allow the Trikru to hold their ceremonies in honor of Wick as well.

“He would have liked the unity. Finally.” Raven stated the night before.

The fires were lit at sundown. Raven threw the first fist of dirt on crude box that held Wick as they were lit, and as was Skai tradition, his name was added to the hull of the dropship. There was drumming and dancing and Raven even caught the laughter of the celebration of life that a grounder funeral was.

“I think will make these grounds the warriors burning grounds when we have united the people.” Lexa said. They were all decked out in their best armor, Lexa pulling out her Commander cloak. Clarke wore a similar blue one over her piece mail armor. The others wore their best.

“I like that idea.”

When they started to move towards midnight, Clarke started to gather the council that was there, not all of them had come. It was a snub at the attempted unity of the people. Murphy lead the guard that
preceded them out of the graveyard, and there were surprisingly no attempts on their way back. The feeling in the air was one which Lexa said she was sure the Ice Nation could feel. They would hold attacks for a day or two. It was considered reckless to attack while a people were grieving. They had less to lose, and more anger to vent.

They arrived back at Jaha around midnight and Clarke lead Lexa and the others straight back into the depths of the Ark into the council chambers. She sat down, fury written on her face masking her grief. Lexa stood behind her chair as her throne had no place in this room as of yet.

“Why should we trust these ruffians are not the ones attacking us?”

“How do we know they won’t turn on us?”

Clarke held up a hand.

There was silence.

“One at a time.” Clarke sighed. “We have suffered a loss.” She looked at Raven, eyes furious as she sat at her designated council seat. Octavia had moved to be closer to her friend. Lincoln stood as usual, Monty and Miller and the others were silent to begin with. They knew the plan that had been formed the night before. They knew it would get backlash, but it had to be done.

“Heda Leksa would you please put forth the offer you have given to our people in order to insure we work together to defeat this, and any other, enemies.”

“Thank you, Chancellor.” Clarke shivered a little at the steal of Lexa’s commander voice. “I propose a joining of the clans. Not only will you become the thirteenth clan of the alliance, but you will join with the Trikru to protect these lands. My people will become yours, and yours mine.”

“But… I’m sure everyone is wondering how we can be assured of assistance and peace after the current battle is over.” Abby stepped in.

Clarke longed to put her head in her hands. Not because of the decision she and Lexa had come to privately after the inner council had decided upon accepting the offer to be the next clan. She could not show such weakness in front of her mother, no matter how much of a headache it would be.
“Clarke?” Lexa said, informal on purpose. To her people it had to look like a meeting of minds and souls to better her people. To the Skaikru it had to look like a sacrifice. To Abby it had to look exactly like it was and she wasn’t going to like it anyway.

“Lexa has a proposal.” The inner circle looked around at each other, worried.

“One of marriage.” A roar broke out but Clarke stood up and shut them up promptly with the action. “To my people it will mean you are one, Clarke will be my equal. You will have all the protections any of the other clans have plus my personal protection of your government. You will be able to operate independently with Clarke as your leader. I have heard already that the Trikru will accept command from no other in your camp.”

“Clarke you can’t possibly…”

“Mother it’s been decided. There’s nothing to vote on. Lexa will announce it to her people in the morning. This meeting is a courtesy.”

“We will not wed until the Ice Nation is dealt with properly, as I will not dishonor Clarke by not courting her properly by my people’s standards. The announcement of the engagement will keep our people tied together through this however.”

“Clarke, how can you marry a stranger.”

“She’s not a stranger mother. Lexa and I have been… together since we met at Apeak and cleared up our differences. We were together when the mountain happened…” Clarke looked at Lexa and at her nod continued. “She came back and saved me. We couldn’t tell anyone.”

“How do we know this is not just a ploy to take over our town.”

“Markum, we are being attacked almost daily, if they wanted Jaha, Lexa would have taken it already.” Clarke said in exasperation.

“You elected me to make tough decisions, well I am making one. This is the only way we will be left to govern ourselves. With me the wife of the commander, all decisions handed down by me will be as if they came from the Heda herself. We need the help with hunting that is for sure, and our children can become seconds to warriors and blacksmiths and bring that knowledge back here.”
There was more grumbling, but Octavia stood up and shoed the others out of the room after Clarke made it very clear this was to be a secret until the bandits were taken care of.

Clarke, even though her mother was still there, collapsed into Lexa’s arms.

“Clarke have you gone mad?” Abby nearly shouted.

“Not now mother.” Clarke’s voice was muffled in Lexa’s shoulder. She didn’t want to Chancellor out her mother again so many days in a row. She was going to have to however when she heard Abby’s chair push out and the steps come towards her.

Chapter End Notes

Please give me feedback on what you think should happen next. This was just a push forward chapter to get me moving again, I hope it's alright. I know where I'm going, I've just lost how were getting there.
Chapter Notes

So, a bit shorter chapter this time. Hoping shorter chapters will mean faster updates. We're starting to get into the thick of it now.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

They were about to continue on to their rooms, after the announcement had been made, when one of the guards ran into the room.

“Captain Murphy told me to get the Chancellor and Councillor Octavia! Bellamy went into a rage, were not sure what caused it, it may have been an explosion the engineers caused…”

“Where is he?” Octavia spat out, cutting him off.

“Your and Lincoln’s quarters, Councillor.”

They were all out the door before the guard could speak again, Abby following also. They raced through the Ark, up and down makeshift stairs to the inner circle’s redesigned suites.

Bellamy was being held down by Murphy and two other guards. He still seemed to be winning the fight, Bellamy was bloody at his neck and wrists, a sharpened makeshift knife on the floor in the middle of the room. Murphy was sporting what would be another nice scar on his bicep, the other guards were worse off, one had clearly been beaten.

“Bel. Bellamy.” Octavia ran up to him, and Murphy pushed the other two guards away when he settled down at her voice. Still crying heavily, Murphy held on to Bellamy as Octavia knelt down on the bloody floor next to him.

“My fault. It’s my fault. I have to get them out!”

“Bel. Bellamy, come back to me!” Octavia got close to him, gripping his hair and pressing her forehead to his. Tears rolled down her cheeks as well.

“O? O why did you leave me. Why did I leave them?”

“O? O why did you leave me. Why did I leave them?”

“You’re at the Ark, Bel.” Lincoln came up and relieved Murphy, holding Bellamy’s hands behind his back gently but firmly.

“Why? Why did I leave them? They told me to O, and I couldn’t think, I just wanted the Red, but I wanted to bring the girls with us.” He looked up. “Lexa. Lexa I’m sorry, she’s still there, I’m sorry.”

“What, who is still there…” Lexa the Commander stepped forward but Clarke quieted her with a hand.

“Lex, he needs the medbay, those wounds look deep.”

“You are right, Niron I forget myself.” Lexa looked disturbed that he had spoken directly to her but
let it go until he was treated.

“Mother, can you look over Murphy, he’s pretty bloody.”

“Most of it is not mine.” He stated. “Bellamy should be looked at first.”

“Thank you for taking care of him.” Octavia said to Murphy. They both looked startled at the admission of thanks.

“My job, Councilor.” Murphy nodded.

“Murphy go to the medbay and get stitched up please. I’d tell you to take the day off but I don’t want to argue right now.”

“Yes, Councilor.” He turned on his heel and headed out.

Lincoln hauled Bellamy up by the arm as Abby grabbed some spare scraps of fabric to wrap around his wrists and the guards followed them to the medbay.

Eventually Bellamy was stitched up. There was a nasty nick in his throat but it hadn’t hit anything unfortunate. His wrists were badly slashed, but he had missed the tendons. Abby confirmed the injuries were self inflicted. Clarke and Lexa whispered in the corner.

“As soon as he’s patched up Lex. You need to be patient. I know he likely has info on more of our people that have been taken, but we have to wait.”

“Your ship.” Lexa grumbled, trying to avoid pacing. Clarke laid a hand on her shoulder again and she settled down, Clarke slid her hand over and down, lacing their fingers, even though Abby sent a glare their way.

“He’s ready. Be careful though,” Abby said as she stepped over to the group waiting by the doors. “I’m not sure of his mental state, he’s been through major trauma for years.”

Clarke squeezed Lexa’s hand and reached over to Octavia to do the same. The three of them, followed by Lincoln, stepped up to Bellamy’s gurney.

“Bel… Lexa and Clarke. They have to ask you some questions now okay. Just a few.” Octavia looked over at Clarke who nodded. “What you wanted to say. The rest can wait until tomorrow.”

“There were girls there.” He said right away, without being asked a question first. “Many… but when my head was clear enough, when they made us wait for the drug… One said you were her second.”

“No, not killed. Not killed.” It was like he was pleading with them. To believe him. “We have to get them, her and Ontari and Echo, the Queen’s niece. They have ways, to keep people alive. They found her body she said, and to get a message back to you, she said to take her head, the queen’s head, the way the took… Cos… Costia?” Lexa shook and stepped back, anchored only by Clarke who squeezed her hand. It kept her standing anyway.

“NO! Please… Listen. Stay and listen.” Now Bellamy was shaking his head in his hands. “They keep people alive with the cold. The queen plans to use her against you and the girls. The other girls. They were used for… I couldn’t… used for the new reapers to… to…” Bellamy broke, sobbing.

“Octavia.” Lexa’s voice shook. “I need you to have him go back to Anya. Have him go back
“Octavia!” Clarke’s voice, by comparison was steel. She knew about Costia. This was starting to feel wrong.

“Yes, Chancellor.” Octavia’s voice was cool, but she followed orders. She put her hands on Bellamy’s and made him look at her. “Bel, go back to the woman who was Lexa’s first. Please.”

“Yeah. Yeah, they stopped her bleeding after the Ark shot her. Kept her cool, that’s how they do it. Bring us back.”

“Us?”

“From the dead. Or almost dead, really, almost dead. That’s how they tested the drug, I guess… I guess they did the same thing when the grounder woman was shot. She said if the mission went through, if we got here inside, I had to tell Lexa about Costia to make her believe me. The other reapers were supposed to break out, they have ways, I don’t know how.”

“When, Bellamy, when?” Octavia said, knowing this meant an attack was imminent. Her brother’s welfare fell only to them all getting killed.

“A… a month I think. After you found us. How long has it been.”

“We have a week, at most.” Clarke said quietly. “Enough for now. Thank you Bellamy.”

“Clarke…” Raven, Abby, and Octavia all said simultaneously.

“No. It can wait until he’s able to tell us tomorrow. I need to speak with Lexa, we will question Bel when he feels better tomorrow. He is not to be alone until then. I want Murphy on him if Lincoln and O are asleep. We don’t know if they programmed some… sleeper bullshit into him. Everyone but O and Lincoln, out. Raven find me tomorrow morning.”

They filed out.

“Lexa?” Clarke stated, not wanting to parade her partner through the Ark again in this state.

“He’s telling the truth. Anya used him to send a message, she knew we would save him if we could save anyone. She knows how I think. She taught me how to think.”

“So, what do we do.”

“Belamy do you know where they keep the girls?” Lexa asked, in a quiet voice that startled Octavia because it did not sound at all like Lexa. It was compassionate.

“Yes…They…”

“Shh. You did well yuj gona.” Lexa whispered. Octavia looked like she’d been smacked with a fish.

“Clarke is right. We all need rest, it is better we get the information when it is clear in his brain than rush and find we were wrong. We must also speak with the Manon before we plan tomorrow.”

“What are you planning Lexa?”

“We will survive the attack. Then, I will call the Clans to Polis. We will initiate the Skaikru and then
we will march on Azgeda.”

“Come on.” Clarke said, eyes wide. “First you need sleep.”

Lexa nodded.

When they returned to Clarke’s quarters, they stripped down and crawled into the bed, Lexa wrapped her arms around Clarke.

“Promise me we you won’t go near the Ice Queen.” Lexa said, after a good ten minutes of crying into Clarke’s shoulder.

“No.” Clarke said, lifting Lexa’s chin so their eyes met. Steel met soft leaf green, so different from the hard emerald that had been there before. “Promise me, we go after her together. Yumi.”

“Sha... sha Ai Kwen. Yumi yuj.”

“Yumi yuj.”

Chapter End Notes

Okay okay. So I promise smut next chapter I already know where its going. I hope this was better and more of what you expect of me?

What do you think of the first part of Bellamy's questioning? And how, exactly, do you think Emerson's is going to go? Hehe.

I hope you enjoyed.
Chapter Summary

Excuse for porn and maybe feels. If I did this writing thing right?

Chapter Notes

Look! Look! I wrote a thing again!

Sorry its not longer, I had to end it before I passed out tonight.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Lexa woke up to the pleasant feeling of Clarke’s lips on her skin. She grinned and gripped the woman’s hair lightly as those lips moved to her breast and began to nip and suck. She groaned as she felt a hand sneak up her leg, softly, and opened her legs to receive the lightest touch she’d felt yet from her love. The hand softly rubbed her clit and Lexa realized Clarke’s body against her was bare, and she groaned.

Her eyes snapped open when, after many moans and sweeping her hand down Clarke’s back she found straps along her legs. Morning light filtered in as she realized Clarke was wearing the ‘strap on’ she had used on her partner the other night.

Clarke’s fingers continued their torture, Lexa’s hips rocking along in a rhythm with the soft moans she was letting out into Clarke’s sudden but soft kiss. Her hand slid along the harness to the toy that protruded from it, and moaned at the thought of Clarke pushing inside her.

“Clarke…”

“Is this okay, baby?”

“Sha, Klark. Beja?”

