Above and Below

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Summary

Clarke Griffin is known as the Slayer. When the Organization discover that the werewolves have an Alpha, and that they have traveled to the front-lines of Mount Weather, they are quick to send Clarke with a squad to assassinate it. Clarke is eager to claim more werewolf blood. But things don't go according to plan, and Clarke realizes too late that the werecreatures had set a trap. The Alpha has revealed themself but for one reason only: to capture the human's most formidable weapon, Clarke.

Notes

I actually started this a long time ago when I first came up with the idea. Completely forgot about it though. I'm very, very into werewolves, and I decided on doing a Clexa Bad Dog AU. Don't worry though, you don't even need to know what 'Bad Dog AU' means, because I've changed a lot of the rules here. I'm excited to share this, especially since the third season is finally out and the Clexa feels are strong! Thank so much for reading and I hope everyone enjoys ^^
Within the bare trees and blanketed white ground, a figure sprawled carefully in the snow. Monroe—third rank, squadron Raven, tracker and observer—blended in like nature. A thick, white uniform enveloped her body from the cold, covering her darker colours from the eye, bleeding her dry of brightness until even she felt part of the snow, of the cold and the chill. Beyond her goggles she could make out the light puff of air escaping her mouth with every exhale. But despite the cold and the frost in the air, she was content to remain on her belly, with binoculars pressed to her chin, waiting a chance to once again press to the frosty surface of her eyewear. It didn’t take long for Monroe to lift the binoculars again, and she swiftly pressed them to her goggles to survey the area for the fifteenth time that hour.

There wasn’t much to look at. Just snow, bare trees, the occasional animal and then more snow. There was also snow, and snow. Monroe tried not to let the boredom seep in, but it was taxing to relax and remain stationary for as long as she had to. When on the hunt, the chase, using her skills to track truly did pleasure her. But not this. Waiting, watching, for nothing in specific, just something, anything. It made her feel like her skills were unwanted. Monroe dropped the device yet again and let her wrists sink into the snow.

Nothing yet. Everything was quiet and cold, as it should be.

She fixed her eyes on something near, a thin tree barely standing upright. The branches were long and spindly, leaning over in all directions, almost reaching out to her in agony. Spikes of ice, all in different thicknesses and lengths, hung from various branches. The tips were sharp like knives, gleaming in the clouded sunlight, not yet melting. It was still far too early for the sun to warm anything enough to melt, and Monroe had to resist the deep desire to yawn. If not for the goggles she wouldn’t be able to see past the white horizon, where it was often covered in early morning fog.

Still, small trinkets of snow swirled to the ground, joining the already thick coat of velvety white to make it even thicker, harder to traverse. But it also covered tracks, and Monroe’s were easy to spot should someone know where to look. However, it would also cover any paw prints. It was still too early to agonize over that fact, though, so Monroe didn’t. The knife strapped to her hip, underneath her layered uniform, felt like a reassuring weight. She focused on that and let it lull her into further ease, one where the biting cold did not nip at the pink edge of her nose, or the pale line of her lips. Monroe remained still and stiff.

Another hour into her watch, Monroe resigned to the fact that she would return to camp, to her squad, without a sighting. She sighed lightly, releasing a small fog of warm breath, and then tensed her frozen muscles in her bid to climb onto her knees. But she stopped, froze and held her breath. Something bobbed into view ahead, something small, but purposeful. Monroe stilled and pressed the binoculars to her goggles again. She struggled to see properly, removed the goggles to attempt better vision, and finally saw something in the distance as she resisted a hiss at the cold lick against her flesh.

There. Right there. A figure like a mere speck in the backdrop. It flashed into view for a second, disappeared under the view of snow, and then reappeared a second later. Monroe watched, body aching and tense now. Thanks to the falling snow she was almost submerged in it, which was good, because Monroe finally realized that what she was looking at was a moving body—two, three, no, four—and they were headed right in her direction. There was a path just below the slope she had taken residence upon. Should they venture this way, they would pass by. Should they detour, they might very well step right on Monroe’s back.
Precious seconds without breathing went by. In the distance the figures grew larger. There was a rise and fall as they trod, and when they were close enough, Monroe swallowed once. Large, thick shoulders rose and fell as lanky, muscular legs pushed forward, heavy paws sinking into the ground, lifting and then sinking again. By the large torso and thin waist, Monroe identified the middle figure as a werecreature, assessing the same for the companions, one to each side and one behind. They all wore the same savage armour that Monroe had been informed of. Monroe recognized the design on one of them when they padded closer. It was plated silver, metal and leather woven into one, stretched down from a thick head to strong shoulders, down to the middle of muscular legs, and then winding around and down a horizontal spine. Just at the base, where the tail began, the armour stopped. There was as distinctive clank each time they stepped forward, but it rang in union, and Monroe strained her ears tightly to listen.

Small tufts of white air bellowed out of their noses. Their ears were up, pointed and alert. Just by looking at them Monroe knew that something was up. Rarely did a group this large walk these areas. What was even more troubling, was the figure in the front. Monroe had never heard of something like this before.

The beast walked taller, stood heavier and was generally larger than the other three, who were by far very big to begin with. This one wore armour, too, the same kind of attached plates, each shifting gently as they walked with purpose and poise, but a red cape swelled out from the shoulder pad to the creature’s right, dragging lazily along the side of them, creating an obvious trail as they went.

This was strange. So very strange. Not only was the cape an unneeded addition, it was blatantly not heard of. Werecreatures did not dress casual. They did not have clothes. They wore armour because the hunters could kill them more easily if they did not. So why was this animal, who stood so powerful and tall, wearing something so lavish, so unnecessary?

Snow lightly pelted the beasts’ armoured backs, melted as the metal must have been hot against their fur and bodies. Monroe only dared to move her eyes and followed them as they drew even closer. One minute, two, and then they were passing, giant paws slicing into the ground so close to Monroe that she could almost feel their heat. She dared not close her eyes. She dared not breathe. They walked slowly, smoothly, legs all moving as one in perfect synchronization. As they finally passed by, Monroe allowed a short, puffy breath. Somehow it had been too much, and the werewolf at the back paused long enough to throw a glance over its shoulder. Monroe tensed again, and then all but panicked when the one in the front, the beast with the cape, paused as well and turned to regard the one that had originally stopped.

Had she just signed her own death certificate?

The werecreatures stopped their trek and took a moment to flick their eyes over the snow. Monroe’s footprints were long gone by then, and being in the snow so long had left any lingering scent frosted. There was no way they could smell her, or see her, but the caped animal somehow managed to, and pierced Monroe with the fiercest look the soldier had ever suffered in her life. She expected to hear a growl, a howl of command or something, but the werewolf merely sent the one at the back a look, scuffed once at the ground and then turned around to begin walking again. Chuffing and growling under their breath, the other three followed, and then the metallic clink of their armour, the suffocating heat and pressure of their presence disappeared down the path, to the village nearby, and Monroe sat up in a flash.

She gulped in one fitful gush of air, grabbed her small bag that she had buried beside her, and then took off after the group. Part of her screamed that she should return to her squad and inform them first, but the other part screamed for her to run. Not away, but to. If she could follow the werecreatures, see who the caped one really was, then perhaps she could return with information so
valuable that she would be removed from the eternal frosty winters of Mount Weather and return to sunny Arkadia. It was a tantalizing thought, enough so, that she ignored the pummelling of her pulse, the flutter of fear in her stomach, and followed by the side of the path.

Eventually she reached the edge of the village, and she stopped when she noticed that the strange group had just arrived as well. They paused outside of the wooden gate, and the werewolf to the right of the caped one howled once, shortly, and then the gate swung open. What happened next had Monroe’s head swimming. She gasped lightly, a gloved hand rising to cover her quivering lips.

As soon as the doors ceased to move, all of the werewolves within the village, gathered near the entrance, lowered themselves, pressed their ears to the sides of their heads, and then bowed. A low, high pitched whine filled the air, touching Monroe’s frozen ears. It was a sound of surrender, of obedience and acceptance. It was a sound of many of them at once. The only one not kneeling and whining, was the caped one themselves. Monroe watched, entranced, captured, as the caped beast widened its stance, feet pressing a little further away, and tilted its head down. Its shoulders rose and the animal forced itself higher, taller, ears stiff and upright. A low rumble caused the whimpers to die out, and then the caped werewolf threw their head back and released an ear-splitting howl. Monroe slapped her hands over her ears as the sound sliced into her skull.

A second, then two, and all the other werewolves joined. They all cried out as one, heads tilted back, and howls splitting the air. Monroe had never heard such a thing before. It made her stomach churn, her pulse beat painfully in her throat. She didn’t need to think hard to know why they were howling with such power. It was a terrifying revelation.

Alpha had returned.
Clarke Griffin did not sleep. When she did, it was the cause of too much exhaustion and the fact that her eyes simply would not remain open. Sometimes, when her burdens simply became too much, she allowed herself the small luxury of rest. So when she did let herself sleep, she did not appreciate being robbed of it.

On the bedside table Clarke’s cellphone rang. She woke easily, fluttered her eyes open and then frowned in displeasure. She recognized the tone immediately, and though a small spark of interest swept through her, she did not rise to answer until the sixth ring. They needed her, she knew, and if she did not answer now, they would call insistently until she did. So with a sigh she reached out and grabbed the sleek, rectangular piece of technology that irritated her to no end. She tapped the screen once, pressed it to speaker and then dropped the phone against her pillow and buried her face beside it.

“Clarke Griffin,” she mumbled out grumpily.

“Clarke,” a stern, familiar voice filtered through. “Where are you?”

“At home,” Clarke answered. She paused, then continued. “Sleeping.”

“It’s Jaha, Clarke,” the man said, though he quickly softened his voice. “We need you at the Organization.”

“Now?”

“Now.”

Clarke knew better than to pry further over the phone. With another tired sigh—she’d probably only gotten an hour of sleep in—she threw the covers aside, grabbed her phone and then headed for her bathroom. “Be there in ten minutes,” she said. “This better be important.”

Jaha audibly sighed from his end of the call. “Thank you for not making it difficult this time.”

Clarke rolled her eyes even though he couldn’t see it. “Sure thing,” she said. Before she pressed ‘end call’, Jaha’s voice carried over the small phone speaker, soft and uncertain.

“Please hurry, Clarke. It’s a matter of importance.” And then he hung up. There was a slight quiver in his voice. The fact that it had been there at all was troubling.

Clarke dropped her phone by the sink counter. She lifted her head to stare at her reflection, at the dark circles underneath her eyes, the red rims that made it appear as though she had been crying—which she hadn’t—and the clear grungy tint to her skin. She hadn’t showered in a while. This time of the year was always difficult for her. Clarke was usually clean and mannered, but during the heat of summer, when the bright blue sky reminded her of eyes the same shade, when the warmth of the sun reminded her of comforting embraces, and when the chime of children’s laughter reminded her of her own, from so long ago, she lost a little of her edge. It had been so long since then, yet Clarke still carried the pain with her. She still felt haunted, and it showed in her eyes. She couldn’t stomach to look at herself any longer, so with a breath she stepped away and peeled her clothes off. One step at a time, Clarke moved over to the shower, and then with relief she washed the dirt and pain of the past week away. When she emerged, the true Clarke had returned.

Clarke the ruthless. Clarke the leader. Clarke the Slayer.
When Clarke stepped through the large doors of the Organization, exchanging warm air for the slight chill of the air conditioning, she was met with Wells and not Jaha. He hung around the front desk, hastily checking his watch, tapping his foot in irritation. The receptionist tapped him once on the shoulder and then pointed towards Clarke, and his gaze shot quickly to her.

“Clarke!” he exclaimed, smiling.

Clarke could barely resist a smile as she stepped closer to give the man a hug. He’d filled out a lot since she had seen him. “Look at you,” she said. “All attractive now.”

Wells hid his embarrassment with a laugh, but quickly sobered. “Look, Clarke, there’s a reason I’m back.”

Clarke sobered as well and nodded. “I was supposed to meet your father. Where is he?”

“He had to rush out. That’s why I’m here to meet with you. Come,” he took her hand in his, sent a wink to the receptionist and then guided Clarke over to the north side of the lower floor. Clarke didn’t need to ask to know that they were heading to the Organization café. She sighed and settled in for the inevitability when they requested a table for two and ordered drinks after sitting.

“So what is this about?” Clarke asked. “I was actually sleeping.”

Wells’ eyebrow lifted high upon his forehead. “Clarke Griffin actually sleeping? I’d have to see that to believe it.”

Clarke rolled her eyes and shoved at his shoulder. “Come on. It has to be super important to drag me out here so early.”

“Clarke, it’s 2 PM.”

“Early for me.”

“Right, so back to business.” Wells took a large envelope from within his coat and placed it down on the table in front of them. “You have a new mission,” he said. “I’ve chosen your squad myself.”

“You?” Clarke asked, reaching out to take the envelope. She lifted the flap to peer inside and saw papers, pictures and a small USB.

“Yeah, me. Oh and, don’t look at it now.” His hand covered her own. “Do it in private. My father expressed secrecy. He doesn’t want this to get out.”

Clarke’s brows furrowed. “Then why am I involved? I don’t deal with sensitive information. I don’t investigate. That’s your job.”

“We know that, Clarke.”

The waiter approached them with their drinks and Wells fell silent as she placed everything down on the table, asking if they needed anything else. Wells declined while Clarke ordered a large meal. For her it was early morning, and she was pretty hungry.

“Anyway,” Wells started. “This is a job that only you can do.”

“Then why do I need a squad?”
“We’re sending you to Mount Weather,” Wells confessed. “You won’t need them for the assassination, but you will need them to clear a path for you.”

“And who am I assassinating?”


This was strange. “Wells, we don’t assassinate those beasts. We tear them to pieces and we don’t do it quietly.”

“Well, Clarke, with this one we have to.”

“Why?”

“After you eat, head home. Read through the reports, look at the pictures and then watch the video.”

Clarke furrowed her brows further and peered at the envelope again. “Did Squad Raven discover something? Are they okay?”

“They’re fine, Clarke.” Wells leaned over and pressed a hand to her shoulder. “She’s fine, don’t worry. When you’ve read over the reports, give me a vid call.”

“Why couldn’t you just vid call me instead of meeting me here?”

Wells shrugged and scooted out of his seat. He straightened his coat and then reached into the pocket for his phone. “Strict orders from the boss.”

Clarke rolled her eyes. “Your father is a killjoy.”

Wells laughed and leaned over to press a kiss to Clarke’s forehead. “He is. I’ll tell him you think so. I have to go now, Clarke. This whole thing… it’s big. They need me on level six.”

“Six?” Clarke wanted to know why he had to head up to interrogation. Wells hardly spent time in the Organization building. He was usually out investigating attacks, sightings and brutal murders. All involving the werecreatures. “Be safe!” she told him.

Wells was already heading off. He threw a wave over his shoulder, and then he was gone and Clarke’s food arrived. She was tempted to have a look at the photographs as she ate, but knew not to. Jaha was serious about this, if he sent his son specifically to deliver the information. She ate quietly, wondered if she could somehow sneak a nap in before she had to figure out why she was assigned to a mission on the mountain of all places, with an actual squad. Clarke hadn’t worked in a squad in almost five years.

After her meal was done she left. Her flat was as sterile and clean as it had been when she had left, but she still went through each room, carefully studying each entrance, every bit of furniture, just to make sure nothing had been tampered with, that no one had invaded. When she was sure that she was simply just paranoid, she entered her study and dumped the envelope on the table.

Everything spilled out with ease when Clarke tipped the brown paper. She resisted the urge to reach for the pictures first, but went for the reports instead. It was from Squad raven, dated back to a month ago until yesterday. The beginning entries were boring and to be expected. Nothing happened. Occasionally the lone beast would trot by, but other than that, the squad had been shivering alone in the snow for nothing. That was, until she reached the last three entries. What was written within them had Clarke sucking in a deep breath.
Observation Report:

Date: 2/1022

Officer: Monroe, third rank, Raven Squadron, observer.

Report:

At 0800 hours today, a small group of them were spotted walking towards the Stone village. I was almost spotted, but they ignored me and stopped by the village. When the doors opened, all of the creatures bowed down. There was one, an animal bigger than ever recorded, wearing a cape. There was armour too, but it did not serve any battle purpose. It was purely for show. At 1200 hours I returned to camp. Squad Leader Raven then followed me back out to the village, and we observed as the other werethings fussed over the one with the cape. We fear what this means. This might be the Alpha.'

Observation Report:

Date: 3/1022

Officer: Blake, second rank, Raven Squadron, hunter.

Report:

We left camp at 0500 hours. No change in Stone village. Alpha remains in the open, observing other werethings, barking out what appears to be commands. They do not detect us yet. We observed until 1700 hours. Alpha remains at village.'

Observation Report:

Date: 4/1022

Officer: Reyes, fourth rank, Leader of Raven Squadron, hunter.

Report:

We confirm that the individual beast is the Alpha. A small army force has filled in from the north, surrounding the village. We no longer have any visuals on the Alpha, but at midnight each night, the creature howls. We do not know why it is here, but it is. At 1200 they appear to hunt. At 1600 they eat. We have observed, however, that the Alpha leaves the village at approximately 2000 hours each night. We have not followed, and neither does its guards. This might be our chance to attack. We await further instructions from Organization HQ.'

Clarke could hardly believe it. An Alpha? It was impossible. But she shoved the reports to the side and grabbed at the pictures. Her heart nearly stopped right then at what she saw. Clear as day, the werewolf stood among many others, but this one did indeed have a cape. There had never been any sighting like this before. The history books never spoke of caped werethings. Clarke could not even imagine how they had managed to make it—how the werewolves even made and wore armour was still much in debate. The power of the creature was obvious. The others bowing to it was a clear sign that this was some sort of leader. The fact that this was so rare only solidified the fear that this was the Alpha.

Besides the pictures, there was also a large map of the continent. Arkadia, the large city of the humans, sat low in the south, while Mount Weather sat high above in the north. The thing separating
the two was a large, thick forest. Not only did the forest cover the borderline, but it also surrounded the werecreature’s homeland, if it existed. No human had never made it through the forest or over the mountains. If they managed to bypass the werewolf forces, then the biting cold would kill them. It was almost physically impossible for humans to traverse, but they had still tried. Not even planes could fly above the land to see what lay hidden below. There was a constant storm raging above Mount Weather, around the werecreature homeland. This was where they assumed an Alpha—if it existed—would stay. Safe from the war. Safe from the storm. If that was true, then the Alpha had just made a grave mistake. It had stepped into the line of fire.

Clarke ran her eyes over the map, over the glaring hole beyond Mount Weather that had nothing in its centre because they did not know the landscape, and chewed on her lip. Within the forest there were multiple dots that identified various werecreature villages. One at the edge of the forest, Stone Village, was circled brightly with red. That was where the Alpha was. Where Clarke would be travelling to. The Alpha was her target.

A normal hunter would be terrified.

Clarke tapped at her desk and waited for the holographic monitor to materialize. Once it had, she tapped again on the holographic keyboard painted to the glass surface of her desk, and then waited until Wells’ face appeared on the screen.

“Wells,” Clarke said. “This is... this is amazing.”

Wells nodded solemnly. “It’s a chance for humanity to finally hit back,” he told her. “We had our experts analyse the footage taken. They confirm that it’s an Alpha. We can’t know if there is one Alpha only, or perhaps sub Alphas that answer to the higher Alpha/Alphas, but we’re going to run on the assumption that this one here is of incredible importance. We just got word from the Blake Squadron to the west that an army is marching down from the mountain.”

Suddenly Clarke was hit with a realization. “Wells, do you think they’re planning to go to war? Do you think that’s why this Alpha is here?”

“There’s no way for us to know for certain, but what else could it be?”

“Either they are there to protect the Alpha,” Clarke said. “Or they are there to lead their Alpha into war. Wells, we need to tell everyone in Arkadia. We need to raise the walls.”

Wells shook his head. “Not yet,” he said. “The western army hasn’t reached the Alpha yet, and they’re marching in that direction. If you can kill it before they get there, then maybe we can stop this war in its tracks.”

“And if it doesn’t? If this isn’t the Alpha, or it is and they march anyway?”

“Then we raise the walls, Clarke, and we fight.”

Clarke shut her eyes for a moment, imagining what horrors could be waiting for them in the future. She imagined the burning houses, the crumbling buildings and the people screaming, running for shelter, for safety. She imagined the bloody claws and teeth that would shred innocent people to bits. A tight knot formed in her stomach, and when she opened her eyes there was a raging fire there.

“When do I leave?”

“Within the hour,” Jaha suddenly cut in. He leaned against Wells and nodded. “Good to see your face, Clarke.”

“Am I interrupting?” Clarke asked.
“Not at all,” Kane sounded from somewhere.

“We were just discussing you,” Jaha added.

Wells seemed amused, but he didn’t play along. He grew serious again. “Clean up and head to the airport. I’ll meet you there and introduce your squad.”

“I’m seriously getting a squad? Wells, it’s too dangerous.”

“Exactly, Clarke. You need help this time.” His stern tone, now much like his father’s, left no room for argument. “I’ll see you in an hour.”

Clarke didn’t argue. She nodded, said her goodbye and then ended the call. To distract herself from the itching frustration at being forced to join a squad, she pulled the USB out and stuck it into the console under her desk. She waited a second, then scrolled through the various video files. She decided to start with the first one, and watched from Monroe’s head camera as the Alpha was first spotted. Her breath caught in her throat, and a strange, excited pulse ran through her. She had to squeeze her hands together to get her adrenalin under control. When the Alpha released a howl, Clarke quickly paused the video and then rewound it, to listen to it again. She did so a few more times, swallowing thickly, heart pounding. Eventually it became too much and she shut her computer off. She stood and headed towards her room.

There was packing to do.
Chapter 3

Clarke fiddled with the silver watch strapped around her wrist as she waited for the taxi to finally arrive at the airport. She might have fallen asleep when she had taken a five minute break on her bed, and now she was running twenty minutes late. Wells would be pissed, no doubt. And Clarke was already on edge to begin with. When was she not?

At last the car pulled up and Clarke bolted from the car. The driver would have already received his payment, though he still shouted after Clarke for money. She ignored him. He may have given her a respectful glance on the way there, but money was still in the forefront of everyone’s minds. Wearing the hunter uniform did not remove her from that fact.

Huffing, Clarke managed to keep her large sword from slipping out of the harness at her back. But the large bag in her hand did bob around crazily, hitting her leg a few times as she ran, until eventually she found where Wells was standing and nearly collapsed at his feet. She dropped her bag, leaned over and panted out harsh breaths.

“And now that Clarke has finally graced us with her presence, we may finally proceed,” Wells retorted. Clarke wanted to point out that she could kick his ass before he even had time to blink, even in her tired state, but merely straightened and folded her arms across her chest. She was late. Wells had a right to be upset. “You have all been briefed. I assume you’ve all read the reports and gone over the data. Your mission here, ladies and gentlemen, has the weight of humanity resting on it. If you fail here, you fail us all. Don’t even bother coming back.”

“You’re makin’ me tear up, Wells,” a woman drawled. Clarke eyed her, noticed that she was tall, dark and freckled, and very attractive. She had brown hair messily tied at the base of her neck and eyes so bored that she almost looked on the verge of collapse, but there was malice there, and harsh amusement. Clarke had a vague idea of who the woman was, though she couldn’t exactly think of a name.

“I’m not sending you in there without letting you know how important and dangerous this mission is,” Wells shot back. He turned and gestured for Clarke to step closer. She did, and he put an arm around her shoulder. The freckled brunette snorted. “You all know who Clarke is.”

“The Slayer,” a man voiced, dipping his head in respect. “I’ve only ever heard stories. How many of them are true?”

Clarke caught his gaze and held it steady. “Depends on what you heard.”

“And you’re the Butcher,” the brunette snarked out. She rolled her eyes at the light huff the man sent in her direction.

“Excuse you, but I was just about to introduce myself.”

The two of them began to bicker, and Wells leaned in close to Clarke to whisper. “That brunette goes by ‘The Titan’. She was part of the blood bath in 1020. One of the few that survived.”

Clarke felt a new respect for the woman, but her overall impression was still distasteful.

“Alright, enough fighting!” Wells clapped his hands and returned all eyes to him. “We can introduce ourselves on the flight out. You all know why you’re here. Before I let you leave, let me first introduce you to the squad leader, least I forget because all you idiots can do is argue.”
Clarke felt a spark of irritation, but covered it quick when a familiar face stepped forward. He sent her a harsh glare filled with every bit of rage and hatred that Clarke had felt thrown towards her by a beast on the battlefield. It made her stomach twist, but she kept her face neutral, and only when he looked away and straightened, she let herself smirk.

“Carl Emerson has eagerly joined as your acting leader. You will do and obey everything he says. Is this clear?”

Emerson straightened further and cast a smug smile over to Clarke, who only lifted a brow.

“Seriously?” Titan whispered under her breath to Butcher, who seemed to shrug and agree.

“Alright hunters, get on your plane and make humanity proud.”

They turned and hurried away eagerly, though Clarke lingered back. Wells gave her a short hug before nodding. “You can do this, Clarke,” he told her. He believed it, she could tell, but his expression still made her feel like he was trying to convey a goodbye. She playfully stabbed a finger into his stomach and then rolled her eyes.

“I’m the Slayer, remember? I can do this. I have to do this.”

She left him standing there. Her weapon pressed firmly into her back, almost humming with energy already. Her last kill had been two weeks ago, near the outskirts of Arkadia, by the western edge. A small group of werethings had ventured too close, killed an old farmer and his wife. The beasts were easy enough to dispose of. Her weapon still remembered the taste of blood. It wanted more.

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Wells had ordered them to introduce themselves on the plane, but none of them did. Clarke knew who they were, they knew who she was. The pleasantries had already passed. They were all simply eager to have this mission officially begin. Clarke was restless and uneasy.

Since conversation wasn’t one of Clarke’s favourite pastimes, she kicked her feet up and dozed off as best she could. Titan and Butcher bickered a lot, and at some point started a game of strip poker. Emerson pointedly ignored them to run through their mission briefing. When Clarke had eyed him, he had ignored her, too, and dutifully studied every report and each order.

“Have you ever killed one?” Clarke found herself asking. Her nap was over—and who was she kidding? She couldn’t sleep with the amount of adrenalin in her system—so she decided to kick Emerson down a few notches. The man was disgusting. He played more for politics than anything, and pretended that he had a harsh grasp on the nature of killing werecreatures. He didn’t.

Emerson’s eyes flicked to her briefly, disinterested, and then returned to the files in his lap. “Put your seatbelt on. We’re preparing for landing, Griffin.”

Clarke snorted despite herself. “Of course you haven’t. You’d piss your pants.”

Emerson smiled tightly and dumped the files on the open seat beside him. He roughly strapped his own seatbelt in, and then clasped his meaty hands together before fixing Clarke with what she assumed was supposed to be an intimidating glare. It only fared in making him appear constipated.

“I am squad leader on this mission and I command respect from you, Griffin. Don’t give me lip or I will have you suspended.”
“Suspended? You’d take humanity’s best soldier off the field?”

Emerson stared pointedly. “Precisely.”

Clarke rolled her eyes and then clipped her own seatbelt in. The plane rattled once, hard, but it barely had any effect on her. Emerson, however, hurriedly clutched at the cushion of his seat, face going red. He relaxed when the plane did, but he didn’t miss the amused grin Clarke sent him. He squirmed.

“I’d like to see you try,” Clarke breathed. She winked just to fuck with him, and then swiftly turned her head and blocked his existence from her mind.

There were no roads or buildings at the mountain, so the plane had to touch down on rough soil coated with snow. A path had been cleared out, but it usually filled with snow more quickly than they could shovel out. Once they were down, Clarke leapt from the plane and landed heavily on her feet. The sword at her back hummed, sensing the scent of werethings in the area. She grinned lightly to herself, already hungry for blood.

“Good day, Squad Leader Emerson,” a young man greeted as soon as they had cleared the treeline. He stood stiffly, blue and purple from the cold. Emerson merely nodded in his direction. “Squad Leader Raven requested that I return you to base. Once you have arrived, her squad will depart. Is there any other command from HQ?”

Emerson waved the man away. “That is for the leaders to discuss. How far will we need to go?”

The young soldier deflated. His eyes flicked away from Emerson as he answered, and they eventually landed on Clarke, widening. “U-um, about two hours, sir. We are forbidden from using technology in the mountain, as the things can usually detect us that way. We have to make the trip by foot. If we leave now, we should make it before it gets too dark.”

Emerson grunted and then forged forward, ignoring the hunter’s cry for him to wait, it was dangerous. Clarke tugged at the boy’s coat and smiled when he froze.

“Ignore him,” she said, winking. “He’s an old fart.”

The boy swallowed harshly. “Y-you’re the Slayer, right?” He looked frightened out of his mind, and Clarke felt her weapon hum in satisfaction. She rolled her eyes, dropped the smile and then shoved the boy away from her. So much for extending a hand.

“Yeah that’s me. So if we’re attacked, stay out of my way. You better rush forward or Emerson will kill himself before we even get there.”

The boy ducked his head in shame and did as he was told, running quickly to catch up with the rest of the squad and inform them that the mountain was dangerous and they would need to follow him. Clarke stayed far in the back, tracking their footsteps and watching the surrounding trees. So close to the edge of the mountain wasn’t as dangerous as the middle and further north, but that didn’t mean she wasn’t just as cautious.

Because even though the others couldn’t, Clarke felt eyes watch them. The smell of wereblood was close, and it made Clarke thirsty.

XxX

The camp was very small, made up only of three smallish tents—one for sleeping, one for eating and bathing, and then the third for meetings and reconnaissance. Once they reached the base, Clarke was
greeted by her long-time friends Raven and Octavia. It felt weird seeing them again after so long, but they hugged her like no time had passed. Raven eyed her weapon wearily, and Octavia commented that she was far too thin and pale. But otherwise they ignored how miserable she generally appeared, and gathered everyone together in the reconnaissance tent.

“Alright, now that you’re here, we can start planning the assassination. HQ has outlined most of it for us,” Raven began. She was commanding, which surprised Clarke. It was pleasant to experience, especially the way Emerson balked and went red with anger. He genuinely hated taking orders from those ranked below him even though their ranks were earned and his was bought.

“What time do we head out?” Clarke spoke up.

Raven glanced at her. “When our meeting is over the rest of my squad will leave. They are only here for observation and not combat, and would only stand in our way. We have troops coming in as backup if we need them. The plan is to go in hot but go in slow. Clarke, we need you to get some rest before 2000 tonight. You have approximately four hours to pamper yourself.” She grinned and winked, aware that Clarke would do nothing of the sort. “But before that we need to lay out the plans as given to us by Jaha.” She turned and slapped her hand against a black board that crackled to life with holograms. “Firstly, Clarke, you will act as a front. When the Alpha leaves the village at 2000, you will follow. You will also watch out for possible ambushes or anything out of the ordinary. Your squad will be close by. If your assassination should fail at close range, your squad will provide an easy diversion.” She turned gravely to everyone in the tent. “If that should happen, it will be a suicide mission. We won’t expect any survivors.” She turned to Clarke. “Even you, Clarke.”

Clarke took mighty offense to that. She sat up straighter and growled. “What is that supposed to mean?”

Raven sighed. “Clarke, it’s true that over the past five years you’ve killed more of them than humanity has in our entire history, but you’ve become seriously reckless and selfish. I have an entire folder dedicated to mentioning that.” She squared her shoulders, all signs of friendliness gone. “We have accounted for that in our planning though. That is why we will send you alone.”

“And when I get it done? What do we do?”

“If the Alpha is assassinated, we will return to Arkadia and raise the walls. We can’t be sure if this will spark a new war.”

“So what’s the point of this?” Titan finally barked out. She looked as cold and displeased as everyone. “Why kill this thing if it might spark a war?”

“Well, simply put, we can’t capture it,” Raven explained. “This is an opportunity like no other. If this assassination works and we put a dent in their military, then maybe we can sneak past their defences and kick some serious ass.”

Butcher lifted a brow, impressed. “They are planning to invade werewolf country if all goes well? How brave.”

“That isn’t the mission at the moment,” Raven barked out. “Please, focus on the task at hand.”

Clarke slid down on the chair, crossing her arms. The tips of her fingers were burning from the cold and her thick coat wasn’t enough to keep her warm, but the discomfort was at least something to focus on. Raven carried on, explaining procedure. Clarke shut her out. When they were done Octavia left with the rest of her squad, though Raven stayed. Clarke left to walk through the woods,
where she unleashed her weapon and began to slice at the ground.

Three more hours couldn’t go by faster. She was running on so little sleep, hyped up on adrenalin, but never had she been so ready in her life. The Alpha was here. She saw demon eyes in her mind already, snarling teeth and swinging paws. Clarke sliced a tree clean in half, huffed as she crouched down and rested. The heat of her breath swirled up in steam around her face.

The Alpha was hers.
“O mentioned something about you turning into a cyborg,” Raven teased as she paused by Clarke’s side. “It appears she was right.”

Clarke, panting, collapsed onto the snow and released a long breath. “Is it time?”

Raven rolled her eyes and helped Clarke onto her feet. “Yeah, grouchy pants. Suit up.”

Clarke sheathed her sword and then turned towards the tents, but paused when Raven sighed behind her. She sighed as well. “Say it.”

“What do you mean, Clarke?” Raven asked innocently.

Clarke turned and caught her gaze. “I know you’re thinking it. So say it.”

“Okay,” Raven shot back, face hardening. “I think you’re too excited about this. Any normal person would be shaking in their boots. But not you. What’s happened to you, Clarke? Do you live and breathe *nothing* but violence?”

There it was, just as Clarke had expected. She had been waiting for it, really. “Raven, you know my reasons. And you know me. After tonight humanity will advance.”

“But what about you, Clarke? Will you advance? Who will really win here?”

“Does it matter?”

“Hell yeah it does.” Raven stepped forward and firmly grabbed Clarke’s frozen hand. She gasped lightly and stared down at their hands. “Jesus, you’re freezing.”

Clarke felt the heat from Raven’s hand burn her skin, but she didn’t react to it. Instead she shrugged. “The pain goes away quickly.”


Clarke withdrew immediately, as if she had just been brutally stabbed. A breath hissed through her teeth, and then she glared as hotly as she could. “Don’t even go there. Everything I do is for him.”

“He wouldn’t want this for you!” Raven argued. “He would want you to be happy and healthy.”

Clarke stormed forward and pressed close to Raven, her anger washing away every other emotion. “And I am happy,” she spat. “Killing them brings me joy. It brings me closer to the one thing I need.”

“And what is that? Glory? Satisfaction? Revenge?”

Clarke stood back and turned, now really intending to get ready for the mission. But before she left, she uttered a soft, hesitant reply. “No, relief.” And then she walked off, boots sinking heavily into the freezing snow. Clarke felt Raven’s furious gaze at her back but ignored it. She had a mission to do.
A mission that was more important than her life—even than her path of revenge.

