Excerpt:

In the wake of all this, having fallen from space, being involved in an accidental war, being kidnapped, all this death and stress and overall harried existence, your body has put off your heat for an unhealthy amount of time. You didn’t realize at first, not paying much mind to the fact that you haven’t had to deal with the inconvenience of heat. Heats in the Ark were a struggle, and you had suppressants that would dampen the heat, you couldn’t even imagine what a heat would be like down on earth, with no suppressants to ebb your wants and no place to lock yourself away from everyone safely until it was over.

You can’t imagine what it would be like until it happens.

Notes

Welp, I don't really have an explanation for this. I just really like omega verse and I've read a lot of it, but there's definitely not enough femslash omega verse so... there's this now I guess. This is my first attempt at omega verse and there might be more to this maybe, who knows \_(ツ)_/\n
No beta, so all mistakes are mine
Chapter 1

It happens after the missile. You pull your mother from the town, see TonDC go up in flames, feel the heat of the fires, your lugs filling with the smoke and the smell of burning flesh. You’ve left Lexa somewhere in the woods, hopefully a good distance from the blast. Your head pounds from an impact you aren’t certain you felt and your ears ring.

Your mother is quick to realize that you knew. You can see the anger in her eyes, the disgust, how could you run and leave all these people to die. How could you? Was it Lexa? Or has her daughter become something she can’t bear to look at?

She promises not to tell, leaves you there, you think it’s because it might physically pain her to look at you for longer than necessary.

You find Lexa, Lincoln. You need to find the sniper, end him, stop him from doing more damage and maybe make yourself feel a little better in the process.

It isn’t too hard to find them, with two alphas and an omega, your noses sniff them out even with the smoke and death still clogging your nostrils. He smells of rubber and stale air, unnatural. Kind of like how everything smelled back on the Ark, minus the pervading scent of metal.

You’re under fire, but you are able to get to him after a brief struggle, only to have him grab Lincoln and threaten to kill him. It is with barely a second thought that you shoot through Lincoln’s shoulder to kill him.

His death does not make you feel any better, just like Lexa said it wouldn’t, but at least you can say that you’ve prevented some deaths today when you’ve let so many others die.

At the remains of the village, Lexa makes her speech and riles the Grounders for battle. Your army has not left you and now seems even more eager to draw Mountain Man blood.

In the wake of this, having fallen from space, being involved in an accidental war, being kidnapped, all this death and stress and overall harried existence, your body has put off your heat for an unhealthy amount of time. You didn’t realize at first, not paying much mind to the fact that you haven’t had to deal with the inconvenience of heat. Heats in the Ark were a struggle, and you had suppressants that would dampen the heat, you couldn’t even imagine what a heat would be like down on earth, with no suppressants to ebb your wants and no place to lock yourself away from everyone safely until it was over.

You can’t imagine what it would be like until it happens.

You’re at the Grounder camp when it starts. You don’t notice at first, putting off your sweat and uncomfortable feeling to working in the sun and the burden that you feel constantly since landing on earth and trying to keep everyone alive and safe.

You don’t need the added stress of a heat piled on top of all your responsibilities to your people and this thing that you now have with Lexa. You need time to figure out your feelings, the ones still left from Finn and the new ones you’re feeling for her, a heat would only add to the mess. You know you want to be with her, but you also know that this is definitely not the time, during war and so soon after having to kill the boy you had loved.

You don’t notice the heads turning your way as alphas take note of your scent, of the pheromones you’re starting to release.
By the time you finally realize what’s happening, why the heat inside you doesn’t seem to be lessening even though you’ve shed your jacket, Grounder alphas are taking notice and moving toward you.

You don’t want to panic, but you’re in heat in an open forum and you don’t know what the Grounders usually do in that situation, but you don’t necessarily want to find out.

You turn quickly in the direction of Lexa’s tent, knowing you’re not far and that if anyone can keep you safe, it’s her.

You’re starting to lose your head, you mind trying to focus solely on finding a strong alpha to fuck you and knot you, to fill you and give you young. You try to push away these thoughts, rushing through the camp as a pack of alphas follow close behind, all wanting to be the one to take you through your heat. They push and attack each other, trying to knock out the competition and prove that they are the most worthy to couple with you.

You’re nearly to Lexa’s tent when an unknown alpha grabs your wrist and spins you around. He is large, covered in war paint, probably fresh from a hunt, your inner omega basks in his scent, he is strong, able to provide for any children he would give you. But your rational mind knows that you don’t want this, don’t want him.

You look over your shoulder to where Lexa’s tent is so close, but so far, and then back to the alpha that is now rubbing himself on your front, trying to scent claim you while growling at any that would stray too close. You think of the knife you have strapped to your hip, the gun holstered at the other, but you can’t find it in your heat addled mind to reach for your weapons to force this strong and probably virile alpha off you. You weakly try to shove him away and open your mouth wide, frantically and loudly crying out for Lexa, calling for her to come to your rescue.

The response is near instantaneous. Lexa bursts from her tent, spots you with this alpha, and charges straight for you. She’s there in less than the blink of an eye, tearing this alpha away from you. He growls viciously, snarls and lunges, not wanting his omega prize taken from him. Lexa has murder in her eyes as she lunges at him as well.

You stand back, watch as Lexa rushes to attack this man, quickly knocking him to the ground and beating him, landing punch after punch on his face and torso, straddling him to restrict his struggling. And struggle he did. He thrashed under her, growling and swinging, landing a few hits, causing Lexa to dribble blood from her lips.

You watch Lexa beat this man, spill his blood for touching you, trying to force himself on you. His flailing lessens and you fight past the haze in your mind, your inner omega preening at the sight of these alphas fighting over you, the scent coming off Lexa so strong, the strongest alpha you’ve ever encountered, you need to stop her before she kills this man.

You stumble forward, call her name. She ignores you, continues to beat him, a vicious snarl on her face. You reach them, taking notice of the ring of Grounders watching their Commander pummel another alpha, put your hand on Lexa’s raised fist. At this, her head whips around, so fast you think her neck might snap, she snarls at you and you think she might not even know who is touching her, just another threat for her to destroy.

You nearly flinch away from her, but she takes a second and sniffs a bit, taking note of your scent and realizing it’s you. She looks down at the man below her, his face battered and beaten to a bloody mess, nose obviously broken and cuts littering the whole of his head. She seems to remember why she was fighting him and her snarl returns at nearly double force as she reaches down to his throat and squeezes. The man seems to be brought out of his beaten daze by the pressure on his windpipe.
He renews his struggles and you watch as his flailing once again weakens and soon he falls limp, eyes open and vacant, devoid of life.

Lexa rises when it is done, she stands above the body, and you watch through your heat blurred eyes as she addresses the Grounders that gathered around the fight, blood dripping from her mouth that she doesn’t reach to wipe away.

“I said that anyone who attacked Clarke, was attacking me.” Her voice is loud, reaching every person gathered and you can hear the anger in her voice, the chilling rage that you know the Grounders can hear too, “No one is to touch her. If anyone lays a hand on her again, they will meet the same fate as him.” At that she kicks the body of the alpha she just killed and quickly turns to you. She wastes no time in grabbing you and leading you swiftly to her tent, (you see how she doesn’t check to see if anyone is following, probably knowing that none would be dumb enough to challenge her after her display just now) her touch on your arm soothing to the heat inside you, finally a strong and welcome alpha is touching you.

Once in her tent, she sits you on the mass of soft cloth and furs that makes up her bed and is quick to distance herself. She is across the room from you in an instant and your heat flares again, leaving you whining quietly in the back of your throat in need.

You watch as she grits her teeth at the sound, clenching her fists and struggling to keep herself away from you. But that isn’t what you want, you want her here, next to you, on top of you, inside of you.

She meets your eyes and you reach out for her, not moving from your spot, but whining again, this one open mouthed and trailing into a moan. She growls deep in her chest and the sound stokes the fires inside you, and it becomes too much. You start to pull at your clothes, struggling to pull them off, to free your skin so that this strong alpha, your strong alpha can take you.

She watches you from across the room, backed to the table and gripping the edge so hard you can hear the wood creak, her position so familiar, just like when you backed her into that same table not all that long ago. You watch as she breathes through her mouth, breaths ragged and shuddering, as she tries to ignore the pheromones you’re releasing into the tent.

“Clarke,” she forces out, jaw still clenched, air seething through her teeth, “stop this.” (Your shirt and bra are already discarded, you’re working on wiggling out of your pants) “I will not mate you but I will keep you safe. I will respect your words.”

In your heat addled mind, you can’t think of why she would keep herself away, what words to which she is referring. All you know is that this is Lexa, the strongest alpha in the camp, probably in all of these lands, the girl who said she cared for you, who saved you from that other alpha, the girl who wants you as much as you want her.

“Lexa,” your words are a moan, a plea for her to come and quell these flames burning you from the inside out, “please.”

Lexa jolts forward, just barely holding herself back with her grip on the table. You’ve shed your pants and ruined underwear and her movement is accompanies by a sudden influx of her scent, her alpha pheromones mixing with yours in the tent, making you fall back onto your back, writhing where she sleeps, basking in her scent, but it isn’t enough.

You’re whining again, little whimpers into the air, your head is turned to look at her, trying to convey with your eyes how much you want her, how much you need her, “Lexa!”

The cry of your name is what does it. With another chill (not of fear, of lust) inducing growl, Lexa
springs forward, pouncing on the bed, fists clenching the sheets by your head, kneeling above you, no part of her actually touching you. You arch underneath her, trying to provoke contact, to get her to take you, claim you, fuck you.

She slowly lowers her head, bringing her mouth level with your ear, lips barely skimming the shell as she murmurs on a growl, “I am trying to show restraint. You said not yet.”

Her growl is like magic inside of you, you gush at the sound, another rush of wetness slicking your opening as you keen up at her.

“No, Lexa, please,” you know you must sound pitiful, “I want this, want you! Please, I need you!”

Her snarl following your words is nearly feral, as he jerks away and starts tearing at her clothes, literally ripping her shirt off before reaching for her pants. You can already see the straining at her crotch, her length already extended and ready to take you, the sight makes you moan.

Devoid of all vestments, Lexa is quick to lay claim to your mouth, attacking your lips with a kiss. You can feel her restraint, it’s in the tense of her back when you reach up to finally touch the bare skin you’ve been craving, the grip of her fists in the furs beside your body. She still hasn’t let your bodies come into full contact, denying you the thing you so desperately crave.

The heat is nearly unbearable, like nothing you’ve ever felt before and all you want is for Lexa to grab you and fuck you until you can’t think of anything but her and her knot. But she seems dead set on dragging this out.

You moan into her mouth and whimper when she pulls her mouth away from yours. She nudges her nose against yours to calm you and goes about settling herself on her knees between your legs. She has her hands gripping your thighs, pulling you in to position, mouth still hovering above yours but not letting your bodies mold together like you wish she would.

Lips gently brush yours, far too gently for your liking, and then those lips upturn at the corners, just the small beginnings of a smile, this moment much too precious and soft for you now, all you want it to be taken hard and fast, but Lexa doesn’t seem to get that.

“I’ll be gentle,” she whispers, “I won’t hurt you.”

You want to tell her to forget being gentle, fuck it, to just pound into you, make it hurt a bit. You want to tell her to just fuck the heat out of you. But all you can manage is a frantic moan and to grasp at her back, trying to get her to lay her lithe body against your overheated one.

She smiles lowering herself, until she finally, finally, presses her thin and muscled body onto yours. You moan at the contact, her flesh on yours giving your body what it craves. She smirks and you feel it on your skin because she has pressed her face into your neck, pressing quick kisses to that pale expanse, tasting your sweat as she slowly rubs your bodies together, just the gentle pressure and brush of her body against yours.

You can feel her phallus pushing against the soft skin of your inner thigh, and it nearly drives you mad, you want it inside of you, want it now. You grip the back of her neck, pulling her face harder against your throat, trying to get her to be rough with you, to bite and fuck you hard.

She rumbles a growl and reaches down to position her length to enter you, at last giving you something you want, something to fill you. You arch your hips up for her, sighing happily and trailing into a moan as she pushes into you, going slowly and stopping when her hips are pressed to yours. You feel so full, your inner omega happy to be filled, but still wanting to be claimed like an
Lexa seems to want to wait for some sort of signal from you, and you become impatient, bucking your hips up hard, trying to force her to move, to make you come and knot you. She huffs a laugh at how eager you are and starts to thrust, slowly pulling out and then pushing back inside.

Your hands clutch at her back, nails leaving scratches in their wake as you try to urge her on, pull her closer, anything to fight these fires inside and to get her to make you come. Her pace is maddeningly slow, further working you up with the promise of orgasm, but only when Lexa chose to give it. It frustrates you, this isn’t what you want, what you need.

“Lexa, please,” you plead, “harder, faster, please!”

Her hands move from your thighs, to your hips, holding you down as she ups her pace. Though she goes faster than before, it is just by a fraction, not the pounding you desire and you groan into her hair. You let her keep this pace, bucking under her, hoping to encourage her into moving faster, but as she continues like that, your patience snaps.

You tighten your grip on her back, planting your feet on the bed before you buck up, flipping your positions in one fluid movement.

You sit up astride her hips, her phallus seemingly deeper in this position, and look down at her surprised face, her lust filled gaze. Her hands are still gripping your hips and her fingers tighten on your flesh as she feels you clench your insides around her. You smile down at her dazed face, her plump lips parted as she struggles for breath.

“Clarke.”

She whispers your name like a prayer, reverent and awed as she looks at you above her. You smile deviously down at her and then go to work.

You ride her hard and fast, hands planted on her hard stomach for leverage as you fuck yourself on her length. You’re finally getting what you need and your moans are loud and rising in pitch. You can swear that the whole camp can hear you, but you don’t care, the only thing on your mind to come and have Lexa knot you, fill you completely.

Lexa is panting beneath you, strong, callused hands aiding in your movements. She whines quietly as you start to clamp down, your orgasm approaching and lurches into an upright position, wrapping her arms completely around your waist and burying her face into your chest.

She mouths at your breasts, taking a nipple between her lips and sucking, drawing an even louder moan from you. One hand slips from your waist to your unattended breast, fondling roughly, pinching your nipple and gripping your pliant flesh. You feel her rough grip on your breast and your waist and know you will have finger sized bruises tomorrow, but the thought only makes you shudder on her length, the thought of having everyone know that you’ve been claimed, and by the strongest alpha anywhere, ratchets up your arousal to another level. Your head falls back, one of your hands fisted in her hair, holding her to you, the other hand on her shoulder, gripping in and balancing you as you ride her.

You’re gushing around her member at this point, both of your thighs slick with your wetness, but you need something more to set you off, to send you back to the stars from which you came. Lexa seems to sense this because the hand still at your waist slips down your back to claim a firm grip on your ass cheek while the hand previously on your breast skims down your front, her nails lightly scraping your skin, down between your legs and searching out your clit, finding it easily as it had
already come out of its hood, stroking roughly and sending you over the edge.

Body quaking, clenching, back bowing, curling around Lexa, shocks of pleasure rushing through your body, you clutch at Lexa’s back and shoulders, leaving long scratches in your wake. Your face is buried in her neck as you nearly scream out your orgasm. Your body quakes as the waves of pleasure roll through you, your cunt convulsing around Lexa’s member.

It takes a while for you to calm after your climax, but when you do, you notice how tense Lexa is beneath you. You pause to take stock, and you realize, Lexa hasn’t come. You didn’t feel the rush of fluid inside of you nor the thickness of her knot. At the realization, you also notice that your heat isn’t gone either. Though you were momentarily sated, the heat is rushing back with the absence of a knot.