“We have to work you up first, my love.” Clarke’s smile at her acceptance of what Lexa saw as a great gift, to first be allowed inside her lover in such a way and then to have that gift returned, with Clarke, was blinding. Her blue eyes were far from the ice of last night and were the soft grey of the storm she was sure roiled inside both of them.
“Usually…” Clarke said as she entered her with two fingers. Lexa gasped and nodded. “I’ll want you inside me with this.” Lexa understood. It was something about their dynamic. Normally Lexa would be more comfortable taking on that roll usually anyway, but right now she wanted nothing more than Clarke inside her.

Meanwhile Clarke was doing a great job of working her up for the toy. She had added a finger and upped the pace quite a bit while still remaining soft with her eyes and every movement that wasn’t the fingers inside her. Lexa groaned.

“But I think you need to know… how it feels… what it means to let ME inside you.”

“Yours.” Lexa choked out. Words she never thought she’d say again even though Clarke and she had admitted their feelings for each other. Even though they were to be wed as soon as the courtship could be done properly for her people to accept Clarke as ruling alongside her.

“Ain.” Clarke said, making a point to use Trigedasleng, while looking Lexa dead in the eyes. At some point, Lexa in her daze hadn’t realized exactly when, Clarke had moved her hand and had placed the head of the toy at her entrance.

“Jok… Klark… Ah…” Lexa cried out as Clarke started pushing inside her with shallow thrusts. The head slipped in after quite a bit of maneuvering in which Lexa was stuck between heaven and hell, and when Clarke was finally inside her, because looking up at Clarke it really felt like it was her lover inside her and not a toy, she let out an actual sob.

Clarke moved slowly at first, letting her become accustomed to the feeling, but soon Lexa was begging her to move faster, and Clarke obeyed. Lexa came twice in quick succession of Clarke bottoming out and rubbing her clit, and she could tell Clarke was close as well.

“Say it again…” Clarke groaned out, holding on to her orgasm until she heard Lexa say it again. Lexa was having trouble stringing a sentence together even in her brain with the heavy rhythm that Clarke was pounding into her pussy. Her legs were hooked behind Clarke’s hips and her hand held Clarke’s head fairly well in place next to her ear, which is how she heard the moaned command in the first place.

“Klarke… I laik yun.” Clarke groaned and doubled her speed.
“English.” She groaned out. “Wanna hear… in English.”


“Fuck…” And with that the faltering of Clarke’s hips hit a spot inside Lexa that had her also thrown over the edge along with Clarke.

For what felt like hours, but was really likely only minutes as Lexa could see the sun filtering in from the window that formed a skylight in the Ark’s wreckage become brighter, she lay shaking. Until Clarke got enough strength up to pull out of her, a sensation Lexa was not entirely sure she was happy with, and discard the toy at the edge of the bed. Clarke lay down on top of her, hand over her beating heart and head on her shoulder.

“I don’t expect you to forget her you know.” Clarke busted into Lexa’s daze with the very thing she had been worried about the night before as Clarke had lulled her to sleep with soft touches.

“I… I did not know.” Lexa stated, matter of fact. “Why would you want to live with that shadow.”

“She’s not a shadow, Lexa. She is a part of you.”

“Costia… Costia would have loved you as well.” Lexa said with determination, sure it was true. It wasn’t uncommon among her people to have more than one love at once, she just never thought she could love someone as much as she loved the girl from her childhood, even if that love was different.

“Yeah?”

“Sha, very much so.”

“What was she like?”

“Impetuous. She loved the forest, but not so much hunting. She wanted us to make peace with the Azgeda.” Lexa paused. “She probably still would. Does… you know my people believe the spirits of those we love stay to guide us even after they have passed. That they wait to move on until those closest to them have as well… or are reborn into someone close to us.”
“So then we make peace.” Clarke was determined in her tone, though she didn’t move from her position on top of Lexa. “After you get your justice for her of course. It can be done; bonus they don’t want to kill us for our bone marrow, just our weapons.”

Lexa chuckled darkly.

“And yes I know. I don’t know what I believe. We learned about the ancient religions of earth on the Ark, but nothing that was particularly catching. I kind of like your people’s ideas on the subject but I have to figure it out for myself.”

“As you should.” Lexa stated.

There was a knock on the door and Clarke groaned.

“Speak!” Lexa shouted out.

“Um… Chancellor. Your, um, your mother wishes to speak with you. Without the Commander.”

“Annnd the day starts.” Clarke groaned.

“Tell her she can meet me in here in an hour, and whether Heda Leksa is with me or not will be dependent upon the topic.”

“Yes, Chancellor.” The guard’s bootsteps moved away from the door.

Lexa started to move but was held down by Clarke’s weight.

“We don’t have to move yet. She probably wants to talk about the bomb we dropped yesterday.”

“Bomb?” Lexa asked, confused.
“Figure of speech. I’m talking about the whole getting married thing.”

“Ah. We should probably speak of it first then.”

“Yeah. I mean for my people, ceremony would be second to the signing of certain papers but I assume you have some traditions that have to be met?”

“Sha, first I must court you. This can be done after the official betrothal agreement is signed by both parties. We don’t have those among most of the people but because of our status…”

“Formalities.” Clarke leaned up and looked down at Lexa. “We’re not rushing into this are we? I’m sure I want to spend the rest of my life with you.”

“And I you, I will not lose you as I have before, and I want our souls to be bound by my people’s ceremony. That unfortunately could take months.”

“What does it entail?”

“Many gifts given to your people of food and weapons, trusted firsts to train seconds. Animals, livestock…the what would you call it? The works.”

Clarke chuckled.

“So the betrothal papers?”

“After the first few gifts, you get to accept or deny. We would sign the papers, ideally in Polis, but here will work since we are at war. Then the ceremony, which could last for days. Though our part will mostly be pledging ourselves to each other and a lot of partying and lovemaking.” Lexa’s smile was a little slick, and Clarke grinned.

“I like the sound of that.”
“You should.”

Knock. Knock.

“Clarke your mother will be here in ten minutes she refuses to wait.” Had to be O outside the door.

Clarke licked her lips.

“As much as I would LOVE for my mother to walk in while we’re fucking… we should probably shower and hide that toy.”

“ Likely a good plan.” Lexa replied.

“Although… I fully intend on you showing me what you can really do with it tonight. Or maybe while the council is on lunch from mind numbing debate.”

“Oh, I will make your mind numb, niron.”

Clarke’s laugh was worth the attempt at the gonaslang joke.

Chapter End Notes

If I get enough comments I might convince myself again that I don't suck at writing and get another chapter up in the next two days. I know where the Abby conversation is going but is there anything you want to see from Abby during the conversation?

Should Clarke make Lexa stay, or leave?

Will Clarke and Lexa have lunchtime sex?

How exactly should Abby catch them in a domestic moment... which will happen and be adorable as soon as I have some best idea's to bounce off of.

All up to you guys!

I've missed you all.
I Asked About You and They Told Me Things

Chapter Summary

The confrontation with Abby goes... differently than they expected.

Chapter Notes

TWO CHAPTERS IN A FEW DAYS!

See. Commenting makes me function guys! Thank you all for your kind words! They really helped in getting this chapter out.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Mother! How many times do I have to tell you it’s not your decision? You don’t get to decide to accept Lexa’s offer. I do. You don’t get to decide if Lexa is here or not, I DO!”

Lexa put her head in her hands; thankfully Abby was looking the other way and Clarke didn’t want her to step in, though refused to let her leave. Mostly because her mother insisted on speaking to her alone.

“You just drop on me that you’re getting married? To the Commander of the grounder’s while we’re in the middle of a war? You expect me to be okay with this?”

“Frankly, she doesn’t need you to be okay with it.” Lexa stood up. She was tired of the yelling, and had her Heda voice on. “The council answers to Clarke, not the other way around. We have decided this is the best way to show a united front.”

Abby had turned to look at her. She knew she was imposing even without her warpaint and in casual clothing she had donned for the morning with her partner before she and Clarke had to head out to see the people. It was still rather early in the morning and the town was just starting to stir.

“Lexa…”

“No Clarke. You have been yelling for fifteen minutes; if this is a matter of state I am happy to stay,
but if it is a matter between mother and daughter perhaps it would be best if I left.”

“Lexa…” Clarke’s eyes plead. Lexa sighed. She was really helpless to this woman; she knew Clarke didn’t want to face her mother alone, had avoided it since they returned.

“Very well but can we keep the volume down, niron? The people should not hear the councilors arguing with their Chancellor and Heda.” Also she had a headache.

“Clarke, are you just going to let her tell you what to do? Is this what a marriage with you too will be like, her giving you orders?”

“Mother.” Clarke sighed. Lexa could see where Abby was coming from though. Much of their communication was nonverbal and Lexa did a lot of the talking and decision making in public. Clarke and she had discussed it was because she was more comfortable with it this morning before Abby had burst in, but Clarke had no issue with it and promised to speak up if she overstepped. It worked well for them presenting a united front and for Clarke to show the Trikru and other clans that she respected her as commander. Despite everyone within hearing distance of camp or gossiping distance of those their knowing she was well and truly… whipped was the word Clarke had used.

“Abby, if you wish to discuss the arrangements between our people please wait until the council meeting. If you wish to discuss the private arrangements between our families please feel free to stay but I must forgo any more disagreements until the council meeting. Clarke and I were having some time away from the politics before the day began.”

“Clarke?”

“Mom. Listen to Lexa please.”

As Abby stormed out, Clarke took her hand and pulled her into her, tightly. Lexa stepped up with Abby because she knew how much it took out of Clarke. She could see it, it wasn’t just the weight of leadership, it was the weight of one person who should trust her questioning her decisions.

“Thank you.” Clarke whispered.

“Niron, I would protect you from the world if I could.” She sat in a dining room chair and pulled Clarke to sit on her lap. “Since I cannot, I can protect you from some of it’s grief.”
Abby’s head spun with possibilities. First she had to deal with Clarke being elected to command far before she was ready, and then the decisions her daughter, her little girl, had to make… It was mind blowing, and any attempt to guide was put on the backburner. Clarke didn’t want to hear what was best and now?

Now she was planning on marrying the leader of the grounders that had slaughtered them then betrayed them since the kids were sent to earth. She couldn’t comprehend it. It had even caused fights with Marcus recently. She stormed out of the room where Lexa, seemingly now attached to Clarke’s side, had basically ordered her out of her own daughter’s quarters. It was too much, and she was spiraling out of control.

Half way back to her own quarters, she realized that she had forgotten her med bag in Clarke’s room and sighed. Gearing up for another confrontation, she turned around and headed back. When she was around the corner she noticed no guard was posted, which had been on the regular if Lexa were awake. Trusting the woman with her daughter’s security was preposterous to her so she sped up, just in case, to tell Clarke to get a guard down here.

She was three feet away when she was stopped by a sound she hadn’t heard in years. Clarke’s laugh. No, not even a laugh, a giggle.

Abby turned the corner slowly, and saw something she never expected to see from her little girl. A grown woman sitting on the lap of someone who was clearly a lover, a smile in her eyes as she stared into forest green ones. Lexa herself was smiling and seemed much less intimidating without the warpaint and scowl she usually wore.

The way she touched Clarke’s face was tender as she pulled her in for a slight kiss.

Soft, not at all what she had expected after the stories of their journey had reached her ears. Then suddenly a squeal as Lexa appeared to attempt tickling Clarke, which got her a swat on the arm. Both their faces shown with delight at each other and Abby suddenly saw what she had been missing. Two young women in love.

Abby covered her face to hide a smile and block a giggle of her own. Only Jake had ever been able to find Clarke’s ticklish spots as a child.
Somewhere, along the line, her little girl had grown up and fallen in love and become a young woman. She wasn’t a child anymore, and Abby understood a lot. This wedding she so disapproved of; Clarke was not just doing it for her people. She was doing it for everyone, including herself.

Still, she didn’t trust Lexa any farther than she could throw her but she knew the look on her face while they didn’t know they were being watched, as Lexa picked up Clarke and dumped her on the bed.

“Not fair! Not fair, you aren’t ticklish!” Clarke squealed and tried to protect herself as Lexa grinned and sat up on her knees on the bed, locking eyes with Abby and freezing. Clarke blushed before stopping laughing at the sight of her mother behind her.

“So.” Abby said quietly. “We should probably talk about this wedding and how your people will want to go about it. Also, I forgot my medbag.”

Clarke was stunned at the change in her mother after walking in on her playful attack by Lexa.

She wasn’t going to ask. Just accept it.

Damn maybe Lexa was rubbing off on her more than she thought.

Lexa described, quietly and in a voice somewhere between her Heda voice and her private voice that she used with Clarke, how exactly the betrothal process worked.

“It may work well if you marry here first, for the alliance, when you sign the betrothal papers.” Abby suggested, and Clarke’s jaw dropped.

“How so?”

“Well, for one it would solidify the pact. It would be the things you bring for the betrothal that will solidify the alliance with our people. The wedding will be for both our people though obviously the alliance will be…”

“Consummated.”
“Yes well, that.” Abby blushed and Clarke glared at the glint of mischief in Lexa’s eyes after using that particular word. “At the wedding festivities. It sounds like you signing formal betrothal papers along with a formal treaty would work best. One means something to your people and one would mean something to ours. A win, win, for the council. They trust paper more than tradition.”

“Mother why are you being so helpful?” Clarke blurted out.

“I just realized something Clarke.” She said as she stood and grabbed her medbag.

“What’s that?”