The others were prepped and waiting. All Clarke needed was to securely strap her sword to her back, and then place her special hunting gloves over her hands. Thanks to the stones imbedded in the fabric her hands warmed immediately. They glowed a warm, liquid red, almost pulsing now. The stones always reacted to her this way, and Clarke had never understood it. Out of every hunter from the Organization, none had been able to synchronize with the stones as Clarke had. It was simply one more reason that Clarke was the best, and she wasn’t one to deny that claim.

When the time finally came to head out, Clarke was bouncing on her heels. Emerson barked out last minute orders at her but she ignored him, and when they walked out, she went ahead on her own. She paced her steps carefully and followed the route Raven had laid out for her. It wasn’t long before she spotted the village up ahead, but she kept her steps light and even. Once there she crouched low between ice coated bushes, and then she waited. Her squad would be somewhere to the south of her, but she didn’t pay them any mind. In one sweep she would do this. Kill the thing and head home. Easy.

Clarke glanced at her hands. The deep red stones impeded in the leather surged and throbbed, almost greedy in their bid for death. Clarke gave the warm surface a reassuring pat, and then hid her glowing hands securely behind the bush, since their light would give her away almost instantly. She was playing yet another waiting game, but at least this one wasn’t as long.

Only ten minutes into her wait there was movement ahead. The path wound right by her from the village, worn in my feet trudging past on many occasions. Clarke held her breath and watched as finally, slowly, the Alpha emerged. It wasn’t wearing any armour, which in its own was a strange thing. Clarke furrowed her brows, and a voice sounded at the back of her mind.

Something’s not right. Too easy. Way too easy.

But Clarke was impatient, and she took this as yet another reason to impulsively jump into action. The creature ventured down the path, not noticing Clarke as it walked by. Its paws were so huge, its steps so heavy, that they thumped hard into the ground when going by. Clarke didn’t flinch at the sound, but something inside of her, the little girl that once was, shivered in fright. She shook it off and then pushed away from the bushes, following.

She followed the Alpha forty minutes down a winding, hazardous path all the way to a frozen-over lake. A small section had been broken in one corner, and the werething went there to lap at the cold water. Clarke wondered if it had made the hole, if it was really that intelligent. If they could make and wear armour, then surely there was something in those canine skulls of theirs? The thought was absurd though, so Clarke shook it aside and focused on the situation before her.

The Alpha was there, naked, vulnerable and distracted by a drink. It was the perfect chance.

Clarke slid out into the moonlight, footsteps so light that surely the creature couldn’t hear her. She gently removed her small knives from the straps against her thighs, only when she was sure that the beast noticing her wouldn’t be a problem. She stepped closer, breaths rushing out of her in very quiet gasps. Closer she went, more and more, until she was close enough to feel the beast’s heat. She gripped the knives more tightly in her hands, and then she lunged forward. Her arm swept forward, aimed right at the creature’s throat, but it suddenly moved, so quickly that Clarke’s eyes couldn’t follow. Clarke fell forward due to her momentum, and turned in time to see the huge animal running, darting through the trees.

Something is wrong here, that voice spoke again. Clarke ignored it and ran into the gathering icy fog.
It was difficult to keep up with the speed, but at least she could easily follow the large footprints. She wasn’t sure where the werething was running to, because it was heading east, away from the Stone Village. Her breaths puffed out of her mouth and her lungs began to hurt, but Clarke forged on. She had almost completely forgotten about her squad, but there were sudden voices yelling in her ear and it snapped Clarke to attention.

“Griffin, goddamn, report! We lost sight of you.” It was Emerson.

“Griffin,” she confirmed quickly, panting. “Target is running. I’m following close behind.”

“What? That wasn’t part of the plan! Return to camp immediately.”

“If we let it go,” Clarke began, running even harder, “then they know that we know, and our war is over. We will lose.”

Emerson cussed loudly. “Goddamn it Clarke, get your ass here right now. Don’t you dare run blindly after that thing.”

Clarke rolled her eyes and then switched the communications device off. She wouldn’t dare give up now. If it took all night, all week, she would hunt and kill the Alpha.

There was a large slope up ahead, mottled with wolf prints and caked in snow. Clarke internally groaned, but pushed on and began the quick, short climb. She had the vague sensation that something was at her back, but ignored it and pulled her sword from her back—the thing had almost been pleading for her since the hunt had begun. Since a stealth kill was no longer possible, she had to exchange her small blades for the bigger one.

Clarke made it to the top just as her sword’s tip sliced through the snow and lifted into the air. She inhaled sharply, cold air burning her lungs, and then she blinked and the surrounding fog lifted the slightest.

Clarke felt her blood run cold. The earlier warnings rushed back at her, taunting her. The Alpha was in front of her, standing tall, head high, hackles risen and teeth bared. It wasn’t even surprised or bothered at her presence. It stared at her, through her. Growling suddenly sounded around her, but she dared not take her eyes from the beast in front of her, even as it calmly sat down and lifted its head, high. It huffed once, almost like it was chuckling, and then Clarke was surrounded by snarling and claws ripping through the snow. She heard thuds behind her, and slowly turned her body in a way that she could keep an eye on the Alpha and glance at her back as well. What she saw set her blood on fire, and Clarke’s stomach twisted tightly into knots.

Dead in the snow were Titan and Butcher, torn to shreds. Their blood was still so warm that it created steam around them. One werecreature looked a bit scratched up but was otherwise fine. The blood dripping from its muzzle was definitely human. Clarke felt her breath hitch. Her team had been taken out? But...how?

“Clarke,” someone choked out.

Clarke snapped around and saw that another werething had approached the Alpha and had placed another human at its feet—Emerson.

“Clarke!” he drawled desperately, bleeding from a deep wound at his side. He looked far too pale. “They just… they snuck up and got us.”

Clarke felt the familiar fire fill her veins, the one that lit her heart and screamed at her to slice and slash until nothing remained before her. The Alpha was watching her carefully, studying her, and
then it stepped around Emerson and exhaled through its nose, like it was challenging her. Clarke didn’t blink. She aimed her sword forward, breathing hard.

“Come at me,” she rasped.

The Alpha’s eyes narrowed, ears flicking about. It flipped its head to the side, once, and then a werething from behind lunged first, and Clarke cut it down with ease. Another stormed at her from the side, but she sidestepped and jabbed her sword into its chest.

Two down, many more to go.

The onslaught was impressive. Ten of them. So far she had taken three down. And she would have succeeded in a fourth, but she didn’t see the fifth and ended up with a claw slashing down her back. It knocked her into the air and she went tumbling down the hill. Her landing was less than graceful, and even though her blood splattered and stained the snow, and the cold bit into her flesh, she jumped to her feet and lifted her sword in time to block glimmering claws. There was a loud screech as nails scratched against metal, and then the werecreature howled in pain—the stones had touched its skin. The others became cautious after that, though the Alpha had remained at the top of the hill to watch.

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Clarke collapsed onto her knees, panting. She could barely feel anything at all. Not the pain, not the warm blood seeping over her skin or the rush of cold wind against her battered body. Ten large bodies lay strewn on the snow, some whimpering, some dead. Clarke had defeated them all. But in the process, they had defeated her.

The Alpha casually slid down the hill, avoiding all the blood and carnage. It kept its eyes on Clarke, and that made her furious. She was definitely going to die. This was it. The Alpha was going to rip her head right off.

“Damnit,” she muttered to herself. Her sword lay quiet on the ground, almost asleep. It wouldn’t help her now. She was too exhausted to even pick it up. “Damnit!”

The Alpha stepped up to her, and Clarke waited. It used a paw to swipe at her, push her over onto her back. She could do nothing but fall over and cry out at the spark of pain. Feeling rushed back into her body. Every slice, every bruise and broken bone, made her curse her very existence. The werecreature’s ears flickered briefly at her sound of pain, but paid it no mind. It was strange actually, that it was taking its time. Was the Alpha simply more intelligent? Did it want to eat her? Drag her body back to the village for the young to chew on? Play with?

The snow kept falling, dropping on her blue skin. This would be the last thing she ever felt—liquid hate, biting cold and the hollow sensation of regret.

From the top of the hill Emerson emerged, somehow still alive, though he barely looked it. He stumbled down, his gaze flicking over to Clarke’s defeated form. There were howls in the distance, and they grew in intensity when Emerson fled into the trees.

Coward, Clarke thought fleetingly. She tore her gaze away from where he had fled, looked back up to the wolf hovering above her. It was staring, too, and then its head fell back and it howled in response.

“Let him live. Let him tell them of their failure,” a voice stabbed into Clarke’s head, making her jump at the suddenness and the pain. She gasped, wondering where the voice could have come from.
When the Alpha glanced down at her again, gaze steely but with not one ounce of hate, Clarke knew. It chilled her blood, but she knew. And then she was slipping away, and the Alpha put its teeth around her torso. She didn’t even make it until those jaws clamped down around her. Blackness barrelled in and claimed her, and then Clarke was gone, to wherever it is that people like her went. And she allowed it with relief.

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Raven paced the tent worriedly, glancing at the clock. Hours had passed since Clarke had left, and she should have receive some kind of radio communication by now. She was alone in the camp, since everyone had already left, but that didn’t bother her as much. She was accustomed to loneliness.

Just as Raven prepared to send out a message, Emerson collapsed at the entrance of the tent, bleeding profusely and crying. Raven knew without him having to say anything. She tended to his immediate wounds, packed a small bag for herself and then dragged him out with her, to the southern exit of the mountain. She pulled out a radio and then waited to connect to HQ.

“Raven to HQ, report coming in.”

“Rodger Raven, free to report.”

“Squad Emerson defeated. Survivors, one Carl Emerson. Mission a failure. Request for immediate evac.” She waited with bated breath. There was much silence over the radio, and then finally it crackled to life.

“Request approved, Raven. Plane returning for evac. Remain calm. We’re getting you out of there.”

Raven felt tears sting her eyes. Emerson was heavy, but that was barely on her mind. Clarke hadn’t returned. How Emerson had, Raven wouldn’t know. He had probably sold them out somehow, used the others as a distraction to escape. She would deal with him later on. For now she had to get them to the evac location and board the plane, before an army of werethings caught her and humanity really lost the fight.

“Clarke, I hope that by some chance you’re alive and okay,” Raven said. A single tear stung her cheek and froze, and then Raven pushed on, breaths heavy and hard.

A war was coming.

Chapter End Notes

Alright, that's all I have to post for the moment. Chapter 5 and onwards still need to be written. I hope you've all enjoyed it so far, and want to read the rest! What do you think of the plot? Of Clarke's overall attitude? Any questions or concerns? Thanks so much for reading ^^
In Arkadia, there was an old, traditional belief that all life originated from the stars, so that when life on earth ended, it would return to where it began. The belief was riddled with inaccuracy and fantasy, wishing that those that have been lost would sit in the sky as a star, forever watching over all those that remained.

Clarke wondered briefly if the old belief was true. She felt suspended, as if she was floating and constantly would. It wasn’t at all a pleasant feeling, which made Clarke wonder further if she wasn’t in hell, instead. She had killed many during her lifetime, and be it wrong or not, she felt that she deserved some kind of punishment, eventually.

Clarke was jostled and she groaned as pain swept through her almost numb body. She finally felt the edges of her conscious slip back in, chasing away that sensation of levitation, that she was floating in space, away from her violence and her troubles. No, instead Clarke found herself moving, rocking up and down as whatever underneath her moved.

Sensation was the first thing to creep in on her, forming the biting cold and pain that nipped at her open wounds. She was draped over something hard and cold, and her back was constantly pattered by splotches of snow. Each time she was shifted, the snow would move and burn her further. It was a wonder the wounds hadn’t killed her yet, or the cold. She was simply too frozen to even feel chilled—there was only pain.

Clarke heard heavy footsteps underneath her and the occasional heavy breath. The sound was familiar and oddly calming in its rhythm, soothing her panic down until she had enough strength to open her eyes and stare down at the sheets of white beneath them. 

*Them*, because Clarke realized that she was draped over the Alpha’s back. Her cheek rested against the plate of armour at the Alpha’s neck, and her arms were pressed to the sides, her hands bound by rope. She didn’t remember being put there or being tied up, and she stressed greatly at how it had been done at all.

Beasts didn’t have hands and thumbs, they didn’t know how to tie knots and take prisoners. Though Clarke’s current position spoke that yes, they did.

The Alpha’s body jerked suddenly, making Clarke suck in a sharp breath when pain cut into her ribs. The werewolf huffed and scratched at the ground, and then it paused and twitched its ears. The giant head turned, and vibrant green eyes locked onto Clarke’s face. It examined her for a minute, short, foggy breaths leaving its mouth, and then the Alpha turned back around and continued walking.

Clarke swallowed. Had the Alpha just paused to check on her? She had no way to explain what was happening. Her body ached, her mind was slipping from her, too, so Clarke dropped her head and squeezed her eyes shut.

It didn’t matter, she thought. Once they reached wherever they were going, Clarke knew that her life would end. Whether it was done slowly or quickly didn’t matter. Her life as Clarke the ruthless hunter, the beast killer, the Slayer, was over.

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When she woke again, warm hands were at her cheeks. There was a voice whispering into her ear, clearing away the cold and the pain that threatened to burn its way in. She whimpered, blurry and confused. Her eyes blinked open, but it was like her sight had been taken away. The body close to hers was impossibly hot, so much that Clarke began to sweat immediately. It took great time and effort to lift a hand, to feel for her surroundings, and she gasped when her fingertips grazed bare flesh. Whoever was at her side, holding her, was naked. And after a breath, Clarke realized that she was too.

She started to panic, but that voice covered her senses again, making her muscles melt. There was steam all around them, the heavy scent of wood and something else, something alluring. Clarke whimpered again. Her throat was dry and scratchy, far too sore for her to do anything more than make little noises. At least her companion seemed to sense her need, because a hand tipped her head backwards, and Clarke groaned at the feel of cold water dripping onto her lips. She drank greedily, euphoric for the relief. When that was done something else pressed to her lips, and Clarke’s nose twitched at the familiar smell of cooked rabbit. She wasn’t going to complain at the care, so she greedily swallowed it down, licked the fingers that had fed it to her, and heard the odd sound of a purr. She had never heard that sound before, not so closely, not so gently. It reminded her of the werewolves.

Clarke blinked and tried to see again, to understand where she was and with who. Had someone killed the Alpha, retrieved her? She couldn’t see further than the blurriness in front of her eyes. A face swam there, features bled out into nothing. The only thing Clarke could see with certainly, were the eyes of the Alpha. But they were wrong, because they were on a human face.

The person started speaking again, softly and reassuringly. Their voice was the most soothing thing Clarke had ever heard, reminding her of times when her mother had sang softly to her before she slept, brushing her blonde hair from her forehead. She relaxed without being able to stop it, and any anxiety simply washed away.

One burning hand rested on her cheek, while the other pressed to her back. The wounds there were bleeding, infected. Clarke could tell without needing to see them. The fingertips burnt at first, but then heat swelled from them, slithered along the entirety of her back until she felt her wounds stitch up, the only reminder that they were ever there was the drying blood. The hand disappeared, and then Clarke was gently set on the ground and she shuddered from the cold.

“Rest,” the voice told her. Clarke still couldn’t see them, so she stopped trying. “We have a long journey ahead of us, Clarke.”

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The third time she woke, Clarke was dressed again. She was still bound, but no longer trapped against the Alpha’s back. She could sit up if she wanted, but she didn’t. They were tracking steadily through nature, bypassing trees that became larger and larger as they went. Clarke had never seen anything like them before, and she feared that they were already at the northern edge of Mount Weather, where no human had ever set foot. She would be the first, but then, no one would ever know that.

The Alpha must have been walking all night, but they didn’t slow or even show signs of exhaustion. Clarke had slept plenty—possibly even days—and when she thought back to it, that odd moment with her nude helper had healed her, energized her. Of course, the freezing cold had seeped back in, making her teeth chatter. It was growing warmer as they went, but it was till colder than Clarke had ever experienced. She was sure that if it hadn’t been for the Alpha’s alarmingly warm body heat, she would have died from hypothermia long ago.
Up ahead the treeline broke in favour of a clearing, empty of any wildlife or warmth. The Alpha paused by a frozen pond, swiped a paw to shatter the ice and lapped quietly at the water. When it was done, it straightened and continued forward, huffing its breaths and stepping carefully around fallen trees here and there. They looked cut down, making Clarke wonder yet again, if the werecreatures were capable of that.

It was definitely too quiet. Clarke had only the Alpha’s breaths and her own mind to keep her company, but the space inside her head wasn’t a sanctuary. She analysed every minute that had swept by her from the moment she arrived at the mountain, to where she currently found herself. If days had truly passed, then Arkadia would have been alerted that Clarke had been slain. If the Organization hid the fact, they could only do so for a short period of time. Clarke hated to admit it, but her ruthless and effective killings had labelled her a celebrity. Kids loved her, wanted to grow up to be as good a fighter as her. Parents often thanked her for making the world safer for their children, and other adults commended her for her strength. Clarke didn’t like the attention, but she appreciated that they saw her as a hero and not a monster. She felt like a monster, most times. Even as she fought monsters of her own, in real life and in her head, she could never seem to console herself. Something always ate away at her. She convinced herself that it was the death of her father, the way he had simply vanished from her life that truly bothered her. Now, Clarke wasn’t so sure.

Clarke grunted softly when the Alpha paused and straightened, and then she watched in part curiosity and part fear when another group of werewolves broke through the snowy horizon, trotting closer until they were near enough to bow their heads and brush against the Alpha’s neck. Curiously, the Alpha allowed it, and then it released a low, thrumming growl and one of the creatures stepped closer. This one had scars littering their face, and a steely edge in their gaze. Clarke saw the glimmer of a tough, untouchable personality there, and felt horrified for the fact.

The group communicated for a minute or so—there were three of them, including the Alpha. When their conference seemed to end, the scarred werecreature sent Clarke a stony gaze, and then whipped their head away and huffed.

Clarke felt alarmed, but the Alpha seemed amused. It made an odd chuffing noise, shoulders quaking, and then warm fur touched Clarke’s hand, and the Alpha was watching her.

“What?” Clarke croaked out. She felt like it had been too long since she had used her voice. It sounded strange to her own ears now.

The other werethings fell into step behind the Alpha, and Clarke watched in confusion when the Alpha dropped down onto their belly and then inclined their head, almost as if to say, climb off. Clarke did so, unsure about what would happen. Were they going to hunt her now? Let her run off and chase her? She couldn’t escape yet, since her wrists were still bound, and the rope was hooked tightly to the Alpha’s shoulder plate.

The Alpha rose, flicked its ears and then started walking, forcing Clarke to follow behind. The other werewolves were behind her, watching her very carefully. Her feet sunk into the snow beneath her boots, crunching and squelching. She was still hungry, thirsty and tired, but stretching her muscles at least felt good. Her back seemed fine—like it was completely healed—and didn’t ache when Clarke stretched her arms above her head. A breeze swept by them, tossing her hair about, and the werecreature beside the scarred one let loose a giant, hard sneeze. The Alpha turned to stare for a second, and then their gaze was gone.

Clarke tried to keep up, tried to push her legs through the snow. At least it was thinning the further in they went. The amount of trees thinned out as well, and here and there Clarke started spotting a green plant or a beautiful flower. The nipping cold transformed into a pleasant cool breeze, and
finally, up ahead, the clouds broke, spilling pale shafts of sunlight down on Clarke’s sore skin. She titled her head and basked for a moment, but stumbled when she slowed her walk and the Alpha stepped too far, tugging at the rope.

“Watch it,” she growled softly, more to herself than anything, because she didn’t believe these things could understand her. “My legs are short here. I only have two of them.”

The Alpha stopped walking completely, and the other two creatures looked up in alarm. When the Alpha turned, and that burning green gaze landed on Clarke, they relaxed and seemed to almost… roll… their eyes…? Clarke swallowed.

She watched, tense and alert, as the Alpha turned slightly and leaned down toward her legs. For one long, frightening second, Clarke thought her life was finally over, but all the Alpha did was poke her with their nose, making her step away from the touch. When she did that, the Alpha lifted one leg and then slowly mimicked the motion of walking. Clarke’s mouth fell open, eyes wide. The Alpha exhaled loudly, shoulders shaking slightly, and then resumed their walk.

Clarke had a feeling that the Alpha had just made a joke, and she couldn’t wrap her mind around the very thought.

They were quickly leaving the mountain for green grass and open fields. Clarke saw no other signs of life, but up ahead she spotted what looked like a huge, wooden wall. The beasts seemed to relax more the closer they got, until finally the Alpha barked and the walls swung open. Clarke furrowed her brows, and watched with intense confusion when they stepped through and she saw… people.

Tall, muscular women stood at attention by the doors, eyes on the Alpha. When the Alpha passed by them, they dipped their heads and then shut the gate. Clarke stumbled repeatedly as she looked back at them, trying to understand who they were, why they were here. She had never seen people that looked like them before—much taller than any human, dark skinned and just… very toned. She couldn’t identify their race at all.

The Alpha forcefully tugged at Clarke’s rope, causing her to fall forward and land on her hands and knees. Around them, from houses made of wood and stone, people spilled out. Between them Clarke saw animals, large wolf-like creatures that eyed her with nothing but curiosity. When the Alpha howled, many howled back. Smaller, furrier werethings ran out into the path, barking and yipping excitedly at the large wolf staring them down. The Alpha didn’t hurt them, only nudged them aside and then continued their walk. The small werecreatures retreated to the side-lines, where human-like women grabbed them, whispering furiously. Clarke’s eyes snapped away quickly, her head swimming. The Alpha was watching her carefully over her shoulder, seeing her reaction.

Clarke, now on her feet, swayed. She felt like an alien in an alien place, and her former panic and anxiety rushed back in full force. Her knees buckled and she fell forward. This time hands shot out and grabbed her, pulled her into strong arms and against a firm body. Clarke barely had time to see the face above her, to feel the Alpha carry her further, before she let her fear grip her, take her, and darkness settled in.

Chapter End Notes

Hey guys, thanks so much for reading! ^^ You can hit me up on tumblr at danilovesanimenel if you’d like to let me know what you think of the story so far, or ask any burning questions. I really love talking about my stories. Again, thanks and I hope
you enjoy the rest, when I eventually write it.
When Clarke woke, she was shackled. She was nestled on a thick, comfortable fur blanket spread out on the ground, but her arms and wrists were wrapped with heavy metal connected to chains, that slithered all the way along the floor and into the wall. She sat up and gave a curious tug, but sighed when there was absolutely no give. For the time being, so long as her weapons were out of reach, she was prisoner.

Speaking of which… She had no idea where her sword and gloves were. She couldn’t even feel the pull, or the whispers that usually came from them. Blood, it would pant at her. More blood. It was a comfort to have the sword pulsing at her side, so now she felt naked and vulnerable without it.

A loud clank broke Clarke’s troubled thoughts, making her sit up straight and shift far away from the bars—she discovered that she was in a cell, but this one looked more like a giant dog cage. Before she could feel any anger rise to the surface, she was assaulted by confusion and a surge of hope. A small, beautiful girl with dark, dirty skin and tousled, curly hair shuffled nervously over to the cage. She had her head bowed low, eyes cast everywhere but at Clarke.

“Hello?” Clarke spoke, testing her voice for the first time in forever. “Where am I?” This was a human, so maybe Clarke could convince her to help.

The girl kept her head low, but unlocked the cage door and slipped inside. She locked it behind her, then sunk down by Clarke’s side. In her arms she held a bucket, and above that a tray stacked with food. It was embarrassing, but Clarke’s stomach growled low, eyes cast everywhere but at Clarke.

“Eat, please,” the girl said quietly. She passed the tray over, eyes ducked low. Clarke tried to deny herself, tried to push it away, but she could feel that she hadn’t eaten properly in days and her stomach twisted so viciously that a knife might as well have impaled her. She grabbed at the tray, lifting the fresh bread and cooked meat to her mouth without much thought.

As Clarke ate, the girl slithered closer with a damp cloth. She was very nervous, and jumped every time Clarke reached for more food or so much as breathed in the wrong direction. Her eyes jumped around, constantly locked on the bars of the cage. Clarke felt bad for her, especially when she nervously pulled Clarke’s jacket off so as to slowly wipe the dirt from her arms.

“You don’t have to.” Clarke pulled away, shaking her head.

“Command from Alpha,” the girl hurried, a look of panic in her eyes. “Please.”

Clarke sensed that she was terrified, and had a good idea as to why. So she relented and continued chewing on a chunk of bread. It was actually really good, but then again, Clarke hadn’t really tasted actual food in years. When had bread tasted so good, anyway? It had been brought to her in random chunks, not slices like she was used to in Arkadia. It was possible that this was homemade, which attributed to the fresh, exploding taste. Clarke groaned in appreciation, surprised when the girl’s eyes flitted up to her face at the noise, and Clarke froze.

Vibrant, familiar green eyes stared at her. Then they were gone, too quickly for Clarke to analyse further.
“Where am I?” She finished the food and set the tray aside. The girl was rinsing the cloth out in the bucket of water.

“In the outer villages by the wall. Alpha has brought you here. I was ordered to feed and clean you.”

“You’re human,” Clarke pointed out. “How? How does this place exist? How are you here, over the mountain?”

Frowning, the girl dipped the cloth again. Her eyes remained intently focused on her busy hands. “The wolves travel easily through the mountain,” she began to explain, voice so soft that Clarke had to lean closer to hear her. “When they attack human villages, sometimes they steal children. Sometimes… sometimes they mate humans, too.” Those green eyes flashed upwards again, begging for Clarke to understand on her own, not to judge. Clarke swallowed the sudden lump in her throat.

“The Alpha… and you…?”

“We are related,” the girl confirmed softly. A brief flash if anger overtook her features, but then they smoothed out. “I was not born out of love or choice. I never met my mother, either. I have been here my whole life.”

Clarke’s mind reeled, then swayed. This was… Arkadia had no idea the beasts could do this. That they had villages, a wall, and they abducted women and children and… and could procreate with humans, too. Clarke felt sick to her stomach, but she forced herself to remain calm. Her body couldn’t handle losing all that food she had just consumed, she was too weak.

“Why?” Clarke spat, furious. “Why do these things even exist? Just to torment us? Murder us in our homes?”

The girl flinched, moving so badly that she bumped the bucket over. She cried out in surprise, then panic. “I’m sorry!” she blurted. She used the cloth to clean up some of the water, but failed. Most of it had soaked into the furs. Clarke placed a hand over her shoulder.

“Relax,” she breathed. The girl froze. “You don’t have to panic around me. It’ll dry eventually. I’m Clarke, by the way. What’s your name?”

Sighing and softening at Clarke’s touch, the girl nodded before straightening and sitting down properly. “I am Leah,” she said. A soft note entered her voice at the mention of her name. “Named after my mother.”

Clarke smiled, too. “It’s a beautiful name.”

“So is Clarke,” Leah hurried. “What is your pack name?”

Clarke’s brows furrowed. “Do you mean surname?”

“Yes, sorry. Surname.”

“Griffin.”

Leah nodded, smiling. “Griffin. Good! I should leave now.” She gathered her things and shuffled to the cage, but paused at Clarke’s call.

“Wait! I just want to ask one thing.”

Leah turned back, waiting. “What is it, Clarke Griffin?”
“Is there… I mean… What are they going to do with me?”

Leah’s eyes shifted, and from the way her shoulders sagged, she seemed to remember where Clarke was and why. “I do not know, Clarke Griffin. I am only told to tend to you. I hear rumours that the Alpha has big plans for you, but I do not know what. All I can offer is food and a wash.”

Clarke swallowed. Her tongue felt dry, but she thanked Leah and watched her leave. Once she was gone, the situation started to really seep in. Anxiety gripped Clarke hard, making her curl up into a ball and hyperventilate until her eyes were heavy and the only thing she could do was sleep.

XxX

Many days passed. Clarke remained in the cage. She had a make-shift toilet that Leah removed and cleaned regularly, and three meals a day. Each time Leah would step through the door, and each day her smile would grow. She became less jumpy, and the more Clarke asked of her, the more she seemed to open up.

Clarke learnt that Leah knew English only because her mother had smuggled books from Arkadia when she had been taken. Leah had taught herself, and made sure to keep the talent hidden from the Alpha. On that particular subject, Clarke hadn’t been able to glean much information. As soon as the questions mentioned ‘Alpha’, Leah would clam up and leave. Clarke learnt to pick her words wisely. So when Leah stepped in on the seventh day, Clarke sent her a smile.

“Hey Leah, how are you doing today?”

Leah fumbled with the key in her apparent excitement, and dropped happily at Clarke’s side. Like this, open and relaxed, Clarke could appreciate how pretty she was. She had a constant layer of dirt on her skin, obscuring most of her skin tone and any possible marks, but Clarke could overlook that. The simple hand baths hadn’t been helping her much either.

“Fine, thank you.” Leah handed the tray over and began washing Clarke’s hair.

“Any word on my sentence?”

Leah pressed her lips together, but shook her head. “No. Can I ask you the questions instead today? You know my whole life, yet I know nothing of yours.”

Clarke wanted to withdraw and pull away, but felt it would be too cruel and unfair. Leah had been nothing but kind and patient with her. So far Clarke hadn’t had contact with anyone else. She had occasionally seen a stern, dark-skinned woman guarding the door, but she never so much as glanced into the room when Leah passed by. Clarke wondered why, and wondered when she would meet the Alpha and find out why exactly she had been captured.

If it’s to have that animal’s babies, they can forget it. I’d rather bite my tongue off.

“Sure,” Clarke finally answered. She left her own morbid thoughts to herself. “What do you want to know?”

“Where do you come from?” Leah rushed. The words were almost mashed together, like she couldn’t talk fast enough. Clarke had to laugh.

“My city is named Arkadia. We have smaller districts within.”

“Is it big? Beautiful?”
“Oh yes,” Clarke sighed. She had never been homesick before, but now, talking to an outsider about it, she could feel the yearning for home. “We’ve got huge buildings, advanced technology and transport. Even our weapons are advanced, much more than previous years.”

Leah hummed in acknowledgement. “You have weapons?”

Clarke nodded, but laughed when it jostled Leah’s movements and a blob of foam dropped onto her forehead. Leah apologized profusely as she wiped it away. “I do. I’m a hunter, for the Organization. They were founded many years ago, when the werewolves started to attack. Basically we’re trained to either guard or kill. I kill.”

Leah paused. “You’ve killed wolves?”

“Yes. Actually...” she hesitated, not so sure how this stranger would take to the information. She could simply take it as exaggeration, and considering Leah’s soft nature so far, Clarke doubted she would judge. So she took a calming breath. “I’m actually pretty famous, back home. They call me the Slayer.”

Leah’s eyes brightened. “That must be interesting. Your people must love you. How many have you killed?”

“Too many to count.”

Leah flinched. “Why?” she asked quietly. It wasn’t sad or happy, simply curious.

Clarke shrugged. “Let’s just say that I’ve got good reasons.”

“Did they hurt you?” Leah asked. “Like they hurt me?”

There was a strange intuition in the way Leah asked it, like she somehow knew exactly where Clarke’s pain came from, and how deep it sat. It made her heart ache, but she managed to nod quickly. Deciding to change the topic before the memories seeped in, she continued. “Those weapons I have, they’re really special.”

“What are they?”

“Many years ago, we stumbled across these odd glowing stones. The group of people decided to take a few to the next village and see if they had any value, when they were attacked by a pack of werecreatures. One woman used the stone to shield herself, and was shocked when it repelled the attackers. The werewolf howled as if in pain, and then they fled. When they found the village, they recounted the event, and so we started mining the stuff and made the first test weapons—swords and knives with the stones melted inside. It’s made of such tough material, that we could have swords entirely of the stone and it’d never break. But the stones aren’t infinite, and we limited it to one stone per hunter. That was enough to start killing the werewolves back. We even put them in our gloves, too, for close attacks.”

Leah nodded, absorbing all of it. She continued asking questions, about mundane things like animals to what colours the sky was. Clarke answered everything, even the difficult questions, and then finally it was time for Leah to leave, and Clarke was left alone once more.

XxX

That night, Clarke tried her best to get some rest. Time in the cage seemed to stretch on forever, especially when she began to wonder what fate had in store for her. She imagined baring unwanted children, to having her entrails devoured. None of the thoughts led to good dreams, so Clarke simply
laid awake, staring up at the ceiling. Her wrists were starting to ache from the constant rubbing of the metal. She wanted them off.

The door to the room opened quietly, making Clarke sit up so quickly that her head spun. She squinted through the darkness. Someone stepped close with a small fire, illuminating enough for Clarke to see Leah’s pretty but pale face.

“Leah?”

“You must leave, Clarke,” she hurried. “They are coming for you.”

Clarke’s stomach dropped. “They? Who is coming for me? What are they going to do?”

“Alpha has ordered your hunt. It will be sport, for all the lives you took. I overheard the close guards speaking. I… I can’t…” her voice choked up, so she stopped speaking. The keys clanged loudly against the metal until she finally stuck one key inside and threw the door open. Next she worked on Clarke’s chains, and then they were stumbling from the cage and out the door. There was no guard standing there, much to Clarke’s relief.

“Are you sure this is safe?” Her heart pounded hard in her chest. Short waves of relief and hope passed through her, but she didn’t grab at them yet.


They entered a long, lit hallway. The floor was stone, while the walls looked like soil. It was possible that they were underground, and this was confirmed when they reached stone steps at the end of the passage. Leah tugged her upwards, and threw the door open at the top.

“Why are you helping me?”

They didn’t stop even as Clarke’s voice echoed loudly in the clear air. They were somewhere in the village, surrounded by houses. It was surprisingly quiet, with only one or two werewolves walking about. Clarke feared they would smell her, but they hurried off quickly and disappeared out of sight. Leah must have waited for them to leave, because she started ushering Clarke on, walking fast and carefully.

“I had no one to help me,” Leah explained. “And I feel that it’s the right thing to do.”

They took a sharp turn, Clarke being shoved ahead. She simply allowed Leah to usher her, half terrified and excited. The rush of adrenalin helped Clarke to steel herself, to place a careful mask of control over the fragile bit that she had over her emotions.

“Go, the next turn will take us to the road leading out of the walls. Once you’re there, you need to head for the mountain and head south all the way until you reach your city.”

“Can I make it on my own, though?” Clarke knew that she couldn’t make the journey on her own. She would die of the cold before hunger even scratched at her. She wondered if this wasn’t a hastily planned escape, and that maybe she should return until she thought of something a little more solid, but the turn came up, and she had no time to deliberate. It was either freedom, or returning to that cage for a sure death. Clarke did not like confined spaces. Or death.

When she made the turn, Leah still hadn’t responded. But Clarke didn’t have time to react to the fact that Leah had disappeared. In front of her were a large group of the beasts, all suited up and ready. They were standing as if they had been waiting for her, and a stab of uncertainty and something like betrayal lit Clarke’s gut. She had no weapon, nothing to protect herself but her bare fists. Her clothes
were nothing but dirty scraps, almost, nothing to hold her flesh back from those frighteningly sharp claws.