“Lexa,” you whisper (her head is still pressed to your chest), “I need your knot. I need you to knot me.”

There is a sharp intake of breath at then, you feel it more than anything, the air caressing your nipple. She shifts under you and puts her hands back onto your hips.

“Clarke, I shouldn’t.”

Her words nearly send you into a panic. You can’t get through this heat alone and if Lexa won’t knot you, what will you do? You don’t want anyone else doing it for you and you know that Lexa wants this as much as you do, if not more.

“Please, Lexa.” You plead, “I need this, I need your knot. It won’t stop until I’m knotted.”

“Clarke…”

You can hear her resolve wavering, but without even seeing her face, you know she’s clenching her jaw and is planning to pull away, to go with her head and not her heart. You know she needs a push for her to do what you want, and after all you’ve been through, you’re not afraid of a little manipulation to get what you want.

“Fine,” you start, “if you can’t knot me, I’ll find someone who can.”

You untangle yourself from her as you say this, going to stand even though you’re pretty sure all your limbs are jelly and your body screams to go back to the Alpha on the bed.

But your empty threat does the trick. Lexa grabs you and tosses you onto the bed on your stomach. She gets behind you and grips your hips, pulling them up so your ass is in the air and your face is pressed to the furs of her bed. Her voice is barely more than a growl.

“Is this what you want?” she’s snarling and positioning herself to enter you again, “you want me to mount you like an animal? Rut until we’re tied?”

All you can do is moan your assent, nodding frantically into her bed coverings, that’s exactly what you want her to do. She growls again before roughly shoving her member into you.

“You’d take any knot, wouldn’t you? You probably would’ve taken it from that man had I not killed him.”

She pounding into you at this point, growling these words into your ear as she curves her body over yours. But through your haze, you understand her words, and feel the need to clarify.
“No…” you start.

She immediately stills at your slight utterance, hips caught mid-thrust. “What?”

She starts to pull away, but you don’t let her, rising onto one elbow and whipping the other hand back to grab her thigh.

“No, I wouldn’t take any knot. Just yours, I only want yours.”

Lexa loses the tension in her body at those words, “Is that so? Then say it.” She starts thrusting again, slower now, but harder, deeper.

You fall back onto the bed, hands falling to the furs to clench and grip at them at her renewed thrusting, but all that falls from your mouth are moans and sighs.

“Clarke,” she punctuates your name with a particularly hard thrust, jolting you forward, “Say it.”

“Lexa…” her name a sigh from your lips as you focus on your pleasure.

When you still haven’t answered her, she stops, stilling her hips and holding yours so you can’t rear back onto her, “You know what I want to hear, Clarke.”

You cry out at the loss of friction, and nearly shout, “I’m yours! Lexa, I’m yours! Please!”

This seems to satisfy her because her thrusting starts up again, with renewed vigor, slamming into you as you start to reach your peak.

You can feel your cunt start to tighten around Lexa, your body wanting to keep her inside, get her to knot you. She can definitely feel it because one hand leaves your hip and reaches to your front to find you clit again to throw you over the edge again.

You try to lift yourself from the bed, wanting to get closer to Lexa, you ache for something, your teeth ache and you want to get at Lexa’s flesh to mark, claim, and you want her to do the same to you but you feel her hand at the back of your neck, holding you down.

You want to struggle against the hold, but just then Lexa changes the angle of her thrusts while stroking your clit and your orgasm rushes through you like the tsunamis you’ve only read about. This orgasm is stronger than your first and this time you feel Lexa quaking behind you, forcing herself as deeply inside of you as she can, her knot swelling as she comes, tying herself to you as she fills you.

She is curled around you, one hand still at the back of your neck to keep your face pressed down, the other hand gone from your clit and who knows where.

It takes you a bit to come back to your senses, and you realize that you must have blacked out for a moment because now you’re laid on your side, Lexa’s knot still inside you as she lays spooning you, holding you close. Her breath is even against the back of your neck and you assume she’s asleep as she tightens her hold around you and nuzzles into your hair. You take this chance you examine your body.

Your quick inspection shows you were right, you have bruises like fingerprints along your hips and on your breasts, but the thing that surprises you isn’t on your body at all. You see Lexa’s wrist and there is a set of deep teeth marks in her wrist under her thumb, sluggishly bleeding. It takes you a moment to realize why the teeth marks are there. Lexa stopped herself from marking you, from staking a mating claim, and that explains why she held you down as you climaxed. She didn’t want to claim you as her mate.
The realization hurts you a bit. Sure, you weren’t ready for that and you should be thankful that Lexa had the mind to do that for you, but the small, irrational part of your mind is hurt that Lexa wouldn’t claim you. You want to pull away, to put some distance between Lexa and yourself, so you can get your head back, but Lexa’s hold inside and around you isn’t loosening any time soon, so you try to relax and turn off your head for a bit to get a bit of rest.

You wake first after what you think is an hour. You shift and notice that Lexa’s not has gone back down. You gently remove yourself from her warm arms, getting up and dressing quietly, leaning down to lay a kiss on her beautifully relaxed face before leaving the tent.

You run into Indra as you go to leave the Grounder camp for Camp Jaha, and stop her before she can pass you.

“Indra, I left the Commander sleeping in her tent, could you check on her in a bit?”

Indra glares, but nods her assent, and you can bet that even being a Beta, she can smell Lexa on you, you can bet that everyone can.

You leave to Camp Jaha, you need to get your shit together. There is still a mountain to fell.

You don’t see the betrayal coming, but you never do see the knife coming at your back, do you? You want to be angry, want to be able to rage at Lexa, follow her into the woods and give her a scathing tongue lashing, maybe even cause her physical harm, but you can’t. She wasn’t lying when she said it was what you would do too. You would have made the same decision, so you understand, but that doesn’t make it hurt any less.

She leaves you and you kill everyone in the mountain, first Dante, then all those people, Maya, men, women, children.

You essentially make the same choice she did, their people or yours, and you chose your own, just like she did.

You understand that you had no choice, that you did what need to be done, but you can’t stand to look at your people so soon after what you’ve done, after you killed all those people for them.

So you leave, going off into the forest in search of something. You don’t know what you’re searching for, not forgiveness (Bellamy already offered that, and it wasn’t what she needed), something you can’t name but you need nonetheless.

You turn from the camp, walking away without looking back, desperately trying to keep your mind off of all that weighs on you. Your people, the people in Mount Weather, the Grounders, Lexa. Your mind is full of all the things that have happened, things done to you, things you’ve done and you walk away from the people you worked so hard to save.

You roam for a long while before you realize something’s not right. You survive mostly on nuts and fruits, sticking to the ones you know, ones Monty had explained were safe back when you still had the camp by the Dropship. You don’t eat much, but you don’t starve. You made a makeshift spear that you use mostly as a walking stick, but sometimes you come across herds of mutated deer and manage to pick off a straggler for meat.

It’s one of the times that you’ve gotten a deer, it’s small and probably a runt, so there isn’t much
meat, but it’s more than enough for you alone. You’ve managed to skin it and get a chunk off, putting it above your little fire to cook it, but then the smell hits you and sends you scrambling away from your fire, into the trees, to retch and vomit up everything you’ve got in your gut.

It takes a minute for you to recover and stop heaving, but you go back to your fire, putting it off as something you ate, some of the berries you eat are questionable at best so it wouldn’t surprise you that one might have been bad. The smells of your meat makes you gag a bit again, but you swallow hard and ignore the feeling and try to focus on making the deer hide into a knapsack for the meat that you probably won’t be eating today.

It isn’t until the same thing happens for a week in a row that you start to think that it was something other than food poisoning. You’re starting to get weak from not being able to keep anything down and you know that you wouldn’t be able to defend yourself if something came for you, so you decide to go back to Camp Jaha to see your mother. You don’t think you’re ready to face them again yet, but you need help, so you mentally steel yourself and go back.

You’re greeted by looks of utter surprise when you walk up to Camp Jaha, they probably though you were dead, you realize.

Jasper is the first to see you, and you can tell he still hasn’t forgiven you for what happened to Maya in the mountain, but he does greet you and leads you to where the others can be found. He takes you to the council room where you find everyone else.

Bellamy is seated by Miller and Miller Sr., wearing what could have possibly been part of a guard’s uniform, Monty, Raven, and Wick are next, Raven looking a little worse for wear but ultimately healthy, Kane is on Bellamy’s other side and beside him, your mother. Their heads all whip around at your entry, and you see eyes widen and jaws fall open. You try to muster up a smile for them, but you know it falls short so you drop it.

Raven is the first to react, jolting to stand. Wick helps her up, but she shakes off his hold with a smile one she’s standing, quickly moving over to you. She looks like she’s about to hug you, but seeing the look in your eyes, the state you’re in with your stiffened body, settles for putting her hands on your shoulders.

“Clarke,” your name is barely a breath on her lips, “it’s really you. It’s been more than a month.”

Her words seem to break everyone out of their trance, all of them rising to approach you. Raven must feel you tense further because she is quick to your defense.

“Hey!” she calls. They stop. “Leave her some room to breathe.”

This slows them and you’re immensely grateful for Raven. Your mother is there then, touching your face and looking at you hard. Her face is awed, you think she’s probably going through what she did when you took off your wristband and she was still on the Ark. You realize that she too thought you were dead.

After your mother, Bellamy comes and hugs you tightly, even as you stiffen. He pulls away and holds you at arm’s length, “O just went out hunting with Lincoln and some others, they’ll be happy to see you.”

You nod, not having said a word since entering the room, trying to keep your head. Seeing your people makes your mind flash to all the people from Mount Weather, all the people you killed. The memories you’ve tried to suppress are rushing to the forefront of your mind and it makes you sick. You nearly retch, swallowing hard and make meaningful eye contact with your mother.
Abby notices how pale you’ve become, a sweat breaking out on your skin, making you hot and clammy.

“Everyone,” she starts, “may I have a moment alone with my daughter?”

The room is immediately hushed as they all agree to her request, nodding and moving away from you and toward the door. Most of them touch you on their way out, patting your back or touching your arm, you don’t know if it’s for comfort, for yourself or them, or if it’s to prove that you’re really here and alive. The only one who doesn’t touch you is Kane. He makes eye contact and you think he understands what you’re feeling (but how can he) and he nods as he leaves.

Everyone clears out quickly until you’re alone with your mother. She looks you up and down before speaking.

“What’s wrong? No one thought you’d be back so soon. Some people thought you wouldn’t come back at all.”

You don’t hesitate, “I think I’m sick.”

Her brow furrows with worry and she takes a step toward you, “What are your symptoms? How long have you been symptomatic?”

You keep yourself from stepping back, not wanting to be touched but knowing she might need to examine you, “I can’t keep anything down, I keep vomiting. I’ve been fatigued and getting weaker. It’s been happening for a few days now, maybe a week or more, I lose track of the days.”

You mother scrutinizes you thoroughly, taking in every detail of you, “When was the last time you menstruated?”

You’re taken aback by the question, your face showing genuine emotion for the first time in a while, “Why?”

Abby gives you a look, “Your symptoms sound like the early stages of pregnancy. You’ve spent enough time in the forest that I can’t pick up your scent, but if you cleaned up, I would be able to tell. As it is, you have to tell me.”

You think back, and you’re embarrassed to admit that you can’t think of when you’ve last had your period, “I don’t remember.”

She sighs, “And have you let anyone knot you?”

You’re sure you’re completely red at this point, “It was just once, before the mountain.”

“But were you in heat?” your mother is giving you that disappointed look.

“Yes, but-“

“Clarke!” She cuts you off, “what did I tell you? It doesn’t matter how many times it was, if you’re in heat, you’ll probably get pregnant! What were you thinking?!?”

“I wasn’t thinking! The heat was too strong, I couldn’t control myself. I made her knot me!” Your mother is an Alpha, she couldn’t understand.

Your mom freezes at that, staring at you, “Made who knot you?”

The look she’s giving you makes you think that she already knows, but you say it anyway, even if it
is but a whisper, “…Lexa.”

The room is quiet after your admission, you can’t look at your mother and just the act of saying her name has brought the betrayal to mind and your eyes start to water. You don’t want to cry, after all this and all the things you’ve done, you don’t want to cry anymore, but you can’t stop the tears from escaping and running down your face, streaking through the dirt smudged on your cheeks.

Your mother sees your tears, immediately softening and coming to embrace you. You don’t think you deserve the comfort, but you melt into her arms anyway, clinging to your mother as you sob into her shoulder, finally releasing the emotions you’ve been ignoring all this time. You cry for the people you’ve lost, those you’ve killed, your friends, yourself. It all pours out of you and your mother is there stroking your hair and whispering nonsense into your ear.
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

This is where the angst really kicks in, I like to call it Angst Central. There's like no smut in this chapter tho, sorry

Chapter Notes

Wow, what am I doing? Who knows.
Also, I really like the headcannon that the commander takes care of all the orphans and stuff, so yeah, that's in there. Raven is my precious angel and deserves so much good stuff. And like Bob Morley said, Bellamy is a precious cinnamon bun, too sweet, too pure. So here's this ¯\_(ツ)_/¯

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You stay in camp. Your mother makes you clean up and it’s easy for anyone to scent that you’re pregnant. You get some looks, but no one really mentions the obvious.

It’s the Alphas that can scent you the easiest and Bellamy sends you worried, sad looks whenever you’re in the same vicinity. Lincoln gives you a look when you first see him again and Octavia, though a Beta, has a good enough nose to know as well. You see her clench her jaw and you can only assume that she has already figured out who the child’s sire is, but she greets you politely enough. And it isn’t long for Raven to pick up your scent and she also shies away from your presence.

It takes a few weeks for everyone to get used to your presence at camp again. The first to come around is Monty. The Beta stays with you when you go out foraging just outside of camp, you don’t speak much, but he smiles at you with a gentleness in his eyes and that’s enough for now, probably all you can handle at this point.

Then there’s Bellamy. He still looks at you with those sad eyes when he thinks you aren’t looking, but he tries to treat you like normal and is happy to sit by you at night when you can’t sleep, sharing your burden as you sit by the fire, looking up at what once was your home.

Since everyone already knows about your condition, they don’t let you do much around camp. You’re allowed to help with food prep or foraging or cleaning or the clinic with your mother, but they don’t let you go out to hunt or basically anywhere too far from the camp gates. It angers you that they treat you like you’re going to break, but then, you think that you just might.

The camp has expanded in the time you were wandering and you can tell that people are falling into routines here on the ground. You want to be a part of it like you used to be, in the thick of everything, but you still can’t bear to look at them sometimes, so you distance yourself. Your tent is as far as it can be from the camp center, right along the fence and the next closest tent is a good few yards away.
Your mother and Kane led the Arkers in salvaging anything they could from the mountain, so the camp has no shortage of supplies, clothes, weapons, first aid, books, you name it. Abby tries to get you to put more blankets and cushions in your tent, saying that you’ll need the support when you get further along, but you can’t look at those things and not think about the people you killed, so you decline, instead lining your sleeping bag with furs that Bellamy gives you after the hunters skin their kills.

You avoid thinking about another bed of furs.

Bellamy has become a permanent fixture for you as of late. He is there to talk with you and you allow him to console you when your head gets too full. You see the looks he gives you, the longing he tries to hide, and you feel kind of guilty for leaning on him so much when he obviously has feelings for you, but you need him. He pulled that lever with you, he offers you forgiveness and someone to help carry your burdens. And as your body starts to swell with child, he will help with physical burdens as well as emotional.

It isn’t long before your body has filled out to the point where you need new clothes. There are plenty of clothes in camp that they took from the mountain, but you are loathe to wear them. It isn’t until you are basically bursting out of your clothes that your mother forces you into maternity clothes from the mountain.