“That somewhere, when I wasn’t looking, you grew up, and I am proud of the person you became.” She turned to hug Clarke, and shake Lexa’s hand, before turning to leave. “I should let you two get back to your morning. We have the council meeting to deal with before we get any more bandit attacks.”

Clarke was still crying softly when Lexa closed the door and turned around.

Neither of them saw Abby looking through the small glass window with a smile as Lexa tenderly wiped the tears from her daughter’s eyes. 

Chapter End Notes

So? Tell me what you think! Did you all like seeing Lexa and Clarke's relationship from the outside?
Chapter Summary

Council meeting followed by fucking.

Chapter Notes

I hope my porn hasn't lost its touch. I don't have it in me to write the long scenes right now but I'm doing my best.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

There was an uproar, as expected, when they walked into the council chamber. Everyone had something to say about their upcoming plan, most of it negative. Raven was still too far gone with grief and O had never been very fond of Lexa in the first place, so both stayed quiet. The surprise, to everyone else, came when Abby stood up.

“I have spoken with my… ahem with Chancellor Griffin and Commander Lexa and I believe they have come to an honest and clear headed decision. Here on earth, alliances are made by marriage. Everything we would wish from a formal diplomatic alliance would be provided during the betrothal process, and the Commander is willing to sign a treaty to satisfy our traditional governmental system.”

“What will this mean for our people, though? Will we be grounders?” Asked Maya, one of the young councilors from the mountain people. She had to attempt to put up a fight even though Clarke knew she was in their corner.

“Essentially, and traditionally,” Began Lexa in an even voice. She wore her Commander’s cloak and a more elegant version of her usual warpaint that Clarke was told was worn usually at smaller Coalition debates in Polis. “You would be considered Trikru; however as this is a marriage of diplomacy,” Clarke had stressed while to the Trikru and the rest of the Coalition they could present themselves as a young couple in love, which would strengthen ties to the Trikru and the others, that they must stress the politics of their pairing to the council. “The tradition states that you will pledge your leader, Clarke, to the Coalition. Being that we will be wed, she will rule alongside me, but still hold position here until such time as she chooses a new leader.”

“So we’re giving up our right to vote?” Said one of the older men on the council that had survived Arkfall but knew little of the ground even after years here.
“Yes and no.” Clarke stepped in. “Our government, just like the government of the other members of the Coalition, will continue to function as it has. The council, with the exception of the appointed positions that keep Jaha running, will still be elected, still vote on matters pertaining to Jaha and any matters that need to be taken to the Coalition, such as our current bandit problem.” Clarke was imposing in her usual gear, sword strapped to her back incase another invasion came in. “The districts will still elect their councilors. The position of Chancellor will remain with me, as the vote has been suspended already. The Coalition will only accept one leader from the Skaikru and Arkkru. Daily life will continue as normal. How time will be split between here and Polis, the capitol, will be decided at a later date as we are very nearly about to be dropped into the middle of a civil war simply for our weapons.”

“Civil war?"

“What do you all think has been happening?” O spoke up. “The bandits are sent from traitors of the Trikru and the Azgeda, the Ice Nation. The Ice Nation wants our guns. The coalition refused due to tradition. Jaha will become the center of a modern weapons using grounder unit and only those from Jaha and those sent to the unit will be allowed access to firearms, per grounder tradition that they are unlucky.”

“This treaty.” Lincoln spoke out. “Is the only way we can survive the Azgeda. The only way we win is to trust each other.”

“It is also not up for a vote.” Clarke’s statement caused silence followed by another uproar. “Quiet!”

“It is up to me to keep you safe. This is the best way. The treaty will be signed as soon as it’s drafted this afternoon. Octavia, you are to help Marcus draw up the wording for this afternoon’s council meeting. Lexa will address her troops here midafternoon with me at her side and send word to Polis as soon as it is signed. The sooner we get this done, the sooner we can get troops down here. The sooner we deal with the bandit problem the sooner we can deal with the Ice Nation.”

“You want us to go to war?” Another older council member who had only read of war in textbooks.

“You mistake me.” Lexa said. “You are already at war. I am offering you a way to live. Nobly your Chancellor has decided to give herself to me so I can convince my people they are not going to war for an alien nation that has been trying to kill them since they hit the ground. The treaty is your assurance. The marriage is ours.”

That pretty much shut everyone up.
“She’s doing this for you.” Marcus spoke up. “Clarke knows how to lead on the ground. Our governmental system stays intact. It’s a win win.”

“Only we will be under the Coalition, whatever that means.”

“It means safety.” Clarke said, solemn. She turned and walked out, needing to present a show for her people. Lexa followed her, and Octavia with Marcus and Abby, for a break before the bickering continued.

“So.” Said Clarke as they entered their room. “How should we tell your people?”

“In an hours time, followed by the rest of our morning break proving to them you are a good match for me.” Lexa pulled her close. “Should we practice?”

“Mhumm. I think you need some more practice with that toy as well.”

“You mean this toy?” Lexa brought Clarke’s hand to her loose, for once, pants and Clarke gasped at the bulge there.

“You wore it to the meeting?” She whispered.

“Time saved.” Lexa grinned.

Clarke wasted no time in removing Lexa from her clothing, nor Lexa removing Clarke from hers.

Clarke whimpered as Lexa descended on her with her tongue, bringing the hood of her clit out quickly and unmercifully battering it. She kept it quiet. She would be loud when they went to the grounder camp outside the walls. To Lexa’s tent and their bed there. Right now she just wanted Lexa inside her and it took some begging.

“Trigedas leng. Practice it my love.”
“Beja. Jok ai.”

“Good girl.” Lexa grinned. She moved up Clarke’s body, laying kisses everywhere and causing Clarke to continue whining, begging in Trigedasleng. By the time Lexa started to push inside her with the toy, Clarke was gone, blue eyes blown into black.

“That’s it Lex. Beja. Please, keep going.”

“Shhh Klark. I fucked you slowly last time. I will take you for a ride,”

“Fuck.” That was a hard thrust and Clarke loved it.

“This time.”

“Fuck…” Lexa set a demanding pace for Clarke to follow. And follow she did, hips rising each and every thrust. Lexa talking her through it didn’t help either, she was ready to come quickly… which the small rational part of her mind told her was good since they had to dress for the grounders still.

“AAAAhhh.”

“We’re not done yet…” Lexa pulled back on her thrusts, softening them to let Clarke ride out her orgasm.

The thrusts continued softly, working Clarke back up and she gripped Lexa’s ass under the harness and her shoulder, urging her to move faster.

“No, niron. I will see you fall over the edge this time.”

“Lexxxaaa…”

“Yes, niron.” Clarke noticed a slip in the rhythm when Lexa used that word and she knew instinctively what she was thinking.
“What…” Clarke was out of breath and barely holding together sentences but damned if she was coming alone this time. “What is the word for wife?” Clarke knew damned well what it was, but she wanted to hear Lexa say it. Wanted to hear it, and feel that little stutter in her love’s hips when she thought it.

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“Houmon.” Lexa panted, picking up speed but keeping the thrusts soft. “Houmon… means partner.”

“Ah, god Lexa! Harder.”

“Klark…”

“Say it again!”

“Houmon… spirits I can’t wait… to call you that in public.”

“Lexxaaaaa.”

“Houmon. Wife. Jok.”

With that a final thrust that ended both of them, shuddering and crying out for minutes. When Lexa pulled out and Clarke cried out again she immediately lay back down beside her niron.

“I can’t wait either.” Clarke said with a smile, still a little out of breath. “The politics aside, I want to marry you Lexa.” She stroked the woman’s hair and she felt her relax into her from above.

“I as well, Ai Keryon.”

“I haven’t heard that one before.” Clarke sighed. “What does it mean?”

Lexa looked up and kissed her soundly.
“My soul.”

After a few tender moments they moved and got dressed at the request from Octavia. Or threat, more like, of coming in and breaking up their ‘party.’

Lexa donned full commander garb, and pulled out a piece she had been waiting to show Clarke.

“Before we paint our faces, I want you to have this. It was my mothers, she was a Seer, and said one day it would be the colors of the Wanheda. That I would know who it should be given to.” It was a cloak that perfectly matched Clarke’s eyes. Blue like the sky, and matched well with her garb and with Lexa’s cloak a beautiful contrast. “She said the Commander of Death would have the power to bring new life. That they would need a cloak to match their eyes. Their vision.”

Clarke collapsed into her, laughing and crying at the same time. It was something she had needed to hear, and she laughed once again when Lexa spoke.

“This is why I wanted to give it to you before the warpaint.”

“It fits perfectly. It even lets me access my sword incase we are in a fight.”


Clarke chuckled again as Lexa finished up her Clarke’s warpaint.

“Are you ready? We have to deal with your and my people in a short period of time.”

“Ready for anything with you, Keryon.” Lexa’s smile was worth it for the fumbled pronunciation.

Chapter End Notes

Sooooo. Idea's for the grounder talks. GO!

No seriously this is as far as I've gotten. I have a tentative outline but nothing set in stone
so if you have ideas now is the time to comment them!
Raven would never admit it aloud but the betrothal ceremony was beautiful. Lexa and Clarke stood upon a quickly built stage just outside of Jaha, surrounded by grounders from Lexa’s camp and the city alike. Raven sat upon her horse in the back, watching and keeping watch with the many from Jaha that sat upon the walls to watch the ceremony.

Gifts had already been presented, weapons and a hunting party had brought tons of game in from the forest; though they had hunters the Trikru were much more apt at hunting and brought in all manner of meat from deer to rabbit. Lexa’s personal hunting party had even brought in a large pauna; a gorilla like creature of massive size. The food was both for the feast after the ceremony and to be preserved for winter. Raven had sat in on the meeting to the messenger that would ride to Polis who would bring more gifts, tools and weapons that would be smithed for the residents of Jaha. Lexa had even decided to arm the inner council with weapons of their choosing; including a awesome weapon much like a sword in place of a spear head on a long pole that Raven could be trained with to fight with horseback.

Lexa even got down on one knee and promised to love and protect Clarke and her people, something Raven thought was interestingly kept from old earth traditions. Some from Jaha saw it as a show, some ancient grounder ritual that just meant they had a treaty that would be writ in stone as soon as they were married for real, a ceremony that had to take place in Ton DC as soon as the Ice Nation’s first front was defeated here.

Raven however saw the feeling in both their eyes, and it cut to the bone after just having lost Wick. At the same time she still saw the hope it was bringing people and it brought her a little bit of peace, though she maintained her tough exterior in public.
She was glad of the weapons and food as gifts however when the next wave of Ice Nation and Trikru traitors came in three days later.

“Heda, Heda! Wanheda! They are here the Ice Nation and the traitors!” One of the young boys used as runners for Lexa and Clarke came bursting into the council room just as they had finished hammering out the details of the alliance. Polis’ army was due to meet them in two weeks to root out the enemy camps. The others ran to the front as Raven moved as quickly as she could to her horse. Hoisting herself up left quite the pain in her knee but she managed it, and as luck would have it Murphy rode up alongside her, his scarred face something she was surprised she was happy to see.

“Aren’t you supposed to be guarding Clarke’s precious ass?” She asked with a smirk as the rode to the front gates. There were precious few horses and mostly the grounders knew how to ride. Lexa planned to set up a cavalry trained by riders of whatever the plains clan was called.

“She said because I could ride I should join the horse ranks since there's only ten of us in the entire encampment right now. This is one of Heda Lexa’s horses so he won’t scare when I fire my gun.”

“Good just keep out of my way, I want some traitor blood today.” She said with a flashy grin. Grief manifested itself in many ways. For Raven, she wouldn’t rest until the traitors and Azgeda were dealt a fatal blow. Preferably humiliated or wiped out.

“OPEN THE GATES!” Murphy shouted as they gathered to join the troupes Lexa and Clarke lead outside on foot. “Just get some for Wick for me yeah? He was a good dude.” He then rushed off in the opposite direction and thought they didn’t cross paths, she knew where he was by the wild holler after every gunshot from horseback.

The battle was not quick, but it was dirty. Her blade whirled through the air as she leaned down on either side. Raven was quick on horseback, having learned from Lincoln and some of the Trikru that came to live with them. Just as quick as she had been on her feet before the shooting, she cut down line after line of traitors.

Swoop, cut, turn her horse, swoop again, blood sprayed.

She cursed a lot, often when her horse was nearly hit. Fortunately she was fast enough to avoid all weapons from those on the ground.

At one point she was knocked off, she stood and killed the man quickly with her gun and swung up
again, at the edge of the battle but very much in the middle of the fray. Her sword slashed and slung, blood spraying her horse.

Knocked off again as her horse reared. Clarke, with a grin, sliced the woman in half and helped her back up. Lexa shouted.

“Use his hooves!”

So she tried, figuring out how to get him to rear and kick the enemy wasn’t new to her horse or Raven herself it was new to get him to do it on command. It worked after a few tries.

Swoop, stab, sling, swoop, slice, rear her horse to kick, and she was in the middle of the battle.

What felt like an eternity later it was over, though it looked like it had only lasted four hours. She sat at the table with the Council, all the warriors covered in blood, the engineering team covered in grime, the old men clean as a whistle. They had lost half of the camps fighting force, a fourth of Lexa’s and a third of Octavia’s special forces.

“There is something you need to see.” Lexa said, walking in the council room. They have done something… unforgivable.

They all filed on top of the watch tower and used the spy glass given to them by the Floukru. Raven didn’t need it to be horrified however. Along the ridge line of the trees were crosses, the kind from the old earth religion, made from trees. Among them were bodies tied to them. A dozen or more.