Clarke stopped fast, then turned to run the other way, but halted when there, too, was a group of them. They growled loudly, but a louder growl somewhere behind them silenced everyone. Clarke didn’t know how, but she recognize that noise. Her stomach fluttered, tightened and grew taut. The Alpha stepped into the circle, green eyes sharp and piercing.

Running wasn’t an option, and neither was fighting. So Clarke simply dropped to her knees, ready for it all to end, to simply cease her pathetic existence. She didn’t want to die, but now, with the face of it so close to her pattering heart, what could she do besides welcome it in?

The Alpha paused in front of her, and then everything went absolutely silent.

*Stand, Clarke Griffin.*

The voice cut through the air, slicing right into Clarke’s mind. It was so possessive and powerful that Clarke obeyed immediately. It was almost like her muscles worked on their own, responding to something Clarke was too dazed to understand.

*Do you give up?*

Clarke glanced around her, trying to see who was speaking. The Alpha stepped even closer, so near that their heat washed over Clarke and made sweat break out over her already flushed skin. It was then that Clarke realized the voice was the Alpha’s

“You’re… speaking to me?”

The Alpha let loose a low, menacing growl. *You insult me, Clarke. That’s not a very smart move, considering your position.*

The confusion, if anything, gave Clarke a false sense of bravado. It was almost like she had stepped into the twilight zone, and any moment now Wells would vid call her and she’d wake up, grumbling like she always did.

“What do you want from me?”

The Alpha paced around her, lips pulled back over fierce teeth. *You have killed many of us, Clarke. So many that we have had mass funerals. Do you understand the meaning of that? The weight?*

Clarke never had. In Arkadia, the werewolves were monsters and beasts, unfeeling and unthinking. If they wiped them all out, they would celebrate. Never had Clarke considered that they were more than that. Still, her ingrained teachings stuck with her, making the guilt a little difficult. That little voice inside of her wiggled its way into her heart, though, whispering quietly. *Listen to them, Clarke. Listen to the truth you’ve never been told.* Clarke swallowed.

“So, what, you kidnapped me to murder me? How is that justice? How does that bring back all the dead?”

*It doesn’t,* the Alpha growled. *I did not bring you here to make you suffer.*

“Then why? I don’t understand.”

*None of you ever have. Humans are weak and frightened. You’ve killed my people for centuries, acting like you’re the victims when we have to abandon our land and take refuge over the mountain.*
Listen to me, Clarke, because my next words will be difficult to swallow. Watch me closely.

Clarke did, puzzled. The Alpha straightened their spine, and then something strange happened—a torrent of steam hissed around them, so much of it that for a moment, the Alpha’s form had disappeared. Clarke could hear the sound of huffing, whining, and then the sound of a human grunt, and two feet stepped out of the steam.

It was Leah.

“My name is not Leah,” she said harshly. “And I am not a servant. I brought you here, Clarke, to educate you in hopes of educating all of your kind. My name is Lexa. I am Alpha.”

Clarke swayed. All the hours with Leah swept through her mind—everything she had said, everything Leah had asked, and every moment the girl had been too frightened to speak. All of that had been an act?

“How… How did…?”

Lexa’s eyes narrowed. She was naked, and steam still lifted off of her skin. None of the animals behind her even seemed to notice. Clarke did, but she didn’t turn away. The true meaning of what she had just witnessed smacked her right in the chest.

“We are not monsters,” Lexa pronounced carefully. “Not like how you were taught, Clarke. You saw me. I shifted. That’s what we are. We can shift between human and wolf form. We do not eat humans. We feel and we think. Now I ask you again, like I had earlier.” She stepped closer, until she was breathing Clarke’s air, burning her from the heat falling off her body. “You say you’ve killed too many to count. Why?”

Clarke took a deep, shuddering breath. Her fury was like venom, seeping right through her veins. She remembered everything, from how her father had kissed her on the forehead that morning, to when she had stared at his picture, crying her soul out because her mother had told her that he was dead, mauled and eaten by a werewolf. Her gut tightened painfully, and with a vicious, primal roar, she launched herself forward and tackled Lexa to the ground.

“Not monsters?” she roared. “Tell that to my dead father, you bitch!”

Lexa hit the ground hard underneath Clarke’s weight, but she did not make a sound. Clarke hit her, again and again until all she could do was scream and feel the blood ooze out of her skin. More steam bellowed from Lexa’s face, where her cuts and bruises healed in an instant. Her green eyes were harsher than Clarke had seen them yet, but they were so achingly sad that Clarke’s breath left her.

Lexa was sprawled naked on her back in the dirt, but the other werewolves made no move, and she allowed it. Clarke knew it instantly. She knew that Lexa could have ripped her head off without a second thought.

“How did you know about my father?” she sputtered again, quiet. Lexa’s eyes had years and years of wisdom, despite her face showing that she was probably Clarke’s age. “Tell that to the many, many people that have lost their lives. To the little kids and old couples mauled to death by you freaks. Not killers? You feel and think? Bullshit.”

Lexa let her talk, let her yell and beat at her chest. Then she grabbed her wrists, halting Clarke’s assault. “We never killed your father, Clarke. We respected him.”

Clarke froze. “You… you know of my father?”
“Even without looking at your face, just hearing the name Griffin gave it away.”

Clarke choked on her breath. Everything she had ever been taught roared through her. She wanted to get up and run, to lay there and scream. Lexa still gave her such a sad look, like she understood every bit of pain Clarke had ever experienced. It was gut-wrenching, and it made Clarke sick to her goddamn stomach.

“You’re lying,” she whispered, now too defeated to yell. “Everything you’re saying isn’t true. I’m dreaming. Or high on something. This isn’t real. I don’t believe you.”

Lexa’s gaze turned pitying. “But this is the truth, Clarke. You don’t even know the half of it.”

“Why me?” She was surprised to feel the cold trickle of tears at her cheeks. Clarke hadn’t cried in years. “Why now? Why bring me all the way here to tell me this?”

Lexa sat up slowly, and in a move that had Clarke reeling, she embraced her. “I made a promise to your father, and to my people. I will make you believe me, Clarke. You’ll see that everything you know, everything you thought to be true, is a lie.”

Clarke wanted to deny it, to resist and pull out of Lexa’s arms. But a warm voice filled her ear, speaking in a language she did not understand. Her muscles went slack, and her eyes drooped without her permission. Clarke blacked out in the Alpha’s arms—yet again—tired, bleeding and drained of everything.

Chapter End Notes

omg I’m updating this so fast. This isn’t usual. I’m enjoying this so much. Thanks so much for reading everyone! Comments are more than welcome ^^
3 Months Ago:

Lexa woke curled up on her furs, her stomach tight and a light sheen of sweat over her skin. Her mouth tasted foul and her tongue was papery, so she grasped at the mug of water at her side and gulped all of it down in one mouthful. A drop of water escaped her lips, trailing lazily down her throat and chest. The sensation distracted Lexa, but then her anxiety came crashing back again and she had no choice but to leave her furs and pad over to the window.

Polis was beautiful this early in the morning. It had once been a human city, abandoned when the winters became too harsh for travels over the mountain. Many of the humans had died during their travel. So Lexa’s people had escaped and taken refuge here, in hopes of rebuilding their broken traditions and re-populating their decimated numbers. They had. Now, Lexa stared down at hundreds of people milling about the market area. In the trees further on, she saw young wolves chasing each other and howling in delight. That sight alone made her smile, but her stomach kept fluttering and her heart was steadily crawling into her throat.

Something had happened. Something big.

The doors to Lexa’s chambers swung open, and Indra limped inside wearing full armour. This alone told Lexa that she was right. Something really had happened, because wolves removed all armour immediately after entering the walls. They were not armed when in the cities.

Indra collapsed by Lexa’s feet, trying not to show the extent of her pain, but breathing so shallowly that it was obvious.

“Alpha, I—”

“No,” Lexa interrupted. She dropped down by Indra’s side and pulled the heavy plated armour off, then pressed her hand to the un-healing gash at Indra’s side. She hissed, but very soon her complexion darkened and her breaths came in easy. The wounds healed in a puff of steam, gone as if they had never been there, no scar to tell its tale. “Now,” Lexa started. “You can tell me what happened.” She returned to her window, uncaring of her nudity, uncaring of Indra’s.

“Alpha, our southern patrol came across one of our villages. It was decimated.”

Lexa’s throat tightened. “Which one?”

“Waterfall village.”

Lexa inhaled slightly. Outwardly she showed no reaction, but inside she was struggling greatly for control. “When?” She clenched her jaws tight, trying her best not to let too much emotion bleed out into her voice.

Likewise, Indra swallowed hard. This, especially this, was difficult for any warrior, no matter the many dead they have seen. “Early this morning, Alpha. When we arrived, the children had already been slain.”

“Was it quick?”
“No, Alpha. Some died instantly, but some survived. They bled out before we could do anything to save them.”

Lexa nodded once, curtly. Indra relaxed. She gathered her armour into her arms, and then made for the door. She paused when Lexa called for her, and glanced over her shoulder.

“Make an announcement to our people. We will all gather by tonight. And ready the troops.”

Indra’s nod was almost too faint, but Lexa could her the air brushing against her skin. Indra left then, eager to obey.

When the doors finally shut, Lexa allowed her emotions to slowly leak out. She lashed out, punching a hole in the wall of her room. Her loud, angry roar bounced around the bare walls, back into her own ringing ears. Her heart shuddered like a frightened child, pumping and pushing against her ribs. She inhaled deeply, but that did nothing to quell the deep fury within her.

“All those children,” she whispered. “All those young lives, gone.”

The Waterfall village had been hidden, specifically because it housed the children of the neighbouring villages. Warriors tended to mate without being able to help it, and birthed their children on the mountain. They didn’t want to leave their children in Wolf country, and so Lexa had allowed them to create a village to house, clothe, feed and school their young. When wolves were off duty, they could travel to the village to spend time with their children.

But now, there were no more children for them to visit. Lexa felt sick to her stomach with the level of her anger. So she did what she always did. She left her chambers, took the stairs all the way to the bottom, and then shifted when she was finally on the ground. Citizens moved out of her way immediately, partly in reverence and partly because she would have crashed into them otherwise. She shot through the street, growling deeply in her chest, and made for the thick forest. Once there, she pushed her legs hard and ran faster than she ever had. At last, she tipped her head back and howled in agony at the loss. From the distance, similar howls echoed back.

XxX

The mourning howls were deafening, almost too much for Lexa to handle, but she forced herself to stand on her balcony and absorb each and every cry. Indra seemed just as uncomfortable at her side, but she remained where she was. Lexa was thankful for it.

She had just announced the loss. Her people were not taking it lightly. Families of the children collapsed, and some simply ran into the trees, unable to believe it. The noise didn’t die down for a long, long time, but Lexa allowed them to have their voice, to howl into the sky and ask their goddesses why this loss had taken place.

After a while, people were pulled away by stronger family members, to grieve more quietly in their homes. Lexa announced that everyone could leave or they could stay, and if they wanted to howl, she would still listen from her bedroom chamber. Some took the offer, but Lexa stepped away and into her room, the remaining howls at her back.

“Indra,” Lexa spoke quietly. Their voices felt strange, after listening to those howls for so long. “Call all of our warriors back from the mountain. Every single one. Evacuate the villages, too. I want every single wolf behind our walls.”

Indra inclined her head. “As you wish, Alpha. But what are you planning to do?”

“The humans want a war, but we can’t spare more lives. I want the Slayer. I want to publically
execute her and then hang her corpse on Arkadia’s walls.”

A smile flickered at Indra’s mouth. “Will that not incite war, Alpha?”

“They’ll kill themselves for us. If we evacuate over the mountain, they cannot follow.”

“And what if they have developed technology that can help them?”

Lexa, eyes glowing unnaturally bright, sent Indra a hard stare. “Then we cover the centre and edge of the mountain, attack any human thing that manages to make it over the mountain.”

“But Alpha, how will this help our people? We should make an all-out attack, while they’re still in the throes of victory. Let me gather our fighters and storm Arkadia head on.”

Lexa lifted a hand. “I wish to satisfy my own bloodlust first. We can mount a full-on assault when I am satisfied.” She gestured for Indra to leave and do as she was told, and then she retired for the night. She knew she would get no sleep.

Grieving grandmothers and aunts still howled in her ears, but she welcomed them in, let the sound hurt her chest and crawl up her skin. She would get her revenge. The humans would pay.

XxX

2 Months 3 Weeks Ago:

Parading around the mountain made Lexa feel like a fool, but the show was working, and the human nestled in the snow captured their every move. They headed to the village close by, and Lexa glanced over to make sure the human was still there, still watching. When they reached the village, the gates were opened and all wolves bowed to her. It was for show more than anything, but every wolf here was a warrior, and they did it out of respect, too. Lexa enjoyed the terror and confusion she could smell from the human nearby, and stepped inside to wait and listen for retreating footsteps.

A few days later, Lexa’s spy announced that the Slayer had arrived at the mountain. She had a small group with her, but it appeared that she would be going in alone. Lexa purposefully set a routine, made sure the other humans watched her closely. When it was finally time for the Slayer to attempt to take her life, Lexa was ready. Her heart pounded in excitement, but her stomach was clenching tightly again. She lapped gently at the water, trying to relax and clear her mind.

When the Slayer struck, she was faster. She darted into the trees, luring the Slayer to where her other warriors waited. Once there, they presented the corpses of the Slayer’s accomplices, and then Lexa allowed the others to fight. She ordered them not to kill her, so they all went down pretty easily. Lexa found herself feeling a small measure of surprise at the Slayer’s abilities. It wasn’t skill, but pure hatred that aided her quick and precise movements.

This human hated all wolf-kind. Lexa finally ended the show, and healed her warriors before stepping over to the human. She ordered the wolves to gather the others around the mountain and return to the walls, and then she pulled the Slayer onto her back, and shifted into her wolf form.

Their armour was made with an extremely flexible type of metal that bent when under heat. When a wolf shifted, their body generated very large amounts of heat, resulting in steam bellowing off their skin. With that, they could wear the same suit of armour in both human form and wolf form, shifting freely between the two without a struggle. The Slayer was bound and pressed against Lexa’s back, and then she took off, to take this murderer back to her people, to give them blood and revenge.
Now:

Lexa sat in the council chamber, lips pressed firmly together. The leaders of all twelve packs were seated around her, arguing heatedly as Lexa tried to suppress a growing headache. Finally, when one of them stood and started threatening violence, Lexa released a low, thrumming growl. Everyone went silent immediately.

“I understand your concerns,” she growled at them. “But my decision is made.”

“Where is our revenge?” a woman shouted. She was trembling, her form shifting so that Lexa could tell she was struggling to control herself. “What of justice for our young that were slaughtered?”

“Yeah! We want the Slayer’s blood!”

“You promised, Alpha. You were to give us her suffering.”

“She is a monster!”

“Silence!” Lexa roared. The air thickened immediately, the pungent scent of anger and hatred so strong that it burnt Lexa’s nose. She inhaled softly.

“I have come to a decision. If Clarke of Arkadia, Slayer of were-kind, can learn our ways and become one of us, then we can return her to her people and have her speak with their leaders. It will take time, and we will probably endure a war.”

“We’ve been at war for centuries!” a man yelled, standing and heading for Lexa’s throne. Indra immediately intercepted him, claws out as a warning.

“Relax, Indra,” Lexa told her. “He knows that should he hurt the Alpha, the packs will tear him to pieces.”

The man swallowed. “I’m sorry, Alpha. I meant no disrespect.”

Lexa fixed him with a hard stare, but flicked her wrist for him to step away. “No, of course you didn’t. I have discovered many things of the humans and Arkadia, thanks to my interactions with Clarke.”

The others muttered amongst themselves. This was the first they had heard of Lexa speaking with the Slayer.

“What do you mean by that, Alpha?”

“I spent time with her, asking of her traditions and her home. The humans are incredibly ignorant about us. They think us mindless monsters. They think we eat them for food and sport. Clarke Griffin can greatly enlighten us.”

A hush fell over them. Each had a look of surprise and reluctance, but they no longer seemed ready to burst or argue. Lexa clapped her hands once. “You may all leave now. I have made preparations. Should Clarke tell me more, you will all be informed.”

The leaders left quietly, unlike their noisy entrance from earlier. Once they were gone, Lexa left the throne and headed up to where Clarke had been imprisoned. She was no longer in the cage, but in a fully furnished room. Since making her decision to spare Clarke instead of slaughter her, she had
moved her so as to show her good intentions. Besides, the cage had been entirely for dramatic effect, anyway.

“Alpha,” Indra spoke up. Her voice was as harsh as usual, but Lexa sensed something else there.

“What is it?”

They were just outside of Clarke’s door, Lexa’s hand on the handle. “Are you sure this is wise? Your change in heart is rather... sudden.”

Lexa’s grip tightened. “I know what I’m doing.”

Indra gave her an odd look, almost on the line of pity. “Lexa, she isn’t...?”

Lexa bristled at the use of her name, at the very suggestion. She gave Indra nothing but a glare, earning her one in response. Indra was never one to show emotion, or let it guide her, so Lexa waited for her to get the message and leave. Indra did, jaws clenched and hands in tight fists.

Lexa inhaled deeply before she pushed the door open. Immediately that scent hit her, heady and warm. Shivers rocked down Lexa’s spine, and she had to bite her lip harshly or she would have moaned out loud.

Clarke had scrambled to her feet, and stood at the far edge of the room, holding a jagged chair leg in her hand. There were scratch marks on the wall, and the curtains had been ripped off. Clearly Clarke had been busy.

“If you are trying to escape, I’d advice against it.”

Clarke’s eyes were powerful, the way they gripped Lexa, made her muscles almost turn to jelly. Without her permission, her knees began to shake. Nothing in her life had ever made Lexa feel this way. It infuriated her and infatuated her. Something about Clarke simply called to her. Lexa was unsure what it was asking for.

“Why am I here?” Clarke spat. Her voice was harsh and venomous, her gaze not any less.

“To give you a chance.”

“Why?” Clarke’s voice softened to something full of hurt, of self loathing and confusion.

Lexa wanted to reach out, cradle Clarke’s face against her palm as she had when they had returned to the walls. But she couldn’t. She remained by the door, back stiff, jaws clenched.

“Your people are violent, Clarke. I want to teach you our ways, so you can teach them.”

Clarke shook her head, rubbing a hand over her face. “I don’t understand any of this.”

Lexa tried not to breathe too often, but her need for air was too great. Every time she inhaled, Clarke’s scent burned her. She shuddered and let her claws slice into the meat of her palms. The pain and the scent of blood cleared her mind.

“So let me enlighten you, Clarke.”

“Enlighten me?”

“I told you. We aren’t the monsters you think we are.”
Clarke’s face contorted. She seemed conflicted again. Gone was the hatred, but in its place complete confusion. “I understand that. I mean, we never knew you changed into people.”

“We are people either way.”

“I just... don’t understand.”

Lexa chanced a single step closer. “Clarke,” she softened her voice, hoping it would help Clarke to relax, to lean towards trusting her. “Let me show you. I will answer any question you have.”

Clarke nodded. “How do I know you won’t kill me anyway?”

At that, Lexa released a sigh. She levelled her gaze with Clarke’s. “Now that is entirely up to you, Clarke. Follow me, and I will show you the truth. Fight me, and you will be a sacrifice. My people are hungry for your blood.”

Clarke swallowed. “Let me think about it.”

Lexa nodded. “Until tonight. I will return for your answer.”

Lexa left the room, heart beating too hard in her chest. She met Indra down the hallway, and hoped that her partner couldn’t smell the scent of embarrassment and arousal on her.

“Alpha, why try so hard for this human?”

“Because,” Lexa started. “Out of all the humans I have encountered, none were like this one. She’s special.”

Indra sent her a flash of a smile. “Special to you, you mean.”

Lexa rolled her eyes. “Don’t start that again. I’m going to my chamber. Wake me when Clarke has come to a decision.” She left, her cape scraping the ground beneath her.

Special to me? she thought, scoffing. Impossible.

Chapter End Notes

having no internet is slowly destroying my soul
Chapter 8

Clarke’s uncle Thelonious Jaha lived on the outskirts of Arkadia when she was just five years old. He wasn’t her uncle by blood, but by acquaintance. Her father, Jake, and Thelonious had been friends since their childhood, and now their children, too. Clarke hadn’t thought much of Wells other than he was always shy, always hanging on his father and too afraid to step forward and accept her offer to play a game.

One day, Clarke’s parents shuffled her into the backseat of their car, and off they went to visit uncle Thelonious. Clarke had been exited, since his home was close to the woods, where huge trees stretched up to the sky. Jagged, rough branches sprouted from as low as the ground, allowing Clarke to scale the trees like a ladder. Clarke loved to sit at the very top of the tree, staring out over the vast expanse of Arkadia. It was brilliant in its design and advancement, though Clarke hadn’t really understood that specific aspect at such a young age.

After they arrived, Clarke took Wells by the hand and pulled him over to the backyard.

“Don’t stray too far, Clarke!” her mother had yelled.

“And remember to have fun!” Jake had quickly interjected.

Clarke yelled back that she would keep both in mind. They darted for Clarke’s favourite tree, where she and Wells had hidden his blanket and a few of his toys. There was a thick branch sturdy enough to hold their weight, and then some. They crawled onto the branch as usual, and Clarke began to explain their game of the day. Wells always quietly listened, then accepted any position Clarke gave him. They either simply spoke of stories, or played with his toys. This time Clarke felt more mentally inclined, so she began to construct the world they would visit with their imaginations.

“...then the travellers came across a band of werepeople, setting up camp and—"

“Those things aren’t people,” Wells interrupted suddenly. The venom in his voice made Clarke blink in surprise. “They are monsters. I don’t want to create this story anymore.” He folded his arms across his chest, then pouted and looked off to the side.

“No,” Clarke puzzled. “My daddy told me that they’re misunderstood. He said that one day we’ll have peace with them.”

Again, Wells shook his head. “I still don’t want to play this game.”

Clarke felt conflicted and couldn’t understand why Wells was being stubborn. He had never shown that much personality before. But she didn’t push it, and they decided to play a game of hunters instead.

Years later, Clarke would be nine when she first understood why Wells had been so upset. She saw it on the news channels, in the newspaper and on everyone’s lips. They spoke of a horrific attack near the western edge of Arkadia. A farmer and her wife had been torn to shreds. People spoke of ‘monsters’ and ‘beasts’ and Clarke couldn’t understand it. When she finally asked her parents, her mother paled and her father frowned. Jake took her out to their backyard, to the wooden bench underneath their peach tree.

“Clarke, love, there’s something you need to understand. Since humanity can remember, we’ve had an enemy. Remember those wolf people I told you about?” Clarke nodded, blue eyes wide.

“Humans hate them. And they hate us, too, sometimes. We kill them, so when they get the chance
for revenge, they attack our people out on the outskirts and forests.”

Clarke furrowed her brows. “Why don’t we just talk to them?”

Jake chuckled, taking hold of Clarke’s small hand. “Humans are violent by nature. They are too frightened, so they’ll rather fight and kill before understanding and trying to communicate.”

“Where did the wolf people come from, daddy? Where did humans come from?”

Jake pulled Clarke onto his lap and placed his hands over her shoulders. “We all came from the same place, Clarke. When you’re much older, maybe I’ll tell you where that place is. But I want you to understand, that humans or wolf people, we are all the same. This,” he placed his palm against her chest. “Emotions, heart. We all have it.”

Clarke nodded once, still curious but aware that asking her father for more details wouldn’t get it. He’d only tell her to scamper off, promising to tell her when she was older. She hated that.

“Why do people call them werewolves, daddy?” If she could squeeze one last question in, she would.

Jake sighed. “It comes from a very old culture. ‘Were’ originally meant ‘to be two’. They were shifters, people who could change between animal and man. Now, in our modern era, ‘were’ has come to mean ‘mutant’, or ‘creature’. We named them werewolves for they changed between men and wolves, but now we call them monsters.”

“Are they really dad? Is that true?”

Jake gave her one of his smiles, the one that meant he knew much more than Clarke and was eager to impart that knowledge, but still hesitant. He ruffled her hair. “I’ll tell you when you’re big, Clarke.”

“But I am big!” she exclaimed, pouting.

He laughed, hugging her to him. “Bigger, Clarke. Much bigger.”

XxX

Clarke woke, gasping and clutching desperately at the furs covering her sweaty body. She threw them from the bed, dropping to her feet and stumbling over to the bathroom. Once inside she splashed water on her face, panting.

Clarke had forgotten about that moment with Jake in their back yard. A few months after that, Jake had been helping Thelonious move further into the city, when he’d been attacked by a bunch of werecreatures. Or so Clarke had been told. She’d never seen his body, and they had a funeral with an empty casket. After that, Clarke had grown to hate what her father had urged her to understand. In her first year working for the Organization, Clarke had witnessed the most gruesome murders. Her hatred had only grown, blossoming into something evil and breathing.

The stones given to her had reacted strongly to her hate, lending power to her, aiding in each and every beast she destroyed. Clarke had risen in rank quickly, and once she was financially well enough, bought her own house and moved away from her mother—she couldn’t stand the way Abby looked at her, with pity sometimes, with pain others. There was something there that always told Clarke she didn’t understand fully what had happened to her father. And that had only ever made her madder.
The room was comfortable and spacious, one thing Clarke had never accounted for. She wasn’t entirely ungrateful, but she was still wary, still confused and unable to accept things as Lexa had laid them out. Whether Lexa was being truthful or not didn’t matter. If Clarke was taken for a reason other than the one given to her, didn’t matter. What did, was that Clarke should escape. Send word to her people that the werecreatures had intelligence and cities and frightening still—an organized military. There was no advanced technology such as computers or phones, so Clarke was uncertain whether she would even be able to send word before the beasts killed her or her escape over the mountain took her life, too. All she could think of, though, was to write a letter. If she left it somewhere on her body and they were to find her, or if the werethings dumped her body by Arkadia, they would know. She had to let them understand the truth of the situation. Especially when Clarke realized, staring into her own eyes, that one large possibility existed.

Werewolves lived among them in Arkadia.

There was no doubt, she knew. How far they had infiltrated was still up for debate.

Clarke let the water slide over her skin and headed back to where she had stowed the broken chair from before. Lexa had noticed it, but hadn’t made any motion to confiscate it. Clarke didn’t want to consider why. While she had the time, she would sharpen her weapon, and maybe sometime soon, escape to somewhere known.
That night, Clarke paced with unease around the room. The wooden stake sat at her back, hidden perfectly by her shirt. It slid painfully against her skin whenever she moved suddenly, but the bite of pain was nothing compared to the agony of nerves ripping through Clarke’s body.

The door to her room opened, and Lexa stepped inside.

“Have you made a decision?” She was as punctual and formal as expected, hands clasped behind her back and shoulders squared firmly.

Clarke paused her pacing. “I’ve thought about it,” she started. She moved over to the window. “Will you join me?”

Lexa took a moment to deliberate. Something flashed in her eyes, but Clarke couldn’t identify exactly what it was. But she swallowed and nodded once, accepting the invitation and stepping up next to Clarke. “Will you stay and learn, Clarke? Or flee and die?”

Clarke took an extra long minute to deliberate. She curled her arm to her back, fist closing around the makeshift stake. So far Lexa hadn’t taken notice, so Clarke took the chance. She lashed out with the sharp stake, plunging it deeply into the side of Lexa’s neck. There was just a small surprised inhale, squirt of blood, but Clarke didn’t stay long enough to see the true consequence of her action. She darted for the window and climbed out onto the sill. It was high up, which was why it hadn’t been barricaded. Perhaps they had thought Clarke not crazy enough to escape from it.

The wind was cold, and it whipped against her as she scooted over to the edge of the building. A deep growl sounded from the window she had just vacated, but Clarke didn’t pay it any mind. She wasn’t a weakling. She let her feet slip and took hold of the ledge with her fingers. Slowly, agonizingly, she scaled down the building until she could drop safely down to the ground. Her stones called out to her from somewhere, but Clarke didn’t know where.

A loud howl ripped through the air, motivating Clarke to forget about her stones and make a run for it. Luckily the area was empty, so she dashed into the trees and ran panting down a long, winding path. If she could hide somewhere, then she could wait until morning and figure out exactly where she was. They probably weren’t at the wall anymore, but that didn’t deter Clarke at all.

She had gotten out of worse situations.

Clarke skirted around a large bolder and bypassed a tree, but stopped dead when she nearly slammed into a large wolf. Its head turned to her, and when it registered what she was, pulled its lips back over long, sharp teeth. Clarke’s heart stuttered—she had no weapon. The wolf snarled at her, pulling one giant paw in front of the other. Hatred burnt so deeply in the wolf’s eyes. Clarke had never seen a werecreature stare at her with so much deep hatred. It was something that made her stomach sink and twist. Clarke turned and started to run.

The wolf snarled again and then took off after her. In seconds they caught up, and swiped once at Clarke’s shoulder. She hissed softly when the nails sliced through her flesh, but let the force of the strike throw her to the ground. There was a hill there, one that Clarke allowed her body to tumble down. It was agony every time she rolled. Her wounds slammed against the ground, gathering dirt
and leaves in her split flesh. She could clean it later. The wolf was hot on her tail, jaws snapping and eyes wild, angry.

Clarke jumped to her feet immediately and followed a new path. When the beast closed in, she felt the air shift and ducked before a huge paw slammed into the side of her head. The creature huffed in surprise and tripped. They had fully expected the attack to land. It gave Clarke the seconds she needed to make her escape. Up ahead was a waterfall, one she hurried to. She hid inside of a small crevice in the rock side, holding her breath. She could hear the footsteps of the werething following her, then the snuffing of its nose at the ground. Clarke swallowed, but her mouth was dry. Pain and sweat prickled her skin, and she was absolutely dirty now.

The sniffing came closer and closer, and finally the werecreature found her. Clarke had essentially trapped herself, and so she could only stare in terror as the wolf stepped closer, long tongue sliding over teeth, and wait for the killing blow. It never came.

From the other side of the waterfall a deep, rumbling growl shook the ground at their feet. The wolf at Clarke’s face immediately backed away, ears pressed tightly to their head. What was once fierce and dangerous now looked like a scolded puppy. Clarke watched, relieved and fascinated, as her attacker turned and quickly fled into the trees. And then Lexa stepped out into the moonlight.

“I told you,” she growled, “that my people want your blood, Clarke.” Her nostrils were flaring, and there was something odd in her expression—fear. Lexa looked like the sort of individual that never feared anything. But as she approached Clarke, she looked scared. Her eyes roamed over Clarke’s form, resting on the bruises and wounds. She sighed. “I’ll need to heal you again. Come.”

Clarke could only nod. If she tried to run from Lexa, she would be caught. She had seen the Alpha’s power. And part of her didn’t want to run. A strange feeling sat in the pit of her stomach.

“How are you still alive?” Clarke asked.

Lexa gave her a side-glance. “I’m not a human, Clarke. You simply wounded me for a short moment, you didn’t kill me.”

Clarke nodded. She wanted to ask much more, but kept her tongue still. There was no escape. If she tried again, she would be mauled to death. If these creatures all hated her, and she was situated in the centre of them, then there was no hope.

Clarke took a breath, and grabbed Lexa by the wrist. Her skin was feverishly hot, making Clarke release her hold immediately. She cleared her throat.

“I’ll stay,” she said. “And learn. I don’t think I could escape anyway. Might as well accept defeat, right?”

Lexa was quiet, contemplative. Her soulful eyes studied Clarke for long beats of silence, until finally she nodded the slightest and continued their trek.

XxX

Back in her prison, Clarke was stiffly ordered to undress and lay down on the furs. At first she argued, but Lexa’s glare was more powerful than she wanted to admit. Clarke obeyed reluctantly, and when Lexa dropped down at her side, she felt a blush come over her.

“What the hell are you doing?”

Lexa released a throaty chuckle. “Not sexually harassing you, Clarke. Relax. I need to clean and heal
these wounds before you die of infection. Wouldn’t that be a turn of events? Clarke Griffin, Slayer of the wolves, dies of a mere wound infection.”

Clarke’s brow began to twitch in irritation. That quickly melted away when Lexa’s warm hands touched her bare back. A strong, unwelcomed shudder passed through her, and Clarke furrowed her brows trying to understand where it had come from. Lexa had frozen beside her, but she slowly unfroze and continued her work, sticking to the slightest of touches. Clarke had the feeling that she was intentionally touching her as little as possible, and that made her stomach clench tightly.

“So did your neck just heal then?” Clarke found herself asking. The atmosphere was awkward and hot with something.

“It did,” Lexa responded.

“How?”

“We heal quicker than humans.”

“Okay, we knew that. So, um, you can heal in both forms?”

“Yes.”

Clarke fell silent. Lexa’s hands were at her shoulders, tending to some of the bruises there. She hadn’t touched Clarke’s claw wounds yet, but as her fingertips brushed over Clarke’s skin, warmth covered her. It was nothing Clarke had ever felt before, and she couldn’t figure out exactly what it was.

“How do you change bodies like that?”

Lexa’s hands paused. “We have only one body, Clarke.”

“Okay, so how do you shift, then?”

Clarke turned her head to see Lexa frowning intensely. “Our bodies break and remould themselves. It happens too quickly for you to see it, and since our bodies generate so much heat, often we’re hidden by the steam.”

Clarke took careful note of every answer. As soon as Lexa left, she would start writing this down. “Which form do you stay in the longest?”

“In the walls, hands are essential and easier than paws. Outside of the walls, we are forbidden to change into our human forms without necessity.”

“How do you reproduce?”

“Sexually.”

Clarke laughed suddenly, and Lexa’s green eyes flashed to her face. “Sorry,” she hurried. “You just…said that so seriously.”

“Should I have blushed like a young girl? We have sex too, Clarke. Much like how your people do it.”

“In which form through?”

“Either one does the job fine.”
“How are you saying that with such a straight face?”

Lexa sighed and removed her hands. “Your wounds are healed now. Rest for the night, and tomorrow I will be here at first light. Please don’t try to escape again, because next time I might not be there in time to save you.”

Lexa’s gaze pinned Clarke where she was. Every muscle locked in place, and it took a long while before she could clear her throat and nod. “Okay.”

Lexa nodded and headed for the door. Clarke sat up to watch her, an arm covering her exposed breasts. When Lexa turned back to give a final farewell, Clarke noticed her throat bob as she swallowed. It was such a nervous gesture, but it was there and gone in an instant. Lexa dipped her head, smiled ever so slightly, and then shut the door.

Clarke was haunted by her own sense of disappointment that the Alpha had left. She went to sleep analysing why.

Chapter End Notes

So I just watched episode 7 and I'm completely crushed. You can bet this story will have lots of romance and sex and love between Clarke and Lexa, because I can't stand this much pain ever. I've only ever felt so utterly crushed once before, and it was when my gran died. Not a nice feeling at all.

Anyway, hope you guys enjoyed the chapter. Sorry for the extremely long wait. I just moved yet again and still have no internet. Also I'm filling in for my manager at work, so no more writing there. Until next time!
Chapter 10

The courtyard was deathly silent, save for the occasional weeping child. Their parents shushed them quickly, and even that noise died down.