The clothes are more comfortable on your body, but they put more stress on your mind. You can usually put your gnawing guilt to the back of your mind, but now every time you get dressed, you picture expectant mothers, children, and babies dying in the mountain by your hand. You see them screaming as the radiation begins to burn away their skin, you see them crumbling to the ground as their bodies are burned and they die those agonizing deaths, you see their corpses, lying there, mangled and still.

Your nightmares get more vivid and you find yourself sleeping less. You walk alone at night, pacing the length of the gate. The guards gave you strange looks at first, but as it happened more often and the bags under your eyes get darker, their looks turn to pity.

You want to leave again, to head back into the forest where your sole focus was survival and you could put your guilt in a neat little box and pack it away. But at camp, surrounded by reminders, clothed in them, your mind is tearing itself apart.

It’s one of the nights that you are walking the fence that Lincoln comes to you.

He usually avoids you, sticking close to Octavia. Octavia has grudging respect for you, but is still distrustful after TonDC and figuring out who sired your child. Lincoln doesn’t look at you with resentment or anger, but he hasn’t spoken to you personally in longer than you can remember.

He stops you when you’re on your third lap inside the fence.

“Clarke.” His voice is gentle, probably not to startle you.

You turn to him slowly. You know you probably look horrible. You haven’t slept properly in probably a week and you can’t find it in you to do more than basic personal hygiene. He doesn’t comment.

“I see you walking the grounds at night,” he starts, “why?”

He looks at you concerned, but not pitying so you decide to be honest, “I can’t sleep. I keep seeing Mount Weather. All those people.”
He regards you silently for a moment before speaking, seeming to choose his words carefully, “You wish to leave this camp.”

His words hit you and you realize that you do, you want to leave. Being here, around these people and in these clothes, it’s driving you mad. You can’t handle all of this so soon, you don’t think you will survive for much longer at this camp, let alone carry your baby to term. You can already feel the fluttering of life in your belly and you don’t want your baby to die, you can’t handle any more death. You want this baby to live since so many others hadn’t had the chance.

You can’t look at him, let alone meet his eyes as you nod in agreement.

He regards you for what seems like a long time, both of you just barely visible in the light coming from the shell of the Ark. After that moment, he steps closer to you, his next words solely for you.

“We can leave. Octavia and I do not belong among these people. Nyko still speaks with me, and though we are not welcome in the new TonDC where we would be recognized, he could help us get to Polis. I’ve never gone there, but they say it is so large and populous, someone could lose themselves walking from their home to the square. This is also where the Commander resides. She should be informed about your child.”

As he whispers, he steps closer to you, mindful of the guards watching the fence. His words are hurried and serious, they must have discussed this at length, you think. You mull over this for a minute as Lincoln waits for your verdict. You want so badly to say yes. You need to get away from here, for your mental and physical health, for the health of your unborn child. But you also know that your mother would never let you leave. She’s already worried about you and protective of you at camp, she wouldn’t even think of letting you out of her sight. And then there’s Bellamy. He’s grown so attached to you and you know he has feelings for you. You might not return his feelings, seeing him as more of a confidant and brother than anything else, but you can’t just up and leave. You tell as much to Lincoln.

He nods at your points and continues, “We don’t intend to tell your mother, we will sneak away, perhaps leave a note to be discovered later. We can have Raven open the fence like Octavia has told me and leave in secret.”

It takes you a moment, you consider his offer carefully. You know it isn’t doing you any good staying here, and your health is deteriorating and that can’t be good for your baby. And Lincoln is right, you have to let Lexa know about the baby, she would want to be there, in your time at the Grounder camps you’ve seen how much they value their young and family. You don’t want to deprive Lexa of being there for their child even if you haven’t quite gotten over her betrayal. Understanding her motives doesn’t make it any easier to heal from what she did, but you hope that once you get to Polis, you can put it aside for your baby. In the end, the decision is made when you feel the flutter in your womb, you decide to do this, if not for yourself, then for your baby.

“How are we doing this?”

It takes about a week for you to be able to follow through with the plan. Octavia isn’t thrilled to be taking you with them, but she doesn’t complain. You know you’ll make this trip just a bit more difficult. You’re not far enough along to be completely invalid, but you’re far enough that your bump is visible and you fatigue more easily, and with your recent state of sleeplessness and exhaustion, it’ll make traveling worse for you.

You all plan it through well, discreetly gathering supplies, Lincoln speaking with Nyko when
everyone thinks he is just out hunting, Octavia making packs, and you hiding the supplies in your tent and trying to rest as much as possible so that you’ll have enough strength to be less of a burden on Lincoln and Octavia. You all agree to only get Raven involved at the last second so there is less of a chance of her telling someone.

You’re all as secretive about this as possible, but of course someone catches wind of it. You’re grateful that it isn’t your mother that finds out, but this is the next worst option.

It isn’t surprising that Bellamy finds out. He’s known his sister her whole life and has been with you so much recently that he can tell that something is different. He confronts you in your tent.

“You’re leaving again.”

You pause. You’d been putting one of Octavia’s hunting knives in the pack under your furs and you know you’ve been caught. You put down the pack but you don’t turn around, waiting for him to continue.

You think he’s waiting for you to turn around, but when you don’t, he continues, “You can’t just leave. I know Octavia’s going with you, which means so is Lincoln. It’s getting colder, where do you expect to go? It’s not safe and the Grounders made it clear they don’t want to see Lincoln or Octavia anymore.”

A glance at him over your shoulder shows his set frown and the worry furrowing his brow, “We’ve thought this through, we have a plan.”

“A plan?” he scoffs, “what’s that going to do for you when the Grounders decide to off you from the trees? This is too dangerous, especially in your condition. You can’t leave, I won’t let you leave. At—”

You cut him off, his words sparking a vicious anger in you, “You won’t let me leave? Last time I checked, you weren’t my mate, or even my boyfriend, and even if you were, I will do whatever I choose regardless of you letting me or not. This baby isn’t yours and what I choose to do isn’t any of your concern. I refuse to stay here any longer, I can’t stay here. It’s killing me.”

You’re breathing heavily after your outburst and Bellamy looks stunned for a moment before his eyes turn sad and he gives you a sorrowful smile.

“You didn’t let me finish. I won’t let you leave, without me. I may not be your mate or the sire of your baby, but you’re my best friend and I care about you. And you’re leaving with my sister and I have to look out for her too. I can’t let my two favorite girls go out into the big bad forest without me as backup. I mean, Lincoln’s great and all, but we all know who’s a better shot.”

Tears are in your eves by the time he finishes and you want to curse your wild hormones. You probably shouldn’t have snapped at him like that and you are quick to apologize as you rush in to hug him. He’s already giving you a soft smile, “Don’t worry about it, princess, what kind of big brother would I be if I couldn’t handle a little hormone induced anger?”

This gets a watery laugh out of you and you pull away to wipe your eyes on your sleeve.

“I’m fine with you coming, but you’re going to be the one to tell Octavia.”

That makes the smile drop right off his face.
It takes a bit of convincing, but you’re all agreed and ready to leave at the specified day. The nights are met with a definite chill this close to winter and you are all bundled up with enough layers to keep you warm. Your bags are strapped tight to your back, weapons all concealed but within reach, all you need to do is get Raven to get you out of the fence. You’ve left this part for last, putting your whole plan on getting Raven to agree to helping in your escape while staying behind and maybe facing the consequences.

Octavia leads as you all walk silently in single file toward where you know Raven is supposed to be sleeping. You are all dressed darkly so you don’t fear the guards seeing you all the way from the fence, but you do have to keep quiet in case someone just so happens to be awake and milling around camp.

The dark of the late hour is enough cover to get you to Raven’s tent and when you get there, you find that she isn’t asleep like you thought she’d be. She’s at her private worktable, across from her bed where Wick is fast asleep. She’s tinkering with something, brace off and leg extended, and looks up quickly as your little group enters her space.

“Well,” she says wryly, “I didn’t know we were having a party.”

No one laughs, but it does make the lot of you at least crack a smile. Raven seems to catch on to your seriousness and sobers as well.

“Alright, then. To what do I owe this late night visit?”

You wait for someone to speak up, but you notice they are all looking at you, so you sigh and step up, “We need you to let us out of the fence.”

Raven’s face screws up in confusion before it relaxes in understanding. She meets your eyes and gives you a look filled with sad understanding and a soft smile (you seem to be getting a lot of that lately) before nodding and motioning to Wick in her bed, “Just give me a sec to wake that idiot.”

After giving her a round of nods, you all step out of her tent and stick to the shadows to wait. Not a minute later, she is coming out with a hazy-eyed Wick behind her. She send Wick off to power down their section of fence and leads your group down to it quietly.

You don’t have to wait long for Wick to give the signal, and Lincoln is climbing out of the fence after giving Raven a grateful nod. The rest of you give more pause. Bellamy silently hugs Raven tightly, holding her for a moment before wishing her his best and telling her to look after everything here. Octavia is next, also giving Raven a firm hug before stealing out of the fence. Raven looks at you last and you feel like your eyes might water.

You look at Raven, all she’s been through. With Finn and what you did, first being with him and then killing him, with being shot and having to use her brace, to what happened at TonDC with the poison and then Mount Weather. She’s been through so much, deserved so much better, and yet here she is, still living and smiling and helping you. You think maybe Raven is a stronger person than you, to be able to survive what she had and what pain you’ve caused her, but to still be able to look at you and smile and be willing to help you, even if there could be repercussions for her later.

Raven must see all this in her eyes because she steps to you and lets you fall into her arms. You bury your head into her neck, letting your tears soak into her collar and allowing her to shush you. “Hey, I know you need to go. It’s alright, everyone will understand. We all appreciate what you did for us, but not everyone realizes what a toll it took on you. You just need time to heal, and you can’t do that here.”
“Raven,” your voice is hoarse from how infrequently you use it coupled with your crying, “you deserve so much, I hope you can find a way to be happy.”

She smiles at you, “Yeah I do, I’m amazing. I’ll be fine, I’ve got that damn engineer to keep me busy, not to mention all the problems I have to deal with thanks to all these numbskulls. Now get your knocked up ass outta here before we all get caught. You better be naming that baby after me!”

Her words make you smile and you finally pull away from her and carefully make your way out of the fence, mindful of the small swell of your abdomen. You join the others on the outside and you all pause to look back and wave at Raven who smiles before signaling to Wick and then heading back inside.

Once Raven is out of sight, you all turn toward the forest and set off. You know the way from Camp Jaha to TonDC, but you let Lincoln take the lead. You have to get to the new TonDC to meet Nyko about getting horses to make the trip to Polis, but you can’t be seen inside the village, so you must keep your stealth. It will be challenging enough from TonDC to Polis, but with horses, the trip could be easier and significantly shorter.

The forest has a deep pervading darkness at night. With the changing of the seasons, the nights come sooner, seem darker, and come with a penetrating chill. You can hardly see a foot in front of your face, but you can’t light a torch until you are far enough from Camp Jaha to avoid detection. You all keep close together, Lincoln leading the pack, you and Octavia close at his heels, and Bellamy taking up the rear.

You trek through the woods for what you think is an hour before Lincoln lets you stop. You haven’t been the quietest travelers, but no one has come after you, so you think you’ve done a good enough job. There is a small clearing in the trees up ahead and Lincoln lets you all put your packs down while he starts a fire.

Bellamy’s pack had tents and bedding in it, so he is quick to open it and pull out blankets for you and Octavia. The cold is more noticeable when you’re not moving and you are grateful for his quick thinking. But Octavia is less willing to sit by and let the guys do the work. She declines the blanket and walks off to gather some firewood for the night. You smile at her actions but stay where you are. You don’t necessarily like being coddled like this, but with your lack of sleep lately and the late-night hike, you’re exhausted. You’re not one to let others care for you, but given the circumstances, you’ll let it happen.

Soon, you have a fire going and Bellamy has set up the tents. With the amount you already had to gather and carry, there was only enough room for two tents, so you’ll be sharing with Bellamy while Octavia and Lincoln take the other. You don’t mind sharing with Bellamy, even being aware of his feelings toward you, and you know he respects you enough to put those feelings aside and keep being just your friend regardless.

You all do this in near silence, the others just exchanging basic instructions, and Lincoln is the first to address the group as you are all heading to the tents to rest.

“I’ll take first watch, I’ve been the most rested.”

Octavia agrees to take second and when you volunteer to take third, they all look at you.

“Hey,” you start, “I probably won’t get a lot of sleep anyway, might as well do something useful, right?”

Reluctantly, they agree to let you take a watch shift, and you all head to bed as Lincoln props himself
on a tree to keep an eye on the forest.

Your tent is small and warm, and next to you, you can hear Bellamy start to snore. You envy his ability to cope with what you did, his ability to regard it as a necessity, something you had to do to save your people. You know that’s true, that all your friends and family would be dead if you hadn’t done it, but when you think of the children, you can’t help but think that there might have been another way. You know it eats at Bellamy too, but he can still find it in himself to sleep through the night, while you sit up and feel your mind fester along with the corpses at Mount Weather.

The roof of the tent isn’t the most interesting thing to look at, but as you lay inside and listen to Bellamy, you can’t bring yourself to close your eyes. You know that if your dreams aren’t filled with the screams and the smell of burning flesh, they will be of her, of the time you spent together.

She haunts you in the most inopportune times. You try not to think of her often, but with the child growing inside of you and the place you are going, she is never far from your mind.

You wonder how she’ll take the news. Lincoln has told you about the celebration around a child of the Commander. It is seen as a sign of strength and fertility in the whole clan and the child is usually brought up to be a fearsome warrior. But that is usually when the child is from the Commander’s mate and you don’t know how they would treat your child if they’re basically a bastard. You don’t think she’ll disown the baby, but there is a chance that she’ll be less than thrilled at the development.

Your thoughts drift away and your eyes droop as you fall asleep. Then the only thing you see is her.

She is above you, breath puffing out on your neck, her knot swelling inside of you. Your hands are clawing at her back, leaving your mark across her tattoos. You look down and in your haze, the marks on her back seem to be moving, the patterns you’ve only seen once shifting and making new shapes.

Her back is slick with sweat and you can feel how her thrusts are getting more desperate, how she must be close now. You can feel yourself clamping down on her, your wetness slicking the inside of your thighs, and just as you’re about to come, your eyes shift from the roof of your tent and fall on her back.

Her skin is bubbling and burning, huge patches going red and blistering, tearing open and leaving gaping wounds. Her pants and sighs of pleasure in your ear turn to screams as she pulls away. She tears away from you and falls to the floor, screaming in agony and clutching at her face. You rush to her side and reach for her, but when she looks up, it isn’t her.

The face on her body has changed, now Cage looking at you, furious and condemning, “You did this, you killed them all.”

Then the face contorts and it’s Jasper, crying with a look of betrayal, “I just needed another minute, why’d you have to kill her?”

Then Finn, “Thanks, Princess.”

The faces flashes through all the people you met at Mount Weather and then settles back to hers. Her body might be marred with the burns of a Mountain man, but her face is just as you saw it last, marked with her war paint and splattered with blood. She looks at you with shimmering, tearful eyes, “May we meet again.” Before her face too starts to burn and she screams in agony.

You jerk awake, sitting upright quickly, cold sweat coating your body and your heart racing. Your eyes dart around the tent frantically, the dream at the forefront of your mind. It isn’t new, but it wrecks
you every time and you know you won’t be sleeping again tonight.