“Lexa. Lexa is that Anya?” Clarke said, quickly hitting her intended in the arm and handing the glass over to her.

“It…ahem, it is.” She said after a minute. “I believe some of your wounded are there too.” Raven saw the tears in Lexa’s eyes, blending in with the smudge of her war paint.

“They might still be alive.” Exclaimed Clarke.

“They are. All of them. This is a warning, if we do not surrender before my army gets here we are at
war with the entire Ice Nation. Only the King or Queen of the Azgeda can sanction a crucifixion. It breaks with holy law to do so otherwise and even traitors would be afraid of the spirits if it was not an order from Queen Nia.”

“So they are alive?”

“And will be for days.”

“Get. Out.” Clarke growled suddenly as an older council member droned on. “All of you not covered in blood and grime get out of this council room.”

“Chancellor… what?” Said Murphy.

“You heard me.” She said to the baffled older men. “I am as of now establishing a war council. You have control over the day to day of your districts but you will no longer be invited into my council room when discussing tactics you know nothing of. I am not stripping you of your powers as Councilors but I am expanding the definitions. Octavia, I know you are wounded but will you write this down?” Raven sat dumbfounded, she and the others had heard mention of a war council but didn’t think Clarke would actually do it.

“You are all who are in control of districts known now as District Ambassadors.” They would like that, Raven thought, it sounded more important. “You will continue your duties during regular council meetings.”

“But Chancellor…”

“Shut up.” Clarke stated mater of factly. “All those in charge of a part of our army, or involved in battle, will hold your regular positions in regards to day to day business but will also advise me on matters involving the war. Because, Ambassadors, we are now at WAR. Make no mistake. I will not let this be the end of us after returning to the ground. That is all.”

“Now we need to discuss how we are getting our hostages off those crosses.”

This was the first time that Raven had seen Lexa and Clarke fight and it was spectacular. They were
like metal and earth meeting in an explosion. Lexa would say something about Clarke’s safety, Clarke would fire back that she had been doing this for years without Lexa’s input.

Raven thought they would be having some fantastic make up sex after the hostages were recovered.

“Excuse me.” Raven jumped in when the conversation turned to who would be going, after the plan had been formulated. “Why am I not in on this?”

“We will be having radio silence Rae.” Octavia jumped in before a frazzled Clarke could yell at her and start yet another fight in the war room.

“But I can…”

“Help me in the med bay.” Abby said quickly. “I need someone who knows their way around a radio and knows their way around a hospital for when the hostages start coming back.”

“And we know this is going to be an ambush Raven. We’re gonna need the cavalry, literally, to fight off the stragglers that follow us back.

“Fine. I’m still not happy about it. Keep the cripple out of the action.” She stood up, avoiding a wince by making it look like a scowl. O, Clarke and Abby were not fooled. Ever since she was knocked off her horse when Wick was… well that day. Her leg wasn’t the same, and she was having to wear her brace more frequently even in her quarters when she didn’t have to worry about moving quickly.

Being left out of the battle when she could be useful hurt, but she knew she’d be more of a hinderance to a quite and quick mission. They were to go in, Clarke would check for life signs, they would take the wounded and pile the dead to be burned quickly before they left. Octavia and Lincoln’s forces would be in the trees waiting for the ambush they knew was to come.

Waiting was the worst part. They didn’t in fact need the horses, Murphy and his gunners took care of the stragglers but when the wounded came in Raven was glad she had decided to help Abby. Many of the others got sick and had to sit out, for they had not seen torture like this. One, in particular, was a sight to behold. She was also a bitch.

“I want to see Lexa, if she is indeed here.” The conscious but barely coherent woman demanded. “I will not be treated by you Skaikru.”
“Yes you will.” Raven said, her voice annoyed, but her tone soft. The woman had wounds through her wrists where she had hung on the cross and what was likely broken ribs and a dislocated collar bone. Abby had described the likely injuries they would be seeing. Raven was so far just treating bleeding after they had been once’d over by Abby. She grabbed the woman’s wrist with firm but gentle hands that pieced mechanical parts delicately together for years. The woman seemed to calm down as she felt the calluses on Raven’s hands.

Lexa eventually came in and spoke with the bandaged woman, whom Raven learned was the infamous Anya they had fought so many years back. Emaciated and broken she didn’t seem the same, until Raven looked in her eyes. They were as hard as steal, just like Lexa’s.

She wouldn’t say she got to know the girl over the next two weeks. They mostly jabbed back and forth once she was feeling better, but she only let Raven and Lexa help when putting her shoulders back into place. They eventually spoke, casually and in hushed voices and vague words, about the next campaign and eventual push through the Azgeda forces to Polis which would be made as soon as Anya could ride again. Then one day, a breakthrough that Raven wouldn’t even realize was a breakthrough until much later years.

“Why do you limp? And wear that metal contraption around your leg?” It was the first personal question Anya had asked in three weeks. She was sitting up, her shoulders healing, the xray’s (that Raven had built machines for a few years back) showed no damaged beyond surgical repair on her tendons, a miracle in Abby’s opinion. She still had scars from wounds received from torture over the years, but her fresh wounds were healing quickly and without infection.

“I got shot.”

“By a gun?”

“Yup, by the guy in charge of security actually. He’s all reformed and shit now though.”

“You trust him?”

“Clarke does. Good enough for me.”

“You are loyal to her.”
“She’s my friend, and my Chancellor. One I helped pick.” One who saw her worth as both a warrior and a technician and a powerful mind. One who saw her as more than a rat destined for the airlock.

“I was shot too.” Anya said, laying back. Soon she would be recovered and the wedding would take place in polis, and then they would wipe out the Ice Nation. “By the people in this… contraption. Should I trust them?”

“You’re asking me?”

“I know you, you have a sound mind, are not fooled by love like Lexa. You are on the council but also everywhere around here when you are not forced to take care of me. I don’t know the others, you I have watched for weeks.”

Raven blushed a little before turning around at that. That didn’t make any sense, the woman was just being straight forward with her.

“So. Should I trust them.” A bandaged wrist came into view as a hand covered hers.

“Some of them. Clarke, O… Octavia. Lincoln. Even Abby sometimes. The others… watch out for the older men that survived the Fall. They think they know best and aren’t happy they aren’t involved in the war council.”

“Thank you.”

“For what?”

“Being honest with me. Most would just tell me to trust all of them.”

“Trusting all of them would be dumb. Most of them think I’m a cripple.”

“You are not a cripple Raven.”
“Yes I am.”

“You are a warrior and a… what do your people call a builder?”

“Engineer.”

“An engineer. You are also a healer. A fixer of things and of people. You are a gona… a fighter.”

“Thanks.” Raven said and smiled. Anya smiled back… until Lexa walked in the room. They both returned to their aloof acts quickly Anya lying down and Raven turning to examine the gauze she was supposed to be changing on Anya’s wrists.

Chapter End Notes

So like I said the battles will be in greater detail later, especially in the Clarke and Lexa perspective. I didn't want to give it away but what do you all think of an Anya chapter? I was going to do two Raven chapters but seeing how Anya see's Raven and everyone would give me similar freedom to the Murphy chapter. Seeing the Arkkru from outside it.

We will overlap events, and deal with Raven's grief. She's suppressing a lot of it right now so I didn't go there since she's convinced herself she's fine.

Remember! I live off of comments. Feed the writer!

Also I saw someone who is writing a FANTASTIC fic do a fun facts section about themselves in the end notes. Would y'all like to learn more about me? What do you think?
Won't Back Down

Chapter Summary

Anya.

Chapter Notes

So, short chapter but this is where it took me. Anya's point of view after being captured.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Anya knew dark. For years that’s all she knew after the Arkkru shot her. At first she thought she’d be turned into a reaper, but one night she caught a glimpse of Azgeda caring for her. What must have been months later, after their strange medicine brought her back to consciousness she got a visit from Queen Nia in the dungeons of the Azgeda capital.

She would be kept alive to send a message to Lexa. Much like Costia.

Anya spit at the woman and cursed at her in trigedasleng, the foulest words she knew.

She was beaten for it, savagely. Multiple times.

It was worth it.

Then suddenly they were moving her, shackled with metal chains she couldn’t cut through, with what looked like other prisoners. Marched hard across the snows, into the treeline and through it until she saw the very spot she was once shot. She had wondered at exactly what kind of message she was to send to Lexa from the traitorous Nia, but she knew it would be brutal.

She saw fighting break out, from her perch with the rest of the hostages. She was struck by a woman with a sword and gun on horseback, a metal piece glinting on her knee but not hindering her swooping, quick movements. A real warrior she thought. Like she used to be before they starved her into submission.

The day after they got there she saw the crosses going up. A relic from the old religion, fear struck Anya’s heart. Lexa had outlawed the usage of it when she became Heda, but as a child she had seen the seriously brutal practice. It was considered a disgrace, where death by a thousand cuts would gain your spirit honor again after life had passed, those who were put on the crosses were left there to rot. Without proper funeral rights.

Anya turned her head away after her arms were strapped to the large beams cut down from the trees around them. The hammer pierced the nail into her flesh quickly but hammered into the wood much slower.

The agony didn’t start until they put the crosses up. It was hard to breathe with her body weighing
down her ribcage. It felt like days, and like drowning (which she remembered well). She couldn’t hold her head up after minutes of the torture. Surprisingly they were not beaten, just left to rot in the sun. The rest of the camp would not look at them, especially those Anya had worked out were traitorous Trikru. The sun beat down, as they were out of the treeline in the meadow where there used to be trees, and Anya’s last thought before she passed out the first time was why was Heda’s camp freely entering the now sprawling town that surrounded the fallen spacecraft. There were farms where there were once trees, where she was shot before the gates stood Heda’s tent.

She woke up again to chaos. Trikru she didn’t recognize, younger ones, swarming around her. Lincoln with some woman that looked like a grounder save the stars on both of their belts. Trikru fighting traditionally and some using… guns?

She was out again and the next thing she knew there was Heda in front of her with a blonde she recognized from the mountain and their escape. She couldn’t remember the name but she fought better than she had years ago. Savage, just like Lexa. They moved strangely in sync with each other, dodging blades, cutting down enemies. The blonde woman used a gun occasionally, and wasn’t dressed like their people. In fact, half the force here didn’t look like…

And she was being cut down, the nail pried from the tree with the butt of a strange looking knife. Lexa was untying her. The blonde, hovering over them, shot behind her and she heard two fall. The others were being brought down, those that were alive thrown over horses. Those that weren’t piled already. Lexa lit the pyre herself before shouting.

“Jus drien, jus draun!”

Those were the first words to make Anya feel safe in what felt like a decade. She passed out again as she was put on a horse.

Rather than a healers tent as she expected she was in a bright metallic room with white lighting. She growled, snapped and otherwise attacked the strange people trying to put small metal rods in her arms. Ripped out the strange cords attached to her chest.

Darkness again.

Then suddenly she heard an abrasive voice in gonasleng. She looked up and saw a woman on a gurney next to her, putting a metal brace on her leg. She saw the pain on that face long before anyone realized she was awake, but the dark haired woman turned to her when a groan was let out from moving her wrists.

“You know, you ought to let Abby take care of you.” The woman said. “She’s saved most of the others that came in already, they’re out and about. Though they weren’t as malnourished as you.”

Anya growled.

“At least let me change the gauze on your wrists.” Her hands were light but sure, calloused unlike the others that tried to touch her, something that relaxed Anya a bit. This woman was used to work, often outside from the separate tan lines that rested at different levels on her arms.

Suddenly she remembered the woman she saw fighting the day they arrived at the camp. Looking at the brace, she was impressed the woman was standing after the amount of pain she had seen on her face a moment ago, let alone being a warrior in her own right.

Anya still bit back a curse in her own language and pulled away as best she could.

“I want to see Lexa, if she is indeed here. I will not be treated by you Skaikru.”
“Yes you will.” The woman said, voice annoyed, but her tone soft. Anya tried to resist but with dislocated shoulders and ribs out of place it wasn’t exactly easy. The woman’s soft but firm touch also didn’t help. It soothed her, the assurance that the person who was looking after her was a warrior. Didn’t look down on her for being a captive of war like a Skaikru doctor might. She didn’t do much, just change the rough bandages around her wrist, where she noticed she’d been stitched up probably while she had been passed out.

She learned the woman’s name when she and Lexa came in to re-set her shoulders. Somehow she didn’t feel as self-conscious about screaming when her bones were put back into place. It was worse than when she’d had a shoulder set before because her muscles had formed around it to hold it in place after so many days. Raven held her down while Lexa pulled. The blonde, whose name she had remembered as Clarke, looking on.

Anya learned many things from that day on. Lexa was promised to the woman she had escaped the mountain with, who was also the one the Azgeda had been calling Wanheda. She was also chancellor, or the Heda of this place. Anya would never admit it but she was surprised and impressed with the blonde. Mostly she was here for Lexa, but she had seen her in her Chancellor capacity a few times while she was stuck in what they called the Medbay.

“So you love her? Truly?” Anya asked in trigedasleng, sitting up for the first time in a week.

“I do. Their tradition dictates it as simply a formality, the marriage, but it will be a real one. You know that our people would not accept anyone I was not passionate about as my intended. I do feel bad for Raven having to watch us be happy though, Clarke wishes she could do something but we’re at war, I keep reminding her.”

“Raven? Was she not happy with your engagement? We’re she and Clarke involved?” Anya asked, Lexa helping her lie back down. It was time for a council meeting which Anya would soon be attending as soon as she could move well enough on her own.