Wells’ throat felt swollen, constricted. He swallowed to relieve the sensation, but only worsened it. His chest was heavy and his heart cold. Sitting there up on stage, while Jaha prepared to deliver his speech, made him feel worse. Beside him was Raven, Octavia and Bellamy, all allowed there to present speeches of their own, in honour of Clarke.

“Good day, people of Arkadia,” Jaha’s voice boomed over the courtyard, bouncing from the many speakers scattered about. “Today we gather not in celebration, but in remorse. We have lost our greatest soldier—Clarke Griffin. She was our shining beacon, our only hope at true peace. And she has been brutally ripped from our grasp. We sent her on an impossible mission, but with the belief that she would carry it out with precision. Unfortunately we underestimated the beasts. The only survivor has recounted his story to us, and it is a grisly tale. The Organization is sick with grief, and we seek revenge. We have already assembled an extremely capable group of soldiers, and are preparing them for our enhanced stone technology. With that, we may be able to obliterate those werethings from the face of our country—the world. Before we begin our speeches and conclude the ceremony, I would like to present the city of Arkadia with this statue of our hero, lest she be forgotten.” He twisted to the side, lifted his arm and people quickly pulled the covering off of the huge stone statue at Jaha’s left side. The crowd gasped quietly.

It was of Clarke, at least 10 feet tall, and given intense, intricate detail. She had her hunter uniform on, gloves over her fists and her sword upright in one hand. She looked towering and powerful, and her face had been sculpted beautifully.

Beside Wells Raven released a tiny sob, but she collected herself very quickly. Octavia was comforting her, holding her hand, and though Wells wanted to help as well, he didn’t move. His hands were clasped too tightly on his lap and his eyes burnt, and he knew if he moved, if he said the words, then it would be all too real and he would crumble.

I was part of the committee that sent Clarke out there. I killed her.

“And now, to commence our speeches, I welcome Carl Emerson, the sole survivor of Emerson Squadron.” He stepped aside smiling and gesturing to the podium. “Emerson, if you will.”

Emerson limped to the microphone, face grave and stern. He flicked his eyes over the crowd for a long, quiet moment, and Wells studied him very carefully. His injuries had been minimal, apparently. Once the rescue team had extracted him, they treated a gash to his side and leg, and various bruises on his head. With no serious head injury, Emerson only received a few stitches and was sent home.

“If not for my dedication and quick foresight,” Emerson began. His voice was powerful, stilling any little sound into nothing. “Then I too, would have met my fate. I did everything I possibly could to keep my soldiers alive, but the creatures outsmarted us.” There was a long, low gasp. “Yes—you heard right. It was a trap. I figured it out before anyone else, but Clarke was determined to go forth and slay the Alpha. I… I begged for her to retreat, but she would not listen. Therefore, I went after her. When the wolves cut her down, I managed to battle my way through in hopes that I would save her. Some of them retreated, but it was too late. Clarke had already lost limbs, too much blood. She
made me promise that I would avenge her, and our people. I tried to return with her body, but she
died too quickly and the beasts were at my neck. I left her there, with a promise to return one day and
honour her body. And so with a heavy heart, I have been given complete control over the hunter
army. I will personally oversee their new training, the development of the new weapons, and finally,
our attack against Mount Weather and all it protects. I promise this, Arkadia: I will get our revenge,
and it will be bloody.”

Emerson bowed his head and stepped away, tears in his eyes. The crowd went wild, shouting and
calling for him to say more. Some people eagerly asked to join the army, to be a part of history.
Emerson merely waved them down, then seated himself beside Wells. When he exhaled loudly,
Wells felt a shiver rock down his spine.

“That was a wonderful speech,” Wells told him stiffly.

Emerson turned to him, all tears gone. His smile was self-fulfilling and satisfied. “Thank you, Wells.
I’m sorry for your loss.”

I’m sure you are, Wells thought.

He narrowed his eyes only slightly, but nodded once and settled in his chair. Jaha was speaking
again, and would call for him soon. He knew what he would say, but wasn’t sure if he could push it
past his throat.

Clarke is gone, he thought. And I’m not sure if we’re being told the complete truth about how it
happened.

Jaha called his name, and he stood. As he made his way past his father to the podium, Emerson’s
sharp eyes pierced him. There was something very dark in them, something intelligent and almost…
primal. It made Wells lose his calm, but he regained it when he looked away to address the crowd.

I will discover the truth, he thought. Even if it kills me.

XxX

Lexa felt like laughing at Clarke’s expression, but her wolf form wasn’t suited for such a sound. She
remained quiet instead, eyes following every little step Clarke took.

“This is…” Clarke began. A light sheen of sweat covered her body, and Lexa could smell it. She
could smell the scent of her pulsing blood, hear the pump of her nervous heart. When Clarke
swallowed, Lexa heard it loudly.

Relax, she spoke into Clarke’s mind. Take your time. Look at me. Touch me if you feel ready. I
won’t bite you, and I won’t move.

Clarke nodded, but her energy remained nervous and panicked. Every once in a while Lexa sensed a
spark of something nasty there, something hungry and bleeding. Each time Clarke seemed to be
resisting, and over time the flash of energy evaporated to nothing but nerves.

It was the next day, after Clarke’s attempt to escape. Lexa wanted to start slowly, and to do so she
needed Clarke to gain confidence around wolves. So she had gone to Clarke’s chamber, and had
shifted in front of her. It was a quick process to change, but Clarke was too anxious. Lexa wondered
if maybe this was going too quickly, but then Clarke took a large step forward and pressed her palms
to Lexa’s side.

“Oh wow, you’re really soft.” She ran her hands slowly through the fur, eyes tracking their
Lexa closed her eyes and inhaled. Clarke’s scent hit her strongly again, and the sensation of her hands was almost too much. Without being able to stop herself, Lexa released a low, thrumming sound. It vibrated through her chest, and Clarke startled away. Lexa’s eyes snapped open and she shifted back, face apologetic.

“I’m sorry, Clarke,” she said, reaching out with a hand. “It’s been a while since fingers have run through my hair, and I’m quite sensitive.”

Clarke—pointedly looking away from Lexa’s comfortable nudity—nodded. “So was that like, some kind of purring?”

“Purring?”

Clarke’s head turned. Lexa still made no move to cover herself, and felt absolutely no shame when Clarke’s eyes darted to her chest, then very quickly up to her face. She did feel her temperature rise, though, and knew that if she didn’t leave soon then things would be difficult for her, dangerous for Clarke.

“It, uh, cats purr. It’s a sound they make when they’re happy, or something. If you scratch a cat where they like it, they purr.”

Lexa frowned. “We are not felines, Clarke.”

“What was that then?”

“A sound of pleasure.”

“A wolf purr then.”

Huffing, Lexa gathered her clothing. “That will be all for today. Your meal will be delivered to you shortly. I will see you again tomorrow.” She hated to, but slipped into her clothing with her back to Clarke. She felt those eyes on her. A strong sensation swept down Lexa’s spine, making her swallow hard. Clarke stepped a little closer, bringing with her the heat that made Lexa’s skin shiver.

“Can you stay tonight?” her voice was soft, almost weak. She was still so confused, so unsure. Almost like a pup, but Lexa wouldn’t treat her like a child. Clarke was a murderer, she knew. Someone who could do the vilest acts while feeling absolutely nothing in the moment.

“That would be unwise,” Lexa shot back quickly, because she had just been about to accept the invitation.

“Why?” Clarke was closer, making Lexa’s heart squeeze painfully in her chest. Every time she inhaled, her lungs burnt. She had never felt so wound up, so close to losing herself. She had an idea as to why, but could not bring herself to tell Clarke just yet. She needed to adjust, and Lexa’s people needed to accept Clarke as well. Perhaps if Lexa told her, then Clarke would ease more easily into her culture. Or Clarke would snap. Either way, Lexa was unsure how to handle the full situation. Her intense attraction and sexual need for Clarke was irritating. Lexa didn’t want every breath to hurt, didn’t need to feel so lustfully for Clarke, for the sound of her voice, or the brush of her skin.

“I…” Lexa’s throat clammed up completely. They hadn’t built a relationship yet, hadn’t developed the kind of trust Lexa was aiming for. If she made the wrong move now, she could kill Clarke by condemning her. She didn’t want that. She wasn’t sure why the feeling was so intense. “I must go.”
“Lexa, wait.” Clarke grabbed her hand and tugged her softly, making Lexa turn to face her. “I just… thank you. You don’t owe any of this to me, but you’re doing it anyway. I’m scared out of my mind, but you being here helps.”

Lexa swallowed. “I do, Clarke. I owe you everything.”

Clarke’s brow furrowed. She stepped closer. Her scent washed over Lexa, pulled her in and called to her. Lexa clenched her hands very hard, but Clarke didn’t seem to notice her distress. Her throat was constantly working, her eyes flicking from Clarke’s eyes to her lips, even as she spoke.

“What do you mean?”

“I can’t tell you yet.”

“Yet? I don’t understand.”

“And you won’t.”

“How can I trust you if you’re hiding things from me?”

Lexa sighed. Clarke’s touch was burning her. Clarke couldn’t feel it. Her human senses were too dull, too dense. The crackling energy around them, it buffeted against Lexa’s very soul. She felt alone in her dilemma, solemn. If Clarke couldn’t even feel the strong pull of attraction between them, then what hope was there the she would ever realize it? Want it, too? Lexa was asking for things she shouldn’t, things she had never even considered before. She hadn’t brought Clarke here to mate her. She had captured her, then rescued her, to rehabilitate her. From what Lexa’s spies had uncovered, Clarke was treasured among her people.

And when Clarke learns the truth, and they do, it will be easier for them to let go of the hatred and welcome us as people, not monsters.

But what if Clarke rejects the truth, and this was all for nothing?

Lexa couldn’t hear Clarke’s words anymore. She could only hear her thrumming pulse, see the slight flutter at Clarke’s throat. Her canine teeth grew out without her consent, and her own scent thickened, choked her.

“Lexa?” Clarke stepped back, eyes wide.

Lexa’s own growls finally touched her ears. She was shuddering, so close to shifting that steam lifted from her heated skin. She could see her reflection in Clarke’s eyes, and she looked frightening, primal and desperate. Her eyes were glowing a bright, liquid green, and her lips were pulled back over long fangs. Clarke looked suddenly frightened, so Lexa stepped forward.

She didn’t want to do this, but her instincts were taking over. Lexa backed Clarke up against the nearest table, and leaned over to press her nose against the skin of Clarke’s throat. She growled more deeply, but squeezed her eyes shut. Clarke grabbed a hold of her arms, and she was shaking with fear, with something else. When arousal mixed in with her scent, Lexa’s stomach dropped. She’d thought Clarke’s scent was sweet, but she hadn’t known what it would smell like when like this. It was intoxicating. But Clarke was breathing hard and fast, and fear added a bitter edge to her alluring smell. Lexa pulled away as much as she could, but then their lips were almost brushing.

“We are primal people,” she choked out. “We rely on instinct. On nature to direct us. Your scent, Clarke, it drives me.” She shut her eyes, lifted a hand to press her palm to Clarke’s cheek. The skin was inflamed there, and she hissed softly when the touch hurt. “I’ve ached for you the moment I
“smelt you. So it is unwise.” Opening her eyes, Lexa retreated, allowing Clarke to exhale and slump over the table. “I will see you in the morning.”

It took all her strength to leave, but she did. Clarke called for her, threw questions at her back, but Lexa ignored them and shifted in the hallway. She ran to the forest to clear her mind, to get Clarke out of her head.

But it was too late. Clarke was like a drug, and Lexa was already addicted.

Chapter End Notes

eyyy Lexa is hiding some really big secrets. Emerson is a fuckboy. Clarke is still fucking confused. Stay tuned for more!

Thanks for reading. Hope everyone has recovered (or in the process) from 03x07.

What do you think Lexa’s hiding? What is up with her attraction? And what do you think Wells will discover? Lemme know what you guys think in the comments ^^
Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

Hurried to write and post this, so didn't have a chance to read through and edit. Expect some mistakes! Enjoy the chapter though ^^

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“So it is unwise.” Lexa’s lips brushed softly against Clarke’s, making her shiver. She had never been so intimately close with anyone before. Her usual reaction to such physical contact was to shrink from it, sometimes violently. But this time she had grabbed Lexa instead. Her heart was slamming hard against her ribs, threatening to break free from her chest. “I will see you in the morning.” Lexa’s voice was molten and warm, covering Clarke’s skin in heat she had never felt before. But then Lexa pulled away and headed quickly for the door, Clarke’s throat clogged up.

“Lexa, wait!” She reached out but remained slumped over the table. Her legs were too weak. She knew that if she removed her weight from the table, she would collapsed onto the floor. “What do you mean?” Lexa ignored her and disappeared through the door. In her place she left Clarke a confused, shivering mess. With nothing else to do, Clarke went for a shower.

What had Lexa meant? That she was attracted to Clarke?

The thoughts were all too confusing, so she put them to rest and headed to sleep. In the morning, when Lexa came to see her again, she would ask her to elaborate. But as she laid in her furs, sleep wouldn’t take her. All Clarke could focus on was the sensation of Lexa’s body so close to her own. It had felt almost… right. And that was the scariest part.

XxX

Clarke snuggled deeper into her blankets, but her peaceful sleep was soon interrupted by a quiet huff, the scrape of long nails over tiles, and then a short, gruff inhale. She popped her eyes open, heart thudding hard in her chest. She had never heard such a noise, and though logic told her to be fearful, she couldn’t feel anything but curiosity. Of course, Clarke gathered all the courage her little twelve year old body could muster, and then slid out of bed.

She swallowed, moistening the dryness in her mouth. She was still scared, since her young mind raced with images of growling, dribbling monsters ready to gobble her up. Her breath came out in short pants, but she kept her footsteps quiet as she snuck down the hallway. The lounge was dark and quiet, safe for that sound again. The scraping. Something in Clarke’s brain twinged, as if she knew the sound but couldn’t quite place it. Deciding to rather find out than think about it, she strode forward into the room, and flipped the light switch.

Warm, orange light filled the room, bathing its occupant in an almost ethereal glow. Clarke’s eyes widened impossibly wide, because in front of her was the biggest dog she had ever seen. No—not a dog. Those eyes that stared at her, they were intelligent. They looked familiar, their deep blue colour, filled with compassion and understanding. They stared at her, begging her not to be scared, not to run, but to also be patient and silent. Clarke obeyed, walking stiffly over towards him—she somehow knew, though she wasn’t sure how—and then she paused, barely able to breathe. He towered over her, hot breath pouring out of his nose in heavy rushes, brushing against her pale,
reddened cheeks. Clarke swallowed, and then she finally willed herself to speak.

“What is your name?”

He blinked at her, like he was surprised but also not. A strange chortling sound fell from his muzzle, and then he dropped down onto his belly, ears flat against the sides of his face.

Clarke.

The word split into her head, like someone had spoken it. But it bypassed her ears completely, settled directly into her brain. She flinched at first, but his big, affectionate eyes pulled her closer and eased her concern.

You aren’t afraid? he spoke again. Though it was in her head, the timbre of his voice was unmistakable. It blew Clarke away for a very long second, but then it made sense, and then she wrapped her arms around his neck, exhaling, smiling with ease.

“Why?” she told him. “Why would I be afraid of you, daddy?”

XxX

“Dad!” Clarke’s eyes shot open. Her arm was outstretched toward the ceiling, reaching out for the one person that had meant everything to her. The dream had been vivid, and its vestiges still flittered through Clarke’s already confused, foggy mind. She blinked away the tears, found her cheeks were wet with them, dry with them. She hadn’t cried in years.

Then she remembered the content of her dream, and her stomach tightened so painfully that she had to swallow down a harsh wave of nausea. Her heart thundered dangerously in her chest, and a sheen of sweat covered her body. She was breathing hard, unable to actually suck down enough oxygen before it come rushing out again. Her ears buzzed, with sounds she had never heard before, then sounds she had—voices, laughing and crying; heartbeats, the sound of clothes against skin; howling, far in the distance but somehow right in her head; wheels, crunching over hard soil and dead leaves. Clarke gasped loudly, sat up on the furs. She felt a mess, and no doubt looked it.

“No,” she uttered, rubbing a hand over her face. “It can’t be.”

The dream had been that—a dream. But Clarke knew it was real. When Jake had died, Clarke had all but forgotten most of her childhood. She could barely remember any of it, and had she not owned a picture of her father, most likely would have forgotten his face, too. But this was something she wished had stayed buried. Lexa’s words from the night before washed over her, confusing her.

“Your scent, Clarke, it drives me.”

Why? Why did it drive her? What was it in Clarke’s scent that made Lexa feel so? Were wolves simply attracted to humans, or was it something else? Clarke squeezed her eyes shut. The sounds wouldn’t leave her, they were around and in her, breathing through her, tugging her. She clamped her hands over her ears, but they didn’t go away. It was like… like she could hear everything.

Clarke began to hyperventilate, and she recognized a panic attack slowly worming its way onto her. But before it could settle and latch on, a thick, comforting scent pushed away every bit of panic, and Clarke’s muscles relaxed. Actually, they almost turned to jelly. Her chest untightened, her shoulders felt lighter, but then her stomach pulled tightly and waves of arousal hit her. She lifted her head, curious and unable to stop herself, to catch more of that scent. It was growing stronger, headier. It felt like a warm hand in hers, a solid body curled around her back. She welcomed it in, and didn’t have the right of mind to question why, or what that smell was. She stood, following her nose. It felt like
that scent filled every curve of her body. Her heart was pounding now, and she was hungry. Hungry for something… primal.

Clarke could barely walk, but she tried to anyway. She forgot her dream, forgot the fact that her father might have been a wolf. She was all consumed by that scent—it was growing closer and closer, until finally she could smell its source right outside the door. Clarke inhaled, licked the inside of her mouth and then cried out. Blood filled her mouth—she had cut her tongue on her teeth. Long, sharp teeth that hadn’t been there before. A knock came at the door the same time as Clarke lifted a hand to touch her teeth, horrified to find long canine fangs there.

“Clarke?”

It was Lexa. Her voice sounded so far away, so close. It was almost like Lexa had spoken right against her ear, and it sent Clarke to her knees. She must have made some sort of noise, because suddenly Lexa was beside her, hands on her face, worried eyes searching her own.

“Clarke?” She hurried, throat bobbing as she swallowed. “What’s wrong? Clarke?”

Clarke tried to speak, but couldn’t. Her tongue suddenly felt heavy, and as much as she tried, she couldn’t move it enough to make more than a groaning, defeated sound. Her mind was just as distracted. Lexa was the source. Having her this close burnt Clarke’s soul. She wanted to flinch away, but she also wanted to lean in, wanted to brush her rose along Lexa’s throat, inhale her scent, let it seep into her bones and suffocate her. She moaned without being able to. Lexa’s eyes flashed in the unnatural way that they did, and then she stilled, inhaled, and pulled Clarke closer.

“It’s okay,” she whispered softly. “You can change.”

Clarke didn’t understand the permission. She furrowed her brows, but her body began to shake. Heat seeped off of her in waves, consuming both their forms until Clarke had to shut her eyes from the steam. Lexa still held on, not bothered in the least. Clarke’s pulse spiked yet again. A heavy, painful itch covered her skin, one she wanted to desperately scratch. But her limbs wouldn’t work. Loud snaps and cracking filled her ears, and then she screamed, so loud that Lexa flinched, though she did not let go.

Clarke’s body broke and then remoulded itself, and then she collapsed, covered in sweat and fur, breathing heavily through a nose too long. When she staggered onto unsteady legs, she noted four of them.

“It’s okay,” Lexa said softly, still wrapped around her, but hanging in the air now. “Everything will be okay, Clarke. Just don’t panic.”

Clarke stared ahead, fixated on the intricate detail of the walls around her. She could see every fibre, every crack and dent. She could even note the tiny insects scurrying about. Lexa dropped down from where she had been clutching at her neck, and then Clarke looked down, and she realized that she was no longer human at all. Lexa’s gaze told her to relax.

Clarke tipped her head back and howled.

Chapter End Notes

Still no internet guys. Hope you liked the chapter though! A little more meat in this one.
Plenty more secrets to reveal still. I'm excited for the comments ^^ thanks for reading
Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

Warning! This is a sex chapter. Was meant to be longer, to include a full explanation in the last scene. However, internet crapped out again. Figured I’d at least update with something. Hope you guys enjoy it! And rest assured, all your questions will be answered soon enough. Anything that makes no sense will begin to in later chapters.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Clarke howled and whimpered until her strange throat was raw, almost bleeding. She was running—to nowhere, in every direction. She was barely aware of her own transformed body, only spurred on by the adrenalin and terror spearing through her system, poisoning her once pure blood. Her ears still rang with too much noise, and her nose was constantly assaulted by scent after scent.

One of them was always the strongest, however, following very close behind. Clarke couldn’t remember who it was, only that their presence, their warm scent, made her panic ease just slightly. But she continued to run, away from the smell of concrete and sweat, deep into the soothing silence and embrace of tree bark and wet leaves. The moment her large paws squelched on moist ground, Clarke shot off to the side, all the way until she couldn’t move her tired legs anymore. She collapsed beside a body of water, catching her own scent somewhere nearby. She released hard, heavy breaths, still hyperventilating, dizzy from lack of oxygen.

Breathe, Clarke, a voice urged calmly. Your senses are overwhelmed. Take control of yourself. I know you can do it. Will everything away and calm down.

Clarke remembered Lexa, remembered that she was the sweet smelling something, that she wanted to get up, scratch her face off, but also consume her in the most sexual way. She released a long, whiny whimper, but obeyed. She slowly came back to herself and regained control of her breathing. Once the ringing in her ears stopped, and her world no longer spun, she focused then on simply being.

It felt so strange, like she was stuck in an outfit that bent her body wrong. But it also felt exciting, right. It felt like she had been dying to be this way for years. Clarke didn’t want to think about that, so she didn’t. She instead focused her attention on Lexa, who was in the shadows, close enough that the glow of her eyes cut through the darkness, but not too close that Clarke thought her threatening. Clarke whimpered for her, drawing Lexa nearer.

Are you calmer now, Clarke?

Clarke ran her long tongue over her muzzle, cringing slightly when she tasted blood and dirt.

I...she tried. Thinking human words were difficult in this form, no matter how many years she had spent speaking it. I... think... so.

Lexa cautiously stepped closer, and then sat down on her backside. Her tail swished about very slowly. How do you feel?

Like I just turned into a huge dog. She was mesmerised by Lexa’s form—those dark, powerful eyes.
The lines of her muscled limbs, running all the way down to impossibly sharp claws. Her fur was beautiful as well, dark brown with speckles of black here and there. The sight of her spurred Clarke to crawl forward, until she was close enough to gently lick the underside of her jaw. Lexa’s ears pressed tightly against her head, but she stared straight ahead.

Clarke, you do not know what you are doing. I suggest that you put space between us until you understand your situation.

I can’t, Clarke whimpered. I don’t understand why I can’t.

She wrapped her tail around her left leg, pushed herself until she was almost all the way against Lexa’s chest. It was warm there, the heart beneath pounding rhythmically, but a little too fast. Clarke nuzzled against her, desperate for something she didn’t understand. She kept whining, couldn’t stop the odd sounds from leaking out of her chest. Lexa stood then, a heavy growl beating against the wind. When her eyes caught Clarke’s, Clarke felt compelled to lay down on her back. But she resisted it, some instinct telling her not to submit so easily, just in case.

In case of what?

I don’t understand.

Lexa’s ears stood straight, and her tail was still lazily moving from side to side. Every muscle in her body was tense, like she was waiting for an attack. When Clarke rubbed her face against Lexa’s neck, the Alpha finally did something. With a bark Lexa knocked Clarke over onto her back, and then she stepped over her, her paws pressed to the ground on each side of Clarke’s head. Clarke whimpered like a puppy, tail wagging, eyes staring up at Lexa’s powerful form.

Change, Lexa ordered. There was something heavy in her voice and her eyes, so Clarke obeyed, and as she did Lexa copied her. When the steam cleared, Lexa was still crouched above her, but they were both naked. Clarke shivered. She felt odd now in human form again, but she didn’t let that distract her. Lexa had her teeth bared, and she was shaking.

Lexa’s scent sliced right through Clarke, drawing a deep, ragged moan from her very core. “Lexa,” she uttered breathlessly.

Lexa furrowed her brows. “We shouldn’t do this,” she choked out.

“What is ‘this’?”

Lexa frowned, but she wasn’t moving. Like this, Clarke could see every hard line of her muscles, every curve and dip that travelled the length of Lexa’s body. She was breathlessly beautiful. Clarke wanted to touch her.

Lexa released a strange, rumbling sound, and then lowered her body until they were pressed together. Clarke welcomed the position, welcomed the feeling of Lexa covering and owning her. She still wasn’t in her human mind frame. Something hot and heavy drove every part of Clarke’s brain. All she could smell was Lexa’s skin, the earthiness that her scent always carried, and then the sharpness of her arousal. She could also smell her own, and it burnt her nose.

“I need to explain it to you, Clarke,” Lexa uttered. She hid her face against Clarke’s shoulder, shuddering. Clarke wrapped her legs around Lexa’s waist, pulling her closer, letting her feel the pool of wetness that had settled between her legs. The moment Lexa did, she groaned and grabbed Clarke’s thigh with a stiff, shaking hand. “Please.”

“I… can’t…” Clarke choked out. Her body was almost moving without her consent. She did want to
pull away, to gather her thoughts and figure out how she had just changed into a wolf. But then she wanted Lexa inside of her, wanted to feel taken in every possible way. She was sweating from the heat of their bodies, and the heat of her arousal, as well.

Lexa chuckled. “I suppose you feel it now too, don’t you?”

Clarke groaned. “What, the burning? The way I want to scream and cry and dance at the same time, just looking at you?”

Lexa lifted her head, eyes boring down into Clarke’s. “I can feel your heartbeat in my chest. I…” she swallowed thickly, eyes glossing over.

The planes of her face were flawless, beautiful. Clarke lifted a hand and traced the full lines of Lexa’s lips. “Kiss me,” she whispered softly.

Lexa looked like she wanted to say something, to pull away or do anything else, but Clarke felt it, the moment her resolve broke. She dipped down and took Clarke’s lips, a growl in her chest, her hips bucking.

Clarke felt sparks of heat and pleasure rush over her skin. Lexa’s lips consumed hers, her tongue slipped into her mouth with ease. The hand at Clarke’s thigh moved higher, tracing her quivering skin up to her navel, circling the dip there, teasing lower only to slide back up. Clarke whimpered. In that moment she had never been surer of anything in her life. This was one thing she knew she would never regret, even though a tiny part of her still said wait, talk first, understand first.

Though exhausted earlier, Clarke’s body had completely recovered. Clarke would have wondered if the change itself did that—reset her cells or something. But she was too occupied with the feeling of Lexa’s thigh pressing against her, Lexa’s lips moving down to her throat, a warm tongue darting out to taste the salt on her skin.

Clarke hissed when Lexa dragged sharp nails lightly down her inner thigh. She kept avoiding the spot that Clarke wanted her to touch most, so Clarke decided to take matters into her own hands. She flipped them over as swiftly as if she had been in battle, sprawling Lexa easily onto her back.

The mood shifted then. Lexa’s eyes filled with emotion, but gone was the raging fire. She looked up almost pleadingly. Clarke had noticed that the air shimmered around Lexa, as if the authority in her energy was too much. But now it was gone. Lexa’s skin shuddered and shimmered, sweat sliding down her abdomen and breasts. They were hot, so incredibly hot that Clarke’s new eyesight caught tendrils of steam lifting off of their bodies. She was only distracted for a very short moment by the sight, but then she glanced back down at Lexa, and felt powerful.

Here was the Alpha, the one that Clarke’s blood told her to obey, but she was defenceless, on her back. Clarke was dominating her, and Lexa was allowing it—no, it was like she couldn’t control herself, either.

Flutters of warmth licked at Clarke’s skin, threatening to burst from every pore. She felt itchy again, and almost sick with arousal. It climbed so high that tears pressed at the back of her lids, her chest tight and her stomach aching. She whimpered—not a human sound—and sought hurriedly for Lexa’s hand. When she found it, she drew it closer until she felt Lexa’s fingertips brush against her soaked entrance.

“Clarke,” Lexa uttered brokenly. She swallowed, her throat bobbing harshly with the effort. Clarke looked into her eyes, moved her hips. She slid her eyes shut quickly, and then slid down onto three of Lexa’s fingers. They curled almost instinctively, immediately brushing against Clarke’s sensitive
spot. She moaned loudly, head tilted forward. She dropped her hands onto Lexa’s shoulders, and then felt a hand press against her cheek.

Clarke opened her eyes, saw Lexa staring at her through the blurriness in her vision. Everything intensified—the smells around her, the sensation of those fingers inside of her, Lexa’s hot skin against her own; the sound of small animals in the distance, Lexa’s fluttering heartbeat underneath her.

Lexa was panting, quivering and wet. She pulled Clarke down, took her mouth in another searing kiss. When Clarke pulled back to suck in much needed air, Lexa’s breathy words caressed the underside of her jaw.

“You can ride me, Clarke.”

Shudders passed down Clarke’s spine. She had been stationary, mesmerized by the stretch and the fullness. Clarke had never been intimate with someone before. Had never felt the comfort of someone needed inside of her. Instinct told her exactly what to do, so she obeyed and drew her hips back. Heat built where Lexa’s fingers were, making Clarke gasp and moan. She kept a slow rhythm, and Lexa let her keep to it. Lexa didn’t move, only pulled her down for another kiss. She kept her hand completely still, grunting as well each time Clarke slammed down hard.

Clarke had never felt something so powerful. Her toes began to curl, and she bit so deeply into her own tongue that blood filled her mouth. Sparks of hot, sharp pleasure pulsed through every cell in her body, until the only thing that mattered was the smell of Lexa around her, the feel of Lexa inside of her, the warmth and comfort of her. Clarke came hard around Lexa, swearing and shuddering so violently that Lexa sat up and pulled an arm around her tightly, keeping her right there against her chest.

When the waves of pleasure faded and Clarke’s first orgasm dispersed, she collapsed, unconscious. The last thing she registered before sleep took her, was the warmth of Lexa’s breath at her ear.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks so much for reading! Just a hint, but helpful/enthusiastic comments help a lot to give me inspiration for the next chapter. I also just love hearing what you all think of the new chapters ^^ Until next chapter!
Chapter 13

Chapter Notes

ayyy I finally updated. I really didn't feel like making this story super angsty and stuff. Think of this fic as more of S3 Clarke, alright? More to come in next chapters! Enjoy this one, though ^^ lots of plot. Yeah. Plot.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The scent of sex was heavy around them, but Lexa didn’t mind as much. Sure, she was slightly panicking inside, but she felt otherwise satisfied. She had come when Clarke had, almost unable not to. The whole thing had been too wild, too intense. Lexa had been with a lover before, but not like this. No woman had ever made her feel so much at once.

She tipped her head to the side and swallowed. Clarke was still out, breathing softly as she slept. Her blonde hair was tangled and messy with sticks and leaves, but Lexa still found her attractive. No, beautiful. She couldn’t help but reach out and brush a thumb over Clarke’s cheek.

Lexa really hadn’t expected her evening to go down quite like this. She had decided to speak honestly with Clarke, at last. To have any progress, Clarke needed to know what she was. But then she had smelt the stress from Clarke, the intense arousal. Clarke had been like a maturing pup, changing fully for the first time. And oh, she had been magnificent. A huge, white wolf. Not many wolves bore white fur, and those that did were usually revered. Most of her kind had two colours, at the least. Never one solid colour, not like Clarke.

Lexa knew that her feelings were largely due to attraction. Wolves were primal. When a wolf wanted to mate, they did. Rarely did they ever meddle with words, or round each other with doubts. If both wanted something, they would take it. But something else tugged at Lexa’s heart, and a part of her had an idea as to why. She swallowed again, and then left the nest of leaves she had gathered earlier, allowing Clarke to rest naked and alone.

She won’t want to see me when she wakes, anyway, she reminded herself. Clarke had been hot for her. That was true. Even Clarke felt the level of their physical compatibility. But Clarke had been overcome with her change, with the sensations flooding her brain. Lexa should have stopped her, she really should have. But the moment her fingers had slid inside the slick heat, all of the fight had left her. Now she was left with the dilemma of not knowing exactly what Clarke’s reaction would be.

Most wildly, she would wake, would remember with clarity what had happened, and would embrace it. She would welcome Lexa back into her arms, and then Lexa would take her for the rest of the evening.

More realistically, though, Clarke would wake and panic. She might change in her panic. She also might become incredibly violent as she did so, lost in her confusion and fear.

However, Clarke did something else entirely.

Lexa noted the exact moment Clarke woke. Her even breathing hitched, her chest almost stopped moving completely, and then Clarke released a low, breathy groan. She slowly pushed up onto her elbows, blue eyes hidden by heavy lids, and swept her tongue over her bottom lip. Then her eyes
widened when she saw Lexa standing there, trying not to stare but unable not to. Instead of stuttering into a panic, Clarke swallowed hard and then closed her eyes.

“What happened to me?” she asked quietly, almost defeated.

Lexa found herself swallowing. Clarke always did that to her. Made her throat swell with emotions and words she didn’t want to give voice to. But this time it was essential. Lexa wanted to return to Clarke’s side, bury in the warm leaves beside her, but she remained where she was, her back pressed to the rough bark of an old tree.

“You are not entirely human, Clarke.”

Clarke dipped her head, as if she had been expecting the admission. “How?”

Lexa narrowed her eyes slightly. Her jaw muscles bunched up, but she swallowed the concern down and sucked in a shallow breath. “Wolves are somehow genetically compatible with humans, Clarke. Humans can bare wolf children. Wolves can bare human children. We…” Lexa’s voice nearly cracked, forcing her lips to press harshly together. “We call these children the half-breeds. They are disliked greatly by my people. In the past, we would accept them. After the first wave of attacks by the humans, half-breeds were slaughtered or exiled. Now any half-breed within the walls will be treated less than equal.”

Clarke’s neck tensed as she swallowed, and she moved to wrap her arms around herself. There were still traces of blood on her skin—from her run and from their passion earlier. All wounds were gone, but the evidence remained.

“My father was a wolf then, wasn’t he?”

Lexa nodded even though Clarke’s gaze was fixed on the ground. “We was Alpha before me. He was the Alpha that brought my people back from the brink of extinction, from an end made by war. He taught us to live again, to love again, and to not hate the humans.”

Clarke pressed her face into her palm, sighing. “Of course he was. That sounds just like him.”

“You were aware of who he really was?” Lexa asked, puzzled by Clarke’s acceptance and understanding. Though the rapid pounding of her heart indicated that Clarke was upset by what she was hearing, on the outside she was almost too calm.

“No, no I didn’t. Just a hunch I had after I remembered a few things.”

Lexa nodded. “He wanted to bridge the gap between us and the humans,” she continued. “So he went to Arkadia. He visited the humans as one of them and learnt their ways. There, he found me.”