As you get up, you see that Bellamy is still sleeping and when you finally leave the tent, you see not much time has passed. The fire is still going, and the wood pile isn’t much smaller, if at all. You must not have been asleep long because Lincoln is still on watch, stoic as you left him, leaned against a tree, keen eyes on the forest, watching for any threats. He notices you at once.

“What are you doing up, Clarke?”

You give him a smile that is more like a grimace and take a seat by the fire, “Just couldn’t sleep again. You should go rest, I’ll take this watch and wake Octavia later for hers.”

He gives you one of those penetrating, searching looks, one you can swear that they teach all grounder children because you can remember all the times that she has used it on you. After a moment he sighs and nods, turning and going into his and Octavia’s tent.

Once he’s out of sight, you slump, bringing your gun into your lap and turning your eyes to the trees. You don’t move for hours, your eyes physically on the trees but your mind elsewhere. You keep seeing her, as you last saw her, as she was in your dream, as she was during your heat. And then the Mountain Men, the faces of the people, the children. You’re probably the worst to be keeping watch in your state, but you don’t wake anyone until you see the sun start to rise.

Octavia obviously wants to say something to you about not letting anyone else take watch, but she holds her tongue and you’re off, heading toward TonDC.


It doesn’t take long for you to reach TonDC, the sun not even high in the sky by the time you reach the outskirts. Lincoln bid you to stay deep within the trees and quiet while he meets with Nyko to get the rest of the supplies and horses.

You all stay quiet and out of sight, eyes trained on the forest in case someone comes. You don’t have to wait long, and then Lincoln is hurrying back, leading two horses, saddled and with bags tied to the saddles.

One of the horses pulls on the reigns as Lincoln approaches and comes right to your side. It nudges you and you recognize it as the horse she had given you for traveling. It had grown fond of you and you hadn’t know if it had survived the missile or not, but obviously it had and it didn’t look much worse for wear.

You pet it’s snout as your friends look on and then you turn to them, “so are we going or not?”


The journey to Polis is quite long, but not as long as you thought it would be. You spend long days riding, your nights either plagued by your nightmares or pleasantly empty if you are exhausted enough. You share your horse and tent with Bellamy, and on those rare nights where your nightmares wake him too, he holds you while you cry. He has been your rock these days, helping you to keep it together and not expecting anything from you in return. You are so thankful for him in those times, and for Octavia and Lincoln for initiating this trip and taking you with, even if they did it for their own reasons.

It takes nearly a fortnight to reach Polis. Even from within the forest, you can see the lights of the expansive city. It doesn’t have the harsh gleam of electric lights, but the softer glow of fire light, an
orange haze rising into the night. You’re getting apprehensive as your horses approach the city and Bellamy must feel you tense because he lifts one of his hands from where it was resting on his thigh and puts it on your shoulder. You don’t relax under his touch, but you glance over and see Octavia looking at you and giving you a nod and you feel glad that you have them in your corner.

You approach the wall around the city, the gate wide and tall, looming over you with its battlements and fortifications. The guard that sees you first is immediately alert and has her hand on her sword as you come closer. She is young and you can see the distrust in her eyes and can definitely hear it in her voice as she addresses you. Her voice is rough, but you can’t understand what she says, not really having gotten the hang of the Grounder language yet.

“Who are you?”

Lincoln translates for you and you muster up all the bravado you can and respond in your most authoritative voice, “Klark kom Skai Kru.”

The second she hears your name, she stiffens and drops her hand from her sword, immediately bowing her head in respect. When she speaks next, it is in English and you are grateful.

“My apologies, Skai Heda, I did not know. What do you require?”

You’re surprised by her reaction, at the respect she gives you, but you aren’t going to question it. “I wish to speak with the Commander.”

She looks up after nodding, not questioning you further, and turns to the gate, yelling something quickly in trigedesleng to the person at the top. In moments, the gate is opening for you and she is leading you into the city.

It takes your breath away. There were plenty of people on the Ark and you saw all the Grounders that were in their army, but the city is something else entirely. It isn’t like the cities you’ve seen in books back on the Ark, but you can see the remains of that here. The buildings that had survived are stout and broken, the cracks in the foundations filled with what looks like mud or their excuse for cement. The roofs, hard tops long gone, are covered by the thick leathers and skins that they use for their tents, small holes in the top for ventilation with their fires, smoke rising from host of the chimney holes. The streets are busy, even at this time at night, torches lighting the roads. Horses move down the broken asphalt that used to be streets, and it looks like the street is lined with shops, most closed at this hour.

You’re in awe and the few people in the street seem to feel the same way about you. The woman from the gate (a beta if you aren’t mistaken) leads you through the streets and people look up at you on your horse, taking note of you and your escort. You can see that for some, recognition flashes in their eyes before they bow their heads. You can hear their whispers, all in their language and look to Lincoln.

He meets your eyes, “They have heard about your triumph at the Mountain, they know of the strength of the Skai Heda.”

The mention of the Mountain puts you on edge, but you keep a straight face, not wanting them to see what they would think is weakness. You feel eyes on you and glance at your guide, only to catch her staring at you. Her eyes dart away as you meet her gaze but Bellamy notices this and calls out to her.

“Hey,” she turns to the two of you, “you never told us your name.”

You are watching her closely so you see her slight falter when Bell talks to her, the almost
nonexistent blush that comes to her tanned cheeks. This makes you think that she might have a thing for him and the thought lifts your spirits. Bellamy should really get out there and seek out a relationship, he is always so focused on protecting his sister and your people, and now you these days, he hasn’t even gotten back to his old womanizing ways. At this point, you think that anything would be good for him if it took him away from all this drama even for a little while.

“I am Jess.”

Bellamy sends her a charming smile, “Nice name.”

Jess gives a slight cough and clears her throat, “Yes, thank you,” she turns back to the road, “We are nearly there now, Skai Heda.”

Her words pull you from your analysis of Bell and Jess’ interaction (you’re probably putting too much thought into it) and your eyes shift to what lies in front of you.

You must be in the middle of the city (a fitting place for the Commander to live, you guess) and the building that lies in front of you is quite well preserved. It must have been something like the mansions that you heard about on the Ark, though it obviously has been through a lot. It must have once been white, the Greek pillars on what once was the front porch are crumbling and tumbled over, reminding you of pictures the Ark had of Greece during the 21st century. Parts of the building had obviously caved in at some point, but the walls were rebuilt with stone and wood, a stark contrast to the marble of the original structure. There are torches around the property, but the empty windowpanes are covered by furs. There is a short steel fence, rusted and falling apart in some places, probably left from before the war, but again, fixed in some places too. There are guards at the fence and you can see a horse inside the fence, near the back of the house that looked to be dozing but raises its head at your party’s approach.

“Stay here, Skai Heda,” Jess says before approaching the guards at the gate.

Jess exchanges quick words with the guards and they shoot you quick glances before nodding and Jess waves you forward.

You all approach, still on your horses and Jess addresses all of you.

“Heda can see Shai Heda, but the rest of you can’t go in. This is her private home. I will take you to somewhere you can stay. Is that alright, Skai Heda?”

Bellamy tenses behind you and you know he’s about to protest, not wanting to leave you alone, but you speak up first, “That’s fine, Jess. But you must assure me that none of my friends will be harmed, not under any circumstances.”

Jess gives you a solemn nod, “I swear to you, no harm will come to them.”

The ferocity in her eyes when she promises reassures you, and so you nod and dismount. It isn’t much trouble for you now, but you know that in coming months, that action will be nearly impossible for you.

Jess takes the reigns of your horse, with Bellamy still astride it, and begins to lead them away, Octavia and Lincoln following close behind. You watch as they get further from you and Bell turns around to shout, “Be careful, Princess!” and then they are out of sight.

At that, you turn to the guards who are going to take you to her and look at them expectantly.

The guards are not fazed by your look and one picks up a bin by his feet, “You must completely
disarm before you enter.”

That seems reasonable, so you start to remove your weapons. First is your go to handgun, then the knives, one on your left hip and another strapped to your right thigh, and finally the blade that you keep in your sleeve, ever since Finn. That’s all you have on you, but the guard pats you down anyway. His proximity lets you sniff out that he’s an alpha, but you know that since you’ve been spending so much time in close with Bellamy, he won’t be able to smell that you’re an omega, let alone that you’re pregnant. Only someone who was familiar with your scent would be able to pick apart your and Bellamy’s scents and find the subtle change in yours.

Once the guard is assured that you have no more weapons, he leaves the bin with his counterpart and leads you onto the property. The lawn is grassy and a bit unkempt, the lawn left to grow but obviously cut at some point. He takes you up to the door and knocks firmly on the door, not too loud but enough to be heard.

You wait behind him and in a moment, the door is opened by a woman. Her hair is cropped short and close to her head and you catch her scent, plainly beta. She looks at the guard and her eyes flit to you for a moment before the guard says something to her in their native tongue. You don’t catch much but when you hear her title and then yours, you can piece together what he’s saying to the beta. Her eyes widen and she nods quickly before ushering you both in.

The guard turns to you as you step inside, “You must be quiet, the young ones are sleeping.”

You don’t know what he means by this, but you nod and make sure you don’t make too much noise. They take you to the back of the house and open the door to a room, motioning for you to step inside and wait. You didn’t get a good look at the rest of the house on your quick journey to this room, but this looks to be an office. There is a large desk in the corner, completely covered by a large map and more maps cover the walls. There are fur rugs on the floor and the one couch in the room is draped in one large fur, you assume from a bear. There is a fireplace opposite the couch, unlit but the ashes make you think that it housed a fire not so long ago. A bookshelf takes up one corner, stocked full of all types of books. You are drawn to it, leaving your back to the door, examining the varied spines as you wait.

You are so engrossed in the books that you are taken by surprise when the door swings open. The opening of the door brings a familiar scent, one you have tried to forget for months. Her scent is everything you had dreamed of back on the Ark, sprawling forests of endless trees, days spent swimming in warm lakes, the sun brushing your cheeks as you bask in its rays. But her scent comes with an undercurrent of steel, a harshness that you hadn’t imagined up in space, but one that you know is necessary for life on the ground. Her scent encompasses your world and you wonder if that’s why you were attracted to her, or if this is all caused by your ever changing pregnancy hormones.

You don’t turn as she enters, not even when she closes the door behind her, you don’t think you’re ready to see her, but you know that this is something that you have to do. You have to face her, to tell her about the life you’ve made together, the child you can feel fluttering in your womb.

She is standing very close to your back when she first speaks, “Clarke. I had not believed when they said you had come.”

You stiffen at her voice, but steel yourself.

You turn.
There she is. Commander of the Twelve Tribes, Heda, the one who sired your child, the one who left you to die.

Lexa.

Chapter End Notes

You ever look at the stuff you've written and are just like, What the fuck, me?
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

so here's this shitstorm
trigedesleng is in italics mostly because i'm lazy

Chapter Notes

so like, sorry for the wait, what with finals and then graduating and then a bunch of
other shit, i've been kinda busy. but i am now officially a high school graduate, though i
am still trash and cannot promise chapters faster. also, this chap is not on par with the
others, just saying, and i didn't even like review it too much cause it'll just depress me.
so here ya go

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The sight of her jars you. You hadn't braced yourself as well as you'd thought and the sight of her is
a separate experience entirely.

She hasn't changed much in the months since you'd last seen her. Her face is clean of dirt, blood, or
war paint, still that placid mask that you've seen break in the throes of passion. She wears loose pants
and a tank top, her muscled arms on display and her feet bare. She looks more relaxed than you've
ever seen her outside of sleep. She doesn't even have her ever present dagger with her and this is a
surprise to you. The sight of her immediately brings back the last time you saw her and you tense,
stepping back to put more distance between you. You may be here to tell her about your baby and let
her be in their life, but you don't have to be close to her yourself.

She takes notice of your step back and if you weren't watching her so closely, you wouldn't catch the
quick flash of hurt on her face before her mask is back and she too steps back.

But what right does she have to feel hurt, you think. She was the one to betray you, she left you. She
made the decision to take the deal and leave you and your people to die, she left you and put you in
the position to kill all those people. She doesn't have the right to feel hurt, you think.

"Lexa."

She meets your eyes and hers are guarded, obviously having read your body language. At you
speaking her name, she nods and you watch as she takes a deep breath. You know what is going to come next.

In the second that she really notes your scent, you see her tense. You watch the change in her, her fists clenching, making the hard muscles in her arms stand out, her jaw working, her back straightening, and her chin tilting just that little bit up. If she wasn't closed off before, she definitely is now. Bellamy's scent is strong on you from how close you've been with him as of late and you know what it must smell like to her. You're just grateful that she isn't close enough to you to be able to pick out your altered pregnancy scent under Bellamy's, you're happy that you had inadvertently put that space between you.

"Clarke." Her voice isn't as open as before, the hopeful edge you'd heard when she first greeted you is gone now, hardened and cold, "I suppose my congratulations are in order, at your new relationship."

She is cold and it makes your hackles raise. Who is she to be talking like this to you? She has no right to feel hurt even if you did get into a new relationship. Her words make you angry and you don't really want to be angry, you didn't come here to fight with her.

"Lexa." Your tone makes the warning in the word clear.

She huffs out a breath and redirects the conversation, maybe she doesn't want to fight either, "Is there a specific reason you sought me out? A reason you are in my home at this hour?"

You let out a deep breath and center yourself, you should take this opportunity to tell her about the baby, but for some reason, you stall. You know you need to tell her, but for some reason, your bravery has abandoned you so you stick with something easier, anger, "There is a reason. But I think we need to address something else. You can't talk to me like that, like you have a right to look down on any relationship I might or might not have."

She gives you an incredulous look, "What do you want me to say, Clarke? That I am sincerely happy for you? That I do not hate the smell of someone else on you?"

"You have no right to feel like that!" you're steadily getting louder, ignoring what the guard had said to you upon entering, but you can't find it in you to care, "We had an agreement, a treaty! And you left us to die! After everything, after I let you knot me, you still left us, left me!"
"Clarke," Lexa's voice is a harsh pseudo whisper, "Keep your voice down!"

"You don't get to tell me what to do!" you're nearly yelling at this point.

"Clarke, do not do-"

"Heda…"

She cuts herself off as you hear a small voice and the door to the room creak open. You both whip your heads to the side to see a little girl pushing open the door.

She can't be more than three or four, barely reaching the doorknob while on tip toes. Her hair is the palest blonde you've ever seen, bordering on white, where skin like porcelain. Her eyes are nearly shut, her having obviously just been rudely awoken, but you catch a quick glimpse of crystalline blue eyes.

She toddles about two steps into the room, dragging a small, tattered blanket, before Lexa rushes over to her and sweeps her into those strong arms.

"Little one," Lexa has lapsed into the grounder language and you are lost, "What are you doing up?"

The girl clearly understands because she sleepily mumbles something back, "It was loud."

You watch as Lexa bounces the child and smile softly as the little girl clutches her blanket and rests her head on Lexa's shoulder, "I am sorry, we will try to be more quiet."

The girl nods and peeks around Lexa's shoulder to look at you. When she sees that you caught her looking, her face flushes and she hides it.

"Heda, she has hair like mine. Nomon?"

Lexa stiffens and you wonder why when her eyes flit to you for a quick moment, "No, love, not nomon."
You see the little girl nod and you're about to speak up, but the beta from before bursts in, saying something in rapid fire trigedesleng.

"Heda! I am so sorry, she slipped out of her room and past me and-"

Lexa cuts her off, "It is not a problem, just take her to bed now and make sure she sleeps again."

The beta nods frantically and bows shallowly in respect before taking the child from Lexa and hurrying out of the room.