“No. Raven lost her lover, Wick, in a raid shortly after we arrived here. She and he were working on the damn to the west. She almost died herself, her brace broke under the weight of her horse.” That was it, Lexa refused to say more.

Days passed, Anya got stronger but was still bedbound due to her undernourishment making her weaker that she would like.

“Why do you limp? And wear that metal contraption around your leg?” Anya asked out of the blue one day. Lexa refused to tell her the story, stating Raven didn’t like to talk about it. So, she did what she always did; demanded what she wanted to know.

The story shocked Anya. Apparently it had happened during Tristan’s first attack on the Skaikru, and she saw the woman as even stronger after she heard the short tale.

“Should I trust them?” Lexa was over her heals for the blonde heda. None of her trusted generals were allowed in the medbay, and Raven; well she had gotten to know Raven would state the truth no matter how harsh it was.

She believed her when she said ‘some of them’.

“You are not a cripple Raven.”

“Yes, I am.” The words were broken, but said in a strong, matter of fact voice.

“You are a warrior and a… what do your people call a builder?”
“Engineer.”

“An engineer. You are also a healer. A fixer of things and of people. You are a gona… a fighter.”

“Thanks.” A rare thing happened then. Anya smiled a genuine smile at the woman whose hand she held. She felt something she hadn’t felt in a long while. A bit beyond admiration. This woman was strong, determined, smart, and worthy of love. Very few people we’re allowed that particular distinction to Anya.

Then Lexa entered and Raven was changing her bandages and they went back to their aloof banter like nothing had happened.

Chapter End Notes

We shall return to Clarke and Lexa in the next installment, while I sneak some Rayna in there behind the scenes. What do you think?

Oh and yes I've already started the smut for the next chapter. I'm working very hard to make sure its not rushed or super short.
Clarke groaned softly as she felt fingers running up and down her spine, rolling over to see a softly
classing Lexa. They had fallen asleep after their long day, but the party raged on outside. Tradition
stated that they be secluded together for a full day and night, and the morning and afternoon of the
betrothal ceremony had passed. Clarke was pretty sure Lexa’s people; their people, she reminded
herself; would be chanting for them to continue their activities any time now, but for the moment all
was peace and Lexa’s smile.

“There remains one thing we need to discuss.” Lexa said, as Clarke leaned over and kissed her
softly.

“What’s that?” She asked and she continued her way down Lexa’s neck.

“I am required, once married, to produce an heir.” That stopped the track of Clarke’s lips. “It’s not to
be spoken of before the betrothal, as not many people know that’s how the succession works when
Heda has a family.”

“That’s… Lexa… how exactly…”

“I know it’s a lot to put on you right now but I figured now was better than later.”

“Well, yeah.” Was all Clarke could come up with. How could she even think about children with
what was going on. But then again Lexa… a family with Lexa… which brought her back to…
“How exactly would that work?”

“Well there are multiple paths we could go down, being as we can’t conceive ourselves. Adoption is
one method. Plenty of nightblood children need homes after their parents are killed. We could also
bring in a nightblood male to impregnate one of us…”
“Woah… hold on…”

“It’s a practice followed by many of my people who are in relationships with someone of the same sex. It would be someone we both would agree on, both of us would be present for the act, and the father would have a contract stating how much or how little involvement he would have in the child’s life.”

“That’s, uhm, actually very forward thinking…” Clarke pondered. There were so many new things. She wondered exactly how her people would react to that. Which reminded her they needed to figure out how to continue the alliance past her being Chancellor. Which brought her back to…

“So, what if I don’t want to have children any time soon?”

“The sooner the better.” Lexa answered. “Though I wouldn’t think to even ask you in the middle of this war with the Azgeda. But its something to think about in the near future.”

Clarke took a deep breath.

“Okay.”

“Ohay?”

“Okay. Yes Lexa, when I agreed to marry you I thought having a family would be nearly impossible. We can discuss how later though right? Because the thought makes me want to do some wonderfully sinful things to you right now.” She kissed her way back down Lexa’s neck until she hit a spot that made the commander moan.

“Sha. Yes, later…” Lexa growled, before flipping Clarke over. That particular spot made her a bit excited and she had many things she wanted to do to Clarke before their night was over, especially now that they knew they were on the same page about having a family sometime soon.

“Lexa?”

“Mhmmm.” Came the answer to Clarke’s gasped question from around her nipple. Fingers had already started to stir around her sensitive clit.

“Remember the, uh, the box with the toy in it. The one we used before.”

“How could I forget?”

“I paid Murphy in booze for tonight to find it and put it under the bed in this tent without asking questions.”

Lexa popped up with a grin.

“You want me to wear it again?”

“God yes.”

Lexa’s eyes lit up. She moved, putting Clarke’s hand where hers had been. “Touch yourself while I put it on.” Clarke obeyed as Lexa climbed out of bed and looked under it, finding the carved wooden box where her betrothed had said it would be. She kept her eye’s on Clarke, who moaned as she sped up the circles she made on her own clit. Lexa felt herself become wetter at the thought of being able to take Clarke like this on their betrothal night. Clarke herself felt slightly faint at the look of Lexa crawling back on the firs with the harness around her waist.
She stopped at Clarke’s spread legs, wanting a taste before she continued, and Clarke gasped loudly as tongue met clit. Lexa lashed it harshly, testing the waters by sliding two fingers inside Clarke. She lasted three thrusts before Clarke cried out.

“Damnit Lexa. Now, please.”

Lexa listened to her niron, climbing up the firs and kissing her hard while lining the toy up.

“I will make you scream for me Keryon.”

“Oh you will?” Clarke responded with a smirk. “Let’s see if you can.”

“Oh really.”

“Jok ai, Leksa.” Clarke whispered in Lexa’s ears.

Lexa slowly slid the toy up Clarke’s slit, pausing at her entrance to tease. Clarke whimpered. She loved Lexa like this. They both knew how to take care of the other, with the weight of war and leadership hanging over their heads. She forgot sometimes she was only twenty-one, until Lexa lit her skin up like fire in the sky during Arkfall.

She was so wrapped up in Lexa teasing her she just now realized her moans were loud, and the drunken chanting outside had started again.

“Heda, Heda, Heda!”

“Fuck Lexa… It sounds like our people want a show.”

Lexa grinned and slid inside her slowly, causing a long-drawn out moan.

“Say it again.”

“They want a show?” Lexa was thrusting slowly, but deep and Clarke was feeling lightheaded. Lexa’s lithe body sliding over her and the toy, Lexa, inside her again. On what was effectively their wedding night (though she had been assured that on the actual wedding night they were expected to perform the same duties, to a much larger crowd).

“No. The other thing.”

“Our people… OH FUCK Lexa!” Lexa’s pace increased as she said it, and she moaned, unconcerned about other people hearing them once again. The crowd outside got louder as she did.

Lexa battered into her, and Clarke just opened her legs wider, wanting more from her lover. She met each thrust half way, and Lexa’s moans had become near growls.

“Harder Lexa.”

Lexa obliged.

“Our people. Yours and mine. Because now you’re MINE.” This last growl, only loud enough for Clarke to hear and meet with a sharp cry of pleasure, was punctuated with a sharp thrust, and Clarke screamed as she wrapped her legs around Lexa, who rode the orgasm out with her, slowing down and then promptly speeding up with the rise of her next wave of pleasure.

Clarke couldn’t speak anymore, she just wrapped herself around Lexa who kept pounding into her with the most delicious rhythm.
“More… She managed.

“Whatever you want, Houmon.” Lexa replied, causing Clarke to come loudly again.

“Hedas, Hedas!” The storm of people outside was raging. She heard music; drums, flutes, stringed instruments, and rock music from speakers Raven had set up. It was the perfect union of their people outside the tent, and she suddenly felt the urge to make Lexa come with her.

She flipped them both over, without breaking contact, and rode Lexa hard, a shocked expression on her betrothed’s face.

“Klark!” Lexa was thrown off but soon gained her rhythm again, both of them meeting in powerful thrusts that shook the bed they were on.

Clarke reached back and found Lexa’s clit, under the harness and began to work it like a pro. Lexa groaned and wasn’t able to continue her thrusting after a few moments, which did not deter Clarke for one moment, rocking back and forth on her lover like their lives depended on it.

“God, Lexa, you’re so deep this way…”

“Klark… Klark I’m going to come.” The rest was Trigedasleng gibberish.

“Then come Lexa, and let OUR people hear it. Houmon.”

That did Lexa in, crying out and bringing Clarke with her with a few practiced strokes of her raw clit.

Their cries mingled with those outside for long moments.

Chapter End Notes

I'm on a Hamilton kick so expect war in the next few chapters.

I tried to make this one longer for you guys but my writing bug is still coming back and with working two jobs for the next week I don't have the time to kick out long porn scenes like I used to. Put out some good energy for me though and I'll get back there!

Also (shock) I happen to be Poly, meaning I generally practice having more than one partner at a time (with consent of all involved), so what was discussed in here isn't too super weird to me. I'm thinking it could be a good way to throw some just for fun sex in there and possibly try out a different coupling with Clexa. Tell me what you think... I also am considering having them adopt Aden. Or both. Or adopt more than once and that... I dunno I just want a poly friendly tradition in there even if I don't use it.
Girls Like Girls

Chapter Summary

Smut.

Chapter Notes

This is an offering both of the smut variety cuz people complained there wasn't enough and in apology for the comments section from last time.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Clarke never thought that two days of sex would be so exhausting. To be fair, they did make appearances outside of the tent.

“We should dance tonight.”

“You dance?”

“We all dance. It’s a spiritual thing, music moves the soul.” Lexa’s eyes bore into hers and Clarke felt her heart break because she had an idea.

“You haven’t danced since Costia have you?”

Lexas just shook her head, but rose up from the firs to kiss her.

“But you want to dance when the music starts again tonight?”

“Sha.” Lexa nodded.

“I’m down to dance. But that means we have to get dressed.”

“Sha.” Lexa was kissing down her neck to chew on a part of her collar bone they both knew drove Clarke insane.

“But not until tonight, right?”

“Sha.” Lexa’s hand came down to circle her clit slowly and Clarke groaned. She was sore and raw but still aroused. She was always aroused by Lexa. Lexa was soft this time.

Clarke gasped as Lexa slid two fingers inside, moving them so slowly it was almost painful in itself. She couldn’t handle any faster though after the last night. Clarke felt drunk on arousal, the light streaming in the tent was blinding, but not in a painful way. It was lovely as she felt Lexa kiss her way down her body, Clarke shuddered and let out a sigh. She looked down and saw Lexa smile right before she descended between her legs.

Her tongue laved at Clarke’s clit softly but insistently and Clarke gripped what was left of the braids
from last night.

“Lex…”

But Lexa was insistent and soft. It was sweet torture. The tremors started and Lexa worked her through them with insistent but gentle fingers. Clarke gasped and rose up to her elbows, watching Lexa work her up to her first orgasm of the day.

“Oh… Oh god…”

Lexa sensed her anticipation of what was going to be a massive orgasm and a hand snaked its way up to her own and laced their fingers together as the other hand moved slowly inside her, tongue gently licking her clit as Lexa stopped moving her fingers and focused on the spot inside Clarke that they found always made her fly out of her skull.

“Lex…” It was a plea, and Lexa sped up the fluttering of her fingers inside.

“Oh… Oh wow…” This was a shudder that had Clarke falling back onto the bed from her elbows. The hand in hers gripped tighter, anchoring her. Lexa’s fingers and tongue were bringing her to a plane of existence that she hadn’t even experienced with Lexa. There was something about being this sensitive because they had spent the night getting each other off because it was basically their wedding night and suddenly the actual wedding night for the first time intimidated Clarke a little bit as lightning slowly started shooting through her.

This was the most intense orgasm she’d ever had and the sun beams became starbursts in her vision. Lexa held her hand through the entire thing and worked her slowly through her orgasm, and then she surfaced, Lexa pulling out causing another intense orgasm. She shook in Lexa’s arms for she didn’t know how long.

Eventually, as she came down speech came back to her. They talked softly until the sun started to fade.

“Dancing.” Clarke said, wanting to see Lexa dance.

“Sha, houmon, dancing.”

They slowly dressed each other, and damn, if Lexa didn’t dance that night.

They came out of the tent to shouts of “Heda’s” excited for them to join the party. Raven was on a loft managing the sound system and DJing with Anya, of all people. It was the first time the older woman had been seen out of the medwing, insisting she be there to swear fealty to Clarke during the ceremony yesterday. However Clarke raised an eyebrow at the look her friend was giving her houmon’s general. She hadn’t seen that look since Wick months ago. It was softer and more hesitant somehow but it was there. Anya had a matching, if even more guarded expression.

“That’s interesting.”

“What is?”

Clarke gestured to their friends in the make shift catwalk.

“Oh. That. You didn’t know about that?”

“Oh? And you did? I think we need to have a talk.”
“Yes?”

“Yeah.”

“But for now…RAVEN MUSIC!” Heda announced in gonasleng.

The music started. The drums and flutes of the Trikru and the matching old earth rock music behind it. Lexa was dressed simply, neither of them wore war paint and it was a warm night. The way Lexa moved when she danced Clarke suddenly understood why she was such a good fighter. She flowed, every movement natural and unhindered. Clarke was dumbstruck until she was grabbed by her betrothed and pulled into the fray. It was like what Clarke learned a club or a concert would be like. People jumping, people flowing, people playing music everywhere.