Clarke’s head shot up, blue eyes wide again. “What happened?”

“My mother was a wolf,” Lexa explained. “Just as enchanted by Arkadia as Jake was. Unfortunately, she was too bewitched to realize that she needed to be wary. She met a man that she fell in love with, but he abused her badly. He knew not of her true blood, not until she gave birth to me. I was dumped in the forest just outside of Arkadia, and my mother was never heard from again. Jake was returning to his people when he found me, and he took me in. I am a half-breed, but the Alpha fostered me, and so the other wolves left me alone.”

Lexa’s lips twitched into the ghost of a smile, but then it dropped quickly.

“Lexa, I…” Clarke’s face was twisted in agony. She stood, stumbled over to Lexa and then
collapsed by her side. She exhaled loudly, like the weight of the world sat on her wary shoulders. Lexa felt the same. “I had no idea. So that’s where… he used to disappear sometimes, for a whole week. My mother never knew where he went, but she trusted him enough not to fight him on it.” Sighing, she rubbed a hand over her eyes. “I just never realized who he really was. What he was fighting for.”

“Clarke, Jake was an amazing man. He never came to Arkadia to build a family. But he did so accidentally. And he loved you. He used to tell me about you, and about the humans. He never went into too much detail, because I was also just a child. When news arrived that he had passed, I was immediately named the new Alpha.”

Clarke looked up, staring deeply into Lexa’s eyes. Lexa swallowed again, clenched her teeth together. They were still naked, and despite the serious conversation, Clarke’s bare skin was warm and soft against her own.

“How was it possible?” Clarke asked softly, just above a whisper. “Didn’t they hate you for what you are?”

Lexa nodded. “Jake named me his successor. In our tradition, it is the Alpha who chooses the next. No one can refuse that. Honour above vengeance.”

Clarke’s face fell, as if she was just realizing how young Lexa had been when she was named Alpha. How young she had been when her only real father was gone, like dust in the wind, blown into nothing.

“I was… Lexa, for so many years I was lost. My father was everything to me, and when he disappeared, I broke. I was told that wolves mutilated him, but I never saw his body. No one did. We had an empty casket.”

Lexa nodded. “Our people loved him, Clarke. We would never have conspired to hurt him.”

Clarke pushed away suddenly, face wrought with worry. “This means something big, Lexa. This means that they lied to me.”

“I think we should continue this another time,” Lexa interjected quickly, before Clarke could get too caught up in her own thoughts and realizations. Sure, Lexa had her own theories on what really happened to Jake too, but that had to wait. “We are still naked. I need us to talk about what happened.”

Clarke blinked. Her eyes dropped down to her body again, and then she blushed. “Oh shit, yeah,” she blurted. Deep, scarlet red dusted over her cheeks. “We… um…”

“We mated, Clarke,” Lexa inserted.

“We sure did.” Clarke bit down onto her lip, eyes darting everywhere but at Lexa. “I’m, um, sorry that I quite literally jumped you.”

At this Lexa could smile. “I enjoyed being jumped, so there are no hard feelings from me. But speaking of feelings, Clarke… wolves… we don’t do what humans do. We can’t mate with multiple partners. We tend to… become extremely attached to anyone we become intimate with.” Clarke nodded. “I have been infatuated with you since the moment I first saw you, battling my soldiers. I have fought against it this whole time. All it took was you to break my walls down.”

“That was… that was actually my first time.”
Lexa went silent, then still. This time her eyes widened. She slowly got onto her knees, and then she dropped down to bow low, eyes squeezed shut. “Clarke, I had no idea. Please accept my apology.”

A firm hand pulled Lexa upwards by the shoulder. “That was all me,” Clarke told her firmly. “I smelt you and I burned. I burned like I was set on fire from the inside. All I could think about was… well, being with you. You don’t need to apologize.”

Clarke’s hand remained, and it was far too warm. Lexa swallowed. The memories from earlier were washing over her, making her skin heat up, tingle with desire.

“I can’t resist you,” she uttered softly, not even aware that she was doing so.

Clarke’s hand slid down to her arm, then to her hand, where she intertwined their fingers. “I still need time to adjust, but I’m okay with this. You don’t need to resist.”

“What do you realize what you’re saying?”

“I realize that for some reason just your existence gets me off. Do we really need to talk about this?”

Lexa smirked. Despite living as a human all these years, Clarke was more wolf than she realized. Lexa pulled Clarke to her, leaned in to brush her lips over Clarke’s fluttering pulse point. “You’re right,” she said softly. Clark shuddered against her, relaxed and open, receptive to her touch. Despite everything, all the secrets and the truths, Clarke still wanted her. It made Lexa’s chest warm.

“Wolves don’t usually talk it out, anyway.”

“Good. Now distract me before I start to panic again. We can talk later.”

Lexa dragged the tips of her teeth along Clarke’s shoulder, and then she moved upwards, to Clarke’s lips. “Anything you want, Clarke.”

Clarke gasped softly when they kissed, hands going up to grip the rippling muscles at Lexa’s back. “Right now, you,” she moaned softly between every sweet, passionate brush of lips. “Just you.”

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! Do comment to let me know what you think. Would really appreciate that ^^
Chapter 14

Chapter Notes

No Clexa this chapter. Wells does a little investigating, makes a few discoveries. He also seeks out some allies. Enjoy the chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Wells steepled his fingers, elbows pressed against the smooth surface of his glass desk. The holographic screen hovered in front of him, but he held himself back for a long moment. It had taken all his courage to open his desktop that morning—more so to simply enter the Organization building, knowing what he felt, what he suspected. He sighed, fingers twitching with the effort to stay still.

A day had passed since the commemoration of Clarke, their ‘Great Hero’, and since Emerson had delivered his speech. Since then Wells hadn’t been able to sleep. Not like he had been able to at all since discovering Clarke’s death.

*If she is dead*, he thought.

*No. Don’t get your hopes up.*

His desktop background was simply of the Organization logo—an infinity sign, with a cross of hunter swords at its back. The design was black and sleek, and once Wells had felt utmost pride at seeing the symbol. Now all it did was make his stomach roll.

Finally steeling himself, Wells broke his stiff posture to lean forward and tap carefully at his keyboard. He opened up the Organization database, and keyed in a search for all the data concerning Clarke’s last mission. While the program loaded, Wells swallowed thickly. Part of him was sure his suspicions were based on nothing but plain dislike for Emerson as a person. His guilt over Clarke’s demise didn’t help much. He wondered if this whole endeavour was a selfish one, born out of an attempt to release himself from his own guilt, to point a finger and say, *it was you who did this, you who killed her, not me.* But it was him. It was him that had chosen Titan and Butcher and Emerson. It was him that ignored the fact that while Emerson was ruthless in his politics, he could hardly match up on the battlefield. He had ignored that most of Emerson’s accomplishments were done at desk, not gripping a sword.

*Clarke, he thought, I’m so sorry. This is all my fault.*

The screen flashed a notification, snapping Wells out of his own churning thoughts.

*“INCIDENT REPORT: CODE-ALPHA/12-1022”*

Wells shifted in his seat but clicked on the link despite his discomfort. He knew the report. He knew what had happened that day. But he read through it again, scanning each line of text until his vision swam. Something struck him immediately. It was too clean. Too simple. Reports were usually pages upon pages, detailing the most miniscule detail. Yet this one, of the most important mission to date, was barely a whole page. It simply read,

*“Carl Emerson, highly ranked hunter, was positioned as the leader of the Code Alpha mission. His*
It went on to explain when they had landed, what they had done at camp and then when they had set out. The details about the actual assassination attempt were vague. Raven—the only other witness—hadn’t been at the scene, and all she could testify to was Clarke’s refusal to obey a command over the communications device, and then switching hers off. Thereafter the only testimonial was that of Emerson’s. He told of his heroics, of Clarke’s stubborn refusal and disobedience, and then her grisly death. Like during the speech, reading about how Emerson had made it out alive made Wells skin crawl. There was no way Emerson would make it out alive, alone, when three seasoned, war hardened warriors fell so easily.

Emerson had done something. He was lying even if Wells had absolutely no proof of it, nothing at all to even convince himself. Nothing but his gut.

The general report was providing absolutely nothing of relevance. Wells clicked out of the document with a huff, irritated now. He logged out of his profile and signed in on his father’s—who didn’t know, and hopefully never would. His father all but owned the Organization, so it was obvious that he had a higher clearance level. So Wells tried again, found the same old report, but dug a little deeper into the background reports, the ones that only the higher ups saw. After just a minute of sifting through reports of that day, he found exactly what he was looking for, titled, **CODE-ALPHA**.

He exhaled slowly, wondering what was inside, and clicked the link.

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“THELONIOUS JAH: AUTHORITATION RESTRICTED"
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Wells’ eyes widened. He closed the window and opened the report again, only to be met with the same bold, angry text. He swallowed hard. “Denied?” he sputtered. There was absolutely no way that any information would be kept from his father. Why…? Who…?

Wells felt a shiver run down his spine, so he quickly logged out and shut his computer off. Trying to breathe evenly was difficult. Though he hadn’t uncovered any legitimate information, he had been able to confirm one thing.

Emerson had covered something up, and those above Well’s father was helping him. Why they would need to, Wells couldn’t guess. It could have been anything from them simply wanting to get Clarke killed, or wanting to start a war without being the first one through the door. A war was coming, alright.

Wells left his office. It was on the fourth floor, where most of his agents set up during the day—sometimes the night—to write out their reports or gather more intel for a case. He was technically chief investigator, though most despised his position. Owing to the fact that his daddy was the boss, not many people liked Wells at all at first. It had taken years of him working tirelessly to solve brutal beast killings, to track and kill the monsters responsible and even rescue a few survivors, until his division took him seriously. New recruits still looked at him with contempt, but those that had been out on the field with him showed nothing but respect. Hell, maybe one or two even liked him.

One of the newbies, Murphy something, sent a scowl his way as Wells walked down the hallway. He passed by the cubicles, but he paid the boy no mind. On his way he spotted Bellamy up ahead, which in itself was odd. As soon as Bellamy noticed him, he strode over in three long steps and then paused.
“Wells,” he said evenly. There were dark bruises underneath his eyes, and his knuckles looked busted up. A wave of pity ran through Wells, but he didn’t let it show on his face. No doubt Bellamy was just as cut up, since he had been Clarke’s friend, too.

“Bellamy.” Wells nodded. “Don’t see you in the office often. What can I do for you?”

Bellamy forced out a smile, but it was painful to look at. “I wanted to, um, to ask you about something.”

Wells pressed his lips together. Something tightened in his stomach, but he ignored it. “Go ahead.”

This time Bellamy did smile. “Octavia and I were talking yesterday, after Emerson’s speech.” His nose wrinkled at the mention of the man’s name, warming Wells up to him instantly. Anyone that disliked Emerson was descent in Wells’ eyes. People that supported the man worried Wells more than anything. “And she thinks, well… I never really noticed, but she said Emerson’s been acting pretty weird.”

Wells frowned. “Are you insinuating that a senior hunter is doing something illegal?” Though he didn’t mean to sound as stern as he had, he couldn’t help but feel satisfaction when the briefest flash of panic washed over Bellamy’s face.

“Of course not!” he hurried, eyes flicking around them, making sure no one was listening. “Look, O was talking to Raven, and Raven says that there’s no way Emerson could have made it out there alive. She thinks he might have left Clarke there to die.”

Nodding slowly, Wells swallowed and clenched his hands into fists—they were stuffed inside the pockets of his leather jacket, so Bellamy couldn’t see the concealed anger. “I’ve read the reports,” he said quietly. Bellamy took a breath and gave him a long look, one that said many things. Wells let his shoulders drop. “I am an investigating officer,” Wells continued. “It is my duty to this division and to the citizens of Arkadia to make sure there is justice.” He clenched his hands tighter. “No matter the cost.”

Bellamy stared for a long, silent second. He seemed to understand what Wells was trying to say. Without responding, he simply dipped his head in a short nod and then he left, long legs carrying him down the hallway until he rounded the corner and disappeared. Wells finally exhaled, but he didn’t feel any better.

You don’t know who you can trust, he told himself. Not after I confirmed my fears. Bellamy worked under Emerson for two years. He might have cared about Clarke, but there’s no way to tell.

Wells shook off his paranoia and headed to the elevator. Since Bellamy had mentioned it, he decided to give Raven a visit. She was most likely in the building somewhere, working off her anger or giving someone grief. As expected he found her in the gym at the top floor, grunting as she pulled herself up, counting her hundredth pull-up. She didn’t notice him until he spoke.

“Working off some steam?”

Raven paused mid-ascent, sharp eyes spearing him with a fierce glare before they registered who he was. They softened, but she still seemed guarded. She released her tight grip and dropped down, landing without so much as a sound.

“Well, gotta keep fit somehow, since scout duty usually has me laying around on my ass all month.”

“Scouting the mountain is a highly important job,” Wells chided. “If anything happens on the mountain that we aren’t aware of, that’s the end for us.”
Raven openly rolled her eyes and took a long swig of her water, sweat sliding down the brown column of her throat. Wells cleared his throat, uncomfortable when Raven continued to drink and drink and drink. When she finished, a light flush peppered her cheeks.

“Vodka,” Raven clarified, holding the bottle up. “Does wonders after a work-out.”

Wells took a breath to chastise Raven for drinking at work, but decided against it. He needed Raven to warm up to him, if he wanted his questioning to go smoothly at all. “I’m here on an investigation, actually,” he started.

“Oh?” Raven wiped the sweat from her face with her towel. “And you need me why?”

“I wanted to ask you some questions?”

Raven’s expression hardened. “About what?”

“Code Alpha.”

Raven immediately took another sip of her drink, grunting harshly after she swallowed it down. She threw the bottle and her towel into her nearby bag, and then she gestured with a wave for Wells to follow. They started walking through the gym, towards the showers.

“Ask away then,” she said. “Not like I have anything to hide, right?”

“You’re not under any suspicion,” Wells hurried. He paused outside of the shower room while Raven walked on, but she paused and looked at him. Huffing, she grabbed his arm and pulled him in.

“No one comes here at this time and I doubt you want to have this conversation over the space of an entire room.”

Wells nodded. He turned away when Raven undressed. Once she was safely inside the shower, curtain drawn, he moved a little closer and began.

“What do you remember about that day, Raven?”

“Exactly what the reports say.” The shower switched on, hot steam bellowing out almost immediately. “Why are you asking?”

“Simply doing a follow up. Making sure all the facts add up.”

“Clarke and the rest arrived early evening. I briefed them on the plan, and then everyone did their own thing for three hours. Clarke, she—” Raven paused. For a long second there was no sound but the water hitting the tiles, then she cleared her throat and continued. “Clarke looked worn out. I told her to rest, but she was a stubborn ass.” The ‘was’ made Wells’ chest ache. He kept quiet, though, and simply allowed Raven to continue. “She was close to the tents, swinging that sword of hers around. We had a little conversation, then she headed out to her death.”

“Did anything seem particularly odd that night?” Wells pressed. “Anything at all? With anyone?”

“Emerson was a dickwad, as usual. The other two, can’t remember their names, kept bickering. Clarke was, well, Clarke. The entire evening was odd.”

“Did anything happen during the preparation of the mission? Like, did someone maybe step out on the phone?”
“No. They suited up, they sheathed their weapons and then they left. What’s this all about, Wells? I’ve spoken to three guys already, all given them the same answers. There are no loose ends, as far as the reports go.”

“How much faith would you put in Clarke?” he asked instead of answering, unsure yet if even Raven was to be trusted. Even if she had raised the blaring concern about Emerson, Wells wanted to be careful. He owed Clarke that much.

Raven paused for a long while. She didn’t answer until she was finished with her shower and dressed, and was walking out of the gym with Wells at her side. He waited very patiently, sure that it was just as difficult for her to speak about that night, to know that she had been there with Clarke during her last hours. That she hadn’t been able to stop the tragedy from happening.

“I would trust her with my life,” Raven finally answered, softly and hesitantly. “I would put every ounce of faith I have in her.”

Wells nodded. “And have you faith in her ability?”

“Clarke? She was a beast herself, the way she cut them down. The last thing I ever expected was for her end to come at the hands of them.”

Wells frowned. “Do you really believe that Clarke died in a fight, on that mountain?”

They paused at the elevator. It dinged and the doors swooshed open, but neither stepped inside. Raven looked up into Wells’ face, giving him a long, searching look. “No,” she finally said. “Not at all.”

Wells decided to go out on a whim. “Me too,” he admitted.

Realization dawned on Raven then, and it showed in the way her shoulders sagged, how the suspicion fell from her face. “This isn’t about trying to nail one of us for negligence, then?” she asked. “It’s about Emerson. Isn’t it?”

Wells nodded. “I want to find out what really happened. Can you help me?”

Raven smirked. Wells wondered if this was the first time Raven had done anything but scowl and frown since returning from Mount Weather. “What do you need me to do?”

“Firstly,” Wells sighed, suddenly unsure. “I need you to hack something for me.”

Chapter End Notes

omfg guys if you haven't read Lightning Only Strikes Once by fiona_249 then you are not actually LIVING your life. Go and read that shit. I read 23 chapters in one sitting and had to force myself to stop at 4am. It also gave me so many feels that I decided to stop being an ass and update this fic. So go and read their fic, comment the fuck out of their fic because it literally took my breath away and is just, in one word, amazing.

Now to my fic, I hope you enjoyed this chapter even though it didn't have any Clexa. Still need that plot you know. I'd love to hear your thoughts! Until next chapter~ (psst you can catch me on tumblr at danilovesanimenel if you wanna freak out about my story or the one I just recommended because I literally don't mind)
Clarke breathed in slowly, taking in all the new sights and sounds around her. Logically, nothing was actually new. But her new senses were so enhanced that she felt electrified. She could hear the tiny heartbeats of furry animals nearby, the rush of slithering wind against hard tree bark. She could hear Lexa’s quiet breaths. Heart pounding in her ears, Clarke inhaled deeply, taking in all the earthy scents around her. One stood out the strongest—Lexa’s.

They had mated. Clarke still wasn’t so sure how she was taking everything so lightly. Every time she tried to think logically about things, to reason and understand, the baser side of her pushed everything away. When she felt the creeping edges of doubt and terror, a lone sound in the distance demanded her complete attention. She all but ended up scurrying around the forest, fascinated with each and every tiny thing she noticed, from the small insects to the bellowing leaves. Lexa followed her quietly, carefully, with a soft smile on her face and a gentle warmth to her scent.

Clarke understood smell. It was as if scent had become an emotional filter for her. She could see Lexa was amused, but she could also smell it. She could smell the sharp edges of desire still swirling around them, pulsing out from their bodies with each beat of their hearts. Lexa’s was like a drug, intoxicating her. Just as Clarke was distracted by the sound of dripping water, she was caught by Lexa’s presence, her smell. She turned, catching the Alpha’s glowing green eyes.

“Clarke,” Lexa spoke. Her voice was warm and husky, wrapping around Clarke like a blanket. “There is a lake nearby. I think we both need a wash.”

Clarke openly stared at her before realizing that Lexa required a verbal response. Clearing her throat, Clarke nodded once. “Sure.” The way her own voice reverberated in her skull felt weird, almost too loud. She could understand now why wolves spoke using their minds. Or maybe she was simply too sensitive to everything. Her skin still ached where Lexa had touched her, as if the feeling would never go away, as if she would always suffer from the painful desire.

Lexa headed through the trees, gait confident and sure. Clarke soundlessly followed her, eyes flicking every other way, to the ground, to the sky, then at the trees around them. Finally she rested them on Lexa, watching the way her toned muscles shifted with each step. Simply staring at Lexa’s shoulders had Clarke panting from want again. Her mind clouded over—as if she could think and feel and smell nothing but want. When Lexa cleared her throat, Clarke’s vision refocused and she noted that they had paused beside a large body of water. Apparently she had gone on autopilot. At least she hadn’t walked into a tree.

Clarke stilled, watching the play of moonlight against the water’s shimmering surface. It was broken moments later when Lexa stepped in, body sliding precisely through the dark, fresh water. When she was submerged, she grinned towards Clarke, eyebrow raised.

Clarke glanced up at the moon. She could see dips and crevices of the moon’s surface that her human eyes had never seen before. It was a little disorienting, so she dropped her gaze again, realized that Lexa was still waiting for her. Lexa’s scent wrapped around her, thickening and consuming, and Clarke was powerless to resist it. She hurried clumsily into the water, distracted yet again by the silky feel against her skin. Never had water felt so good.

Lexa simply smirked, eyes following every movement Clarke made. Halfway there Clarke paused
yet again, staring at her hands, watching how water dripped from her fingers. Each little droplet had a rainbow, an extra colour that Clarke had no name for. She puzzled for a long moment, studying her hands with such rapt attention that she never heard or felt Lexa approach. Her head snapped up when a warm hand touched her shoulder.

“Clarke.”

Clarke blinked, swallowed. An owl was hooting loudly somewhere in the distance, wind blowing noisily through the creature’s feathers. Clarke looked in that direction, fascinated all over again. Lexa gently turned her head around with a finger underneath her chin, grinning.

“Are you there, Clarke?”

Clarke nodded. “Sorry. Just… everything is just…” she trailed off when she heard the sound of sloshing water. The lake was calm around them, but the noise was close by. It took a second to realize that she could hear a fish swimming by.

“It can be overwhelming for us,” Lexa said softly. “Unlike the purebloods, we grow into the change. It happens suddenly, not gradually.”

Clarke tasted the wind on her tongue. “So the other wolves don’t feel like this? Like they can hear everything?”

Lexa nodded. “They are born with these senses.”

“Aren’t we?”

Lexa shrugged. “I was relatively human during my first years, until I started training under Jake. He told me what I would feel, and then I did. One morning I woke, and I could hear the rush of blood in my veins, when the day before I could not.”

The heat from Lexa’s palm was washing over Clarke, drawing her nearer. She didn’t stop herself as she pressed up against Lexa’s front, naked skin and all, and Lexa didn’t seem to mind either.

“You’re beautiful,” Lexa continued, just under a whisper. “A pure white wolf. We haven’t seen one in centuries.”

“Pure white? Is that my colour?”

“It is.”

“Why is that different, though?”

Lexa dipped her head down and pressed her lips to Clarke’s shoulder, her arms sliding comfortably around Clarke’s waist. When she spoke, Clarke shuddered. “Pure white is the colour of the first Alpha. Her mate was of pure black, and their children, pure brown. Over the generations we no longer have one colour in our fur. To have it is to be blessed by the Alphas before us.”

“Oh.” Clarke couldn’t really say much beyond that. Lexa was pressing small kisses to her shoulder, moving up along her throat, going so slowly and gently that by the time she reached Clarke’s lips, they were both panting.

“Can I kiss you, Clarke?”

Clarke’s eyes slid shut. Her body trembled badly, and Lexa could feel it “Yes,” she hissed softly.
“You don’t need to ask.”

“I do,” Lexa insisted. “We mated under the influence of your first change. I don’t want to do anything you wouldn’t want.”

Clarke felt a growl tumble deep in her chest, and was surprised with herself when it slipped past her lips. She lifted her brows at herself, cheeks pinking. “Sorry.” She lifted her arms until they were around Lexa’s neck, tugging her closer—as if they could get any closer, because they are already fully pressed against each other.

“You don’t have to ever be sorry, Clarke.”

“I don’t understand it,” Clarke hurried. “It’s like… I can’t think of anything solid. If I start trying to think about the situation, my mind just… wanders. But I know that what we did, how I feel, is alright. You can relax, Lexa. I won’t run off screaming later on. I understand what we did, what it means. I want it. I want you.”

Lexa laughed. It was such a sudden and genuine sound that Clarke was bewitched by it. “This happened so suddenly, Clarke. I was afraid you would gather yourself and regret it.”

“No way.” Clarke smiled, chest filled with sudden warmth. Everything felt different—extremely different, and though a part of Clarke remained that cautioned her; that told her to worry and question, she felt alright. For the first time since her father’s supposed death, Clarke felt like she could breathe easily. Looking at Lexa made her happy. It wasn’t simply that they had an extremely intense physical attraction. There was just something about Lexa that called to Clarke, promised everything and anything to her.

A day ago Clarke had been the Slayer, the child Griffin that lost it all and hated everything. But now she felt reborn, renewed. Her shoulders had never been lighter. Sure, there would be a time later on when the gravity of things would crash down, and perhaps she wouldn’t feel as released, but in the moment she did. Clarke wanted to hold onto that for as long as she could.

Clarke lifted her hands into Lexa’s hair, and then she pulled her face down and pressed their lips together. Lexa moaned into her mouth, hands moving to cup her hips. Fire and desire swept through them, made Clarke hungrier than ever. The kiss burned her in the most delicious way, and when her tongue met Lexa’s, her knees began to shake. Had Lexa not been holding onto her, Clarke knew she would have simply collapsed into the water.

Small bouts of steam lifted from their bodies, twirling up into the dark sky. Clarke felt Lexa nip at her bottom lip and then groaned. She slid a hand between them, pleased when Lexa moved just slightly to allow her room to explore. First she traced the outline of Lexa’s muscles, felt the warmth of her heated flesh. She circled the dip of her navel, and ridges of her ribs until she finally cupped a full breast in her hand. Lexa growled softly, a sound of desire and eagerness. Lexa’s lips left Clarke’s for a moment, but before Clarke could complain, Lexa merely brushed their noses, changing the angle, and returned to her. Kissing her, taking her and tasting her.

Pulses of pleasure and heat emanated from somewhere deep inside of Clarke. Every time Lexa’s lips brushed over hers, every time she felt that tongue swipe over her own, the pulses grew and intensified until suddenly, unexplainably, Clarke cried out and clutched at Lexa, shuddering. It had been a weak orgasm, nothing like what Clarke had felt before, but it was amazing enough that the both of them slid all the way down into the water to their chins, breathing in short puffs, eyes glossed over but alight. Clarke gasped while Lexa merely laughed.

“Did we just…?”
“I think we did,” Lexa answered, nodding. “I have never…”

“Me neither.” In general, Clarke thought. She hadn’t been all that sexually demanding as a teenager, or later on as an adult. There had been no crushes, no lingering looks. Certainly not enough motivation for Clarke to get to know herself intimately, either. She knew the mechanics. She heard the stories and the sensationalisms. Still, none of that had ever happened for her. Not until now. Lexa made her feel everything she had ever lacked. It was amazing.

“We came just from kissing?” Clarke couldn’t help vocalizing it. She was pleased when Lexa’s cheeks darkened.

“It has been told to happen, in the old stories.”

Clarke was still tingling from the short release, still dizzy and hyped from Lexa’s touch and taste and smell, but she heard the snap of leaves and sticks, and whipped her head around in time to see a pair of gleaming eyes in the darkness. A moment later a thick, angry scent touched her nose, burning her sinus, and Clarke whimpered out loud.

A huge rust coloured wolf stepped out from the trees, lips pulled back over long, sharp teeth. They growled, deep and deafening, taking careful steps towards them. Before Lexa could growl in warning Clarke shifted. There had been no thought to it, no command. In a simple second Clarke’s body changed, and then she was on dry ground, fur completely dry due to her body heat, growling so loudly that all the animals in the forest went silent, as did the intruder. They stared at her, yellow eyes wide and surprised, and immediately dropped their head.

Lexa stepped out from the water in human form, but she shifted as well. When she growled next, even Clarke dropped to her belly, ears pressed tightly to her head, eyes fixed on the ground.

Who dares threaten me? Lexa growled into their heads, fury and command in her words.

I apologize, Alpha, the intruder hurried. They couldn’t look at anything but the ground, either. Clarke forced her head up, surprised when she slowly managed to climb back onto her feet. It still felt like someone was forcing her down, holding her to the ground, and her muscles strained because of it, but she remained standing, eyes on the other wolf, narrowed and fierce. Lexa sent her a surprised look, but her eyes washed over with authority as she faced the other wolf again.

You are with the Slayer! the wolf spat out.

Lexa’s huge claws sliced into the ground, as if she was holding herself back from attacking the other wolf. She growled again, lips pulled back over her teeth. She towered over the other wolf, even over Clarke, and it was physically impossible to oppose her. The intruder immediately whimpered, paralyzed and terrified by Lexa’s mere energy.

Leave, Lexa spat. Tell no one what you saw and I will spare you,

The pressure in the air eased up, the slow sizzling in Clarke’s brain ceasing. The intruder sent a short, hateful glance at Clarke—with a hint of surprise still—and then they were off, running through the trees, howling. Lexa huffed, ears moving as she listened around them

We should leave.

Why? The words burst free before Clarke realized it. Like shifting earlier, speaking this way seemed to come as easily as breathing. She didn’t need to plan it or command it. It simply happened.

It is not safe here, Clarke. Even if you are mated to the Alpha and bare the white coat, my people
have suffered far too many losses to forgive you just yet. Their anger might be enough to defy even me.

Clarke inhaled slowly. She wasn’t used to her wolf form yet, but she was at least calm enough, not as panicked as earlier. *How is it even possible to disobey you?* she asked.

Lexa nodded. *It can be. I wonder how you managed to stand up.*

*I’m not sure. I just… did?*

*No one has ever managed to stand before my command, not unless I let them.*

Clarke felt a sudden surge of pride at herself, and she showed it by unconsciously wagging her tail. Lexa noted, so she rolled her eyes and then trotted closer until they could rub their faces together. Lexa’s fur was even softer now, pressing against Clarke’s as it was.

*We should return, before more learn you are here and try to attack you.*

Clarke nodded, so together they ran through the trees. They followed the scent from earlier, from when Clarke had fled and run. It was easy to find their way back to the main Polis building, and luckily when they reached it, no wolf was out to see them. They went straight up to the very top, to what Clarke assumed was Lexa’s room, and then shifted once they were inside the bedroom chamber.

“Is this your room?” Clarke asked, only slightly winded. Lexa didn’t show any sign of exhaustion, even though they had run pretty damn fast.

“It is.” She dipped her head for a moment, and then she lifted her eyes and met Clarke’s gaze. “Would you share my bed tonight, Clarke? Otherwise I can escort you to the room you occupied.”

Clarke’s mind flashed back to earlier, to the way she had woken, the dream that had sliced through her, the panic and the fear. She shook her head quickly. “I want to stay with you.”

Lexa’s smile was breath-taking. Clarke had a feeling that Lexa didn’t smile often, that she rarely showed as much emotion, yet all she had seen from the Alpha was that—such intense, unbridled emotion. It warmed her all over.

“Then let’s sleep,” Lexa stated, waving a hand towards her bed of furs. “We have a long day tomorrow.”

Clarke nodded. She followed Lexa’s indication and dropped down onto the bed, but she caught Lexa’s gaze and stilled. There was heat there, from what they had started earlier but hadn’t really finished. Clarke’s heart began to race and her skin tingled. “Come here,” she said softly, beckoning. Lexa obeyed, stepping closer until she was on top of Clarke, hovering over her, kissing her with fervour.

It would be a long night, too.

Chapter End Notes

So how about that bullshit they call the season finale? Like, I LOVED the scenes with Lexa but the plot still made absolutely no sense.
Anyway, thanks for reading! Looking forward to the comments ^^
Chapter 16

Chapter Notes

Listen everyone, I need to urge you to understand that this story is going to have a happy ending. I don't care if saying this is spoiler-y. I need you to be assured of this. There might still be some angst left, but it'll clear out. I know how hard a lot of us took 3x07, and the last thing I want to do is remind everyone of how terrible that felt. So just know, neither Clarke nor Lexa will die. Pretty soon they'll both be blissfully happy, and their only beef will be with other people, not with each other. Now, with that in mind, I hope you guys enjoy the chapter. Sorry if it's heavy! Honestly, I started this story out intending it to be pretty dark, but eh, after S03 I just wanna make this fluffy and soothing. Even I can't stomach anything too harsh right now.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Clarke had never felt more content in her life. Though they had only fallen asleep what felt like moments before, she was more rested than ever. Her breaths came evenly and her shoulders felt so light. The room was warm, too, which made Clarke smile even wider. She took in the sensations, the sound of her own breathing and Lexa’s. Twin heartbeats matched in rhythm, staying Clarke’s attention until suddenly one went silent. There was a comforting weight over Clarke’s hip, but then that disappeared too. Clarke made to turn over, but froze and went rigid when a cold fingertip ran down the length of her spine. A breeze made her skin shiver, and it felt like something wet ran down her back.

Coldness came in to wash all the warmth away.

“Clarke,” an echo chimed in her head, vicious and snarling. “Came back to me, Clarke.”

Clarke shuddered in terror at the voice. It sounded familiar. A part of her. She could feel her own heart pumping too hard. She was too afraid to turn around, but she was desperate to find Lexa and seek comfort in her. Another hand swept through her hair, brushing across her forehead, and Clarke shot up in horror when a thin stream of something poured down the middle of her face. Her hand came away red when she touched the spot, and then the strong scent of iron burnt the back of her throat.

Blood.

“The blood that you crave,” the voice purred in an icy whisper.

Clarke began hyperventilating. Slowly, terrified, she looked to her side. She was horrified by what she saw. A huge pool of blood. It soaked the furs, made them sticky and disgusting. The liquid was so dark it almost looked black. When Clarke recoiled and shot to her feet, breathing in harsh pants, face pale, she was even more horrified to note that her hands were seeped in the stuff, too. Caked in layers upon layers of dark, fresh blood. It was still warm on her skin, dribbling down her chest and legs as well. She found splatters on her everywhere. When she glanced up, choking back a sob, she spotted a figure prone on the floor not too far from the furs.

Clarke swallowed. She gathered every ounce of courage and stepped over to the body, terrified of what it would mean, what she would see.
It was Lexa in her wolf form, throat slit savagely, claw marks sliced around the floor around her. Her eyes were still open, but they were empty. Once beautiful and vibrant, they represented nothing but death. Clarke screamed.

“*This has always been your way,*” she voice spoke, cold arms slithering around Clarke’s stomach, tugging her into a hard, icy body. “*Has anything even really changed for you, Clarke?*”

Freezing lips nuzzled against the side of her throat, trailing up to her jaw then her cheek. Clarke’s breath was stuck in her throat, eyes glued to Lexa’s bleeding form. Everything was still fresh. It must have just happened. But… how? Who…?

“*You,*” the voice cooed. “*Death is always you, Slayer.*”

Clarke jerked away, tears washing over her face, chest heaving and aching more than she had ever felt. She slipped on the blood and went down on her knees. Then Clarke glanced up, and the faceless voice materialized in front of her.

It was Clarke. A cold Clarke. A Clarke with hateful eyes and a damaged smirk. She stared, teeth bared, bloody and menacing and carrying with her the hunter sword.

Clarke shut her eyes.

“*Clarke?*”

She felt the tip of that sword press against her chin, forcing her face upwards again. The contact stung like acid.

“*Clarke?*”

*You have betrayed me.*

“*Clarke!*”

*You have betrayed them all. And yourself.*

Clarke’s vision blurred. The harsh sound of sloshing rang in her ears, and then Clarke was screaming, swimming in pools of sticky blood. Without the Cold Clarke needing to tell her, she knew this was the blood of all those she had killed.