Your mind is in a frenzy at this point. Who is that child? What is she to Lexa, why is she in her house and going to her for comfort? Is she Lexa's child? Does Lexa have other children? Does Lexa just go around siring children? What does this mean for your baby? These questions buzz around your mind and you're having a hard time focusing on one question at a time.

Lexa turns, her face, previously softened for the child is hardening again, and meets your eyes, "I apologize for the interruption. Now please refrain from raising your voice, lest you wake the others as well."

Others?

You decide to start with the easiest question, "Who is she?"

Lexa's face is blank when she answers, giving nothing away, "That is Rylai."

Her response basically gives you no information at all and her obviously purposefully obtuse answer just makes you angry again, "Alright, but who is she to you?"

Lexa doesn't break eye contact, if anything, her chest puffs up a bit, maybe to brace herself or maybe in pride, you can't really tell, "She is one of the children in my care. As Commander, all orphans are put in my care and under my direct protection and supervision."
This jerks your train of thought to a stop and redirects it. Lexa probably has a whole hoard of children to take care of, does she really need your baby? Would she react well to the news of yet another child that she would be responsible for, even if only partly? You're unsure of the answers to those questions, but you came all this way to tell her and this new information just makes you think that she might be more receptive to the idea of raising your baby, since she's already helping to raise the ones here.

"Lexa," you break eye contact for a moment, taking a deep breath and bathing yourself for a moment, before staring into those guarded eyes once again, "I came here to tell you something important. I didn't come to fight and I'm sorry that I lost my temper."

She inclines her head in acknowledgment, "Fine. What was it you came all this way to say?"

At this you start to take steps toward her, "I need you to scent me again, look past Bellamy and tell me what you find."

You've put yourself in her space and you stay completely still as she leans in. You know you asked her to scent you, but being in such close proximity with her and not having the former trust in her puts you on edge. She leans in and puts her nose just a hairs breadth from the skin of your exposed neck, inhaling deeply a few times, her body loosening at first when she scents that Bellamy's scent is just on your skin and not mingled with your own and then tensing. You know she has picked up the subtle difference in your scent, the pheromones that tell her about the life growing inside you.

"What is this, Clarke?"

She doesn't lift her head from by your neck, her words puffing out against your skin and making you shiver. Just because you don't trust her, doesn't mean that you are no longer attracted to her.

"I think you know what it means, Lexa."

Your voice is quiet, softer than you want it to be when talking to her. You still haven't forgiven her and you don't want to show any tenderness to her yet, maybe not ever again, but for some reason, maybe your hormones, you can't bring yourself to be harsh when talking about your child.

Her hands, previously clenched fists at her sides, slowly release and raise, hovering about an inch away from your waist. You know she wants to touch you, that her hovering hands are her waiting for permission, but you can't handle that just yet, so you back out of her space, putting some space
between you. She looks at you longingly and her eyes keep darting down to your stomach.

"You mean- you are- and it- it is mine?"

This is probably the first and the last time you will ever see the stoic Commander so flustered and stuttering and if you were in the right head space, you'd probably enjoy it, but all you can do is meet her gaze and nod.

She lifts a foot and looks like she's going to take a step toward you, but you hold up your hands, halting her immediately, "I just- I know that I'm carrying your baby and all, but I still haven't really gotten past what happened, with the Mountain and everything, so I would really appreciate if you didn't try to touch me."

Her hands drop to her sides at that, her shoulders slumping and you don't want to think about the intense look of disappointment on her face causes a pang in your chest. Her eyes drop from your abdomen to the found for a moment, and then she collects herself, spine straightening and head raising, Commander mask back in place.

"I understand, Clarke. I will keep my distance, if that makes you more comfortable. I will do anything in my power to make you and the child more comfortable."

You search her face for any evidence of deceit and when you find none, you release a deep breath, "Well, I was wondering if I could stay here. I can't go back to Camp Jaha after the Mountain."

She nods solemnly, "Of course. I will support you and the child, you can live here for as long as you choose."

You sigh (you seem to be doing that a lot lately) in relief this time before something else occurs to you, "And my friends, Lincoln, Octavia, and Bellamy, can you promise me that they will be safe and can live here in Polis too?"

You watch the subtle twitch of her lip and pick up the faint scent of aggression on her at the mention of your friends, "You want me to pardon two traitors of the clan and the alpha whose scent was all over the mother of my child?"

You meet her eyes even in the face of her ire, "Yes. They are part of the reason that I'm even alive to
come here and tell you about this baby. Octavia and Lincoln are only 'traitors' (you use air quotes here, even if you know she probably won't get it) because they decided to stay and fight with me after you decided to abandon me. And you have no right to be angry about Bellamy because at least he was there for me after everything that happened."

You know you're starting to get angry again, so you take a deep breath before you start to yell again. Lexa just looks at you, nearly beseeching before she responds.

"Clarke," her voice is soft, like when she said she cared for you, except this time you don't just blindly accept what she says, "I had to make that choice. I had to put my people before myself and what I wanted. I told you, I had to make the choice with my head and not my heart."

You scoff, "Yeah, I remember. Do you mean to tell me that I'm your heart? That you love me? Or is that just what you tell yourself to help you sleep at night?"

She is rigid and you know you're opening a can of worms you're not ready for, but you need answers, you need to know why.

But as if she can sense your growing fatigue, she shakes her head, "We are not doing this right now. It is late and you need rest. I will take you to a room and we can discuss this in the morning."

You want to argue, to keep talking, but when you open your mouth to respond, all that comes out is a yawn. Your cheeks color in embarrassment when she gives you a look and you follow her out of the room.

The hallways are dark, but you can see that the walls are bare. They are obviously taken care of with attempts to clean, but you can see how the years and the war took it's toll on the building. She leads you back to what must have been the foyer and leads you up the staircase and to a hall that has rows of closed doors on either side.

She catches you looking, "The children are in most of the rooms, but there are many and they usually choose to sleep together in piles rather than on their own, so we have extra space."

She takes you to the end of the hall and opens the door on the right, "This will be your room. If you need me at any time, my rooms is right there," she gestures at the door across the hall.
You nod and look in. The room is simple, worn hardwood floors like rest of the house, a chest for clothes probably, and a bed. The bed is a raised platform with what looks to be a torn and many times repaired mattress and a couple of pillows and blankets. It is sparse, but it's all you need and you're grateful for it. You turn to thank her, but she has already fled across the hall and you only catch a glimpse of her as she closes the door to her room.

Her retreat should have been expected, but it takes you by surprise. But what can you expect when you tell her that you're carrying her baby but still can barely stand being within five feet of her. You sigh and go into your room.

It only takes you a moment to free yourself from your outer layers, grimacing as you see the clothes your mother made you wear from the Mountain and from catching a whiff of yourself. You're going to have to ask Lexa if there's any place where you can wash at the nearest opportunity.

You get to settling into your new bed, hoping that tonight you won't be plagued by nightmares, but you now you usually aren't that lucky. You spare a thought to your friends, hoping that Jess has kept her promise and that they're being kept safe and sound, before you're falling into an exhausted slumber.

You don't know how, but you're in the Mountain again.

The control room is just as you remember it, all the computers and screens with information that would take too long for you to analyze, the empty chairs, the stale air that the bunker is known for. Only this time, you're alone. No Monty, no Bellamy, no one.

The lever seems bigger than you remember, but it is still primed to do the same thing it did the first time. It seems to loom in front of you, mocking you with the fact that you know what you're going to do, what it will do to not only all those people, but to you. But you'll pull it anyway, because you already have.

You move closer, put your hand on the lever, pull, and wait.

You hear nothing from your spot in the control room, so you open the door and step out. You can smell the fresh air as it rushes into the bunker and you start to smell something else as you make your way down to the mess hall. You know that's where all the people were and you know what you'll...
see when you get there, but you can't seem to stop your legs from taking you there.

The walk takes only a few minutes, and in that time, the smell has gotten stronger and you know that once you open the door it will hit you full force. You reach the door and use a pilfered key card to get the door open.

If you thought the smell was bad from outside, once the door is open, you nearly gag. You know what happens when they are irradiated and the smell of their burned and ruptured flesh is unbearable to your sensitive nose. You want to turn back, but you can't.

You forge onward, trying to keep from vomiting, and find yourself in the middle of the hall, surrounded by the bodies of the Mountain Men.

You look around and take it in. There are people slumped at tables, faced down in food or fallen sideways off of chairs. People on the ground, limp and still. What gets you most is the little bodies, children, crumbled on the ground or curled up on larger bodies, probably those of their mothers or fathers.

You can see the radiation damage that killed them on every visible inch of their skin.

You don't realize you're crying until you feel a tear drip off of your chin.

You stare quietly at the bodies for a long while before you realize that they are moving. You stare in horror as, one by one, they start to rise, eyes hollow and accusatory and trained on you, and close in around you.

You want to run, try to get your body to listen and get you away from the mass of zombies, for a lack of a better word, but you stay rooted in place as they mob you.

They converge around you, skin mangled and wounds gaping, and you see Maya at the forefront, leading the mob.

You want to scream when they finally get to you, touching you, grabbing at you, but your mouth stays shut and you can do nothing as they start to tear at you, ripping open your flesh like you let the radiation do to theirs.
You don't wake until they finally kill you.

The first thing you notice when you jerk into wakefulness after your nightmare, is that you're not alone in your room.

It is still dark out, the beginnings of the sunrise just barely peeking out past the clouds. Your room has but one window and it doesn't provide for much light in the room. Your eyes whip from one corner of the room to another, searching for the source of your unease, the nagging feeling at the back of your neck, and quickly land on a little head of dark hair.

There is a little girl peeking her eyes over the side of your bed, dark eyes examining you curiously. This must be another one of the orphans Lexa was talking about.

"Hello," your voice is rough from sleep and your dream, but you hope you don't scare her.

She drops out of sight at your voice and it takes her a moment before her head peeks up again. You offer her a weak smile and you see her start to rise from her position on the floor.

She's small, her dark hair only just falls past her chin and her body language is awkward and closed off. She seems nervous and you think she can't be older than eight years old. She stays at the foot of your bed, wringing her hands and looking at you, she takes a quick breath before speaking.

"You smelled scared."

You have no idea what she just said and you realize that any child that is this young probably doesn't speak English yet and so you won't understand them if you don't learn their language. As of right now, you need to figure out why this little girl is in your room.

"I'm sorry," you raise your hands in a soothing manner, speaking slowly as if that will get your message across, "I don't understand."
She takes a moment and tilts her head to the side. Your confusion must be blatantly obvious because she tries to elaborate.

"Uh, y-you," her English is heavily accented and broken, "af-afraid."

She points from her nose to you and back and you understand suddenly. She had smelled your fear from your dream from whichever room she was in and came to investigate, only to find you having a nightmare.

You don't want to burden a child with your bad dreams so you offer her another weak smile. But your smile must have been weaker than you thought or she sees right through you because she slowly approaches the side of your bed and climbs in next to you.

"I he-h-help."

You don't know what to make of this little girl, but you move over to give her room and she settles herself on the bed before reaching her arms out to you. You give your first genuine smile at the gesture, but do move toward her, if only to humor her. She wraps her arms around your neck and you stiffen but she just pulls you close to her and starts petting your head. It takes you a moment to relax again and once your muscles loosen, you feel the little girl relax as well.

Not a moment later, you hear a soft rumbling from the small chest next to you and you realize that the girl is making the universal contented noise and that she's limp, obviously asleep against you. It surprises you, that this child can feel so comfortable with you at just meeting you, but the warmth of her small body and her steady purr are comforting in a way you can't remember ever having and it starts to lull you to sleep. In a matter of minutes, you're out again.

This time you don't dream at all.

Hurried footsteps and jumbled words wake you next.

You're still laid by the little girl and she stirs when you sit up, looking around the room for a moment before looking you with a shy smile. You both hear more jumbled yelling from the rest of the house, and she must understand what they're saying because her eyes widen and she is bolting to the door.
You watch her open the door and step out, calling out something that causes the rushing and yelling to stop. It takes but a moment and then you watch through the open door as the dark haired little girl is grabbed by an older girl and pulled into a hug. The other girl pulls back almost immediately and holds the dark haired girl by the shoulders and seems to be scolding her. The little girl takes the scolding with her head down and an apologetic look, but when the other girl pauses in her tirade, she is immediately whispering something and pointing back into the room, pointing right at you.

The older girl whips her head to the side and locks eyes with you, glaring at you and pushing the younger girl behind her in a defensive fashion. When she speaks, her words are accented and harsh, but thankfully English.

"Who are you?"

She doesn't give you a moment to respond, because on her next breath, she is shouting *Heda!* with all her might.

You're stunned for a moment, and within seconds, you hear hurried steps up the stairs and Lexa is rushing into the hall.

She was obviously doing something physical because she is in nothing but a breast covering and tight shorts, a thin sheen of sweat covering her and a sword in her hand. Her hair is tied back in her array of braids, but some small hairs have escaped and are stuck to her face and neck by sweat. She rushes to the child's side and gives her a thorough look over, probably looking for any damage.

"Are you alright? What happened?"

She glances quickly into the room and makes brief eye contact before scanning the whole room for the imagined threat.

This gives you a chance to examine the older little girl and you can see that like the dark haired girl from last night, she wears a nightgown, but unlike the dark haired girl, her hair is a dark red and long, held back in twin pigtails.

Before Lexa can do anything crazy, like start to search the rooms, the redhead girl tugs on her arm, the one not holding the sword, and gets her attention.
"Who is," she starts in the grounder language, but you see Lexa giver her a look at she stops short before switching to accented English, "Who is she? I thought Noire had wandered off and I found her with this woman."

The redheaded girl then crosses her arms and gives Lexa a glare that you think she means to be intimidating, but it only makes you want to smile at how cute she is.

Lexa relaxes when she puts together that there is no real danger and she lowers her sword, smile coming onto her face as she looks down at the little girls. "Your English is getting better, Severa," She makes sure to pronounce her words, in English, and you know it is for the children's benefit. She glances back at you quickly to find you watching her and you think you must have imagined the faint blush on her cheeks, "and I will introduce her to everyone downstairs after everyone has washed up and had their morning meal. She is no danger to you, and I expect you to be kind to her."

She whispers the last part so you don't quite catch it, but it's none of your business anyway, so you can only be grateful when Lexa then begins to shoo the children back down the hall and downstairs, the redhead (Severa, you assume) pouting and the dark haired little girl (Noire, you think) looking back at you and offering a small smile and wave.

Once the children are down the stairs, Lexa comes into the room and addresses you.

"I apologize for their behavior, Clarke. Your arrival was sudden and you are a stranger to them."

You go to finally get out of bed when she starts talking to you and by the time you respond, you're walking towards the door and therefore, her.

"It's alright, like you said, they don't know me so it's only natural for them to be curious or cautious."

You offer her a small smile and she nods, "Well, you must be eager to wash yourself, I'll take you down to the baths if you would like."

That sounds wonderful, and exactly what you need, so when she turns and walks down the hall, you follow eagerly.
She leads you through the house and you both maintain silence. But as you walk, you can't help but take in the sounds of the house waking up. You can hear the rustling of bed sheets and the groans of sleepy children from the rooms you pass and it lifts your spirit. The sounds of this house, of children, of life, makes the guilt that is constantly on your mind and the weight in your chest feel just a little lighter. It's not that there wasn't life in Camp Jaha, but in there, the lives were dark and heavy with all that they'd been through and adding their weights to your already insurmountable one, you just couldn't shoulder it all. But here, these children are light and as carefree as one can be on the ground.