For all that she had been sore during the day, she was suddenly aroused with the way they moved against one another again. It was like sex, addictive, and Lexa looked beautiful with her hair down and moving to the music like she belonged in it. As the night wore on they became more affectionate, even kissing on stage once for an extended amount of time and this time either Raven or Anya started the chanting. Their dance slowly turned into liquid sex, and Clarke wasn’t even mad when her pants were undone and Lexa snaked a hand inside her jeans, cupping her openly.

“This is mine. You are mine.” She growled. Clarke whimpered.

“Sha Heda.” And pulled her into a very open and very adventurous kiss.

“Tent.” She mumbled into the kiss and Lexa nodded.

A path opened before them as they moved, stumbling backwards, hands at waists and backs and breasts; shoulders and ass. The chanting started again in time with the music and Clarke this time growled.

When they reached the tent she shoved Lexa down on the bed, removing her pants immediately and without warning kneeling and burning her face in Lexa.

Lexa cried out and gripped her hair, Clarke’s tongue burrying itself inside Lexa, moving how she knew her lover liked. Lexa put up a fight long enough to get their clothes off and get them both on the bed but it was a fight. Distracted with kissing her lover, Clarke gasped when she had two fingers shoved inside her. Luckily she was very wet, but she retaliated by finding the spot on Lexa’s neck and attacking it, along with her fingers on Lexa’s clit.

By the time they had both come twice each had each other’s blood under nails, it was a scratching dueling fight to see who could make the other come first, or harder, longer, and more times. Clarke was winning, pinning Lexa to the bed and attacking her clit with her thumb, throwing hips behind each of her thrusts.

“That’s it Lexa, come for me.” And at the command the Commander of Thirteen Clans fell apart in the arms of the Commander of Death and all was peace.

When they were finished both collapsed on the bed, exhausted.

“You need to dance more often.” Clarke panted, before Lexa crawled into her arms, accepting defeat privately. She was wrecked and all she could manage to do was curl up in the safety of Clarke’s arms and rest.

“Sha.”
Chapter End Notes

Comments feed my soul and ego and make me update faster... just sayin.

What do y'all think of Anya/Raven cuz their chapter is next. Ideas?
Chapter Summary

The first rule of fight club.

Chapter Notes

This... happened while I was writing. I’m shipping Anya/Raven so hard right now.

To address a comment from last time. No I will not have them have a baby that is purely Lexa and Clarke’s biologically. Here is why. The ark would not have wanted gay couples to reproduce because of the population problem, and therefore any of that technology would have been lost, buried, or left on the ground; depending on how malicious you think the homophobia would have been. If it ever existed.

This is not to make you angry at me. I just don’t believe that that would have happened in this universe. However thanks to many respectful comments I am leaning away from bringing in a male physically. I have not decided whether or not I will have them under go some sort of in vitro which I do believe would have probably not survived to the implanting stage but the baby in a turkey baster idea probably survived.

If I have them adopt it would be BOTH their child as I am a huge proponent of adoption I’m considering that route also. As always, thoughts in the comments if you wish. :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Anya worked harder than she had in her life the next few weeks. It was really Raven that inspired her, to live with such pain and rarely if ever show it, well then Anya would be damned if a Skaikru would best her.

“I’ve seen you fight.” She said one day while Raven, the only other person she would let near her in the med bay, was helping her walk with the use of two metal parallel bars. Her shoulder and ribs were still tinder but her stitches were out and her wounds healing. “Your form on the horse needs work.”

“Your form on your feet needs work.”

“Not untrue. But would you be willing to train with me once they let me out of this sickbay next week. I could use someone who I won’t know…” Anya’s train of thought paused as she slipped and grabbed the bars. Her scars stretched on her wrists but otherwise she was fine in a few seconds and turned around to walk the other direction. She was lucky…they had nailed her feet through the bones and not her ankles breaking the bones like some of the others so it was just the flesh and muscle healing.

“Again, your form on your feet.” Raven laughed. For some reason it didn’t bother her possibly
because she knew Raven went through the same process.

“I need someone that I know won’t go easy on me and the Azgeda forces are past Polis now so Heda will be extra pressed with the generals all coming into the city.

“Sure, I’ll spar with you when Clarke doesn’t need me to blow something up,” Anya laughed. It was Raven, she found out, that had blown up that bridge so many years ago.

“Good. Because your form on the horse needs work.” Anya spun in place turning to face Raven. Her muscles pulled and it was painful, some of her wounds would always pain her, but the spin surprised Raven. “I’ve been practicing at night when the others refuse to come near me. It hurts, but I can move pretty well.”

“I wish I knew the feeling.” Raven let out before sitting down on one of the empty beds. Anya knelt down.

“You do. You move like magic on your horse. You make useful things; which in my opinion is better than beautiful things. You make things that will bring life to our people.”

“Our people?” Raven questioned. She assumed that Anya would be one of the critics of the union between Clarke and Lexa.

“Yes, our people. We will be one, Trikru and Skaikru, more even than the other clans through Heda and Wanheda’s union.”

“You really aren’t questioning this mess?”

“What mess? They are in love. It benefits both peoples. And, its already done.”

“I dunno. I guess I just don’t know how I feel about Clarke being married. Or getting married. Or whatever they are.”

“Betrothed I think is your word. Which is as good as married to our people.”

“Whatever.”

“You don’t like being tied down do you?”

Raven gestured at her leg.

“Ah. Well. I can see your point. But see my—uhm see ours.” Why had she slipped there?

“Life is short on the ground especially for fighters. So we find the… happy? Is that your word. We find it where we can get it.”

“Find the happy.” Raven smiled a crooked begrudging smile. “Okay then. Lets start tomorrow night. I know ways out of here even Abby doesn’t know about.”

Anya smiled, happy and a bit arrogant.

“Tomorrow night then.” She stood up with a groan she may not have let out had anyone else been around other than Raven, who did the same.

“Tomorrow night.” Raven lingered, looking at Anya in a different light for a moment before shaking her head.

“Yeah. Tomorrow.”
Tomorrow night came and went and a week later Anya was back to where she wanted to be. She swore Raven’s blows always landed solidly, and though they had to move slowly due to Raven’s leg, it didn’t seem to be a hindrance at all once they took the horses out.

Anya taught Raven a few basic moves to use on the ground if she were off her horse, and some things to do that wouldn’t affect her leg quite as much with her polearm and an axe, which she showed Raven was more efficient on a horse than a sword. The teaching helped her rehabilitation move faster as she wasn’t as focused on her own limitations.

They had gained an audience one night, a week after Anya was released from the medbay, which included Abby shaking her head at them with a smile on her face. Raven knew she knew they’d been sneaking out.

“Hod up.” Suddenly Lexa was there.

“You both need proper opponents. The show is over for tonight.”

“Wait a second, niron.” Clarke spoke up. “Why not test them tonight. I’m up for a fight, all the council meetings are making me edgy.” She said with a smirk. “How about myself against Anya and you against Raven?”

“I don’t know, houmon….” Lexa backpedaled. Raven could tell she was unsure about Clarke fighting Anya.

“It’ll be good for them.” Spoke up Octavia, who had been in the crowd cheering for Raven. “It will give Anya an idea of how we fight and Raven practice against the Trikru if we have any more traitors show up.”

“Plus it’ll be a show for everyone. Murphy, turn on the flood lights and let everyone know that there will be a show in an hour. I’m going to gear up!” Clarke said excitedly. Raven grinned, she hadn’t seen Clarke excited in a very long time.

The center of the grounds where town meetings were held was opened up, makeshift barriers put up to keep the crowds out. Monty’s brew was on tap along with grounder mead and ale, people hanging off of balconies and rafters made from the wreckage over the last few years. Raven was reminded of the old movies she used to watch with Finn. Thunder dome.

“Two enter, one leaves….” She muttered. Anya perked up.

“What was that?”

“Oh nothing. Just reminded me of something.” Raven looked over at Anya and smiled. The woman made her feel as if her leg, her entire disability, was okay. It wasn’t a part of her to be pitied, nor something she needed help getting over, though if she needed help and teaching how to move in a way that was the most conducive to the task that it was okay. Such was with their practice. Anya was simply showing her how to best move, her movement being restricted didn’t matter. She simply needed different techniques, not limited ones, much like anyone else. Even Wick didn’t treat her that way, her leg was a tragedy to him. Anya understood she was in constant pain and thought that it made her strong, not weak.

When Anya smiled back at her she wasn’t quite sure Anya knew she was smiling. It lit up her world like the flood lights every time it happened.

Drums began banging as they finished getting their sparring armor on. It was to be Clarke and Anya hand to hand and a display of horse combat between Raven and Lexa. The town was excited, and
for the first time it felt to Raven like a town, grounders and Arker’s and Skaikru alike. Lexa and Clarke’s union had had an affect on everyone. Some of the older councilors were grumbly about it but even Abby had come around.

Speaking of Abby, she walked up.

“I don’t want to patch you two up to badly again okay? And don’t hurt our girls too badly?” She smiled. Somehow the way Anya spoke to her had rubbed off on the older woman during their time in the medbay. She walked away with a smile before a sharp retort could leave Anya’s lips.

Anya, for her part, was a little concerned about Raven fighting Lexa, but she trusted the woman to know her limits after all this time and her Heda to have spotted what Raven meant to her over the last months.

A horn sounded, and the festivities began.

_Murphy grinned from his spot at the top of the catwalk. Many things had changed over the years but he still loved a good fight. He just wished he were in on it; maybe if they survived the next few months he could convince Clarke to make the fights a regular thing. Like the gladiator pits of Rome, without the slavery._

_That’s right. He paid attention in history on the Ark._

_The first fight up was a brawl. Clarke against Anya, fists only. Murphy assumed that was the only way the protective commander would allow it._

_Octavia was refereeing for lack of a better word. Murphy took a swig of the grounder mead, strong stuff, but not as bitter as Monty’s brew._

_Clarke threw the first punch, something Anya clearly found a mistake. She didn’t know Clarke, it was a feint, intended to miss. When Clarke swung past Anya and she reached a hand out to throw an elbow into the blonde woman’s back Clarke used the momentum of her body to turn her landing on her elbows into a powerful roundhouse kick, knocking Anya on her ass._

_Murphy smirked, Clarke smirked. Anya stared dumbfounded, and then determined. Clarke gestured with her hand, gloved in her usual fingerless gauntlets, for Anya to come for more._

_From there Anya didn’t underestimate the Chancellor. Blows swung from left to right, blocks and flurries, kicks and punches. Anya landed a good several punches to Clarke’s abdomen, grabbed her arm in a grapple and punched her straight in the face._

_He saw Clarke hesitate after that, her thirst and drive to win. He saw her eyes move to the woman’s injuries, but she avoided them at the last second except the tight scar on the taller woman’s wrist from the cross which she grabbed and twisted to break the grapple. Anya smiled a little at this, glad she wasn’t going to win due to being underestimated he was sure. There was a fire in her eyes Murphy knew was in his own, that now reflected in Clarke’s as well after the years. Cruel but only reflecting the worlds cruelness, though Clarke’s was tempered with kindness at all times._

_Another slew of blows too fast to recount had Anya on the ground again, Clarke standing over her. After a few good blows suddenly Clarke was the one on the ground and it was a wrestling match. With the lighting it was hard to tell from his spot who was on top until Octavia called it, looked at Lincoln and Indra, spoke a few words to them and suddenly Clarke’s bloody fist was held in the air. Everyone cheered, even the grounders, and a few Councillors looked on with disdain. Clarke was scratched and bloody but smiling. Anya walked up and offered her arm for Clarke to grasp._
muttering something in Trigedasleng.

Lexa and Raven were up next. The horn sounded and Murphy cheered. This should be fun.

The horses rode in, and this fight was more of a demonstration. They rode around getting the crowd riled up. They had blunted polearms at first. The clanging hurt Murphy’s head; he took another drink.

Lexa pulled her horse around, only to see Raven throw her spear aside and pull out an axe. Lexa grinned, throwing hers aside as well and drawing her sword. They road towards each other at top speed, Raven’s strike being parried by her sword, but Lexa did not expect the woman to flip the blade of the hatchet she was using in place of her war axe around and hit her in the back with the blunt head. It would have been a killing blow had the back end been a sharp point like her waraxe.

Lexa rebutted with a slew of blows as she passed by again, Raven barely blocking them. She grinned.

“That was good!” She said in Gonasleng. Then she rode in and unseated the woman, who hit the ground hard. Anya moved to run to her but Lexa held up her hand. The woman was strong and just like she assumed didn’t need their help. She stood, though shakily, after a moment. Lexa knew what being thrown from a horse felt like and Raven had taken it like a true Gona. As Raven reset herself on her feet Lexa dismounted and had them lead the horses away.

She saw Raven grip her axe and both of them grinned at each other as they moved in. It was over quickly, though Raven got in a few good blows to her torso that would leave bruising; unfortunately on the ground she was too slow for Lexa though on the horse they were nearly on par with each other. She put Raven down quickly, sweeping her good leg and causing her to topple on her feet, sword at her throat.

The crowd cheered, shouts of Heda, shouts for the councilors as Octavia, Lincoln and Indra called the fight in favor of Lexa.

Clarke ran up, still bleeding a little from the forehead but otherwise looking exhilarated.

“That was hot” She whispered.

“So we’re you.”

“You weren’t worried?”

“Oh I was worried. My closest General back from the dead and my houmon fighting, but it was enjoyable.”

Suddenly Murphy was there, surrounding Raven and Anya with his presence. Clarke nodded in their direction.

“That’s going to be interesting.”

“What?”