Not monsters, but people. Not beasts, but mothers and fathers and children.

“*Wake up, Clarke!*”

XxX

Lexa felt her chest tighten when Clarke shot up, screaming and crying. She had to hold onto Clarke tightly, for she struggled and wept. “Clarke,” she hurried, voice softened but still firm. “Look at me, Clarke. It was a nightmare.”

Clarke stopped screaming, but the tears still came. They spilled across her face like they had been waiting years. Perhaps they had. Lexa had senses a tremendous sadness from Clarke ever since she had met her. Now, she knew, everything would intensify for Clarke. Her happiness as well as her sadness. All she could do was help Clarke through it.

Warm, shaking hands cupped Lexa’s cheeks. “Lexa?” Clarke asked, her husky voice cracking and breaking.
Lexa inhaled quietly. “It’s me.” She scooted close, pulling in until she had Clarke tightly in her arms. She could feel Clarke shaking badly, and the anger and sorrow that swept through her own body kept her breathless for a long, terrible second.

“I saw…” Clarke choked out, still sobbing. “I killed you, and I… your blood was… it was everywhere and I… I can’t…”

Lexa flipped them over so that she was atop Clarke, covering her entire body with soft skin and warmth, protecting her from everything and anything. “I am fine, Clarke. I’m well and unharmed.”

“I’ve killed so many,” Clarke uttered brokenly. Her eyes darted across Lexa’s face until they finally met her eyes. “I killed wolves, Lexa. People. I…so many. I ended so many lives.”

Lexa pressed her lips together. “You did not know. The lives you took cannot be brought back, Clarke. But you can work towards atoning for that. I too have taken human lives. I too need to repent for the lives I have ended.”

“But that…” Clarke took a large, shaky inhale. Her heartbeat was slowly returning to its normal pace, but she was still too pale. “How can you not, when they hunt your people down like animals?”

Lexa forced a smile. She dipped down and pressed a soft, meaningful kiss against Clarke’s forehead. “We will change this.”

“I am a killer.”

“We are all killers.”

“How can you look at me and not want to tear me down?”

Lexa lifted herself slightly so that Clarke could see her face better. “Clarke,” she started. “I wanted to. Before I met you, I wanted to hang your corpse outside of Arkadia.” Clarke winced, so Lexa hurried on. “But then I met you, and I realized who you really are. I couldn’t…” Now she was the one choked up, swallowing hard to shove all the tears and emotions down. “I couldn’t ever hurt you now.”

Clarke flashed a weak smile. “Lucky for me that I won the Alpha over, huh?”

“You will win them all over, Clarke.”

Clarke relaxed. She let loose a heavy, burdened sigh. Her hands found themselves around Lexa’s back, and Lexa closed her eyes for a moment to enjoy the way Clarke stroked her lower back. She could smell the negative emotions slowly receding, replaced by warmth and comfort. She was glad to provide that for Clarke.

“How can you be so sure?” Clarke voice was soft, unsure.

Lexa nuzzled against her shoulder. She shrugged. “Because you’re you, Clarke.” She hugged her tight. “I believe in you.”

Clarke took in a large breath. “I just hope that’s enough.”

“It will be. I promise.”

XxX

Emerson whistled to himself as he strolled down the clinically clean corridor. The sound of his boots
bounced against the walls, back into his ears, but he didn’t much mind the sound. He felt light, untouchable. When someone rounded the corner up ahead, he flashed a smile in their direction and then ignored when they glared at him.

_Idiots_, he thought.

When he finally reached his destination, he didn’t bother to knock before barging in and announcing his presence. Jaha paused mid-speech, and together everyone in the room turned to look at him.

They were stares of irritation, anger and resentment. Emerson took it all in, noting quite carefully who felt what towards him, in order to use that later on. Smiling, he shut the door and dropped down into the only vacant seat.

“You’re late,” Jaha said dryly.

Emerson merely grinned. “My apologies,” he said. At least Jaha was giving him the softest glare there, and it was mostly due to his tardiness, not any apparent dislike. Beside Jaha sat his son, Wells, donned in his neatly pressed hunter investigator uniform. Beside him was Raven, and beside her, Abby Griffin.

Emerson’s eyes flashed when he glanced over at Abby, and a little tickle in his brain wouldn’t allow him to resist his next urge.

“My condolences,” he said to her, smiling when her red, bloodshot eyes turned to him.

“Thanks,” Abby responded hollowly. She looked away quickly, and Emerson turned to fix his stare on Jaha as well.

“As I was saying,” Jaha continued. “With this newly developed technology, we might be able to find a way over the mountain. I’ve had Wick working tirelessly on it. Once our troops are fully trained, we will set out on the mountain.” He paused.

“Beast presence has completely disappeared from the mountain,” Wells continued, almost mechanically. Emerson gave him his complete attention, studying every shift of Wells’ facial features. “We aren’t sure why they have retreated. For the first time in history, the mountain is unguarded. We need to be ready as soon as possible if we are to take advantage of this.”

“I have a concern,” Abby interjected before Wells could continue. “This new weapon enhances the effect of the stones. It increases the level of energy consumption of its user. If we are sending people over the mountain, they might die of exhaustion even before the cold.”

“We have accounted for that,” Jaha told her lightly. “Here.” He pushed a folder over, and his look told Abby to look at it in private. “Once you have that in development, we can begin our recruiting and training. How are the current numbers looking, Emerson?”

Finally having the attention on him jogged Emerson out of his deep study of Abby’s face. He cleared his throat lightly and smiled. “We have around one hundred application submissions so far. We have yet to sort through the candidates to weed out the weak, but it looks like we will have a strong selection.”

“We expect to have the weapon upgrade ready within five months,” Jaha told him. “How quickly can you train your soldiers?”

Emerson locked eyes with Abby, waiting until she looked away before he answered. “Give me a month once the new weapon is ready.”
The answer seemed to please Jaha. Wells on the other hand looked like he would rather be anywhere but there. “As expected,” Jaha breathed, smiling. He gathered his things and then stood. “Well then, I’ll leave you all to your devices. Wells, follow me. Abby, please begin production immediately. Have a good day everyone.”

Emerson watched everyone stand and leave, not missing the odd look Raven sent him as she trailed after Wells.

XxX

Abby sucked in deep, even breaths, but that did nothing to quell the churning of her stomach. Being in the same room as that man had upset her more than she had realized at the time. She dumped the folder Jaha had given her up at her office, and then hurried down to the underground parking where she slipped into her car and drove away from the Organization.

People were crowded around the building, holding up signs, yelling about their fear and frustration, asking why the Organization had yet to conquer the mountain.

Abby focused on the road ahead of her, but she barely noted where she was driving. She went on autopilot, as she had been doing since news of Clarke had found its way to her. Thinking about that day made Abby’s stomach clench again, but she drove on. Eventually she had to dig around in the glove compartment for her pills, and dry swallowed four of them. She should have eaten first, but she desperately needed to calm her nerves.

Before she realized it, she parked her car at the cemetery. She climbed out of the car on unstable legs. Eventually she stood in front of two slabs of stone, neatly inserted side by side. One read ‘Jake Griffin’, while the other had ‘Clarke Griffin’, both in neat, elegant text. Abby dropped to her knees and let a broken sob fill the air around her.

“Oh, my baby girl,” she gasped out. “My only child. Clarke, I am so sorry.” She pressed her face into her palms, shoulders shaking. “First my husband, now you. Is there nothing they won’t take from me?” She knew that she must have looked and sounded like a mad woman, but she hardly cared. Her only family was gone. Dead. What more could she do but sob and snivel?

“We’re mounting a massive attack,” she blurted suddenly. “Thanks to Emerson, we’ve managed to get more data on the beasts. Our new weapons will wipe them out in seconds, Clarke. We can kill them all in one giant assault. We’ll get over the mountain, and beyond that we will decimate them. They won’t be able to hurt us anymore.” She sniffed loudly, sinus clogged up again thanks to the constant crying. “They won’t be able to hurt you ever again, or your father. The both of you… didn’t deserve this.” She wiped a hand over her eyes and felt a false sense of relief.

She had spoken to them, but she knew they were not there. The caskets were empty. As vacant as her heart felt, without them. When Jake had been attacked, she had not been allowed to see his body. No one had wanted to tell her, until finally Jaha had sat her down and explained that Jake had been mauled to pieces. Now Clarke had met the same fate.

“Did they hurt you badly, baby?” Abby asked, tears pouring down her cheeks again. “Or was it quick? I hope you didn’t suffer. I hope your father was there to escort you away, to wherever we go when we die. Say hello to him for me, will you?” She laughed at herself, at the absurdity. Then she was crying again, leaning forward to gently touch a finger to Clarke’s gravestone. It was cold and hard, and it did nothing to stop the gnawing pain in Abby’s body. Eventually she cried herself out, and then she simply collapsed against the grass, between her husband and her daughter, face pale and taught with grief.
What more would they take from her, those monsters? When would the bloodbath ever end? When would it be enough?

Chapter End Notes

Thanks so much for reading! Comments are always welcome.
Chapter 17

Chapter Summary

Lexa introduces Clarke to her people, but as expected they are met with a less than pleased response.

Chapter Notes

I am like really in love with writing this story. I can't believe it's already reached 17 chapters so quickly. Wow.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Clarke woke, aware that she was alone on the furs. She did not recall falling asleep again, but she must have. For some time, too. The earlier light from outside had transformed into shallow grey, and the curtains nearby whisked shadows on the ground. Clarke stared at the flickering shadows for a moment, then she sat up slowly and looked around.

Lexa’s bedroom chamber was large, with candles all around the various tables and shelves. All else was clean, with no clothing or the sort on the floor. The room was also vacant of Lexa herself, which immediately made Clarke frown.

On a nearby chair she spotted a pile of clothing, so Clarke stood and headed over to them. They weren’t her own, but they fit perfectly and smelt like Lexa. Clarke stood still for a long moment, eyes closed, inhaling Lexa’s scent. It was all around her, soaked into her very skin. Clarke knew that she would never go a day without having Lexa’s scent on her. It was a thought that was more comforting than disconcerting. But she pushed the revelation aside for the moment and tried to figure out what to do next. By the scent Lexa had been gone some time, and she had clearly slept for most of the day. As was evident when her stomach pulled tight and growled loudly. She glanced down at herself, frowning, and then the door opened quietly.

A dark, fierce looking woman stepped up to the doorway, not yet crossing, and sent Clarke a hard, cold stare. “Come with me,” she spoke lowly. Clarke felt the vibration of her voice as if it had been a breeze, and the timbre to it made her skin prickle unpleasantly. Her throat tightened and her heart sped up, spurred on by a new instinct that dictated she defend herself or flee. The woman must have sensed her sudden hesitance, for she stepped back and rolled her eyes.

“Alpha ordered me to guard the room until you woke, and then to escort you to dinner. I will not hurt you.”

Clarke narrowed her eyes. “But you want to, don’t you?”

The woman’s eyes narrowed darkly. “With all my might, Slayer,” she spat. Her venomous expression quickly melted away, replaced by exasperation. “But Alpha has mated you, and my hands are tied.”
Clarke wasn’t sure how much that truly protected her, but she moved forward and out into the hallway despite her better judgement. The woman merely shut the door with a grunt, then she turned and started stalking down the passageway towards the staircase. They descended the stairs in silence, Clarke’s attention caught by the loud sounds of their feet and the distant, bothering sound of voices and heartbeats. When they finally stopped, the other wolf lifted her chin towards the door, rolled her eyes again and then stepped to the side and stiffened her stance.

Clarke stared.

“You know how to use a door, correct?” the wolf asked, almost snarling. “So use it.”

Clarke felt anger at the back of her tongue. The skin at her nose wrinkled as her lips pulled back over suddenly sharp, long teeth. Without warning a huge growl ripped from her lips, stunning not only her, but the other wolf as well. As quickly as the anger had come, it dissipated. The dark wolf blinked at her, shocked silent, but Clarke quickly entered the room to avoid her expression. She suddenly felt guilty.

Who am I to be angry with her, when I’ve killed so many of her people?

Lexa stood off to the side by large, open windows. She seemed relaxed to the eye, but Clarke immediately caught the scent of anxiety and anger. She ignored her immense relief and needfulness, and instead approached Lexa slowly.

“How long did I sleep?”

Lexa didn’t move at the sound of her voice, but her jaw muscles bunched as she clenched her teeth together. There was a short swallow, Lexa’s throat bobbing, and then fiery green eyes flashed up and met Clarke’s.

“Most of the day,” Lexa answered. “But don’t worry, I let you rest. You needed it.”

Clarke stopped by her side, fingers twitching. She was unsure if physical contact was wanted—if allowed at all. Despite all they had shared so far, she still did not know Lexa personally. She knew of her scent and her body, but not her mind or her heart. Clarke hated how useless she suddenly felt.

“You should have woken me.”

Lexa reached out and softly took her hand, pulling Clarke closer until they were chest to chest. “I couldn’t,” Lexa uttered softly. “Is this okay, Clarke?” She squeezed their hands softly to indicate what she meant.

Clarke swallowed. Her nose still burnt slightly from the scent of anger, but she could tell Lexa was slowly relaxing, her scent gradually warming and blanketing Clarke like it had the day before.

“Yes, this is perfect. Lexa, I…um, I wasn’t sure if I was allowed.”

A soft, amused smile painted Lexa’s lips. “You have touched more than my hand, Clarke.”

Clarke’s face burnt, but she lifted a brow at the smirk Lexa gave her. “You are still the Alpha.”

Lexa shrugged. “For now, I am merely Lexa and you are merely Clarke.”

Clarke sighed, nodding. She finally gave in to her desire and buried her face against Lexa’s throat. She released a sound of content when Lexa’s arms wound around her, holding her tight. “What are we going to do?” She didn’t need to explain. Lexa simply understood.
“I’ve been trying to think of ways to introduce you to my people without too much backlash.”

Clarke leaned back to study Lexa’s face. “Lexa, I can’t go unpunished for what I did. They will never accept me and they won’t let you shield me.”

Lexa’s brows furrowed. “Do you know what we do to the condemned, Clarke?”

“No.”

“We rip them apart, piece by piece.”

Clarke heard more than felt herself swallow. She kept Lexa’s gaze. “If that’s… if they need that, then I’m alright with it.”

Lexa’s scent sharpened like a dagger, piercing Clarke so suddenly that she gasped out loud. Lexa took hold of her cheeks, moved down to press their foreheads together. Her voice was almost a desperate hiss when she spoke.

“I won’t let them kill you.”

“It’s what I deserve.”

Anger and turmoil swarmed around them like a disease. Clarke didn’t want to die. Her guilt consumed her, yes, but she felt compelled to understand this new world given to her. She wanted to discover who her father had really been, what he had accomplished. More than anything she wanted to spend more time with Lexa, grow to truly know her.

“No,” Lexa commanded harshly. “You will not be the gruesome outcome of your people’s misunderstanding.”

“Then what do we do?”

Lexa took a short breath. She exhaled and brushed their noses. “We start by introducing you to Polis. I will call for all the wolves to gather by this building. Can you handle that?”

Clarke’s heart squeezed in her chest, and her stomach suddenly churned, but she nodded. “Anything you need me to do.”

Lexa’s shoulders slumped. She pressed a soft kiss to Clarke’s lips. “Good. Now, let’s eat. After the morning we had I’m sure you’re starving.”

Clarke’s stomach growled loudly, which only earned a loud laugh from Lexa. Clarke pretended to be upset, but really, she would do anything to hear that laugh.

XxX

It happened much sooner than Clarke had anticipated. The next two days had been spent in Lexa’s room, lounging around either by her side, or naked with Lexa atop or below her. When they were together, they spoke of everything. Lexa explained the ways of her people, while Clarke did the same. They shared amusing stories of their childhoods, and even spoke of Jake. Many of their memories of him were similar, and that in itself merely pulled them closer together. On the third night Lexa had disappeared while Clarke took a nap, and when she returned she was jittery with nerves and fear. Clarke swallowed when she saw her, knowing without being told.

“It’s time,” Lexa uttered softly. She swallowed as if she had things to keep down.
Clarke followed her from the room, down the stairs all the way to the bottom floor. Hundreds—possibly thousands—of wolves waited outside, some in wolf form, others not. They were anxious and tired, and Clarke felt a heavy wall of emotion pushing against her. She knew most of it was directed at her, and so her knees began to quiver without her consent. She had already resigned herself to this. When Lexa announced who she was, what she had done, most likely someone would attack.

Lexa’s grip on her hand tightened. When they reached the exit of the building, Lexa released her and straightened. All the anxiety and fear washed away, replaced by an iron cloud of power and strength. Lexa tilted her head back, lifting her chin and steeling her eyes. The change was magnificent, but Clarke didn’t have much time to admire it. Lexa signalled for her to stay and left through the doors. Lexa’s main guard—Indra—remained at Clarke’s side. She was tense and ready for anything, and luckily she had stopped sending Clarke nasty looks. She was mostly indifferent. Sometimes she gave Clarke puzzled looks, but she would mask them quickly when Clarke noticed.

There was a whoosh in the air, and Clarke knew that Lexa had changed. When Lexa spoke, her powerful voice blasted right into Clarke’s head.

*People of Polis,* she started. *I’m sure you’re all aware of the hunt I participated in two weeks ago. I left to strike down the Slayer. We met on Mount Weather, but I did not slay her.* There was a loud rumble of protest from the crown, drifting through the door to Clarke’s ears. Clarke inhaled softly to remain calm, but couldn’t handle her own stress and decided to shift as well. Indra barely reacted when Clarke undressed and then changed into her wolf form.

*I brought her back with me instead,* Lexa continued. *She is here right now, beyond these doors.*

Clarke flinched at the growling and howling from the wolves. It went on for long moments until Lexa silenced them.

*We want her head!* someone mentally shouted back, enraged. *Why is she here, Alpha?*

Lexa remained silent for a few seconds, prompting everyone to quiet as well. When she spoke again, she was stern and harsh. *I wish to introduce her to all of you, not as Slayer, but as one of us. She is half-breed like me. But she is daughter of the previous Alpha, Jake.*

The thick atmosphere of hatred and sorrow filled with utter shock and disbelief. Clarke somehow sensed that as her cue, so she stepped through the doors and paused just behind Lexa. She could not stand beside her, she knew. Besides countless eyes watching her, Lexa’s mere authority prevented her from stepping any closer at all.

A low growl filled the air, of many wolves together.

*She is Clarke Griffin,* Lexa announced. Her ears were straight up, eyes intensely green as they swept around the area, daring anyone to challenge her. Lexa paused longer this time, warm breaths puffing out of her nose in bursts of steam. *I have taken her as my mate,* she finally confessed, a little softer.

The wolves erupted in growls and howls of anger and betrayal. The wolves nearest scratched savagely at the ground, glowing eyes piercing Clarke with every ounce of hatred that they held for her. Clarke held her head high, but she absorbed every glare, every snarl.

*She will live with us and learn our ways. I believe she can aid us in ending this war.*

All at once voices battered inside Clarke’s skull.

*This cannot be!*
Our Alpha and the Slayer?

Treachery!

Blasphemy!

But look at her coat! Pure white.

Alpha Jake had no offspring!

Half-breed!

Lexa released a soft breath, sighing. Her eyes flicked over towards Clarke for a moment, reassuring her.

“We demand justice!” a man stepped out from the crowd, in his human form. He was sweating and shaking, but he met the Alpha’s stare for a full second before reverting it to the ground. “We cannot accept her as your mate, for she has stolen too many of our lives.”

Lexa visibly bristled. The force of her fury swept over everyone, sending the wolves closest at least ten steps back. But Lexa dipped her head slightly and caught the man’s gaze again.

Then what do you propose?

The man swallowed. His eyes went to Clarke, and there was no doubt that someone he had loved dearly had been taken. Either by Clarke herself, or by another hunter. At the end of the day it didn’t even matter. Clarke would shoulder it all, if she had to.

“We demand a trial.” Heads nodded, gazes narrowing and voices raising in agreement. “Let her undergo the Hunt, Alpha! If she survives, we will accept her. If she does not, we will get our vengeance for all those that were taken.”

Clarke puzzled over what he meant, but she understood it wasn’t anything good. Lexa was stiff, large muscles standing out starkly due to the force she must have been using to keep herself in check. Everyone mumbled and growled softly to each other, unsure what would happen next. Finally Lexa relaxed, and when she sent Clarke a sorrowful glance, Clarke’s stomach dropped.

Very well, Lexa announced. We will begin the Hunt at midnight. Anyone that wishes to participate should meet us at the forest. No harm is to befall Clarke until then. If anyone defies me, I will rip you apart myself. She flicked her ears once, and then Lexa turned and walked back inside. Clarke followed quickly after, fearful of all the hungry stares at her back. Once they were back in Lexa’s room, shifted again, Clarke gently touched a finger to Lexa’s shoulder.

“What is the Hunt, Lexa?”

Lexa bit down onto her lip. “We don’t hold court like the humans do,” she explained. “We hold a hunt instead.”

Clarke’s eyes widened as she understood what it meant. “I’ll be hunted, then?”

Lexa nodded. “You will begin at the start of the forest. When I howl, you will run. When my howl completes, the hunters will chase after you. No rules apply. If they catch you before you exit the forest at the other end, they are permitted to do whatever they wish. If you make it out, it is a sign that the previous Alphas have taken your sins and washed them clean, that you have been forgiven and absolved. If not… well…” Lexa tried to smile, but it was strained. “Then you will suffer for the
weight of your crimes.”

Clarke nodded. “So I need to make it out of the forest alive, is that it? Who will be hunting me?” Clarke was terrified that Lexa would have to participate as well. She genuinely thought Lexa would confirm that worry when she stayed quiet for a long, tense moment, like she hated having to answer. Eventually she did.

“Everyone, Clarke,” Lexa uttered. “This time, everyone.”

Clarke swallowed. That made sense. She was notorious here, wasn’t she? Clarke the Slayer. Clarke the Wolf Killer. Even here her name was known, her title bearing weight. Clarke squared her shoulders as Lexa merely stared.

“How long do I have?”

Lexa glanced out the window. “A few hours,” she breathed softly. “When the moon reaches its apex, I will escort you to the forest.”

Clarke nodded. “Alright,” she said. “Then we have time.”

“Time for what?”

“To teach me.” Clarke pushed her fear aside. “Teach me how to use my wolf body, Lexa. Teach me how to run and fight.”

It was impossible to learn enough in time, but she would try regardless. Lexa seemed to think the same, but she agreed anyway. Something akin to pride flickered in her eyes, but it was quickly replaced by worry. Lexa stepped up to her and took Clarke’s face in her hands.

“You will survive this, Clarke,” she assured.

Clarke kissed her. “I hope so.”

“Have more faith in yourself.”

Lexa’s face was taut with worry. It made Clarke’s heart skip a beat and warm all at once. She had never had someone care about her so much. It was almost amusing, that despite Lexa being Alpha, this situation was out of her hands. Clarke grinned anyway, feeling lighter than she had a moment ago. She kissed Lexa again, bit at her bottom lip before taking a few steps back and shifting.

*If you believe in me, then that’s all I need*, she said.

Lexa merely smiled in response.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading, everyone! I’m eager for the comments ^^ hit me up on tumblr at danilovesanimenel if you want to chat or ask anything about this fic. I love talking to people about my stories!
Chapter 18

Chapter Notes

Wow, this was an intense chapter to write. I really hope you guys enjoy it!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Clarke hissed as steam swept into her eyes. Blood dribbled from her chin, but she ignored it. Lexa rounded on her again, clawed hands open, nails dripping blood. She lunged, twisting her body like a strike of lightning, and caught Clarke on the shoulder. Clarke barely managed to dodge, but she stepped off to the side, dropped to the ground and missed another swipe aimed at her chest. Panting, she collapsed onto her arms and knees.

“Damnit,” she cursed. Blood dripped onto the ground. Drip, drip, drip. Then the steam cleared and the wound healed up. Lexa dropped onto the ground as well, her breaths coming out only slightly harsher than usual.

“You did well for a beginner.”

“Not well enough to actually survive,” she snapped. Lexa remained quiet, but her jaw muscles tensed. Clarke looked up to see her swallow again. She did that a lot, Clarke realized. She thought that it was a sign of nerves, of feeling. Lexa was constantly trying to swallow down all her emotions. Clarke’s chest tightened. “I’m sorry.”

Lexa nodded. “You don’t need to be. I understand your frustration, Clarke. You are still in an unfamiliar place with unfamiliar people.”

Clarke rolled onto her back and stared up at the ceiling. She saw patterns there she had never imagined before, and it distracted her enough that her breathing relaxed. “Part of me thinks I shouldn’t make it out alive,” she admitted quietly. “I’m not sure if I can live with this guilt. What makes it even worse is that I don’t even feel that guilty.”

Lexa hummed softly and dropped down beside her. “So you are guilty for the fact that you are not guilty enough?” Clarke nodded, earning a laugh. “Your human way of thinking fascinates me.”

“Well, yours does too,” Clarke countered, smiling at Lexa despite the looming panic in her chest. Her muscles felt tight with tension and she was sure if she moved suddenly, she would throw up. Never had Clarke felt so out of sorts, so helpless and hopeless. Even when facing enemies, when fighting for her very life in a battle of swords and claws, she had been calm. Most times she had made peace with death before going out to hunt and destroy.

Now, Clarke was afraid to die. Not for the fact that she wanted to carry on as herself, but more so because of Lexa, because of Lexa’s people that Clarke wanted to know. She wanted to understand them, to see where history had gone wrong and what she could do to stop it all. If she was to die, she at least wanted to do it with a greater meaning at her back. Not out of vengeance, out of the vile things she had done while pitying herself and hating everyone else.

I wonder how everyone is doing, she thought. No doubt Wells was taking it bad. He would probably take full responsibility for it. Jaha would let him. And Emerson… Clarke’s blood suddenly boiled.
Her blue eyes narrowed. *Emerson, that piece of shit. If I ever go back, I will kick his ass first.*

“Clarke?” Lexa leaned over her, fingertips at her jaw. “It’s time.” Her green eyes swam with emotion, dipping down to glance at Clarke’s lips.

Clarke sucked in a sudden breath. Her anger washed away to terror. A cold feeling seeped in and over her. She sat up and accepted Lexa’s hand, allowing the Alpha to pull her to her feet.

“You really won’t participate?” she asked again, because the whole thing was still making her sick, no matter how much she felt like she deserved whatever happened.

“I am not permitted,” Lexa answered quietly. She lifted her chin. “It is tradition for no Alpha to participate in the hunt. I will oversee, but I will not enter. Should the previous Alphas find favour in you, we believe that it will impair the living Alpha’s motives, and they will intervene. I am too close to the judges.”

Clarke grimaced. “So you’ll just watch, then?”

Lexa nodded. “I will be on the other side, waiting for you.”

Clarke’s heart skipped a beat. Lexa gave her a weak smile, and then they kissed very gently. Clarke still wasn’t sure what it meant, this thing between them. Something supernatural pulled her to Lexa, and she had not the power to stop it. She wanted to ask about it, to understand why Lexa suddenly meant everything in such short a time.

*If I make it out of this, I’ll ask her,* she told herself. Clarke closed her eyes. *When,* she corrected. *When I make it out alive.*

“Clarke, we should go,” Lexa urged. She held her hand out. “I can’t be with you when we arrive, but know that in my heart I will root for you.”

Clarke wanted to smile and laugh, and tell Lexa that she was being a dork. She doubted Lexa would know what that even meant, and that made her want to laugh even more. But she didn’t. She merely nodded in understanding, and then she gave Lexa’s hand a slight squeeze and let it go.

She left to follow Indra down the hallway, Lexa’s gaze at her back.

XxX

Lexa stepped up to the cliff edge, where down below she could see Clarke standing stiffly close to the treeline. She was naked, since she was supposed to have changed already. Lexa worried that Clarke was too nervous to, but shoved that aside to focus on the task at hand. She eyed Indra below as well, and when she received a short nod, she clapped her hands hard and then took a calming breath.

“At midnight we accuse Clarke Griffin of her sins,” she spoke loudly, breath leaving her in wisps of white. “She will absolve herself by surviving our wrath. Should she break free on the other side, then she has been forgiven of all wrongdoings, and by law we are to acknowledge that, regardless of the extent of her crimes.

Clarke was watching her, blue eyes glowing and burning right through the chilly morning air. Lexa didn’t allow herself to fall into that gaze, and instead ignored it to stare out over her people. They were excited, she could smell it. They had been promised blood before, and now they were going to get it. She recognized many of the wolves that had howled in response to the slaughter of Waterfall village. For a second she clenched her hands together, thought about how Clarke hadn’t been part of
that at all. She straightened her shoulders and then shifted in a bellow of steam.

She gave no one warning as she howled deeply into the night. Clarke immediately darted into the trees, gone in a flash, and then an army of growling wolves chased after her when Lexa’s howl died down. Lexa could hear the scuffling and the roars, but she let it all sink in. When she was sure every wolf had entered the forest, she turned on her heels and ran.

_Please,_ she thought, _protect Clarke._

If the Alphas could really hear her, she prayed for them to prove it.

XxX

Indra was as silent as ever. The air buzzed with adrenalin and the pungent scent of hatred, making Clarke sneeze a few times before Indra shot her a glare. She tried to stifle her own discomfort after that.

When they left the building, wolves of all kinds stared at Clarke all the way to the forest. She knew it was only Indra’s presence that prevented anyone from attacking her, though part of her worried Indra would conveniently forget and wonder off somewhere.

_No, Indra wouldn’t betray her Alpha like that,_ she reassured herself. When they reached the forest and Indra instructed her to strip, any reassurance washed away. She was faced with nothing but the cold air at her skin and a sinking, empty feeling in her stomach. There was a huge crowd not too far away, wolves scratching at the ground, staring at her with predatory gazes. The few that weren’t changed and remained clothed had various weapons; spears, chains, knives, swords and some simply with their clawed hands. It made Clarke shudder with the list of gruesome ways she could die.

“At midnight we accuse Clarke Griffin of her sins,” Lexa’s voice rang out, clear and filled with unrestrained power. Clarke, as wells as everyone else, was compelled to turn and give Lexa her full attention. Lexa sent her a very short stare, but then she turned away and continued talking.

“Change,” Indra ordered quietly. “While you have time to do so undisturbed.”

Clarke swallowed and nodded slightly. Lexa continued speaking, drawing Clarke’s attention still. She felt her body shaking, and tried to relax enough to bring about the change. Nothing happened. Clarke cursed herself, heartrate picking up. She could hear Lexa reaching the end of her speech, yet her body still would not obey. Indra sent her a questioning glance, but said no more.

Clarke wondered if she would participate, too.

Suddenly Lexa howled. Clarke hadn’t been prepared, and neither had the others, but her feet immediately began to move. Despite her increasing panic, she shot off into the woods as fast as she could. Even in human form, she was frighteningly fast. She would be faster on four legs, but her body still wouldn’t obey her. She couldn’t remember how she had managed to change effortlessly before. It had simply…happened.

Lexa’s howl ended. Clarke had been sailing by the trees on her own, the only sounds being the hiss of air, the crunch of leaves and her own laboured breathing. But after that powerful howl tapered off, Clarke heard a sea of thudding footsteps behind her.

Images of bodies upon bodies, pools of oozing blood, people begging for mercy all plagued Clarke’s mind. It was almost as if all her victims were chasing after her. Perhaps this was the point. Her breaths rushed up and almost choked her, ended it all for her before they could. She nearly tripped over a tree root, but stumbled back into balance and continued forward. They were getting near—
very quickly, thanks to many of them being in their wolf form.

*Change, damnit,* Clarke cursed herself, gasping for air. *Change or you can’t outrun them.*

A dark shadow burst into Clarke’s peripheral vision, startling her before she could do anything. Wide jaws materialized out of the darkness, clamping down on her shoulder and slicing in deep. She screamed loudly, unable not to. Hot pulses of blood escaped from the wounds, and then she was tossed to the side like a doll. The wolf that had grabbed her was angry, growling and almost frothing at the mouth. Clarke crawled away quickly, fear and adrenaline filling her veins. Her left arm was completely useless, hanging limply at her side. She grunted and whimpered from the pain. The wolf behind her licked its lips and then prepared for another attack. Another wolf sprang out of the dark, tackling the first to the ground. When the first wolf was distracted, the second turned to Clarke.

*Shit,* Clarke hissed, ignoring her pain to run again. She knew this was not about outrunning them. It was about fighting them, fending them off.

Somehow she managed to return to the fast pace from earlier, even though she became dizzy from blood loss. Wolves behind her howled in excitement from her blood, dashing out of the dark at any opportunity. Clarke dodged as many as she could, but few of them managed to slash at her skin. She screamed every time, but this only spurred her on.

*You deserve this!* a voice split into her head. *This much suffering and more!*

“No!” she yelled. Her voice echoed around her, bouncing off the vast endlessness of trees. Her nose guided her through the forest, but she saw no exist. Lexa had said this would be harrowing, that she would want to give up more than she wanted to make it out, because it would become too much.

Clarke ran ahead of the others for a while, terrified of all the huffs and growling at her back. They were taunting her, she knew. They could have ripped her head off already, but those that had attacked held back. Clarke’s shoulder throbbed badly. She was dirty with drying blood and mud.

Lungs aching so badly that tears sprang to her eyes, Clarke wound around a collection of closely situated trees. The wolves close behind growled in irritation and had to travel around, giving Clarke a few precious seconds to think. *Think, damnit. Think!* Her mind raced and ached, but she saw no exit.

She decided to think of Lexa, who had saved her when she had been planning to end her. Who had showed her more mercy than she had ever deserved. Who Clarke had grown to care for despite the suddenness, despite her human side asking her not to. She grunted and pushed her legs harder.

A heavy paw slammed into her hip, sending Clarke flying through the air, spinning. Her working arm shot out to protect her face, but it wasn’t enough. She slammed hard into a tree, spine snapping. The pain abruptly stopped, but the panic swelled almost instantly. Footsteps thundered around her, ringing in her ears. They wanted her blood on their tongue, and all Clarke wanted to do was return to Arkadia and curl into her bed. Her eyes fluttered shut and her throat felt swollen. The ground was almost shuddering with the nearby wolves coming for her. She whimpered, fearful for herself, but also for Lexa, for everyone in Arkadia that didn’t know.

*I’m sorry,* she thought pathetically, tears washing down her bruised and battered face. *For everything. For what I have done, the lives I have taken.* She sobbed quietly, slipping effortlessly into despair. The wolf that had caught her stepped near, slowly, licking her lips with a sick eagerness. Clarke knew that this bloodlust was not inherent in them, that they didn’t live on blood and death. She knew simply that it was a need for revenge, one that they rightly sought.

She shut her eyes and waited. Warm breath washed over her throat, following by a tongue sweeping
up a trail of her blood. The wolf was incredibly warm, but Clarke still shivered. Coldness took hold of her from the deepest part of her soul.

And then everything went dark, and she was nothing more than a living corpse, shivering in front of an apex predator.