Being lost in your musings, you don't pay much attention as she leads you down a staircase and into the basement. But the second you're down there, you immediately feel the humid warmth of the room and you take it in. The room is large and lit by candles throughout (probably not the safest thing, you think, because if one of them tips into something it shouldn't, the whole house could go up) and a large (and by large, you mean huge) clawfoot tub sits in the middle of the room. The tub is full of steaming water and there is a table off to the side with an array of bottles that you assume are soaps and such. You stare in amazement as Lexa goes over to the table and picks out a bottle.

"I had this filled in the hope that you would bathe this morning," she walks over to the tub and pours the substance from the bottle into the tub while you try not to be offended at her statement, you might not be the cleanest, but you don't think you smell that bad, "you smell of forest and Alpha."

You should have assumed that it was a possessive alpha thing and you would fight her, but you do want a bath, so you grit your teeth to hold back your comment and nod at her.

The tub starts to bubble and you catch Lexa's eyes and look at her expectantly. You kind of want to get into the tub before it cools but you are loathe to get undressed in front of her. She looks perplexed for a moment, but she gets it suddenly and nods stiffly before walking quickly to the stairs and taking her leave.

"I will send someone down with clothes and come to retrieve you for a meal and to meet the children, we can speak after," she calls from the base of the stairs, not looking back at you as she begins to ascend.

Once you hear her reach the top step, you methodically disrobe, leaving your dirty clothes on the floor a few feet from the tub. When you're fully nude, you take a moment to look down at your body. You are a bit thinner than you think you should be, your ribs a bit more pronounced than completely healthy, but otherwise you see nothing you should really worry about. You can see that your breasts and hips are still full, probably getting fuller with your pregnancy and then your eyes fall to your stomach. You're still mostly flat, but below your navel, where you know your womb to be, you see the slight bump, the beginning curve of life in your body. Your hands instinctively go to it, running your palms across your smooth skin, feeling the firmness that protects your baby. You're pulled from you musing by a shiver as a draft breezes by and caresses your nude form.
You continue to hold onto your bump as you carefully get into the tub, and once you are immersed in the sweet smelling, warm water, you allow your mind to drift again. What kind of future will your baby have? Will they grow up here, among the grounders? Will you take them back to Camp Jaha and raise them with the values the Ark instilled in you? What would be best for them, now that they're going to be born here on the ground? They'd probably be better off here with the grounders, but you don't know all that much about their culture or what a childhood among them entails. Can you trust that your baby would benefit from being around them? And what about Lexa? She seems to want to be there for this baby and be a major part of their life, but you still don't trust her. After what she did, can you really trust her with raising a baby with you or will she abandon you both again if she thinks it's necessary?

You sigh, your life is just so uncertain at this point and there are so many variables. So many things can go wrong and you don't know if any of the choices you've made so far have been the right ones. You want to give your baby the best chance, but so did the people on the Ark when they sent you down here, and look where that got you. Just because you mean well, doesn't mean that it is the best course of action. You can only act and hope for the best.

The water is cooling at this point, so you must have been in there a while, but you don't notice the time passing until you hear steps coming down the stairs. You look over your shoulder and see the beta from last night setting some clothes and a towel down by the foot of the stairs before quickly retreating back up.

That must have been your cue to wrap it up, so you slowly raise from the water and get out, leaving a trail of scented water behind you as you go to the clothes.

It takes no more than two minutes for you to efficiently dry yourself and dress, and by the time you're done, you hear Lexa at the top of the stairs.

"Clarke? Are you ready?"

Time to meet the kids.

Chapter End Notes

also (if you made it this far) i just wanna say thanks to everyone who left kudos and/or commented, ya'll are literally so great and i would reply but i feel kinda awkward doing it, but like if you wanna message me on tumblr (t--dactly.tumblr.com) or something, yeah, you don't have to be on anon, i'm marginally friendly and mad decent usually
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

so this is pretty fluffy i guess, lots of kids

Chapter Notes

okay so, i've been really fire emblem and steven universe AF recently so you can blame that for my updates (or lack thereof) and also i am trash at any type of scheduling and i procrastinate. my writing process is just yolo

important- in this, Lexa isn't g!p, in my mind's omegaverse, she's got vag biz and stuff and can get pregnant herself and in certain situations her clit become like a phallus that can knot and impregnate, so that's why this isn't tagged g!p

also, as mentioned by Iki_Hiyori in a comment, i fuckin love fire emblem so the kids are the kids from fire emblem awakening (except Rylai), this isn't a crossover so i'm not tagging them, but they're in there so

speaking in grounder is still in italics (i'm so lazy)
all mistakes are mine

See the end of the chapter for more notes

What you guess to be the kitchen is a barely controlled chaos when you are lead in.

The beta woman (you should really ask for her name) is getting food ready while glancing at the children intermediately, and she looks relieved when you and Lexa walk in. The children are either sleepily seated at the table, still not fully awake for the day, or fully awake and rushing around and talking in loud jumbles. There’s such a mess of action, you feel a bit overstimulated for a moment, but at the moment the children catch sight of Lexa, most of them stop and some of the younger ones rush toward her.

“Heda!”

An excited chatter rises as the younger children surround her, most not even taking notice of you. But a few do stop to examine you. The redhead from earlier, Severa, is seated next to two dark haired children, neither of them the dark haired little girl that you’re pretty sure is Noire. She seems to be whispering to them and casting furtive glances at you, but you can’t tell their reactions because the boy is wearing a mask and the girl has the best poker face you’ve ever seen.
You think maybe you should ask Severa what she’s telling them, but your attention is pulled away by a tug on your pants. You look down and see Noire at your side, looking up at you shyly and smiling a bit.

“Hello again,” you’re smiling in return and your voice brings the attention of the children around Lexa.

The horde stops fussing about her and she lifts her head to look at you as well. When you glance at her, you want to laugh because the children have definitely gotten the better of her. She hadn’t put on any more clothes from when you saw her earlier, but now she has children hanging off of her. A sandy haired boy is hanging off her back from his grip around her neck, another brunet child is hanging from one arm, Rylai is holding the other hand, and two children are on her legs, one latched onto each calf. She was smiling at the children and when she makes eye contact with you, she keeps that smile and it’s something so pure and happy, something that you’ve never seen on her face. Something so soft that it almost feels like you’re intruding on something, because you’re all but certain near no one has seen her like this.

“Children,” she calls before lapsing into the grounder tongue, “there is someone that you must meet. She will be staying with us for a while.”

At her serious tone, the children let go of her and stand calmly to listen to her, many pairs of eyes flitting over to you before going back to Lexa.

With the children calm, you can finally see how many of them there truly are and by your count, there are only nine of them. You’d thought that there’d be more for some reason, but you guess that since the grounders are so into family, the extended family or friends must take in any child that is orphaned. In their relative calm, Lexa introduces you.

“This is Clarke, this is Clarke.”

At your introduction, all their eyes lock onto you and they examine you closely, curiosity in their faces. Their scrutiny makes you feel a bit awkward (you didn’t deal with many children on the Arc or here on the Ground and you’re not sure how to act around them) and you wave a bit. You receive a couple of smiles back, and then Lexa goes about introducing the children.

“Noire,” the girl from last night, you’d known.
“Severa,” the redhead.

“Kjelle,” the dark haired girl next to Severa, the one with the poker face.

“Gerome,” the boy with the mask.

“Owain,” the sandy haired boy who was on her back.

“Cynthia,” one the children that was latched on to her calf.

“Inigo,” the brunet who was on her arm.

“Morgan,” the brunet child on her other calf.

“And you already know Rylai.”

You’re thankful that there aren’t more of them because the names would be even harder for you to remember, but you have experience learning new names. You’d had to very quickly learn most if not all the names of the hundred when you’d basically became their leader here on the ground. You don’t think it’ll be that difficult for you to memorize the names of these kids.

After the introduction, an awkward silence seems to fall of the room, something you don’t think happens often in this house, that is only broken by the beta announcing that the food is ready. The children scramble to the table, the older ones taking their time, all eager for their morning meal. You’re left standing there awkwardly as Lexa goes to help the woman serve the food, that is until Noire notices you and takes your hand, leading you to the table and sitting you next to her and across from Inigo. Severa is on Noire’s other side and she has a sour look on her face and looks about ready to say something to you, but the dark haired girl, Kjelle, whispers something in her ear that makes her sit back in her seat with a huff, arms crossed.

Lexa and the beta dish out food, a mix of fruits and berries, bread, and bits of meats, and the children are all quick to start devouring their food. With your morning sickness is all but gone these days, you’re not too put off by their ravenous behavior or the smell of the meats, but you don’t have much of an appetite anyway. You eat slowly and you catch Noire looking at you curiously more than one
throughout the meal, but she doesn’t question you, so you don’t bring it up.

With the way the children eat, you aren’t surprised that they finish very quickly. With their newfound energy, the children are starting to bounce around the kitchen again by the time Lexa does something about it. She claps her hands to get their attention before addressing them.

“Go to your rooms and prepare for your day, your tutors will be here soon.”

At this, some of the children groan while others just nod and with a final look from Lexa, they all file out of the kitchen and you can hear them tromping up the stairs. When they’re gone, you’re left sitting awkwardly at the table with Lexa and the beta woman is puttering around the room, cleaning up the mess the children left.

“What did you say to them?” you ask Lexa, if only to break the silence in the room.

“I told them to go to their rooms to get ready for the day because their tutors will be here soon.”

“Tutors?”

She gives you a wry smile, “You think us totally uneducated? We may not be on the level of the sky people, but we do know some things.”

You flush in embarrassment at her comment, “I didn’t mean to infer that you were uneducated, I just-I’m sorry.”

She gives a soft huff of laughter at how flustered you’d gotten, “It is alright, Clarke, there is still much you do not know about us and how we live here.”

She meets your eyes and you can see the softness that she had with children still there, but now it’s directed at you and you don’t know how to handle it. Her betrayal is still fresh in your mind, but when she looks at you like that, it makes you want to push everything aside and just melt into that gaze, to open yourself to her, let her past your carefully built walls (now that much taller since the Mountain) and give yourself to her. Forget what she did and let that unfamiliar softness wrap you up and keep you forever.
The eye contact becomes too much for you and you break it, choosing instead to look over at the beta woman. Lexa notices your avoidance and wisely chooses to change the subject.

“I apologize, I have forgotten to introduce you to the caretaker of the children and the house,” at her words, the beta turns from her cleaning and smiles at you kindly, “This is Ella.”

The woman comes over as you stand to greet you with a subtle bow of her head, “It is good to meet you, Skai Heda.”

You smile at her, even if the title makes you a bit uncomfortable. You’d noticed nearly all the Grounders call you that, but the title feels heavy on your shoulders now and you sort of want to push the memories of your leadership and the things you had to do in that position to the back of your mind. Ella means no harm when she calls you that so you can’t fault her for it.

“Please, call me Clarke, and it’s nice to meet you as well, Ella.”

She looks to Lexa for a quick moment, and you realize that she is looking for confirmation that she can call you your given name rather than your perceived title. She receives a curt nod and turns back to you with a smile.

“Clarke then,” she says before turning back to her tasks.

At her polite dismissal, you turn to see Lexa rising from her seat at the table, “Clarke, if you would follow me, it seems we have much to discuss.”

She leaves the kitchen then, and you are quick to follow her the short distance to her office. Once there, she closes the door and turns to you.

“I would ask that throughout our conversation, we keep our voices down. The children will be just down the hall and I would not like for them to overhear us.”

You’re a bit offended that she’d start with that, that she’d assume that you’d just go off the rails and yell when you knew that there were children around. You might have raised your voice last night, but knowing what you do now, you wouldn’t consciously yell in the presence of the children. You don’t mention any of this to her though and just nod, not wanting to start something that would probably aggravate you enough to prove her assumption right.
She accepts your tacit reply and gestures to the couch, “Would you like to sit?”

Her offer might be just a gesture of good will, but you don’t want to sit, to give any ground, so you shake your head and start talking.

“Look, I can only image how you treat traitors here, but I can’t let you hurt my friends.”

You can tell she didn’t expect you to jump right in, and you see her momentarily caught off guard before the softness you’ve seen in her eyes all morning hardens and she addresses your statement.

“They may be your friends, but Lincoln and Octavia chose to disobey direct orders from their superiors and their Commander. That offense is punishable by torture and death. My word is law, Clarke, and they disobeyed me.”

The harsh way she says this riles you up, but you’re conscious of the children in the house so you keep your voice low and step closer to her, “They disobeyed you because you were leaving us to die. They knew you were wrong to abandon us.”

Her face is a cold mask now, but you see exasperation seep into her eyes at your words, “I made that choice with my people’s best interests in mind. No matter how much I wanted to stay with you and fight with you, it was not what was best for my people.”

“Oh yes,” you spit your words like venom, “what was best for you was to leave my people to die, like you keep saying. Mine for yours. But what I don’t understand is your logic. If you’d have stayed, we could have gotten our people out without me having to-” you pause, having to bring up that which you wish to forget, “having to kill all those people.”

She seems like she is going to snap back at you, but at your falter, she sighs a bit before responding, “You want my logic? The Mountain Men had no need for my people anymore. They already had yours and what do you do with things you do not need? You get rid of them. Do you think they would have let my people live? That they would have just let them go when they could possibly be a threat later on? They would have killed all of my people in the Mountain, hundreds of my people, had I not made that deal. And I am not just making assumptions, when that man from the Mountain came, he detailed to me how my people would be put down and their bodies discarded as if they were trash.”
This revelation from her takes the wind from your sails, “Lexa…”

“Do you know how many children were in my care?” she continues, “How many parents were in the Mountain? I made that decision with those people in mind. I have to put my people before anything else. You, as well as anyone, should understand that.”

This brings about a pause in conversation, you having to take time to let all of this sink in. You’d known subconsciously that she had her own reasons for what she did, but having it all laid bare for you, put in front of you so frankly from Lexa, you need time to process it. You understand her loyalty to her people, but you’d thought that she might have shown that sort of loyalty to you as well. You want to hold your ire, because that seems to be the only thing that keeps you going when you’re faced with what you’ve had to do, but it is fading as your understanding overshadows it.

“I get what you’re saying, I just don’t know why you had to just abandon me like that, after everything.”

She sighs, “I care for you, Clarke, very truly. But my duty as Commander comes before me and my desires. My people come before everything. You made the same decision.”

You don’t want to be reminded of what you did for your people, but when she mentions your decision, the lever and the bodies flashes through your mind and you feel a bit lightheaded. You sag, your knees weakening, and immediately stumble yourself to the seat in the couch that Lexa had offered earlier. She reaches for you when you stumble, but you still don’t really feel comfortable with her touching you, so you jerk your arm away as you sit. She looks worried and a bit dejected, but she doesn’t comment on the avoidance.

“Are you alright, Clarke? Is something wrong? Is it the child?”

You shake your head, one hand gripping your knee and the other running through your hair, “It’s nothing; I just need a moment.”

Her gaze over roves you for any sign of visible illness before she grudgingly nods and backs away a few steps to give you space. After a moment, your mind steadies and you glance up at her.

“Lexa, I don’t want to fight with you. I admit that I’m still pissed at you, but I don’t think fighting with you is worth the energy. All I ask is that you let me stay here and not hurt my friends. Can you do that? Don’t you think you owe me this after what’s happened?”
You meet her eyes as she stands, silently mulling over your request. Her face is impassive, neutral to a fault and making you anxious. If she decides that she wants to go after your friends, you can’t possibly stay here. No matter how much you’d hate going back to Camp Jaha, if you can’t guarantee their safety, you aren’t going to risk their lives or let them be executed. After agonizingly long moments of her either staring into your tired eyes or at your slumped position, she sighs.

“They will be spared. But be warned, if they so much as bend another rule, I will not hesitate to kill them.”