“Tell me you don’t see the way Raven and Anya look at each other.”

“And the way your Murphy looks at Raven. They should make a good match, once Raven realizes she has feelings for both of them. I did see her look at Murphy before Anya came into the picture.”
“I’m sorry what?”

“Well if that’s what they want that is. It will likely be up to Raven and Anya once they figure themselves out.”

“Raven hates Murphy. He caused her to be paralyzed.”

“I think she’s let the score be evened after he saved her.”

Clarke looked at Lexa oddly.

“Anya may have let some things Raven and she talked about slip.” Lexa smiled.

Clarke looked dumbstruck.

“Anya would be okay with it as long as they were equal in the relationship or she was the primary.”

Again dumbfounded.

“Forget about it niron. Raven hasn’t even truly figured out she has feelings for Anya, and Murphy has no idea he has feelings for Raven. Raven and Anya, they are both stubborn.”

“More than us?”

“Much.” Lexa laughed.

Chapter End Notes

So. I wanted to introduce the idea of polyamory without threatening you’re guys favorite couple so I just had Lexa have it be a perfectly ordinary solution to a potential, as she sees it, love triangle.

This doesn’t however mean that they will be a Triad, just that Raven doesn’t hate him anymore since he saved her and Murphy has feelings for her. I will be dealing with a Raven/Anya romance long before the Murphy thing is even addressed in Murphy’s own head let alone out loud. They’ll prolly get drunk and he’ll confess his feelings a long time after Raven and Anya get together, which will happen in the next few chapters. Hell Murphy may not even factor in until a sequel which I’m starting to plan (don’t worry we’re still a while away from the end... gotta get to the ACTUAL wedding first).

Next is council meetings and war councils. Maybe some stress relief for Clexa :) 

Bonus points if you tell me where the chapter title is taken from ;)

Please please comment (respectfully) even though it doesn’t seem like it it really does help me get chapters out faster. Let me know what you think about what happened, give me ideas, whatever.
Lexa collapsed into her throne in her-their, she and Clarke had been sharing time between Clarke’s quarters on the ark and the encampment since the betrothal ceremony-tent. It had been a hard council meeting. Much of the council elders found her people’s betrothal ceremony a bit… heathenistic? Was that a word?

They kept arguing about the alliance, rather than the fact that they probably had traitors and Azgeda surrounding them. She had left in a rush after tearing one down, leaving Clarke, Abby and Marcus to do the clean up. Octavia and Lincoln were out on a scouting mission, Anya and Raven had reluctantly followed her to the tent, knowing better than to follow her in.

Either this society is going to thrive, or it is not, Lexa thought. There was a lot of work to do before she introduced them as the thirteenth clan, for one a representative would have to be chosen in Clarke’s place not as Chancellor but as a general that reported to her directly. Clarke’s position, once the actual marriage happened, would be of higher status than just the leader of a clan.

There was too much to think of, and still there was a war council once the others returned from scouting. The fact they weren’t invited was a sore spot in the councilors minds, Clarke needed to put them in their place soon. They were there to govern the everyday running of the Ark, not the fighting. Even then they were subject to Clarke, and now to Lexa. Besides they were terrible at their jobs anyway, Lexa mused, they cared more for prestige then their people’s wellbeing.

The tent flap moved aside and she was about to snap at the person who dared interrupt her brooding, but it turned out to be Clarke.

A very pissed off Clarke.

“How dare you snap at them and leave me there to put the pieces of this spirits-cursed,” Lexa smiled, she loved even how when angry Clarke had seemed to embrace some of her culture in the time she
had been down here. “This alliance is not going to hold together long if you keep pissing off the people I put in control of the city.”

“Then you need to get them in line and make them realize their job is not war.” Lexa said, exhaustion in her voice.

“Excuse me?!”

“You heard me. You are a fantastic leader Klark.” The hard K sound clicked in Clarke’s brain for a moment and she saw just how tired Lexa was from the type of politics they had to play in Jaha. But damnit, she was still pissed at Lexa.

“Lex. We can’t keep doing this.”

“Doing what Clarke?”

“Getting frustrated and storming out. It’s been happening since the ceremony. I know everyone is on edge because there’s traitors, and probably spies in the city. What is our plan here? We have to do something.”

One look at Clarke, a really good look Clarke was better at hiding it than Lexa was, and Lexa saw how exhausted her niron was. She sighed.

“We have to get the councilors who are not your generals to understand their rolls. Even your mother, niron, wants to be involved in the non-medical aspects of the… war-machine?” Lexa wasn’t sure how to word what she wanted in gonasleng, but she knew Clarke knew what she meant just as when Clarke didn’t know how to say something in Trigedasleng.

“You aren’t wrong.” Clarke sighed and sat on the wartable.

“Do you want my advice, Niron? I would not presume to give it to you regarding your people but…”

“But they are OUR people now, Lexa,” Clarke said tiredly, but with a wry smile on her face. “Is that what this has been about, you not giving me advice?”

“Well. You haven’t asked.”

“You can’t expect me to know when you’re pissed off because you have a solution to something I’m figuring out.” She slid off the table. Lexa bristled at the closeness. They hadn’t been terribly intimate since the night of the ceremony, mostly just due to time restrictions and training. Being too tired to be sexual with each other was wearing on Lexa. She started to see now when Clarke moved closer it was eating at Clarke as well.

“You cannot expect me to read your mind about when you want my advice or not, niron. Sometimes you do and sometimes you do not.”

“Yeah. You’re right. I’m sorry niron.” Lexa bristled, in a different way, at hearing Clarke call her that. It was the first time in a week they had spoken so openly. They had either been surrounded by people or sleeping.

“We still need to figure out what to do about your council.”

“I will have to talk to them tomorrow. Any ideas on what would change their tune?” Clarke came and sat in Lexa’s lap, and Lexa felt her entire body sigh at Clarke’s touch, just as it did every night.
but she forgot how she missed it in the middle of the day. She brushed hair out of Clarke’s eyes, touching her forehead to Clarke’s in the process. Their pose was very intimate and Lexa made a mental note to remember to be as close to Clarke as possible in their short off time to avoid tensions like today. It wasn’t quite a fight, but she remembered what fighting with Clarke was like and she felt she would like it even less now being bonded to her.

“Offer for them to become generals. They have to put in a certain amount of time in the field fighting and then they can have their place at the table.”

“Oh they’ll love that. Won’t be able to argue the logic.”

“Exactly niron.”

“Lexa?” Clarke asked with exhaustion in her voice.

“Yes, niron.”

“Can you just be kissing me already?”

Lexa kissed her softly before pulling back.

“You never have to ask, niron.”

“Houmon.” Clarke said quietly.

Lexa started backwards. Yes, they had gone through the first ceremony but it was akin to calling Clarke her mate. It was a big step.

“I know you can’t technically call me that in public yet, I know there are rules, but that’s how I feel Lex. These last two weeks have been stressful and I just want to know that…”

“That I’m not going to run again?” Lexa finished for her. It was on her mind as well, since the ceremony. She had already broken one promise to Clarke and her people. Lexa put a stray strand of hair that had fallen during their kiss back in place behind Clarke’s ear.

“Yes.” Clarke said in a small voice.

“Houmon. In my life I never thought I would meet another person who would make me feel the way I do about you.” Lexa whispered before kissing Clarke. She felt tears on her cheeks and she wasn’t sure if they were hers or Clarke’s.

Slowly she worked Clarke up until she heard the tiniest moan come out of her niron. Her houmon. The thought made her growl and she stood up, lifting Clarke where she had shifted from lounging across her to straddling her, effortlessly and quickly turned them around.

Before Clarke knew what was happening she was sitting in Lexa’s throne with Lexa kneeling before her.

“Clarke Griffin kom Skaikru kom Trikru.” Clarke had taken her tribes name at the betrothal ceremony, something in the Arks traditions was usually saved for the wedding she understood. “Two months from now before our people I will repeat this. Again on my knees. I swear fealty to you, Clarke.” Clarke, now crying, clasped her hands with Lexa’s. “You sit on my throne freely, something that no Trikru or Skaikru or Kongeda would dare without a knife to their throat. Here I swear fealty to you, for the rest of our days. Be they weeks or years. I love you Clarke kom Skaikru kom Trikru. Soon you will lead the Kongeda with me. There is no need for me to run, for when you
found me again and we started on this path of uniting our people YOU became my people. My person. My life and my meaning for staying in this world. You never have to fear the choice between you or our people again because in this moment, I swear to you, you are my people.”

“You can’t promise that…” Clarke cried quietly.

“I am Lexa kom Kongeda. I do as I please.” Lexa said quietly but with force in her voice. “And it pleases me to ask you, now, even weeks after the formalities have passed, to be my family forever?”

“Yes, Lex. You’re my family too.” Clarke smiled, and Lexa leaned up to kiss her. It wasn’t long before the chaste kiss turned into something more heated. It had been at least a week since they had been together due to stress and obligations, and things seemed to be quiet right now and would not remain so for very long. Lexa was not passing up a chance.

Lexa moaned as she pulled Clarke’s pants down to her boots and without preamble proceeded to spread her legs. Clarke looked down at her, gasping. Both of them mesmerized at the view they had. Lexa on her knees between Clarke’s legs. Clarke, on Lexa’s throne, legs spread and already wet for her. It was almost too good to stop staring at but eventually she met Clarke’s eyes.

“Lexa beja.”

That was it. All she needed. She practically dove into Clarke’s center and if people knew not to bother her before, the sounds that Clarke could never keep quiet would tell them to back off right now.

Lexa licked around Clarke’s outer folds, teasing her relentlessly until she received another satisfactory amount of ‘please Lex’ and ‘beja, houmon’. Lexa didn’t even care that those outside could hear Clarke using a term that shouldn’t be applied until after the formal wedding. Those were her vows, and they would not change. Clarke could call her whatever she wanted. Which right now were rather unsavory things due to her extreme teasing.

Finally, she was through torturing Clarke and she slowly slid one finger, just one, inside her and groaned. Clarke’s pussy was weeping for her. She still hadn’t touched the engorged clit. She knew, somehow, what Clarke needed most was her inside. This was confirmed by a spattering of chatter from Clarke’s mouth.

“Beja, Lexa, more, please…” She continued her slow pace until she heard the shuffling outside the tent, barely but her senses had been heightened to hear such things, and realized the war council was probably to start soon. They had little time. Quickly but gently she pushed another finger inside Clarke, and sped her rhythm up to Clarke’s great enjoyment.

“Fuck Lex.” Her houmon panted. “Jok. More.” Lexa obliged, adding a third finger and moving faster. Clarke fit her perfectly, she thought, growing wet herself at the feeling of her wife around her. Lexa groaned in tandem with Clarke, watching her reach her peak, her muscles milking her fingers. Slowly, somehow managing to keep her rhythm inside Clarke, her other hand came up and gently touched the swollen clit that was just waiting for her.

“Lex!” Clarke had given up trying to be quiet, as she usually did before she came. With each slow pass over her clit Clarke’s walls tightened around Lexa’s fingers until Lexa was having to force herself inside and was panting herself with exertion and arousal.

“Say it.” Was all Clarke managed to get out in between bucking hips- on her throne! Lexa thought. Why had they not done this before now!- and deep breaths that were trying and failing to not be pants.
“You are my people, Houmon. I will not leave you. Nor will I be expected to ever again.”

Clarke came hard. Almost as hard as when they had used the toy on their betrothal night. Lexa was very grateful suddenly that her people were very sex-positive and encouraged intercourse at all major joining’s. Particularly at a joining of ones peoples.

She was pulling a wobbly Clarke up and fastening her pants and belt when suddenly she was kissed. Again, she groaned. To be kissed with someone on your lips was such a big deal in her culture that she was shocked whenever Clarke did it. It was extremely arousing.

“We have the war-council houmon.” Lexa whispered. Using that name did not help her case apparently as she was roughly shoved against the war table. Somehow Clarke managed to draw out the gentler side of Lexa and Lexa drew out the more violent side of Clarke. They made up one being, Lexa mused as Clarke kissed her and quickly undid the trappings of her belt and pants.

“They can wait.” Clarke nearly growled. “I want to have you now, its been a week Lex. We haven’t gone a week since we met up again!” Lexa moaned and resigned herself to being fucked. Well. Resigned was a strong word when it came to Clarke touching her, more like she enthusiastically threw away the possibility that she would talk sense into her niron.

Then Clarke’s hand was down her pants, and her tongue was nearly down her throat. She moaned into Clarke’s mouth as two fingers slid deeply inside her, though from the angle not as deeply as she would have liked. Clarke’s hand came up to rub her clit with every thrust inside. The sounds that Lexa was making would have been embarrassing had she not grown up knowing it was a beautiful thing to make love to your houmon.

She groaned into Clarke’s mouth, the sounds becoming more mewls than what was expected of the Heda, but she didn’t care. She had effectively married Clarke, and then fucked her within an inch of consciousness on her THRONE. She needed this. Pressed up against the table, Clarke kissing her hard, thrusting into her harder. She reached back to stabilize herself on the table, one hand on Clarke’s waist where Lexa wished she had the maneuverability to wrap a leg around her and briefly, so very briefly because she couldn’t keep a thought in her head except for Clarke, mused on wearing looser pants.

Soon the hand shifted from Clarke’s waist to her hair, and Clarke’s free hand slipped down to brush against the one holding on with a death grip to the table. Inside, hit her clit, slide out. Mewl at the absence. Inside and brushing her clit again, moaning at the override of sensation. Clarke was not being soft with her and it stoked her passion. This side of Clarke was the side she showed in battle, commanding troupes and ordering her council room to get to their tasks. However, for this moment that part of Clarke was hers and hers alone.