XxX

Lexa ran steadily, faster than those in the forest despite her later start. She tried to breathe evenly, but the moment she heard Clarke’s first scream, her lungs began to ache. She whimpered to herself, desperately fighting the urge to turn and head into the forest instead. But she forced herself forward, reminding herself that whatever happened was a result of what the Alphas desired.

*Jake,* Lexa thought in a panic, *if you’re there, please help her.*

A black emptiness spoke back to her, saying nothing at all. Lexa tried again, injecting as much of her emotions into it as she could, but again nothing responded. Lexa had never felt as alone. Sometimes she had felt whispers from the old Alphas, passing on tiny bits of wisdom they had learnt and wanted imparted. But now, so desperate and alone, Lexa heard no one.

Time seemed to move too slowly. Lexa ran on, ignoring every scream of Clarke’s that bounced through the trees, every menacing growl that soon followed; ignoring the rising howl in her own throat, to beg for it all to end swiftly. Indra soon joined her side, quiet and solid. She aided no comments and seemed heightened to Lexa’s swirling emotions. When she lightly brushed against Lexa’s side as they ran, Lexa sent her a look. Indra ignored her as if it had never happened, but Lexa knew.

When they reached the other end of the forest, it was empty. Clarke wouldn’t have made it there yet. Most likely she hadn’t even ran halfway through yet. Lexa had still hoped, and her stomach still dropped when they entered the open clearing.

*Alpha,* Indra spoke tentatively. She inclined her head towards the trees. *The noises have stopped.*

Lexa’s head snapped up and her ears twitched. She waited to hear it, the sound of Clarke crying out, the growling no doubt at her feet. Indra was right. Clarke was completely silent and the growls had all but died down. Lexa’s heart slowed down, but she refused to let herself sink to the ground. She swallowed every harsh emotion down and waited for the final howl from Clarke’s killer.

It never came

They waited and waited and still, it never came. The forest stayed quiet.

*We wait,* Lexa finally stated, sitting down and straightening her shoulders. She wrapped her tail around her own waist. *Clarke will make it.*

Indra’s sharp eyes watched her, and then they flicked away. She didn’t say anything. She didn’t need to.

They waited still, but the howl never came.

XxX

*They called her names. Sometimes they pulled her hair and shoved her down into the dirt. Clarke hated when they did that. She hated how helpless she felt in the face of their spite. One day they cornered her at school on the playground, laughing and kicking dust into her shoes.*
“Wolf girl!” one of them taunted, his face twisted into an ugly smirk. “Monster lover!”

Tears welled up in Clarke’s eyes, but anger boiled in her chest as well. “Shut up!” she yelled at them.

“Oh ho, the freak girl can speak!” another boy laughed, stepping forward to poke her hard in the shoulder. When she cried out in pain, all of them laughed. “What are you gonna do, huh? Cry us away?”

Clarke wanted to. The tears pressed heavily against her eyes, threatening to burst free and wash the dust from her cheeks. She kept them aside and instead she snarled. It was an odd sound, one she had heard her father use before. They all seemed shocked at her, and even she was, but she used that to her advantage. She mimicked her father’s stone cold glare and then she stepped forward and kicked one of the boys in the groin. He went down, cupping himself and yelling in pain.

“Stupid bitch!” one of them yelled in shock. He socked Clarke in the face. She hadn’t expected it and went tumbling to the ground as well. The others crowded around her, and then they were kicking her in the ribs, the stomach and her lower back. She curled around herself, crying freely now. They cursed at her, using vicious words she had never heard before. She didn’t understand what she had done to make them hate her so.

Please, she thought, make them stop.

A hard kick to her side made the wind rush right out of her. They stopped the attack, laughing and helping their friend to his feet. Someone spat on her, but she ignored it. Everything throbbed and ached. She stopped crying, but the tears still slipped out.

Fight, Clarke, a voice told her sternly. She knew the voice.

“Daddy?” she uttered brokenly.

Fight for yourself, he told her.

There was no way it was actually him. Clarke knew he was dead. He had been for a year. Her chest squeezed painfully and ached, but she was spurred on by the command. He had always told her to be strong and to stand up for herself. After losing him, Clarke had lost all confidence in herself. Suddenly, in a burst of adrenalin, she felt free. It was a brief moment, but it was enough.

She rose to her feet, wiping a trickle of blood from her mouth. The boys hadn’t walked very far, so it was easy to reach them. She grabbed two by the hair and then slammed their heads together, so hard that they slumped to the ground and never got up. The others gaped at her. She went for the one that had punched her and returned the favour. Her fist crunched satisfyingly against his nose, but before he could fall, she grabbed him by the neck and then decked him again. The boy she had kicked in the crotch started limping away, terrified. Clarke dropped the boy in her hands and walked over to him, grinning, eyes glinting with madness.

“You think I love those things?” she asked him in a snarl. He screamed, feet shuffling faster, hands cupping himself protectively. “Let me show you how much of a monster I really am, if that’s what you think.”

Clarke would be horrified later on when she realized that she had beat the boy to near death. But one thing stuck heavily with her—Jake had taught her to be strong. In the shadows of him, she would be just as strong, just as powerful. Never again would she allow anyone to take that away from her.
After that day, Clarke vowed to never cry again.

XxX

Teeth sunk into her torso, jostling Clarke awake in an instant. Pain crashed in, awakening every sense Clarke had. She yelled—not in pain, but fury—and punched the wolf hard in the face. The wolf howled in surprise and dropped her.

Clarke felt her blood sing. It reminded her of when she had been the one on the hunt, with her stones and other hunters at her back. She growled, eyes glowing brightly. After a breath, she shifted. The wolf stumbled back due to the steam, sneezing blood. When she looked up again, Clarke had fully recovered. Clarke growled, loudly and deeply, and then she stood as tall as she could and glared.

Sudden moonlight broke free from the treetops, bathing Clarke in its light. When other wolves made it to them, they stopped immediately and stared, shocked. Clarke could see why. The moonlight made her pure white fur glow. It also helped that she felt—and almost looked—far larger than any of them. It was a powerful feeling, an intoxicating one. Clarke bared her long teeth, tongue swiping over her muzzle. All of the wolves backed up suddenly, whimpering despite their earlier eagerness. The wolf that had attacked Clarke last was the nearest, and she dropped to her belly immediately. They were confused and shocked, unable not to obey her. So Clarke used that and ran.

She howled loudly into the sky, telling those that still wished to, to chase after her, to attack her. She dared them to try. They caught up with her, but Clarke dodged their snapping teeth with ease. Her heightened senses allowed her to soar through the trees like a clap of thunder, so fast that she went by in a blur, but still alert enough that she didn’t smack into any trees. She almost felt like she was flying.

Before she realized it, Clarke burst free from the trees, panting and scratching at the ground in confusion. Other wolves broke free as well, growling and snapping at the air, each other. When they realized where they were, they collapsed to the ground. Clarke watched them, still confused, but then she heard a soft whimper. So soft that Clarke shouldn’t have been able to hear it.

She turned her head. Lexa’s vibrant green eyes met with her own. There was a short, breathless moment where Clarke could see nothing but those eyes. Somewhere in her brain she realized that she had done it—she had made it out alive. The rest of her only sought Lexa. She stepped forward, as did Lexa, and then they met halfway, sounds rumbling softly in their chests, tails wagging about. They rubbed their faces together, Clarke licking Lexa underneath the jaw. Lexa nearly curled into her, and it was a welcomed feeling. The softness and the warmth washed away all the terror and the horror from the hunt.

Lexa tipped her head back, and then she howled. Even Clarke flinched at the power behind the sound. It went on and on, and while it did the other wolves howled with. Clarke understood the meaning behind it immediately.

Clarke has passed, the howl said. The other wolves were acknowledging this. Clarke watched Lexa for a short moment, and then she was howling too. The night had never been noisier, and Clarke had never felt so free.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading ^^ have any thoughts or questions? Visit my tumblr
danilovesnaimenel. Comments are eagerly welcomed!
Chapter 19

Chapter Notes

Short update, but I decided to post this now since it was written up. Work is kicking my ass and I'm too tired to write when I get home. Hope you guys enjoy it!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

After the Hunt, they clung to each other like the world was about to end. Like the stars became home and they were plummeting back to earth. The moment they stepped into Lexa’s bedroom, arms wound around shuddering bodies. Clarke pressed her face to Lexa’s shoulder, soaking her in, taking in even breaths because still she was swept up in the moment, still she could hardly fathom herself. Lexa held her so tightly, yet so delicately, like the slightest pressure would cause her to shatter in the wind. Lexa’s breaths were harsh and uneasy, and when they finally collapsed onto the furs, they curled into each other and simply were. They existed, for a mere moment, nowhere but in each other’s arms. Clarke could feel Lexa’s thumping heartbeat, so she pressed a gentle hand above her heart and closed her eyes.

“I made it,” she said quietly.

Lexa sucked in a slow breath. “You made it.”

“You said I would. I did.”

“I know.”

“Thank you.”

Lexa glanced down at her, green eyes shimmering with so much emotion that Clarke’s throat swelled. She swallowed, but that didn’t relieve her own climbing feelings. She managed to smile, and though it was small it was genuine all the same. “I think I love you,” she whispered.

Lexa blinked, eyes widening a fraction before they closed and she breathed out slowly. “Clarke…”

“It’s okay,” Clarke hurried. “I don’t understand it yet. Give me time. You don’t need to say it back, or feel it back. I just…I love you. I think I have since the first moment I met you. The real you.”

Lexa studied her face quietly, and then she nodded the slightest nod and Clarke rested her head back down on her chest, content to simply lie there. Lexa traced lazy patterns on her skin.

“What happens now?” Clarke asked into the silence.

Lexa’s hand didn’t still. “We work towards peace,” she answered. Her words sounded heavy, like they were laced with sleep. She tightened her hold on Clarke. “Towards a better future.”

Clarke hummed in response. Her energy fled from her like she was a dying fire. Or maybe Lexa was the fire, sucking out every bit of energy she had left, stealing the very oxygen from her lungs. Clarke couldn’t properly describe the level of happiness she felt. The guilt, the shame and the hopelessness, it had all vanished. After the howling, Clarke had felt…reborn. She understood the purpose of the hunt, then. She passed it, and so all her demons were exorcised. She could move on now, and she
hoped everyone else could, too—though part of her acknowledge that a long road still awaited.

They didn’t speak more or do more. Clarke’s eyes felt heavy and she sank into the warmth of Lexa’s body and the furs beneath them. Lexa let her drift off, content to simply hold her and stroke her skin. Clarke was lulled into a contented sleep with Lexa’s heartbeat in her ear and a smile pressed to the top of her head.

XxX

The next few days were a contented blur. Clarke felt like she had been drugged, and that the drug was taking days to wear off. She spent most of her time in Lexa’s chamber, spending time with the Alpha when she wasn’t needed by her people or the pack leaders. When Lexa had no choice but to dress and leave, Clarke would draw. She had stopped drawing when she entered the Organization academy, so she wasn’t as skilled as she had been in school. The first thing she drew was Lexa’s sleeping face.

Other times she decided to wonder outside, visiting the forest or the markets. Many of the wolves outright avoided her, but she was fine with that. It was on the seventh day, however, that Clarke ventured into the deeper parts of the market. Indra trailed behind her, no doubt ordered to do so by Lexa, but Clarke paid her no mind.

Clarke wanted to soak herself in wolf culture. She found it all so fascinating. As far as she could see, these people were more primitive compared to humans. They had no technology and they lived off of the land, but it was beautiful. Baby wolves darted through the trees, bugging the occasional vendor before they were warded off with a growl. Clarke would chuckle at their antics and sometimes they wouldn’t glare at her.

No one spoke to her. Clarke at first did the same, keeping to herself and not bothering anyone with any questions. But she grew tired of the silence. She wanted them to know her, the new her, not the cold, horrible her. She smiled at a lady at a stand selling dried meats. The woman did a double take when she noticed her, but she smiled back even if it was a little forced.

“Good morning,” Clarke greeted softly as she passed by.

The woman dipped her head but didn’t verbalize a response. Clarke was pleased nonetheless. She carried on walking through the crowds, aware that people still kept a distance from her, usually clearing a path so that they didn’t have to touch her. She ignored it as much as she could, and after a whole morning of greeting people and being overall friendly, the gap began to close. Towards the end of the afternoon, more people were smiling back than sneering. Clarke decided she needed to head back, so she said farewell to a young boy that had run up to ask her if she was really the Slayer, and headed back the way she had come.

She passed by many food stalls, making eye contact where she could. Halfway down the path someone stepped backwards, bumping into her.

“Sorry!” she took a step back, smiling apologetically.

The man was huge—big bulgy muscles, tattoos all over and long, shaggy hair. When he noted her, his face pulled taut in disgust. Indra stepped in closer, a hand at her hip where she kept her sword just in case, but Clarke lifted a hand for her to stay out of it. She needed to deal with these people on her own, not with Lexa’s guard dog at her back.

“I’m really sorry,” she added calmly. “I didn’t see you step out into the path.”
The man swept his eyes over her, grunting. Eventually he snorted and then spat at her feet. “Piss off, Slayer bitch.”

Clarke blinked. She hated to admit that the words stung. She had spent so much time trying to make people think differently of her, that having such an insult flung in her direction was unexpected. Which, she had to admit, was weak of her. Of course a week was too soon for everyone to fully forgive her. She wasn’t sure which family members she had stolen from the people around her. Who stared at her and saw a murderer that had taken a mother, a son, a lover? There was no way to tell.

Deciding not to make a fuss, she merely dipped her head in understanding and then walked around him. She felt his eyes hard on her back, and couldn’t resist a shiver as it rocked down her spine. Indra must have said something to him, because when she glanced back he was storming off in the opposite direction. But he glanced back at her, teeth pulled back, and Clarke knew he would be a problem.

XxX

“How are you finding the markets?” Lexa asked softly. The candle light around them highlighted Lexa’s high cheekbones, accentuated the full curves of her lips. Even her eyes glowed a deeper green.

“Fascinating,” Clarke responded.

Lexa rolled her eyes, but she smiled genuinely and pulled Clarke a little closer. She pressed a soft kiss to her naked shoulder. Clarke enjoyed the way her body fit so nicely against Lexa’s, as if they had been specially fashioned just for each other.

“People are giving me less murderous looks, if that’s what you were wondering about.”

Lexa grinned. “No more glares?”

“Nope. Oh, and some of them even smile back.”

“Magical,” Lexa breathed. She laughed when Clarke lightly slapped her shoulder. “I’m glad that you’re making such an effort, Clarke. I know it’s hard for them to see you any differently.”

Clarke nodded. “It’ll take time. I can’t expect your people to accept me, even after surviving the Hunt.”

“They are your people now too, Clarke. You are one of us.”

Clarke savoured the words. They sent an odd thrill through her. Growing up, especially after Jake had been taken, she had always felt left out, like she was on an entirely different world. Here she felt like she belonged. With Lexa she felt like she could truly make a difference. The good kind.

“I want to do more, then.”

“What do you have in mind?”

Clarke thought about it. “Community service, maybe? Something to give back to the people.”

Lexa only smiled and pressed a soft kiss to her lips. She didn’t pull back, and Clarke couldn’t help but drawing the kiss out, nibbling softly on her bottom lip. A warm blanket of energy covered them both, making Clarke hum in content. When Lexa pulled back, her cheeks were flushed. They were exhausted, so they didn’t do more but smile and snuggle a little closer.
“Give me time to think on it,” Lexa finally added. “I'll think of some way you can prove yourself.”

Clarke wrapped an arm around Lexa’s waist, fingers dipping to her lower back. She caressed the skin there, and then she sighed.

*I want to see my family,* she thought to herself. She opened her mouth to say as such, but decided that it was better to hold off until a more appropriate time. Besides, Lexa was all but asleep.

Clarke smiled, kissed the spot just above her heart, and then let sleep take her as well. Politics could wait, at least for a little while.

Chapter End Notes

What do you guys think Clarke should do to help the wolves? Thanks for reading!
Clarke’s eyes were closed, but she was intensely alert. A few weeks had already passed. Not too much progress had been made with the other wolf people, but Clarke hadn’t given up yet. She had decided to venture off and take some time alone, to listen to the sounds around herself—soaking them in, understanding them. It was unlike anything she had ever been able to do before. She heard so much that she needed to learn to sort through the noise, to throw out the useless and focus on one thing. The birds were chirping around her, and the sound was a high pitched irritation until Clarke lowered her awareness of it and it became nothing more than a regular flutter in her ears.

She heard every breath she took, every expanding of her lungs. The whoosh of air always surprised her, made her feel morbidly fascinated about her inner workings. Like this, alone and introspective, she could also focus and hear the sound of her rushing blood. Every contraction of her own heart echoed in her ears, every flow of oxygenated blood.

Snap.

The sound was sharp and distinctive, cutting through Clarke’s concentration like a newly sharpened knife. She gasped, uncurling from her seated position to twist around and glance at her back. The light from above bled through between the leaves, though Clarke couldn’t see anyone there. Her heart fluttered in worry—of it being someone she knew, or someone out for her blood. No one had attacked her—yet. It was apparent that more than one of the wolves looked at her and saw nothing but blood and betrayal. The few that she supposed she hadn’t hurt by killing someone they knew were slowly welcoming her in. They were the few Clarke clung to, providing the miniscule hope that the others would eventually follow, too.

Deciding it was nothing, Clarke turned back around and slid her eyes shut. She inhaled slowly, deeply, and welcomed nature around her; letting sensation of brushing air tingle her skin, the slight crackle as leaves bobbed up and down, the faint scurry of rodents underground. It all seeped in, overwhelming Clarke to the point of dizziness. Scents of everything assaulted her, from the earthiness of the soil, to the peeling bark. Everything had its own individual smell. It was something Clarke was beginning to understand. She could tell an animal apart from a plant. Most telling, though, was the sharp scent of the wolves. Emotion, she had discovered, could create a scent.

Clarke’s nose twitched as a heavy, hot scent hit her nose. She focused on it, trying to figure out what it was telling her, when another snap sounded close by. Her eyes flew open and she turned, this time sure that someone was here. The scent assaulted her more heavily, growing until it was sitting at the back of her throat. It was sharp and bitter, and it wasn’t until Clarke heard a thrumming growl from the treeline that she realized, with fear, what the scent was.

Bloodlust.

She scrambled to her feet, but the wolf shot out into the open and went for her. Clarke cursed softly as she threw herself to the ground, grunting in pain when rough stones bit into the flesh of her palms. She managed to roll over onto her knees, and then she stood and took off the way she had walked to get to the heart of the forest. Behind her the wolf gained his bearings, and then he was after her, snapping his jaws between loud, obnoxious growls.

She supposed this was bound to happen.
The wolf lunged forward again, slicing into the side of Clarke’s shoulder. It knocked her off balance for a moment, but she was much more attuned to her now body and found her footing very quickly. The pain was minimal as well, and the wound healed in a sizzle of steam as she continued to run. Around her animals scurried away to hide. It was quiet save for Clarke’s ragged breaths and the wolf’s angry howls. He wasn’t being loud enough to alert anyone in the market and homes off in the distance, so Clarke was entirely alone.

*Please don’t let this be my death,* she thought to herself. *I might just laugh if it is.*

Hot air beat against Clarke’s already sweaty skin, and then bulky arms wrapped around her chest and tossed her to the ground. He was on her, face contorted in excitement and hate. He bared his teeth—still long and sharp—and released a long rumbling growl. Clarke sucked in a harsh breath.

“Slayer bitch,” he grunted around a savage smirk.

Clarke’s eyes widened. She recognized the man from the market, the one she had walked into weeks before. She had known he would be trouble. “How did you know I was here?” she shot back roughly. She always made sure that no one watched her when she slipped away, for this exact reason. To make sure she wasn’t caught off guard—as she had been—while having a moment to herself.

The man shrugged, grinning. “You continue to underestimate us,” he growled. “Now what do I do with you, Slayer of Wolves?”

Clarke inwardly flinched at the name, but she kept her face as calm as she could. She hadn’t earned that title by whimpering and feeling sorry for herself. It had taken years of extreme training and constant battle. Clarke wasn’t weak. But her heart still pounded hard in her chest, and the urge to shift was almost overwhelming. Clarke had never felt this urge before—the one that told her to change skins. It was the danger, she knew. But she resisted it, because she would not show him that she needed her wolf form to protect herself. Clarke had been Slayer as a human, and she could do well for herself as a human, still.

“You don’t want to do this,” she told him steadily, keeping eye contact. His eyes were bloodshot, and the blue in them was almost wiped out by his blown pupils. He snorted.

“Shut up.”

“Trust me. If you hurt me, even if you kill me, you won’t get away with it.”

His lips pulled down into a frown, but the anger in his gaze intensified. “You think Alpha will avenge you? Don’t you think she has more pride than that?” His brows furrowed, as if speaking of Lexa in such a way made him uncomfortable. “She would not mate with the likes of you. The rumours are rubbish. Nothing but propaganda to get us to forgive you, Slayer.”

Clarke winced slightly when his full body weight pressed down into her. His hands slowly wound around her throat, a thumb brushing over her pulse point. She couldn’t help but swallow. He was huge—muscles so thick that bullets would probably just bounce off of him.

“I deserve this, I know,” she reasoned. “I did terrible things.”

“You massacred us.”

Clarke nodded. She slithered her hand out between them and pressed it down on the dirt, claws out and scratching at the hard soil. “I know. I did. I was…blinded by hate. I wish I could take all of that back, but I can’t. All I can do is atone.”
“Words are nothing but falsehoods,” he snarled, lips curled back once more. He squeezed down hard. “Enough talking. Your life ends now, by my hand.”

Clarke felt panic well up inside of her, but she let it simmer just underneath the surface. His fists closed off her airway, and she choked without being able to stop. But she did not struggle or resist. She focused on her hand, closed her eyes and let herself listen to everything, to feel everything. The wolf blood in her pulsed, adrenalin spiking up and surging through her. Even as her head felt light and wobbly and she was no doubt about to pass out, she let the wolf in her take over, washing through her like a refreshing cold wind. At the last second, seizing every ounce of strength she possessed, Clarke threw her loose hand out, spraying dust and soil into his face. He roared but didn’t release his hold, though his grip did slacken. It was enough. Grunting, Clarke wrapped a hand around his wrist, tensed every muscle in her body, and then threw him off of her. His fingernails cut into her throat as his hand slipped away, dripping blood and steam. He landed on his back, skidding a few paces before coming to a stop.

Clarke turned and ran again. Every cell in her body screamed for her to end him. To take his skull in her hands and crush it, to rip his spine out with her teeth and lap at his blood. But she didn’t want more bloodshed on her hands. She didn’t want to have to tell Lexa that she had killed yet another of her people, regardless of whether he deserved it.

Lexa.

Clarke caught the familiar scent of dry meats and sweat, and knew she was close to the market. She doubled her efforts, feet thudding hard on the ground as she ran. Ahead, somewhere in the distance, she also heard the clink of metal and a rush of voices. Various smells assaulted her—leather, pungent sweat, dry blood, fresh blood, septic wounds and dirty skin. Her nose wrinkled in distaste.

“Get back here, Slayer!” the man roared behind her. He changed, and with four legs managed to catch up to her. His teeth clamped down on her arm, forcing Clarke to turn and shake him off. He tossed her aside, skin ripping and bleeding, and then he was on her again. A clawed paw slammed into her face, nails slicing through her cheek and brow, stars flashing before her eyes. Clarke cried out in pain and collapsed face first into the dirt. Her head rang. She cried out again when another paw slammed down on her spine, breaking it. She went limp immediately, whimpering, and closed her eyes, trying to shift, but ready for the final blow. It didn’t come.

The heat from him suddenly vanished, and then a loud yelp filled the air followed by the snap of bones breaking. Clarke heard claws digging into the ground, haggard breath and then a sicking thud, a squeal and an exhale. She opened her eyes to see her attacker dead on the ground. Above him stood a woman, hands wet with his blood and face speckled with it. When she turned her eyes were wide and wild, but swam with immediate confusion when they landed on Clarke.

“Lexa?” she questioned first, taking a step closer. She paused, expression dropping. Her intense gaze lowered, darkening, and then she bared her teeth and growled, low and long. “Slayer,” she spat.

Clarke laughed. She couldn’t help it. Her body healed up, so she crawled onto her hands and knees, laughing because what else was there to do? Her saviour stared at her as if she had gone mad, all traces of anger gone. She seemed merely bewildered.

“Why do you smell of Lexa?” she demanded in a growl.

Clarke smiled inwardly at the realization that this woman was keeping her distance. Obviously she knew of Clarke’s battle prowess. Her eyes kept darting about, as if she expected more hunters to jump out in a surprise attack, or for Clarke to pull her sword out from seemingly nowhere. She only wore a plain pair of pants and a shirt, given to her by Lexa. There was no weapon on her or near her.
“I think that’s for Lexa to explain to you,” Clarke answered warily. “Thank you for saving me.”

The woman narrowed her eyes. “I thought—” she cut herself off, and then she straightened and lifted her chin. She said no more.

“Let’s head back to Lexa,” Clarke suggested. She stepped close, very carefully, palms raised. “I won’t hurt you or anyone else.”

She stared for a moment, then she nodded. She turned and walked off briskly, sending Clarke another puzzled look. It was almost amusing, if Clarke wasn’t suddenly overcome with the horror of what had just happened. Panic filled her stomach, but she swallowed it all down and forced her hands to stop shaking. The man lay dead, bleeding and still, and the other woman didn’t seem to care.

They walked out of the forest not much later and passed through the market. Many people noticed the other woman, sending smiles and waves. When they noticed Clarke at her back, many withdrew with frowns and confused expressions. Some sent the woman nods of encouragement. Clarke ignored it all.

When they made it to Lexa’s building, Clarke took in a deep breath. The woman in front of her didn’t spare a glance backwards.

Chapter End Notes

Can you guess who Clarke's mystery saviour is? As always, thanks so much for reading!
Lexa stared silently at the woman in front of her, the stench of blood pungent as it burnt her nose. She inhaled deeply despite the smell, keeping herself the picture of calm and collected.

“Are the others safe?” she asked slowly.

The woman nodded. “We all survived the attack, Alpha,” she reported. “I was sent ahead of the others when the battle began.”

Lexa nodded. “And it was the humans?”

She nodded again, but winced. The wounds were minimal, and Lexa suspected that most of the blood wasn’t even her own. Sighing, Lexa stood from her throne and stepped over to the injured warrior.

“We were returning when we spotted them, east of the mountain. A small group. We’re not sure what they were planning. The moment they saw us, though, they attacked.”

Lexa listened intently, dipping her head in a short nod to show that she heard. She gently lifted the woman’s shirt, and then she pressed her hand to an open gash at her ribs. “Jus gon ai jus,” Lexa whispered quietly. She felt the skin of her palm heat up almost to the point of pain, but it subsided quickly and the warrior’s wound closed up. “Go and rest,” she ordered softly. “And tell no one of this yet.”

The woman gathered herself and nodded. She walked out slowly, still ailed by wounds that would only heal overnight thanks to Lexa—wounds by the stones took days to heal, sometimes weeks—and then the room was silent and Lexa had no one but herself to think with. Her stomach twisted harshly, and it reminded her greatly of when the Waterfall village had been attacked. She swallowed her nerves down and headed over to the window, where she stood and looked down at the people below. She wondered where Clarke was.

Clarke.

As sudden as the name entered her mind, a powerful scent swept up and caught her. She stiffened under its allure, but averted her attention when another familiar scent called to her, this one filled with every ounce of fury Lexa had ever experienced in her life. Before the doors to the throne room even opened Lexa was prepared to meet a deadly glare.


Anya passed through the doorway, her expression tight and lips pulled back. Her eyes flicked over to Clarke, who had stepped in beside her, and she growled. “Alpha, can we talk in private, please?”

Clarke looked at her with an odd expression. She was dishevelled and her clothes were torn, which alarmed Lexa enough to step down until she could grasp Clarke’s arm and study her body for any abnormal injury. There was none. Clarke still stared at her like she had a million things to say.

“Go to my room,” Lexa told her. “I will meet you there shortly.”
Clarke’s gaze went to Anya, but then she nodded and left without a word. Lexa watched her back for a long moment, fighting the urge to hurry after her, to pull Clarke in and inhale her scent while simply holding her, assuring herself that Clarke was fine.

Something had gone terribly wrong.

The doors shut yet again, though this time Lexa had a companion. “What happened?” she demanded harshly—a little too harshly, though she couldn’t find it in her to feel guilty yet.

“We were attacked by a small group of humans, Alpha,” Anya started immediately. Her gaze was fiery, wild, and her nostrils flared with every angry intake of air, but she knew respect and she understood to keep her rage to herself until business had been dealt with. “They were merely walking through the mountain. Much farther than any human has walked before. They didn’t expect us, but they were prepared for a fight anyway.”

Lexa nodded. “How many were there?”

“Five, Alpha.”

Lexa straightened, inhaling. She had seen the previous warrior’s injuries. “How did five humans get the better of twenty of my best warriors?”

Anya’s anger drained away to shame. “Their weapons, Alpha, they’re different. These humans didn’t seem impaired by the cold. But their weapons…”

The feeling from earlier returned full force. “Just as I feared,” she whispered to herself. “I believe Arkadia will mount a full assault on us sometime soon.”

Anya inhaled sharply. Realization swept through her features. “That’s why you had us patrolling the mountains, despite sounding for all warriors to return to the walls.” When Lexa nodded, Anya continued. “How do you know they will attack? Has the Slayer told you? What is she doing here, Lexa?”

Lexa took no offence to Anya’s use of her name. They were not simply Alpha and Warrior Captain, they were friends. “A lot has happened since I sent you back to the mountain,” she explained. “Even I don’t believe half of it.”

Anya placed a hand on her shoulder. Any anger had been replaced with worry and confusion. “I found the Slayer—”

“Clarke,” Lexa cut in. “Her name is Clarke. She is no longer the slayer.”

Anya nodded. “I found Clarke in the forest. She was at the mercy of a male wolf. At first I thought it was you. It smelt like you, and I was confused.”

Lexa rubbed a hand over her face. “We have mated.” She shrugged. “More than once. Quite often, actually.”

Anya’s brows furrowed. “Lexa, I trust you with my life, you know that. But I must ask why you invited her into your bed, into your home, when there are many others that would indulge you?”

“Clarke is child of Jake Griffin,” Lexa informed her. A small smile played at her lips. “And, she’s special, Anya.”

“Special?”
“Half-breed. Like me.”

A small sigh escaped Anya’s lips. “Of course you’d find your bond-mate in the Slayer, of all people.” The anger bled quietly into her words, but it was not directed at Lexa. “It is rare for half-breeds to have bond-mates, you know this, right?”

Lexa nodded. “More than anyone. That’s why…I couldn’t kill her. She has proven herself in the Hunt, and she will continue to prove herself.”

Anya straightened. “How do you plan to get our people to forgive her? She has killed a lot of us.”

“And we killed plenty of her people too,” Lexa snapped back. Irritation roared at her like a harsh wind. She whipped around, stalking back to the window to glare out at the horizon. “I want this senseless bloodshed to end. They kill one of us and so we kill one of them, and in retaliation, they kill one more. It’s a cycle that will never end. Not until we understand them and they us.”

“What are you planning?”

“Clarke has intimate knowledge on how the humans function and how the hunters fight. She can train us to properly fight against the humans and their use of the stones.”

Anya hovered close, and something in her demeanour changed so drastically that Lexa glanced back at her. “I don’t think Clarke knows about these new weapons. They’re not only swords, Alpha. They’ve turned their people into weapons too.”

Lexa swallowed. “What do you mean?”

“I don’t know how, and I could be wrong…” Anya looked away. “Their eyes glowed with the colour of the stones. I believe they’re putting them in their bodies somehow. They fought us with fists, and they nearly killed us all.”

Lexa absorbed all of it, nodding. So her suspicions had been correct. She felt her stomach clench tightly. This wasn’t good news, not at all. She needed to make a plan immediately.

“Anya, ride out to Azgeda and gather the wolf army.”

“All of them?”

“Every single warrior. Recruit new ones as well. We need to ready ourselves for a full attack. Soon. Bring them all to the wall. We will train there until the time has come to fight.”

Though she looked like she wanted to say more, Anya merely nodded and then headed for the door. Before it closed behind her, she paused when Lexa spoke.

“I’m glad you made it back, Anya,” Lexa said softly. She offered a nod of encouragement, and then Anya was gone. She caught Indra’s eye and gestured for her to enter.

“I’ll be riding out to the mountain,” Lexa informed her. “I’ll need you to make sure the warriors are kept in line until I return.”

Indra looked alarmed but she didn’t object. “Yes, Alpha,” she said, bowing shallowly in respect.

Lexa was grateful for her lack of insolence. She wouldn’t have been able to explain it if Indra had asked. Swallowing lightly, Lexa made for her sleeping chamber.

She needed to tell Clarke before she left.
Clarke had just finished wiping the last of the blood and dirt from her skin when a warm body pressed up against her back. She’d known the moment Lexa had stepped into the room, but she hadn’t turned around. She closed her eyes, enjoying the feel of Lexa’s lips pressed to the side of her throat.

“We need to talk,” Lexa started quietly.

Clarke’s stomach dropped. “Lexa, if it’s about that guy in the forest, I didn’t know he was—”

“No. Not him. This is about your former people.”

Clarke immediately turned around in Lexa’s arms. The haze of desire that had wrapped around her evaporated into nothing. “What about them?”

“They will pass the mountain, sometime soon. I’ve ordered my entire army to the walls. There we will train, and from there we will defend our home.”

Clarke felt like she had suddenly been drenched in ice cold water. She stared up at Lexa, mouth open and no words coming out. Her first instinct was to laugh and point out that the joke wasn’t funny, but Lexa was completely serious.

“But… but we’ve never been able to survive the cold.”

Lexa’s jaw tensed. Clarke watched it, heart dropping so far into her stomach that it burnt. “Your people have developed new technology with the stones. They are using their own bodies now.”

“No. They wouldn’t do that. We discovered early on that the stones can kill us, too. It’s too dangerous.”

Warm hands clamped down around Clarke’s shoulders, stilling her movements and chasing her panic away. “I am leaving for a little while. A week at the most. When I return, I will have all the information I need. In the meantime, Clarke, I need you to teach Anya all you know. Let her help you teach our wolves as well. You know how the humans fight and how to defeat the hunters.”

Clarke’s mouth went dry. This was all so sudden. The look Lexa was giving her made Clarke uneasy. Did Lexa think she would object? That she would beg to return to Arkadia? That her people be spared? Part of her did want to ask to go back, but not if this was true. Not if the Organization had decided that using their own people for experiments was justified, that it was alright to use human bodies as weapons. Worst of all, by far, was the knowledge that most likely her own mother was probably involved. Abby had been the head of the stone weaponry development team. Out of everyone she would have been tasked with synthesizing the stones to be injected or ingested. Clarke felt sick.

“Okay,” she choked out. “I’ll do anything to help.” Lexa’s grip softened, and then Clarke was pulled into a tight hug. She pressed her nose to Lexa’s throat, feeling the warm skin there, inhaling the heady scent of her. It relaxed her enough that the dizziness and the nausea dissipated.