You sag in relief at her admission and spare her a shaky smile, “Thank you Lexa, they won’t cause you any trouble.” You hope.

She looks away, “You are welcome,” she coughs lightly, “Well, the children should be done with lessons soon, I should get out there.”

She goes to leave the room and your eyes follow her to the door, “What happens after their lessons?” you take in her outfit again, barely forcing away a blush at her revealing attire, “And why are you dressed like that?”

She looks down like she’d forgotten what she was wearing or she just didn’t think as much of it as you did, “This is what I wear to train,” she brushes off your second question like nothing, “After lessons the children have a midday meal and then move on to training.”

She heads out of the room and you follow, “All the children train? Even the little ones?”

She doesn’t even glance back, continuing down the hall to where you can hear children, “The younger children are not allowed to use weapons just yet, but they are encouraged to build strength in play and grappling. The older children train with me with weapons and more realistic fighting.”

By the time she finishes, you’re already at the room that houses the children, so you don’t question her further. At her entrance, the children all but toss asides their study materials, much to the annoyance of the tutors. The younger children scramble to leave, but Kjelle, Severa, and Gerome stay behind to clean up with the three beta tutors.

Lexa calms the children with a few firm words and waits for the older children to be done straitening up before she leads all the children toward the kitchen. When they arrive, there is already food set out
at the table and the children descend upon the food like they hadn’t just eaten a meal a couple hours prior.

They finish quickly, probably all eager to get to training with Lexa, and wait on Lexa to lead them to the back door. At the door, Ella waits with a pile of shawls and light jackets for the children. As the children dress to go out to the brisk air, you watch Ella quietly offer Lexa a shawl to cover herself and Lexa firmly refuse it. Ella shakes her head disapprovingly but does not purse it, leaving the shawl to the side and helping Rylai into her parka.

In moments, the children are ready and burst into the yard. They rush off of the small deck that the door lets out onto, running in different directions. You’re about to follow them down the steps, but Lexa says your name to stop you, rightfully assuming that catching your arm would not be welcome.

“I think it would be best for you to sit up here while the children train. It can get a bit rough and I do not want you involved in your condition.”

You give her an incredulous look, “Lexa, I’m not that far along, I can stand around and watch kids roughhouse.”

She looks like she wants to argue with you about this, but she hears Owain call out to her from across the yard. She gives you one last look before rushing out to see why he was shouting.

Once she’s gone, you can take in the yard. The left side of the yard is taken up by an archery range that spans from the end of the deck all the way to the back fence a good ten to fifteen yards away. Apart from the range, the yard is pretty much just open space with a shed to the far right corner, assumedly filled with training equipment, and a latrine just off to the right of the deck. You can hear shuffling outside the fence and you can only guess that there are more guards around the perimeter of the property. There is a bench just off the porch, overlooking the yard, so you decide to slightly heed Lexa’s words and sit there to watch.

You can see the kids crowded around the shed as Lexa gives the older ones actual weapons and the younger kids wooden staffs. Only Rylai, Inigo, and Morgan were not given weapons. You’re busy watching Lexa smile at the kids while doling out weapons to notice Ella taking a seat next to you. You are taken by surprise when she speaks.

“Heda is very good with them. She thinks of them all as her own children.”
You look over at her, at the fondness she displays fully on her face, whether for the children or for
Lexa, you don’t know, “I can see that. Can you tell me why Noire, Owain, and Cynthia got
weapons and Inigo, Morgan, and Rylai didn’t?”

She nods, “They only receive practice weapons once they have passed six years. Inigo is only in his
fifth and Rylai and Morgan only in their fourth.”

You’re curious now, “How old are they all exactly?”

She graces you with that fond smile and you figure that she’s just a genuinely kind person, “Gerome
is the oldest at fourteen, and he is a beta. Kjelle is thirteen and recently presented as an alpha. Severa
is twelve and has yet to present. Noire is seven, and Owain and Cynthia are six, with Cynthia being
older.”

You glance at all the children in turn as she tells you their ages and you can see how Lexa interacts
with them. She is gentler with the younger kids, guiding them with care and mostly letting them
figure things out for themselves when it came to how they wanted to tussle. The youngest kids were
kept away from the middle of the open space, put to the side so that they wouldn’t be hurt while the
older kids trained alongside them. You watch as Lexa shouts over the fence and not a moment later,
a large grounder is vaulting over and coming to her side. She tells him something softly and he nods
before joining Rylai, Morgan, and Inigo in playful wrestling. You watch as he shows them how to
knock down an opponent, taking over for Lexa as she goes over to Owain and Cynthia.

Cynthia and Owain both had wooden practice staffs and were just wildly hitting them together while
shouting. Lexa is quick to go up to them and grab the tops of their staffs before they clash again. She
talks to them quietly for a moment and they look down for a moment before she says something and
they perk up again. She takes the staff from Owain and demonstrates an attack and parry move
before handing the staff back and standing to the side as they try to replicate it. She shows them a
few more moves before leaving them to practice together and walking over to Severa, Kjelle, and
Gerome.

The three oldest each have very different weapons. Severa has chosen a sword, Kjelle a sort of spear
and heavy shield, and Gerome an axe. They take turns facing off and seeing who can pin the other.
They fight hard, at times dropping the weapons and straight out fist fighting, but you can see that
they aren’t truly hurting each other. Lexa joins them, letting Severa and Gerome spar and challenging
Kjelle. You watch Lexa fight, how she seems to pull her punches. Her fighting against Kjelle is
controlled, trying to do as little damage as possible while still toughening her up. Kjelle puts up a
good fight, her style of attack controlled and focused, almost the same as Lexa’s, but in mere
minutes, Lexa has her pinned face down on the ground. She doesn’t hold here there, letting her up
and checking her, but Kjelle is smiling and nodding to whatever Lexa is saying.
Lexa spends more time with the older kids than the others and as she trains them, your gaze wanders and you see Noire alone at the archery range. She stands by the quivers with a bow nearly the same size as her and looks at the targets with fiery determination. Seeing her all alone hits something in your chest and you stand to join her, not even paying attention to the slightly concerned look that Ella sends you.

As you approach, you see Noire knock and arrow and draw back the string of her bow. She takes a moment to aim and just as you’re getting close to her, she lets the arrow fly and it buries itself deep into the center of the target, right next to about a dozen other arrows.

She looks up at your approach and smiles, “Clarke!”

She hops in place excitedly at your presence and you smile at her genuine happiness.

“What are you doing?” you make sure to speak slowly so that she can translate for herself, you hope she knows enough to speak with you because you know little to none of the Grounder language.

Her face scrunches with thought for a moment before she smiles, “I am… well? With bow.”

Her mistake is endearing and you correct her gently, “You are good with a bow.”

She smiles up at you and nods, “Clarke, watch.”

She turns back to the target and preps another arrow. She takes a calm breath and as she exhales, she releases the arrow and it buries itself in one of the arrows already in the bullseye. She turns to you, beaming.

“That’s amazing, Noire!” you say, genuinely impressed at her skill at such a young age.

She gives you a confused but happy smile, probably not recognizing ‘amazing’ but obviously happy with your praise nonetheless.

It’s at that moment that Lexa walks up with Severa following close behind. Lexa’s face is neutral, but Severa is glaring at you from behind her, still suspicious of you, especially since Noire seems to
have taken a liking to you.

“Noire,” Lexa says to get her attention, “can you show me what you can do?”

You don’t understand, but Noire surely does, because she turns back to her target, in moments hitting the bullseye for what must be the twentieth time this afternoon.

She looks to Lexa for validation and is not disappointed when Lexa gives her an encouraging smile, “Very good, Noire. You are very skilled.”

Noire positively preens at what you assume is praise and quickly embraces Lexa around the waist before looking to Severa. Severa has taken a break from glaring at you to smile proudly at Noire, but the moment Noire turns back to you, her glare is back.

Noire looks at you shyly and you smile at her brightly, very proud of this child that you don’t really know for some odd reason. You haven’t even been here a full day and you’re already getting attached to these kids.

Logically, you know that getting attached to any of these children is a horrible idea. In this life on the Ground, with so much death everywhere, there is a very high chance that any of these kids could die very suddenly. But seeing these kids, so alive and happy, makes you want to be happy here with them, to watch them live and live yourself as well. You’ve felt dead inside for so long now and you think that being around these kids is going to help you to recover and maybe dig yourself out of the dark void you’ve been in since the Mountain.

You’re pulled out of your thoughts when you hear crying from across the yard. Everyone in the yard seems to freeze and you all jerk to look at the source of the noise.

It’s Rylai, sitting on the ground and crying loudly. You, Lexa, and Ella are rushing to her side in a flash. At the attention, she cries harder.

Lexa is the first to speak, “Little one, what happened? What is the matter?” she is soft, murmuring to the distressed child.

The large grounder that was watching over the children speaks up then, “She was sparring with Inigo. I think it is her wrist. Should I go for a healer?”
Lexa doesn’t respond. She looks down to see that Rylai is cradling her arm and the little girl flinches away when Lexa goes to touch it. You’re standing on the sidelines, wanting to help but not knowing if it’s your place to step in. It is only when Lexa gives you a pleading look that you step closer and kneel down.

“You’re going to need to calm her down if you want me to take a look at her wrist,” you whisper softly to Lexa.

She nods resolutely and her face softens again as she looks to Rylai. All the children have gathered around at this point and Ella and the other grounder keep them from crowding Rylai, “Clarke is a healer, she can handle this,” she addresses the large grounder’s previous question.

Lexa then speaks softly to Rylai again, “Little one, can you calm down for me? Clarke can help you, but she can only help once you have calmed down. I know it hurts, but I need to you be strong for me.”

Her words are soothing and she settles on the ground, pulling the little girl into her lap and cradling her. The words and contact seem to do the trick, because Rylai’s tears slow and her wailing quiets to just soft sobbing and snifflies.

“Will you let Clarke look at your arm now, little one?” Lexa murmurs into the child’s hair.

Rylai nods minutely and Lexa makes eye contact with you, nodding herself to give you the okay to examine Rylai’s little arm.

It takes a few moments of gentle prodding and moving her wrist to determine that though it isn’t broken, it is badly sprained. You tell as much to Lexa.

“She’ll need a splint,” you say, “and a sling. She should also sit out on training for a bit and not put too much strain on that wrist for a while.”

Lexa nods before calling for Ella to bring the things you’ll need to splint Rylai’s wrist. Ella is back in moments and in less than five minutes, Rylai’s arm is splinted and in a sling. Through the whole process, Rylai had been quiet, only soft snifflies escaping her and when you’re done, she seems to be exhausted because she is nearly falling asleep in Lexa’s arms.
“She needs rest,” Lexa starts, she calls to everyone gathered, “no more training today, go back inside.”

You can smell the agitation coming off everyone as they file past into the house. One of their own is hurt, one of their youngest and it sets them all on edge. Inigo especially smells off, an acrid scent of sadness and guilt. You don’t want to admit to feeling it too, but that doesn’t stop you from staying close to the little girl nearly sleeping in Lexa’s arms.

Ella speaks as she follows the children into the house, giving Rylai a worried look, “I will try to keep the children entertained until dinner time, so that she can rest, Heda.”

Lexa gives her a nod and Ella leaves, herding the children into the spacious living room. Lexa stands with Rylai in the hall and glances at you.

She clears her throat, “I have things that I still must do today, and Ella has the others. Clarke, would you watch over her while she rests?”

Looking at how small and vulnerable Rylai looks, you couldn’t possibly say no, “Of course. Could she stay with me in my room?”

Lexa nods and shortly, you are settled in your bed with Rylai asleep next to you. “I will have Ella bring you up some books when she has a moment,” Lexa announces before quickly walking out of your room, giving you no time to respond.

You spend the rest of the day there. Ella does bring you some books, random ones obviously having survived the war and all these years, if only barely, and a candle to read by when the sun starts to get low. At dinner time, Ella brings food for you and Rylai and when you wake the little girl, she refuses to leave your side and insists upon sleeping with you through the night. You couldn’t bring yourself to say no to her, so your night is spent protectively curled around her little body. You fall asleep hoping that not every day you spend here is this chaotic and wondering what Lexa’s business was, but you don’t dwell on it.

You’re relieved when you sleep without dreams.
SO! this was a little shorter than usual, but whatevz, thank you all again for your support (your comments literally brighten my day) and i'll see you next time hopefully
hey everyone

Chapter Summary

sorry, but this is it guys

Chapter Notes

so, i know i haven't updated this fic in forever and for that i really apologize. initially it was because i had just gone off to college and things got hectic and stressful and so i had less time to write for this and update, but then the lexa incident happened and i just, well, i lost the motivation and inspiration to write this or to write for the 100 fandom at all. it really fucked with the way i thought of the 100 and my drive to finish this fic. i did want to finish but i honestly can't really bring myself too, but i know that's kinda unfair to everyone that did like this fic and was waiting on an update (i know how it sucks to have a fic you like just stop updating and never start again with no closure). a nice anon on tumblr asked if i could post what would have happened in the fic, had i actually continued writing and finished it, so this final 'chapter' is the part of what would have been chapter five that i had written and a compilation of my notes on what would have happened in the story.

i'm sorry that it's ending this way and i'm sorry if some of you are disappointed. it was a good run, but this is it for give me fuel, give me fire. RIP

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It takes a week of vicious arguing and angry glaring for Lexa to agree to you seeing your friends.

You’d been demanding to see them since the day after you had arrived, wanting to make sure that they were safe and alive and that Lexa hadn’t gone back on her word. You’d discovered that her business on the day after your arrival was to go and see to it that her guards gave them a place to stay and would keep an eye on them and you hadn’t stopped worrying since. You probably could have snuck out, but since her injury, Rylai has nearly been attached to your hip and panics if you’re away from her too long.

On the day that you and Lexa had agreed you would see your friends you are awake early and have Rylai up and dressed by the time the other children are stirring from their beds. Since Rylai is still injured and shouldn’t be put under the stress of your leaving, she is to come with you to your meeting with your friends, as well as Lexa and a group of guards of her choosing.

The fact that Lexa wants to keep you confined to her house infuriates you to nearly an unhealthy degree. Who is she to tell you when you can leave or under what circumstances? She isn’t your alpha and even if you’re carrying her child, you’re still your own person and should be treated as such. You know in your mind that she just wants to keep you safe here, in a place where you don’t know the customs and your inner omega preens at the thought of such a strong alpha wanted to take care of you, but in your rational mind, you can’t seem to get past her trying to put restrictions on you
and what you can do. You actually kind of hate it and you’re starting to resent her for it, you appreciate what she’s doing for you, but that doesn’t mean that she can control you.

But this is the way it is for now and you push those thoughts to the back of your mind for a time after you’ve seen your friends and make sure they’re safe. You’ll confront Lexa about this later, when the threat to your friends is lessened or gone.

So you swallow your pride for now and allow Lexa to do what she thinks is right. And at this point, you’re getting to the point where maybe a little bit of protection won’t be so bad. Your stomach is swelling to the point that there is no denying that you’re nearly five months pregnant. Your poor health mentally and physically kept you small for someone carrying a child, probably too small to be healthy, but now that you’re doing slightly better, you’ve started to put on more weight and the swell of your stomach and breasts is undeniable.

With these thoughts, you walk into the kitchen where all the children have congregated like every morning and when you walk in carrying Rylai, most eyes glance at you, but just as quickly disregard you. You’ve lost most of your novelty by now, having been here for a few days. Severa still glares at you, but the other children have seemed to get used to your presence and have grown fond of you as seen by Noire and Rylai.