“Come on Lex. Come for me.” It was growled in her ear, too soft for anyone else to hear as Lexa held on with all she had. She didn’t want the moment to end, though she knew people were waiting outside the tent. She shook her head, helpless in Clarke’s arms. Clarke had been hitting the spot inside her so often and so quickly that combined with the pressure on her clit and the feeling of Clarke inside her she knew that though this felt like forever it had only been minutes. She wouldn’t hold up against an onslaught like this for long, not when it was beautiful, strong, frustrated at not touching her for a week, Clarke inside her like this.

“Lexa. Jok. For fucks sake stop.” Thrust. “Being”. Oh god she was hitting that spot so accurately it was terrifying. “So.” Her clit felt raw. “Stubborn.” Still Lexa held on, it was really a battle of wills she knew she would eventually lose.

“Say it.” Lexa whimpered, the echo of Clarke’s words so quiet Clarke had to almost lean in to hear
them.

“Houmon.” Clarke growled.

Lexa shuddered.

“I will not leave you.”

With those words, that Clarke instinctively knew she needed to hear, Lexa fell over the edge. Using Clarke’s neck, perhaps foolishly, as her way to muffle her scream she heard Clarke hiss at the sting of being bitten on the heavy muscle.

“Damnit Lexa.” Clarke giggled, a complete change in attitude from moments ago but still music to Lexa’s ears. “Raven and O are going to see this and completely lose their minds.

“Shut up.” Lexa said quietly. “We’re basically married. They should expect us to be, what do you call it, fucking?”

Clarke laughed.

“Let’s get cleaned up, we have people to attend to.” Lexa growled, unhappy.

“When don’t we?” Clarke laughed.

Chapter End Notes

So. I have no idea how long we have left on this. It could be forever. It could be five more chapters. Who knows? I don’t. SO I have some questions for you. Please answer or I DO WHAT I WANT ;)

This story WILL have a sequel. I don’t know how long that sequel will be but I decided on a sequel as opposed to an epilogue because well i hate epilogues and you know me one would be five chapters long at least anyway.

Now. ASIDE from a sequel I’m considering a side story for Raven/Anya. Expanding on what we have seen and going into the future. That story won’t have an effect on this one as it will probably be written at the same time. What do you guys think about it? (Spoiler I’m not dealing with Murphy/Raven. Only to resolve his feels.)

Lincoln may have a chapter coming up, and O as well. Don’t know how those are going to end up, so what do you guys want to see?

As always I NEED ALL THE FEEDBACK! <3

OH! And bonus points to whoever figures out where the line "Can you just be kissing me?" came from!
My Old Friends

Chapter Summary

Octavia. She finally deserves her say in all of this mess, even if it's just in her own head.

Chapter Notes

So I got a very thoughtful (though I have gotten several) bit of feedback I'm just going to share my response to here in case you don't read the comments.

"Well. To be honest, that was the original intention of this story was to tell about a culture where polyamory is common. However, things evolved so that is no longer the case (Remember I started this after season 2). It is to tell the story of Clarke and Lexa and how they came back together and the war with the Azgeda. There are many characters I have not introduced yet, and will not introduce until the next part of this story (the sequel). I have changed my mind mostly because people, like you, have politely let me know that it just doesn't feel right for this story anymore.

Unfortunately I can't do anything about those that abandoned the story, I can just be thankful for those that stuck with me through what has been some of the hardest times in my life. You're guy's comments kept me writing even though I lost myself for a long time.

So for you in particular don't worry about it. I have other platforms to promote alternate family styles. Maybe if this story hadn't taken on a life of its own then it would have worked, but I'm not arrogant enough to push my agenda through when the story doesn't want to go that way. I will not edit the conversation Clarke and Lexa had out, because I still firmly stand that it's a good alternative, but they will likely use Ark technology and a donor to have children. For one I also see Lexa as more possessive in this story than I intended, and Clarke's world revolves around Lexa and their people so it would just be awkward. I also think Ark technology would be a good way to bridge the cultures in the long shot.

So. You don't have to be put off anymore. I will not change the cultural thing they talked about because I think that existing is important but the story has gone another way now and I personally also don't feel it would be right to go in the direction I originally intended.

Anyway, sorry for the long rant. Just letting you know your worry is not founded, I won't be having Clarke or Lexa with any one else in this universe.

As always thank you for politely bringing this to me."

I am a proponent of don't like, don't read. But I also am one of letting the story take on a life of its own and it has. So I'm honoring that and those that said they were uncomfortable in this story with where I had originally planned to take it.
“You should try to enjoy the ceremony.” Lincoln said to her, his voice being the only thing that broke Octavia out of her reverie.

“How can I with… with Bel and everything going on.” She said, gruffly. Most people would have been put off by her tone but Lincoln knew. She was just worried about her brother, about her friend… she still didn’t trust Lexa farther than she could throw her with Clarke after the pieces she’d had to pick up the last time.

“You are feeling distanced from your friend aren’t you, keryon?” Lincoln asked, as Octavia watched Lexa and Clarke begin dancing.

“I don’t trust Lexa.”

“You don’t trust Heda?” Lincoln said, a dangerous thing to say out loud with spies around.

“No I trust Heda. I don’t trust Lexa with Clarke. She abandoned her once already.”

“This ceremony…”

“I know I know, guarantees that won’t happen again.” Octavia grumbled.

“If you miss your friend, well this is a party, go reconnect with her. Dance, keryon.”

“She’s wrapped up in Lexa.”

“She is sharing their betrothal with all of you.”

“But Bellamy…”

“Abby will tell us if anything changes. He hasn’t had a seizure in days and he’s remembering more about where they kept him. All is well keryon.” He smiled and held his hand out. “Let us dance.”

The scene was a mishmash of their two cultures, so very much. Monty and Jasper were starting what she had read about was a moshpit (not allowed on the Ark for obvious reasons) near where the tower Raven was… disk-jockying she thought it was called. There were multiple campfires around the stage that had been erected in the no-man’s land between the walls where the grounders camped. The gates of Jaha were open to anyone, grounder or Arker alike though the large gate to the outside was shut. Drums and flutes and tribal dancing of all sorts, each clan seemed to have their own version that seemed to stem from an original source. Octavia weaved in and out of the partiers, enjoying the drink Lincoln had shoved in her hand.

“O!” She turned around, shocked. “O! Dance with me!” Clarke was clearly sober, and Lexa was clearly amused, not displeased as Octavia would have assumed. Still Clarke pulled her into a hug, spun her around and pulled Lincoln in to dance with them. It had to have been about an hour, after Monty’s brew kicked in, that Octavia realized this must have been the first time she really danced. She moved against Lincoln sensually, before being pulled back into the middle of Clarke and Lincoln, Lexa on the other side of Clarke. She suddenly felt like she had her friend back again, and she felt her dislike, though not her distrust, of Lexa starting to fade a little.

“So is this what it’s going to be like when you get married for real?!” Octavia asked Clarke, who looked over her shoulder at Lexa for an answer.

“Bigger!” Lexa said, loudly over the music she had a huge smile on her face. “All of the clans will
be there. Skaikru will have music like this, we will have dancing and drinking for days. There will be peace again finally!

Octavia couldn’t tell if Lexa had been drinking or was just drunk on Clarke, but she would take it. Her friend was happy. The person she was with was happy they were together. Octavia herself had Lincoln and Clarke danced like she fought, and Lexa danced better than she fought which was reluctantly impressive to Octavia and… Oh! Lincoln pointed up to the station where Raven was controlling the music.

“That is a thing I never thought I would see in my life.” He stated plainly before laughing, a sound rarely heard from the man. Anya had her arms wrapped around Raven, her head on her shoulder, and was learning the controls to manage the beats to the music on the makeshift soundboard Raven had made for the occasion.


“Holy hells. GET IT RAVEN!” She shouted.

For once, Octavia felt her age. Not a warrior, not a Councilor. Just a twenty year old girl, in love with her guy, at her best friend’s wedding.

The next morning however. She felt like she was fifty. For all her body was conditioned to fight, it wasn’t conditioned to dance all night while drinking.

“Water.” She croaked. Lincoln rolled over and handed her a canteen. They were in a tent in the tent city outside the first wall. She remembered partying into the night, even after Lexa had pulled Clarke up on stage and practically molested her right there. Things she wished her hangover had managed to wipe out of her brain.

“Where are we?”

“My, how do you say? Buddy’s tent. He’s passed out over there.” There was a large man in warpaint who had been drumming all night passed out a few feet away.

“We want to go home?” Lincoln asked.

“Do I have to stand up?” She asked, gripping her head. “How are you not half dead?”

“I am used to partying like this on happy occasions. Or I appear to still be, it has been a while.” He grinned. “I also had none of Monty’s brew. The mead is easier on the morning after.”

He picked her up and though she wanted to refuse, her bones hurt so she let him carry her back to their quarters, force more water down her throat, and let her pass out.

Until there was an insistent hammering that was clearly not her head.

Lincoln pressed the button that slid the door panel open and Jackson was standing there. Out of breath.

“Bellamy had another seizure.” Octavia was out of bed in a second. “He’s fine. He just remembers more. Clarke wants everyone together in Abby’s office in ten…” Before he could have said minutes, Octavia was out of bed and getting dressed. She made sure her stars and mantles of office were showing as she stalked out of the metal box with purpose, Lincoln behind her. When she felt this shitty she needed the regalia to remind everyone that she was Clarke’s second in command here and on the battlefield.
When she got there she grabbed Bel and hugged him hard, before returning to her stoic self. She was the only one there apart from Abby and Clarke.

“Where is Lexa?” Anya asked as she stepped in.

“Recovering.” Clarke said with a smile. “I let her sleep. This is a matter for the 100. Mom’s only here because she has the seizure results. I’ll fill Lexa in later. Anya is here because she was also captured and we have some new evidence.”

“It’s Emerson.”

“The bastard we have in lockup?” Raven walked in behind Anya. The office was not very large. It became smaller when Monty, Jasper and Harper walked in.

“Yes.” Bellamy stated. “I remembered him working with those with the scars and the white warpaint.”

“Azgeda.” Anya pressed.

“Yeah, them. They have radios. They may be intercepting Raven’s.”

“Like hell they are. That’s going to stop as soon as I’m out of this tin-can.” Raven grumbled, trying to look grumpy about having to be pressed against Anya but failing.

“Anya, you were with the Azgeda or the traitors?” Clarke asked. “For most of your time there.”

“Both. There were traitors from the beginning. They just grew in number over the years.”

“Oh. Lovely.” Said Harper. “We’ll have to tell Miller about this when we get home.”

“Where is he?” Asked Octavia distractedly.

“Also still passed out.”

“Is there any good news?”

“Yes.” Abby spoke up. “Bellamy’s withdrawal seems to be clearing up. The seizures are farther apart and not as severe.”

“Good, can he come home now?”

“I would like to keep him for observation and then…” Abby looked guilty at Clarke.

“We’re locking him up O.”

“I’m sorry, you are WHAT?”

“It’s the best way to get information out of Emerson, if we put me in the Skaibox next to him.” Bellamy answered.

“This is bullshit.”

Of course, it wasn’t bullshit, it was a great idea, but she wanted her brother back with her where he would be safe.
It worked brilliantly especially since they were keeping Emerson doped up. They found out there was a defector in the ranks of Azgeda who didn’t approve of wanting the technology. A woman named Echo, who Bellamy remembered from the cages. There was also Ontari, their nightblood. Nia, the queen, had been hiding her and training her for this situation.

Also Roan’s banishment was interesting to hear and cogs started working in Octavia’s head. It sounded like they had a lot of traitors, but a lot who were willing to switch sides. If they could get past stubborn loyalty with Prince Roan, if they could find them, could turn the tide of the war in the long run.

First they had to get past the blockade that was forming around Jaha.

“I need to go in.” Octavia said during one of the council meetings. Lexa was getting more and more frustrated with the chancellors who insisted they had a say in what was going on in the battle. They didn’t listen to the fact that there was a war council for this and brought matters up in regular council meetings. Octavia was fed up, Clarke was stressed, Lexa was furious. None of them were talking to each other like they should be so she just flat out put it out there.

“It’s time for a scouting mission. Lincoln and I will go in, find out what we can, and come back with more info before the War Council.” This was emphasized. “Two days from now. We’re starting to get low on meats and we can’t send the hunters out. If we make it to winter.”

“The Azgeda will win.” Lexa said. “Yes. Good idea Octavia kom Skaikru.”

Thank the spirits, Octavia thought. Some real work and not politics.

Chapter End Notes

Next is Lincoln and that should bring us up to the present timeframe.

I cut O’s short because I'm planning on doing a shared Lincoln/Octavia bit later.

Aren't Ranya adorable! I'm about to start writing that companion piece like right now, but I felt like O needed to share what she'd been thinking.

Did you all like them being friendly and happy for a few seconds on screen? What else would you like to see from them in the future?

Also yes I am aware the timeline is a little fucked up. I will eventually be unfucking it, bear with me. I just find Anya being at the betrothal ceremony to be important to both her and Raven's story as well as to Lexa. This story is going to go through some massive edits as soon as I finish it and hopefully be reposted in its entirety again. Please remember I started this over three years ago and it is a big deal I'm still running with it rather than letting it die. So much of it is unplanned as I said in the previous comments I basically tossed my original plan out the window and am now going where the story wants me to go.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!