You eat what you can quickly and as soon as Rylai and Lexa are finished you all bid the children and Ella goodbye with promises to be back before dinner and head out into the streets of Polis.

You haven’t really been out of the house during the day since you arrived, so when you step out of the front door, seeing the mess of people past the front gate, you are once again surprised by the amount of people that live here. If you thought it was busy the night you arrived, that is nothing compared to now, all the people busy and bustling around the city. The only thing you can think to compare it to is the videos you saw of the streets in what was once New York City before the bombs. There are so many people, definitely more than were ever on the Ark and it makes you a bit uneasy, but you can’t let it show. Rylai must sense your discomfort because she tugs on your hand from her place beside you on the porch and gestures to be picked up.

You smile at the little girl, happy for a distraction from your sudden anxiety, and pick her up, holding her close to your chest. She snuggles into you and you feel a bit of you tension release from your frame. Lexa had watched this whole short exchange and you catch her staring as you look at her. Her face doesn’t change, but she turns briskly and goes to lead you to the gate around the house and the small group of guards that wait there for you all.

At the gate, the guards offer you the weapons you’d left with them the night of your arrival and you shift Rylai to hold her in one arm while you re-arm yourself, making sure to keep any weapons out of Rylai’s reach. The little girl looks at your gun curiously but doesn’t go to reach for it and you’re grateful for that. Once you are all armed, Lexa leads you out of the gate and the guards (you count five) form a protective formation around you all.

The crowds on the street part for you on sight, but many stare as you pass and you try not to fidget under their eyes. Rylai is a solid and comforting weight in your arms and you use her as a distraction from their scrutiny.

You’ve picked up some phrases in the Grounder tongue in the past few days, so you use your minimal knowledge to try and talk with the child you’re holding.

“You happy?”

Rylai looks at you in confusion before looking to Lexa, calling out to her. You turn to see that Lexa
was watching you try to speak with the child, a soft smile on her face.

“Heda, what she mean?”

Lexa’s eyes dart away from Rylai for a moment to meet yours before she looks back at her, “She wanted to know how you feel.”

Rylai pauses for a moment and you wonder exactly what they’re saying, but after that pause, Rylai turns to you with a bright smile, “I good, Clarke!”

You might have overestimated your understanding of their language because you started this and now you’re completely lost, but Lexa jumps to translate, “She said that she’s good, Clarke.”

You nod and smile warmly at the little girl in your arms and she giggles quietly before laying her head back onto your shoulder and you hug her a little closer to yourself.

You don’t know if it has to do with your inner omega or your pregnancy hormones, but you’re feeling exceptionally maternal to this little girl, as well as the other children in Lexa’s home. You mentally tell yourself that you really should distance yourself, that you don’t even know these kids, but when you hold Rylai close like this, you can’t help but think of her as a child that you have to protect. It must be in your DNA because your father also had that instinct to protect and put others first and that might be your downfall, with all the things you’ve been willing to do for the hundred, and what you might do for these children.

You’ve been walking for a bit now, Rylai nodding off against your shoulder (it’s a lot of excitement for her and it is still very early in the morning), but the formation of guards around you starts to slow, prompting you to take in your surroundings.

This is a ways from the center of the city, but by no means at the outskirts. The buildings don’t look as well preserved as the ones in the middle of the city, but they are by no means just tents. What is left of the buildings are dark grays and browns, fortified by metal pieces obviously scavenged from old world things. There are leathers blocking up holes in the walls and wooden structures holding up walls and ceilings in some places. It looks like what you’ve come to expect from Grounder civilization and it doesn’t much surprise you.

There’s what seems to be a blacksmith’s shop at one corner and at your approach, Jess exits the building, smudged with soot and sweaty but bowing her head respectfully at yourself and Lexa.

“Heda, Skai Heda, greetings.”

Lexa moves out of the formation to greet her properly, “Jess. I take it that you have been keeping our guests well?”

She phrases it as a question, but you can feel the dominance and demand in her voice.

“Of course, Heda. They are just inside.”

Lexa nods, “Bring them out.”

Jess nods quickly and bows before turning and re-entering the shop. In less than a minute, in which time Lexa has instructed the guards to spread out and patrol the perimeter and placed herself very close to you and Rylai (almost uncomfortably close), Jess comes out leading Octavia, Lincoln, and Bellamy.

Your friends look no worse for wear and do not look to be unhappy, so you don’t have anything to
complain about. They even seem to be wearing new clothes and Bellamy and Jess keep shooting each other what they think are discreet glances.

Upon seeing you, Bellamy moves quickly past the guards and to your side.

"Clarke," he starts, looking you over quickly, "Are you alright? Has she been treating you well?"

You smile at his concern, but frown when you notice that his speedy approach has startled Rylai and made her bury her face in your shoulder.

"I could ask you all the same thing. I'm fine, what about you guys?"

Octavia walks up, eyeing the guards and the child clinging to you, "We're alright, Jess has been keeping us holed up in her place, but it hasn't been too bad. She's got some badass weapons in there. But forget that, what's with the kid?"

You glance down at Rylai to find her peering at your friends cautiously, "She's one of the orphans that Lexa takes care of, she's taken a liking to me."

A look passes between your friends but you don’t pay it any mind, instead you turn to Lexa.

“Can you help me introduce her to my friends?”

Lexa looks at your friends with obvious distaste and thinly veiled distrust before catching Rylai’s attention.

“Little one,” she says softly (it must be a term of endearment, you assume), “there are people that Clarke would like you to meet.”

The child in your arms lifts her little blonde head and looks to your friends, “Hello,” her voice is quiet, timid, and she buries her head in your neck again right after her greeting.

Her shy actions cause you to smile fondly down at her before looking back to your friends, “Her name is Rylai, she doesn’t speak English yet.”

Your friends nod, but it is surprisingly Lincoln that steps forward and addresses the child.

“I am Lincoln. Clarke is very nice, I can see why you like her so much.”

Rylai looks at him after he speaks and addresses him, “Clarke smell nice, good to me. Clarke is nomon.”

Whatever she says causes Lincoln to let out a surprised laugh and smile brightly at the child, “Clarke is nomon?” he says, looking at Lexa, knowing she hears and understands this whole interaction, even though you don’t. you wonder what they’re saying, but with the bright look on Lincoln’s face, you don’t worry too much, putting it in the back of your mind to ask Lexa about it later.

Rylai nods solemnly at whatever Lincoln just said (something about you from the sound of it) and then snuggles closer to you. You stroke her back softly as you return your attention to your friends.

“Lexa has promised to spare you all, on the condition that you don’t do anything that’ll make her rethink her decision. So basically you’re free to do whatever you’d like as long as you don’t cause any trouble here.”

Your words don’t seem to sit right with Bellamy though.
“So what? We’re just supposed to let her dictate what we can and can’t do or she’ll have us killed?”
he steps closer to Lexa getting in her space, “Don’t think I’ve forgotten your betrayal at the
mountain. You’re the one who should be seeking forgiveness, not handing it out like we were in the
wrong. You left us to die, you turned your back on us.”

He’s all but growling in her face and you can feel the tension in the air. The Grounder guards are
tense and moving closer as if to attack and the light attitudes of Lincoln and Octavia have darkened
at the reminder of the mountain. Rylai whimpers in your arms and you watch as Lexa’s commander
mask turns to stone and she meets Bellamy’s burning glare with an icy one of her own. She raises
her hand to her guards, stopping their approach and signaling that she can handle this on her own.

“I did what was right for my people. My decision was made with my people in mind and what
would save the most of them.”

Her words only seem to make Bellamy angrier, “Your decision left all my people to die. You left
Clarke to die, even after you knotted her.”

Lexa visibly tenses at his mention of you, “I do what I must to ensure the survival of my people.”

“And fuck the rest of us, right?” Bellamy scoffs, “You’re just a coward. Some bitch alpha who will
fuck someone and then betray them without a second thought. I don’t know why Clarke wanted to
come and tell you about her kid, you don’t deserve to know them.”

The next moment passes too quickly for you to follow. One moment Bellamy is snarling in Lexa’s
face, and the next he is face down on the ground with Lexa holding him there. The thud of his body
startles Rylai in your arms and she starts to whimper. Octavia jolts forward to rush to her brother’s
aid, but Lincoln holds her back. The Grounder guards watch on seemingly impassive, but their hands
rest on their weapons. You move forward to intervene but Lexa shoots you a look that makes you
pause.

She leans down to speak slowly to the struggling man beneath her, “Do not mistake my silence for
acceptance of your disrespect. My actions are my own and I live with the repercussions. I do not
need some entitled, self-righteous pup berating me for my decisions. My decision was made with my
people’s best interests in mind and I do not need to explain myself to you. I know I do not deserve
Clarke or my child, but I will not have you disrespect and challenge me in front of my people. If you
cannot keep your tongue in check, I will remove it for you. I already do not like you, do not make
me have to warn you again. Do not take my kindness for weakness, I will not hesitate to kill you if I
have to.”

With one last shove of his body into the dirt, she raises and once again regains her stoic commander
façade, but you can see the tension in her body, more than usual. She refuses to look at you, eyes
looking anywhere but at your own. You sigh, watching as Bellamy shoots to his feet, angrily
brushing dirt off of himself and shooting scathing glares at Lexa. Octavia jerk out of Lincoln’s grip
finally, shooting him an angry look before going to her brother.

Lexa is the first to break the tense silence, “You are welcome to stay here, do as you wish, but be
warned. One misstep from any of you and I will not be so merciful.”

Bellamy and Octavia give her dirty looks but nod and Lincoln bows his head deeply and thanks her,
“We appreciate your mercy, Heda.”

Lexa inclines her head to acknowledge Lincoln’s thanks before turning and beginning to stalk away.
Her abrupt departure startles you and you call out to her.
“Are we not staying longer?”

She pauses and calls over her shoulder, “you can do as you please, but I have things to do today and I must be there for the children. The guards will stay with you no matter what.”

At that she continues on, her shoulders carrying that tension you think might only be visible to you. Rylai has calmed since the short scuffle passed, but she lifts her head and looks to Lexa’s retreating back.

“Heda?”

She looks to you as if to see why you’re not following Lexa, but ultimately seems to accept that you’re not going back home because she just lays her head back down.

You approach Bellamy once Lexa is out of sight and look him over for injuries. You don’t see any from where you’re standing so you can only assume that Lexa only pinned him to make a point, not to harm him, probably for your sake if you’re being honest with yourself.

“Are you alright, Bell?”

He huffs before he answers, still looking peeved that she dropped him so easily, “Yeah, I’m fine.”

“Why did you have to go and provoke her like that, Bell? You had to have known that she wouldn’t just stand there and take it.”

He gives you an incredulous look, “You expect me to not question her about what she did? To not hold her accountable for her actions? You might have forgiven her and just forgotten it, but I haven’t and I can’t just let her talk down to us from her high horse after all that.”

You bristle at his words, “I haven’t forgiven her for what she did and I sure as hell haven’t forgotten, but I just don’t see the point in provoking someone when you know you couldn’t win.”

He rolls his eyes but drops it, probably not wanting to argue with you about this specific topic, “So how have you been over there? They’ve been taking care of you?”

You’re thankful that he’s dropped the subject so you drop your defenses a bit to talk with your friends about your week with the Commander and her wards.

////////////////////////////

it is just past nightfall when you have your guards lead you back to the Commander’s home. Rylai is asleep in your arms, having had quite the exciting day and been fed dinner a bit earlier. Her weight in your arms is comforting and you wonder if you’ll feel the same maternal warmth in your chest when your own child is born and you can hold them in your arms just like this.

You pay more attention to the path you take from where your friends are staying to Lexa’s home on the way back than you did going and you’re pretty sure you can remember the way back on your own for future reference.
that's all that i had for chapter five, and then onto the timeline

so, conception, i.e. chapter 1, happened in July
then the wandering happened and she ended up back at camp jaha (all in the fic)
she leaves when she's around four months along in her pregnancy, just when she's able to feel the baby
her trip to polis takes less than a month (around november by then)
around december, she'd be five months and lexa and everyone would be able to feel the baby by then

- there was going to be a solstice celebration (instead of christmas) and lexa and the kids would take clarke into the city and show her the traditions and fun in the plaza, and then at night when they were home, clarke would tell the kids about her version of christmas and the old traditions

- around this time, clarke would be warming up more to lexa, she finds her scent comforting and the connection that she gets from being around not only lexa and the kids helps her to heal and try to, not move on, but to accept what she's done and the necessity of it

- clarke is also learning a bit of trigedesleng around this time and becoming a more mother figure or older sister figure to the kids (mother to the younger ones and older sister to the older ones)

one of the big plot points was going to be a major conflict with emerson and the ice queen

- around the sixth or seventh month of her pregnancy, a very heavily pregnant clarke would be out and about or something in the city (or something along those lines) with maybe just a few guards or whatever (no lexa) and she'd be ambushed

- emerson, angry that clarke had killed everyone in the mountain, had teamed up with the ice queen (she'd given him a highly skilled group of her warriors) in order to capture wanheda (emerson for revenge and the ice queen so that she could have the power that wanheda holds)

- emerson would hold her hostage, berating her and threatening her life, shaming her for what she did to all those people and then living with the grounders who he still views as like dirty savages or whatever

- he'd say something along the lines of "I'll cut that savage spawn right out of you and make you watch it die," (all very intense and mean like)

- clarke would obviously be afraid, more for her child than anything else, but also angry and talking back the whole time, shouting about how emerson was ever worse than those so called 'savages'

- lexa and the kids are distraught at the knowledge of clarke's kidnapping and it nearly sends lexa
into a frenzy

- lexa personally takes out a search party (which includes octavia, lincoln, bellamy, and a bunch of other trained trackers and warriors) and seachers tirelessly

- they find where emerson is hiding just in the nick of time (cause i can't deal with too much angst, and i can't stand the thought of clarke or her baby being seriously hurt)

- they sentence emerson to death cause fuck him, and they find out it was the ice queen (she's eventually killed, like in the show and roan is made ice king, cause why not)

this whole situation makes clarke and lexa really come together, realizing that life is too short and all that, and they get really gay (maybe smut there)

they're finally together again after all that and having been skirting around each other in their shared living space for months

they have more cute domestic times with the kids

- there was going to be a bit in there where one of the kids presents (severa, i'm pretty sure) and clarke comforts her through it and gives her The Talk

- this brings them closer (since severa was one of the more hesitant ones in accepting clarke)

- and overall clarke just becomes really domestic with not just lexa but all these kids (a family doesn't have to be a mom, dad, and some kids, a family could be two moms and their gaggle of once orphaned children)

then the baby would be born around April (in my head it was 4/20 because i'm really mature)

- healthy baby girl with lexa's dark hair and clarke's blue eyes (abby came and helped deliver her after clarke sends word with lincoln to the newly dubbed arkadia, because somewhere along the line here it becomes the thirteenth clan)

- they name the baby after anya (partially because i'm still also not over hear death and partially because i'm absolute shit with names and i'd rather go with the cliche than anything else)

- all the kids love the baby and think of her as their newest little sister and it's all very cute

in the end, clarke and lexa wait until clarke is all postnatal healed and cool before they really solidify their mate bond (because we all knew it was gonna happen, they're soul mates after all) and they basically live happily ever after living in polis with all their kids and ruling all these people the end

Chapter End Notes

if you stuck around this long and followed this fic through all that, i not only thank you, but applaud you
i started this what seems like so long ago (but is really only like two years, wow) and i know that this isn't the way most of you would want this to end, but this is it. it's been a time, and now it's done.
i hope y'all all do well and all that, god bless
y'all can yell at me here or on tumblr if you're too mad at me, see ya guys
Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!