“Clarke,” Lexa pulled back and cupped her face in her warm palms. “No matter what happens, this isn’t your fault. Do you understand me? Whatever they have done, it does not involve you.”

If only that were true. Clarke understood that most likely this retaliation was in part due to her supposed death. Emerson had made it out alive, there was no doubt in that. Did he have a hand in this? Clarke found herself growling around a mouthful of sharp teeth, until Lexa pressed their
foreheads together, bringing her back to reality.

“We will survive this,” Lexa whispered. “We always have. And when it is over, if you still wish to return to Arkadia, I will escort you.”

Clarke swallowed. “How did you…?”

Lexa smiled. “We are bond-mates, Clarke. I know what you’re thinking before even you think it.”

Clarke didn’t know what that meant. She wanted to ask, but Lexa kissed her, and the feel of her lips chased all thoughts away. Lexa’s scent crept over her, soothing every muscle in her body. Before she knew it, Lexa had her on the furs, an earlobe between her teeth. Deft hands removed the clothing from her body, revealing undamaged, smooth skin. Clarke released a moan into the air.

“Lexa,” she begged. Lexa’s lips returned to hers, whispering things she couldn’t understand. A fog of desire and calmness wrapped around her so suddenly that Clarke couldn’t resist it. She welcomed it in, desperate for everything Lexa had to offer her.

“Hodness ste ai kwelness,” Lexa murmured softly against her lips.

“What?” Clarke blurted out. She didn’t understand.

Lexa’s clothes fell to the floor, revealing the Alpha’s smooth dark skin. Clarke’s hands went to her shoulders, squeezed the hard muscles there. Lexa nipped at her jaw, travelling down to suck at the skin of her neck. Clarke’s lower back tingled deliciously at the sensation, and then Lexa was descending, travelling downwards to her chest. A warm, eager mouth wrapped around one of Clarke’s nipples, making her cry out loudly and arch into the touch. Her hand sought Lexa’s, and when it was found, their fingers intertwined.

Lexa lavished equal attention to each breast until Clarke was panting for her, dripping and needy. She finally dropped down until she was between Clarke’s thighs, staring up at her with brightly glowing green eyes, a little smirk on her lips.

“Moan for me,” Lexa ordered lowly. Her voice was husky and dripping with desire, and that alone was enough to make Clarke whimper. When Lexa heard the sound, her chest rumbled in satisfaction.

Lexa dipped forward, her tongue searing Clarke with pleasure and heat. And then she spoke, clearly and softly, and the words were almost more powerful than the broad strokes of her tongue. Clarke’s ears rang and her body exploded with sensation, her claws out and ripping into the furs, back arched. Lexa watched her as she crumbled.

“En hodness ste uf.”

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading guys!

Just letting anyone that’s interested know, that I’ve dug a deeper hole for myself and started a Clexa serial killer au. It’s based heavily on Dexter. I’ve already written the first chapter, but not sure when I’ll post it. Anyone interested?

Also omg new drama! Some more stuff revealed! And yas to everyone that guessed it
was Anya. It wasn't that difficult to guess, though. Any questions? Any comments? Drop ’em here or on my tumblr at danilovesanimenel. I love to hear from you guys!
Wow everyone, thank you for over 1k kudos! That's really awesome and I'm really honoured. As always, I hope you enjoy the chapter! Comments are always welcomed.

The cold whipped against her body, but she had long since gotten used to the frosty air. The armour managed to insulate enough of her body heat, and thanks to her naturally high temperature to begin with, it wasn’t difficult to stay warm despite the chill. That didn’t mean the trek from the walls to the bowels of Mount Weather was pleasant. In fact, it was the opposite.

Lexa could think of nothing but the impending war she could feel simmering in the horizon.

Her mind raced with possibilities. She knew the human’s large technology could not ride through or over the mountain. The metal things would freeze up and break. They had tried countless times before. It was more possible that they would simply march an entire army through the trees. They did not know what rested beyond the mountain. If they found it, would they take pause and re-evaluate? Or would they forge on, killing every mother and child because they knew no better than violence and death?

A deep growl dropped from Lexa’s lips.

She missed Clarke in all its suddenness. Clarke, who was still somewhere in between. Clarke, who had yet to fully accept things as they were; who was undecided, unsure of which alliance she wished to take. Lexa understood that. Clarke had grown up as a human. She had human friends and human family. Lexa hadn’t had a great start in the human world, and she could barely remember much before Jake had whisked her away.

Jake.

What would he have done, she wondered? Would he have assured her that her actions were just, that they were correct? She knew he would have agreed that blood must not always have blood. He would have stood with her, encouraging her to forge an alliance with the humans. Though, she feared, that felt near impossible. Clarke was their link, yes. After realizing that she couldn’t possibly kill Clarke, she had decided to see if she could use her in another way. If Clarke could appeal to her people, perhaps they could change things. It was a long shot. It was foolish to even think. But Clarke had power in Arkadia, she had sway. She was known as a celebrity. If she returned and explained that she had been saved, reborn, and not slaughtered, maybe the citizens of Arkadia would believe the truth.

You are soft-hearted, Lexa, she heard the voice at the back of her head. But you are not naïve. You will do what is right, but you will also make the harder decisions that no one else can do. I trust you. You are young, but you will be a fine Alpha in my place.

He had smiled, and then he had left and disappeared from her life. The urge to howl into the night was strong, but Lexa wasn’t sure if there were any hunters in the area. Travelling here alone was dangerous enough, let alone alerting every living creature of her presence. No human scent had touched her, but she still remained intensely alert of her surroundings.
It took two whole days of hard running and one night of fitful sleep before Lexa finally reached her
destination. Closer to the southern edge of the mountain than she preferred, but she wasn’t in a
position to complain. When she reached the spot, she knew it by the scent that greeted her. It was
familiar and warm, and it made her grin stretch wide after she shifted back into two legs. He smiled
back, but then it dropped as they clasped forearms.

“I have alarming news, Alpha,” he started immediately.

Lexa swallowed and nodded. “Tell me everything.”

“There is much to tell.”

“Do it quickly. I have a feeling time is not on our side.”

He glanced over his shoulder into the distance, sighing. “You took the words right out of my
mouth.”

“So, what have the humans done?”

“Something very bad, Alpha. I fear for our people if we cannot mount a proper defence.”

Lexa steeled herself. “Alright, report everything.”

And he did. At the end of it, Lexa was tight with tension and anger, but she did not let it show. He
took longer than she had wanted to explain, but with the volume of information, she couldn’t blame
him. When he was finally done he looked grim.

“Thank you,” she told him firmly, but the appreciation was clear in her tone. “I’ll need to return at
once.”

He nodded, understanding. “Good luck, Alpha. When you need me, I will be there.”

She watched him melt into the shadows, quietly slipping back to Arkadia as if he had never left.
Lexa had been sure to insert spies in Arkadia years ago. She was glad for it, too. With the
information she now had, the urgency and panic began to rise.

She needed to get back to Clarke immediately. And to ready her army.

XxX

On the day Lexa had left, Clarke woke alone. She understood that Lexa had left without saying
goodbye to prevent unnecessary displays of emotion. Clarke still fell into a bad mood anyway, and it
was evident when she accidentally snapped the wooden spoon in her fist without so much as a gentle
squeeze. She dropped the ruined object onto the table and sighed deeply, turning to stare out through
the window. Lexa did have the best view.

Before her solitary breakfast could turn any sour—or perhaps to simply worsen it—Anya opened the
door and eyed her darkly. “Come with me,” she bit out harshly. “Alpha gave orders for you to
educate me on how hunters fight.”

Clarke nodded, having expected someone to fetch her for that purpose. She felt a little uncertain by
leaving the room without Lexa, but knew that she couldn’t hole up alone and pout until the Alpha
returned. She had promised to help, and so she would.

They walked down to the ground floor and into a large room—probably a hall at some point. Broken
chandeliers dotted the high ceiling, and Clarke stared at them as she wondered if the wolves knew what they were. By the decay and dirt, she guessed not. None of the large building interiors had really been taken care of, save for those used for sleeping or eating quarters.

Anyà paused in the middle of the room and removed her coat. She rolled her shoulders, stretched her arms and then she stared Clarke down. Her gaze was sharp and piercing, judgmental. Clarke understood it. Welcomed it, even. Though it still made her uncomfortable. She half expected to hear ‘Slayer’ spat at her as a slur, but Anyà hadn’t used the word since the first time. Something told Clarke that though she wanted to, she wouldn’t use it again lightly.

“Alright, Clarke, let’s see what the hunters have. What do I need to know?”

Clarke lifted her brow. “We’re starting already?”

Anyà rolled her eyes. The look she gave Clarke next almost made Clarke believe that she was stupid. “Alpha instructed we start immediately. When she returns our army needs to know how to fight your kind.”

Clarke’s brow furrowed. “We can’t possibly train an entire army in one week.”

Anyà’s grin was smug. “You underestimate us. Again. Now enough talking. Start teaching me so that I may teach the other wolves.”

Though she hated to admit it, she could believe Anyà. And she had a point that they needed to start as soon as possible. If Arkadia really had developed a way to claim the mountain, then they had hardly any time at all before an army attacked. She was almost entirely certain that the small group that had attacked were the test subjects. Ground zero. Would the serum work against the cold, and hopefully against the wolves, too? Since they had retreated, Clarke knew what they would report—yes, it had worked.

“Allright, uh,” she tilted her head, thinking. “I think the first thing to do is explain how our weapons work.”

Anyà straightened. “Yes. We know what they do. They cut us and scar us.”

Clarke shook her head. “No, you need to understand the science behind why they can do that. Do you have my sword close by? It would be easier to demonstrate.”

Anyà snorted. “You really think I’d allow you to have your sword? You must be dumber than I first thought you are.”

“I won’t—” Clarke stopped the rest of her defence, realizing that Anyà really didn’t care. She had a point. Why would she trust Clarke at all? Why did Lexa, even? “Okay, good point.” When Anyà smirked, Clarke was the one to roll her eyes. “Not about me being dumb. I get that you can’t give my sword back. I’ll just have to explain it, then. I hope you can follow.” Anyà remained quiet, nothing but an expectant brow raised, so Clarke began. “Alright. Do you know how we discovered the stones?”

“I have heard the story, yes.”

“Okay, good. Now, back in Arkadia we have a lot of technology. Back in the day the people didn’t really understand why the stones did what they did, just that it worked to their advantage. When we developed a keener sense for science and medicine, people started testing the stones to understand them. We discovered one key thing—the stones are irradiated, and they possess a quality that enables electromagnetic radiation. It isn’t harmful, really, but the stones have a specific frequency that can
align with brainwaves. Humans must have compatible brainwave frequencies, because from the get
go we could use the stones.” Anya didn’t look as puzzled as Clarke had expected. “Do you
understand everything I just said so far?”

“I may be a wolf, Clarke, but I am not uneducated.” The way she said it made Clarke suspicious that
Anya had knowledge that not a lot of wolves possessed. Of course she couldn’t insinuate that she
knew how or with what they educated their people. Whether they did or not, either. She shrugged.

“Okay. That’s good. So this next bit will sound like magic, which it is not.” Anya’s eyes flashed at
the word, and her lips pressed together, but she didn’t say anything. Clarke was a little afraid to ask,
honestly. “Waves carry energy, so in theory we can amplify the frequency of the stones, increasing
its energy levels. We do this through emotion. Through study we proved that the stones respond
incredibly to harsh changes in emotion. We feed our energy to the stones, and in turn we alter the
stone’s own frequency to bend to our will. This is why hunters need to train pretty hard with the
stones before going into active duty. It takes a lot out of you the first year or so.”

“So how does this hurt us?” Anya enquired. She seemed genuinely fascinated.

“We’ve speculated that the stones can hurt you—whereas nothing else can—because wolves have
different brainwave patterns that don’t align with ours. So when we increase the frequency of our
stones and get in close contact with a wolf, the energy scrambles your brains long enough to leave
damage. You respond with pain when invaded with such a high, foreign frequency. Of course, there
might be more to it, since wolves are entirely different to what humans had initially believed.”

Anya nodded after Clarke finally ended her explanation. “That makes sense, I suppose. How is
knowing this going to help me fight the hunters?”

“First off you need to be aware of what to look out for. Hunters will always try to get close to you.
We’re taught early on to slide underneath your belly, or to go for your chest. We will always aim for
your chest first. Land a hard blow to your sternum, stun you long enough to cut your head off.”

Anya inhaled, a short breath hissing through her teeth. She was shimmering with low anger, muscles
coiled and pulled tight. But she nodded. “We have noticed this, yes. That is why we developed
armour for our people. It is the only way to protect ourselves from close range attacks.”

Clarke chewed on her lip for a moment, wondering on something and unsure if she could ask. “Why
don’t you guys fight on two legs?” she asked, deciding she might as well. “It would be easier to
navigate with two legs. And you could use weapons, not just your claws and teeth.”

“We are a proud people,” Anya growled softly. “And we are less at risk in wolf form.”

Clarke nodded. She still had a lot to learn about the wolves. “Makes sense. So would you like us to
start, then? I can show you every way a hunter can move, all the ways they will try to defeat you.”

Anya nodded. She stripped out of her clothes, eyes on Clarke the entire time. When her torso was
bare, Clarke couldn’t help but stare at a large gash at her side. She knew that the wolves would heal
from even that, thanks to Lexa’s mysterious ability to heal them. But Anya’s scar looked old and
terrible.

“Do you remember it?” Anya asked.

Clarke’s eyes flicked to Anya’s. “Remember what?”

Anya’s lips pulled back over sharp teeth, and then she suddenly burst out of her human skin, hackles
risen once the steam had cleared. Her eyes blazed brightly with anger.
The day you gave me this scar, Slayer.

Clarke swallowed, trying to remember. And then it hit her, and her stomach dropped. She took a step back, unsure if Anya would charge at her. She didn’t. Those eyes, though. They were enough of an attack. Clarke met Anya’s stare, unwilling to flinch away from her gaze no matter how much she wanted to.

“I do,” she breathed. “How could I forget the most frightening fight of my life?”

Anya released an aggressive growl. She scratched at the ground, and then she shook her head and inhaled. *Now show me your moves again,* she ordered. *Show me everything. Show me how to defeat you so that when Alpha returns, we can protect our people from your kind.*

Clarke hated how sick she suddenly felt. She wanted to apologize. Anya didn’t want her apology, though. She could see that. So instead she discarded her own coat and then spread her feet, crouching low in defence.

“Okay, so let’s start with a normal attack,” she began.

Clarke tried to ignore how her hands were shaking.
Chapter 23

Chapter Notes

So sorry for how long this took! I ended up writing the chapter, deciding I needed a bit more plot before, and set it aside to write a whole new chapter, which I then scrapped because it sucked, and I got writer's block while I thought really hard on how to do the chapter properly. And now, thanks to a slow day at work, we finally have the chapter. I hope everyone enjoys! Also heads up, this entire chapter is a flashback.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was raining the day Clarke graduated.

Her skin bleached white from the cold, but she couldn’t bring herself to move. A stream of water slid along her face, over the dip at her cheeks and down her chin. She stared downwards, glaring fiercely at her new uniform boots. The rest of her was in uniform too, but she was soaked down to the bone. Despite the cold and the fact that she should take better care of her new hunter uniform, Clarke couldn’t bring herself to care.

In front of her was the door to her mother’s house—her house. She hadn’t been home since she had joined the Organization Academy. Now she was home to tell her mother the news. Not for herself, not even for her mother. For Jake. He would not have wanted her to disappear to train, only to stay away once she was drafted to head out into the Mountain. Worse, if she never returned, like so many hunters before her.

She clenched her freezing fists, battling the deep numbness in them. They hurt slightly, but nothing hurt as much as her chest, as the thundering organ in her chest. It would take only a small movement to reach forward and knock, but she didn’t seem to have the strength for it. Before she could freeze to death or stay there indefinitely, the door swung open and warm air rushed around Clarke’s pale skin.

“Clarke?” her mother breathed, surprised.

Clarke forced her head to rise, to stand proud and meet her mother’s gaze. “Hey, mom,” she forced out through tense jaws. “How have you been?”

Abby’s eyes flicked over her form, taking in the state of her—the dark black uniform, emblazed with the medals of graduating at the top of her class. Abby’s lips pressed together, but she didn’t let her upset show. “Come inside Clarke,” she hurried, gesturing behind her. “We can talk when you aren’t shivering out of your skin.”

Clarke nodded once and stepped inside. She left her boots by the front door and slipped out of the heavy blazer. Luckily the uniform was made of durable, thick material, meant to weather the worst of storms or attack. As she stripped from the last of her soaking uniform—leaving her underclothes still dry and unscathed—Abby returned from somewhere in the house, bringing with her a fluffy towel and a thick jacket.

“Here,” she said softly, draping the jacket over Clarke’s shoulders and then pressing the towel into her hands. “Dry your hair. I’ll make you some tea.”
Clarke nodded again. She wasn’t sure what to say, if she should even talk at all. Besides that, the jacket at her back smelt heavily of earthy soil and the cologne her father had worn. There was a hint of leather and something else, something metallic. Clarke’s nose twitched at the smell, but it brought her a measure of comfort. Her father always had.

Clarke dabbed her hair dry as she walked into the lounge and dropped down onto the couch. The place still looked like it had a year ago.

One whole year.

It had been a snap decision, to join the force. Clarke had been going through her father’s old clothes when his uniform had fallen from somewhere deep in the closet. He hadn’t been a soldier per say, more like a diplomat. He insisted on finding ways to understand the beasts. No one had listened to him, of course. And now he was dead, and the only thing that remained was his neatly pressed uniform. She hadn’t told her mother that she was joining, not even her friends—if they could even be considered her friends. She hardly hung out with them, yet they always insisted on including her. Octavia was the worst, dragging her off to clubs when Clarke would much rather train and practice.

“You can have that,” Abby spoke, breaking Clarke from her thoughts. She placed a cup down on the table, gesturing to the jacket. “He doesn’t need it anymore.”

Clarke glanced down at the arm of the jacket. She hadn’t slipped her arms through yet. It was dark brown, crinkled in some places because he had basically lived in the thing. Her stomach tightened painfully, and part of her wanted to shove it off and tell her mother to burn it, but the weakest part of her clung on tightly. So she didn’t respond. She sipped at the tea and regarded the table in front of her with sharp concentration.

“When do you leave?” Abby finally asked. There was a tremor in her voice.

Clarke cleared her throat. It suddenly felt constricted, as if it was filled with cotton balls. “Tomorrow morning,” she answered, licking a trace of tea from her bottom lip.

“Front lines?”

Clarke nodded. “They need more of us at the Mountain. A tenth of the force was wiped out during last week’s attack.”

“Who will you be under?”

“Squad Leader Joseph.”

Abby released a breathy sigh. “Oh, good. He’s a good man.” He will protect you, were her unspoken words.

Clarke wanted to roll her eyes. She also wanted to run from the house. She had left for a reason—her mother’s sadness sucked her dry, threw her off balance. Whenever Abby looked at her, Clarke knew that she saw Jake, and seeing him hurt more than Abby would ever admit. It hurt Clarke. It made her want to scream and rage until she felt nothing but hot blood underneath her fingernails.

Sighing, Clarke finished the tea and then stood. “I should go. I need to pack my things.”

Abby stood with her, hands clenching into tight fists. “Clarke…I…” Her voice trailed off. She suddenly looked overwhelmingly sad. “Won’t you stay? Just for the night?”

Clarke swallowed. She knew why her mother wanted her to stay. If Clarke couldn’t keep her own
on the mountain, then she would return in a body bag. Her chest clenched tight. She knew what she was putting her mother through. It wasn’t fair. So with a stiff smile, she nodded and then dropped back down. Abby seemed to finally exhale, a shaky smile making its way onto her face.

“Thank you,” she breathed softly, eyes broken and worn down. “Thank you, Clarke.”

Clarke hated how much it hurt.

XxX

The sun had barely risen before Clarke’s eyes fluttered open. Her body ached, though that was due to her odd position on the couch. Her mother was slumped at her side, head resting on her shoulder. They must have fallen asleep like that, talking quietly through the night. Clarke had always felt a lot of anger towards her mother, but now, like this, she felt nothing but shame and sadness. Her mother looked so small and frail. Abby had once been a great, powerful woman. She had all but invented the highly advanced hunter gear. She had bettered the output of energy from hunter to stones, stones to target. Now she was almost a whisper of what she had been.

And Clarke would destroy her further.

Careful to be as silent as possible, Clarke escaped the warmth from her mother’s side. She positioned Abby’s body more comfortably along the couch, throwing a blanket over her, and then she dressed quietly and quickly. She would need to return to the academy dorms to pack her few things and get her mission briefing, then she would meet her squad at the airport and make for the Mountain.

Clarke sent her mother one last glance, wishing that things were different, that her insides didn’t twist every time they spoke, that she didn’t feel an intense pull to go out to war. She pressed her hand to the door handle. A soft voice made her still.

“Be safe, Clarke.”

Clarke swallowed again. It was suddenly difficult to breathe. She soldiered on and opened the door, grateful for the cold air as it washed against her. I will return, Clarke promised. I will destroy them and come home to you, mom.

XxX

Four weeks in the cold and Clarke wasn’t quite used to it. Mount Weather wasn’t always this cold, but it being winter only served to make the environment harsher. She was at the northern outpost, the camp closest to the heart of the trees. Five soldiers had already died of the cold. Clarke would definitely not be one of them.

“Griffin,” someone muttered into her earpiece. “A word at base.”

Clarke winced slightly at the ache in her bones, but obeyed and shifted around onto her back. She had been sprawled out in the snow, watching alongside four other hunters. They were near a trail that led deeper into the woods, one that was thought to be a path the beasts used. It looked recently tramped through as well, so hunters had been stationed there and were to rotate shifts until it was deduced that werewolves wouldn’t pass through for a surprise attack. Clarke hated waiting and doing nothing, but she understood the seriousness of the job. Part of her hoped that werethings would decide to use the path, if only to give her the first taste of blood. She had been dreaming about it since she had made it to the Mountain.

“Breyton, cover for me,” Clarke ordered as she stepped by the young man. Her team was about to switch shifts anyway, so he nodded towards her and took up her previous spot. In an instant he
melted into the scenery, disappearing from immediate view. If Clarke focused, she would see him
easily, since she knew he was there. But thanks to the stark white of his uniform, no werething
would notice until it was too late.

Clarke trudged through the thick snow. Thanks to rigorous training and simply living on the
mountain as long as she had, her muscles didn’t start to scream until she was close enough to see her
squad’s reconnaissance tent. Her breaths came out in white, icy puffs, brushing against the tip of her
nose each time she exhaled. Her body burnt from the exertion when she finally stepped out of the
snow and into the tent, though it kept her body warm. Clarke straightened when she caught Joseph’s
eye.

“At ease,” he told her, smiling slightly. “Any sign of life out there?”

Clarke’s tensed muscles eased up slightly. “None yet, sir.”

Joseph nodded. “We’ve been watching for three weeks now. At the end of this week, we have
orders to return to the eastern outpost. They’ve had werething sightings there. We might face another
attack.”

Clarke swallowed suddenly, nodding. “When do we leave, sir?”

“In three days’ time. Tell your squad mates when you return to your watch later. For now, get some
rest.” His eyes softened, as did his tone. “You look like you could use it.”

Clarke wanted to argue that no, she was fine. She didn’t need to sleep or rest. But Joseph had been
nothing but kind to her. He had known her father, and so he showed more kindness than was
necessary. So Clarke saluted him with a fist at her heart, and then she exited his tent to head towards
the sleeping tent. Inside she found the first watch team fast asleep, their snores filling the cramped
space of the tent. It was a little warmer inside, too, so Clarke shed her thick coat and crawled onto
her bunk. Sleep came slowly.

XxX

Like the weeks behind them, the last three days sped by with silence, snow and the occasional frozen
shudder. Clarke didn’t really know the others in her squad. She had spoken to Breyton a few times,
and he seemed to be quite close to another young man named Thomas. They often snickered
together when they thought no one would notice. They were in her watch team, along with two other
girls, Mare and Caitlin. They didn’t speak to Clarke, and she never spoke to them, and it amused her
greatly that the guys on her team were much more cheerful than the girls. So on their last watch
together, an hour before they were to return to camp and pack up for transport, it wasn’t any surprise
when Breyton started chuckling.

“Shut up, will you?” Mare growled, dropping her hands from her mouth to shove them back in her
gloves. Beside her, Caitlin stared straight ahead, body tense. Clarke was much the same, listening on
their words without turning to see any of them.

“Sheesh, relax a little,” Breyton muttered back. “I know it’s freezing out here, but that’s no reason to
be a cold bitch.”

“Excuse me?” Mare shifted slightly, causing a soft crunch in the snow. They were speaking lowly
enough that it wasn’t a danger. Yet.

“You heard him,” Thomas added, his voice sounding tired. “It’s been nothing but depression these
last few weeks. Let us have some fun.”
“Fun?” Mare’s voice dropped low, dangerous. Clarke wondered that if she turned, would she see a burning glare directed over her head. “We aren’t out here to have fun. If you haven’t noticed, our people are dying. Dying, Breyton. Both from the cold and those things.”

Breyton remained silent. This prompted Clarke to finally move so that she could glance at his face. He was staring down at the snow, sadness clouding his eyes. “I know that,” he admitted softly. “I just try to forget sometimes, you know?”

Snow crunched again. Clarke twisted to her other side to see Mare settle back as well, eyes straight forward. “Did you ever consider that maybe we shouldn’t forget?”

Caitlin snorted, which prompted all eyes on her. “You know what I’m doing as soon as I’m off this god forsaken mountain?” she asked. Caitlin didn’t speak often, so when she did, she usually had something profound to say.

“Take a huge shit?” Breyton queried, a crooked grin right back on his face. Thomas cracked up silently, shoulders shaking, but the words didn’t deter Caitlin and only seemed to amuse her.

“I’m going to visit my grandparents down in Providence.”

It was odd, how normal that sounded. Clarke frowned, but she still remained silent.

“Ah, man that sounds heavenly,” Thomas groaned. “All that sun, all those corn fields. What I would give to visit Providence again.”

“You could come with me, if you want,” Caitlin suggested. “Gran always loves feeding my friends.”

Thomas broke out into a grin, nodding. “Yeah, I’ll totally do that! After I spend some time with my little sister, though. That’s what I’ll be doing on my break.”

Breyton smiled. “How old is she now?”

“She’ll be eight next month.”

“I saw her last when we entered the academy,” Breyton added, sighing. “She’s probably grown taller than us.” They laughed together, until Breyton scooted forward to peer around Clarke at Mare. “And you, Ice Queen? What’ll you be doing when we finish our first mission?”

Mare’s lips pressed together. “Reading.”

“Books?”

“No, palms. Yes books, you idiot.” Thomas snickered. “My parents have a huge library. I love reading.”

“I thought I saw a few books at your bunk.”

“Finished ‘em already.”

“Hot damn.” Breyton grinned, shaking his head. Finally his eyes fell on Clarke and she felt herself stiffen slightly. She had almost thought they had forgotten she was there. Of course they wouldn’t. “And you, Clarke?” She was ashamed to feel surprise that he knew her name.

Clarke pressed her lips together. This always happened. When she had zero interest in knowing about their lives, they would rope her in, force her to hear their dreams and feelings. She wanted nothing to do with that, so she burrowed a little deeper into the snow, and then exhaled in a long
puff. “We should get back to watching,” she ordered lowly. “We don’t have time to chat.” Her tone was clipped, and hopefully it was enough to get her point across.

Something akin to annoyance danced over Breyton’s face, but he seemed accustomed to Clarke’s avoidance. He shrugged, and then all of them fell completely silent, settling in to watch for the remainder of their stay. When the time ended, Joseph would call them back to base, and then they would leave.

Clarke was quite eager to leave, if she was honest. She wanted to be where the battle was, where she could see blood and draw blood. She didn’t mention that, though. If her squad mates knew how she really felt, no doubt they would think she had lost her mind. Maybe she had. Clarke had stopped trying to rationalize how she felt.

After what felt like an eternity, Joseph finally spoke into their earpieces to return. The last hour had passed. Despite the bonding moment from earlier, none of them spoke as they crawled out of their nests and straightened the kinks from their frozen limbs. It was probably the cold, and they were also all exhausted. Thanks to being the last on watch, they wouldn’t get a short rest before leaving. The third watch team had probably finished their napping after their watch, the lucky assholes.

Clarke rolled her shoulder, wincing at the sting of a knotted muscle there. Sitting still usually irritated the spot, but it would fade soon, she knew. They packed their gear in silence, though the air around them was surprisingly light. Breyton and Thomas shared glances and toothy grins, sometimes wiggling a brow. Mare didn’t conceal her irritation at them, and Caitlin had gone back to being somewhat of a robot. Clarke supposed she was the same. She kept away from them, packing her things on the other side of their watch site. She had made sure to pack her stuff farther off, since she wanted absolutely no excuse to have to talk to them. Now she was really grateful.

Because she saw it before they did.

Surrounded by as much white as they were, it was strange that they hadn’t noticed it immediately. Clarke glanced up from her bag, ready to tell the others that they should start walking, when a pair of dark eyes blinked between a few scattered trees. Hot, steamy breath left a large, red muzzle. Drops of drool—or blood—dropped to the ground, and long, gangly limbs moved forward. When the body came into view, showing an expanse of lean muscles and dark brown fur, Clarke’s body seized up. She opened her mouth, desperate to scream an alert, but nothing came out. And then the werewolf lunged forward, claws slicing into the side of Breyton’s neck. Thomas barely had time to yell before the thing had him at the jaws, and then a loud snap broke the stifling silence. Clarke’s blood froze when the werething dropped Thomas’s dead body to the ground.

Caitlin was screaming. Clarke heard it as if she was detached from the scene, watching from somewhere far off. It was an odd, distant sound. Mare was calmer, but she was battling to remove her weapons from her bag. Camp wasn’t too far away, so they hadn’t expected to use them. Clarke’s sword began to heat up at her back, enough that it shocked her back to the present. She didn’t have time to stare at Breyton’s seeping blood, or Thomas’s twisted neck. The werewolf lunged at Caitlin, easily smacking a huge paw at her head, silencing her terrified wails. For someone usually so silent, she could make a lot of noise. Mare went to her side, yelling for her, but then the beast was on her, snarling and snapping with its jaws.

Mare dropped onto her back, her duel blades out to keep those claws from her throat. Clarke jumped into action, sliding her sword out with more ease than she should have been able to. She took in one even breath, ignored the way her hands were shaking, and then she ran at the thing, face contorted in rage. She didn’t make it in time, and Mare’s head rolled away after the werewolf had used all its strength to bring both blades down and into her throat. Clarke’s stomach rolled and she wavered,
giving the werecreature the opening it needed to attack.

A huge paw slammed into her face, sending her spinning through the air. The snow cushioned her fall, but stars swam before her eyes. She saw it in her mind—her squad leader stepping out of a sleek vehicle, donned in the black hunter uniform, eyes grim. Her mother would see the car, would see him stepping up to her door, and she would know. She would collapse before he even reached the door, would start screaming as he knocked. It would take all her strength to open the door, and even after she finally did, she would not stop sobbing.

The mental image gave Clarke the strength she needed to push her body aside, just in time to miss sharp claws that slit through the snow where her throat had been. She scurried backwards, head still spinning, and heart pounding. When the thing straightened and glanced at her, nothing but cold terror washed through Clarke. She had thought she was ready for this moment—for meeting the enemy for the first time. Nothing had actually prepared her.

The creature was huge, with a slightly curved spine, a large chest and bulging muscles all along its shoulders and arms. Its eyes were the scariest thing to look at, though. Pure rage and hatred shone through glowing irises. Blood dripped steadily from its jaws, tracking down a furred chin and chest, plopping onto the white snow. A red smear on the floor.

Clarke’s body seized up. She realized that her sword had been knocked away from her, but it was across the clearing, laying close to Breyton’s stained body. Its metal surface glowed where the stones were imbedded—melted down and mixed in. Clarke felt it call to her, responding to the pure fear coursing through her. She wanted very much to get up and grab it, but the werewolf was lunging for her again, releasing a growl so loud and terrible that Clarke heard herself whimper.

*I am nothing but a little girl with an impossible goal.*

Abby’s grief stricken expression filled Clarke’s mind again, and the jolt from that was enough to bring her back to life. Her muscles unlocked, and with a scream as savage as the growl that rippled through her, Clarke tossed her body to the side to get to her sword. She ignored the blood that coated her uniform, almost seeping in until it felt like it covered her skin, and yelled when her hand closed around the hot metal. She was hardly even aware of what end she had grabbed. Suddenly she was lifted high and tossed, soaring through the sky until she slammed against something hard. The wind vanished from her lungs, but somehow her weapon had remained clenched tightly in her fist. Her leg bled scarlet everywhere, throbbing with a low, deep pain. The thing must have grabbed at her upper thigh just as she had clutched her sword.

Clarke fought against the pain and the fear and forced herself to stand. The werething wasn’t allowing her any reprieve. It was going for her again, almost toying with her, but Clarke managed to deflect the next few weak blows. She refused to put her mother through that pain again, at least not so soon. Clarke had never felt so frightened in her life. Nothing in her nightmares had prepared her for the razor sharp teeth that aimed for her throat. But Clarke managed to just dodge the attacks, though her heart thudded even harder each time. She wasn’t sure what blood dribbled to the ground anymore—hers, Breyton’s, the werething’s? Had she even managed to land a blow? Her body ached and screamed everywhere, telling Clarke that the creature had definitely landed a few attacks on her. She wanted nothing more than to succumb to the weakness pressing down on her, to drop to her knees, close her eyes and join her father in eternal peace. But every time the desire rose, her mother’s sorrowful expression blasted against her eyelids, and she pressed on.

Not more than five minutes must have passed. Only five minutes and her entire team had been wiped out. No, their deaths had taken not even one minute. Ah, what mere seconds could do to change lives so quickly. To take them or to ultimately change them.
Clarke screamed when nails sunk into her upper back. She twisted, realizing that in her moment of thought the werething had sunk its claws into her. They were moving, blood spraying through the air, foggy breaths bursting from their mouths and noses. Clarke grunted at the pain and tugged herself backwards, ripping free from the thing’s clutches. Then she thrust her arm outwards, a burst of strength hitting her so suddenly that her vision went dark for a long, agonizing second. She felt her sword connect, and then cut. She collapsed on the ground, panting and shuddering. She was a mess.

The beast tumbled over, kicking at the snow, blood leaking from its mouth. At its hip a huge, ugly gash exposed bone and organs. It whined like a puppy, but Clarke had no sympathy. She managed to stand despite the sting of her wounds and the still biting cold, and walked forward until she loomed over the fallen creature. It would have been beautiful, had its gaze not held so much contempt.

“I’m going to slay you where you lay,” Clarke spoke strongly. Her voice did not tremor, and her heart hardened to steel. The fear still coursed through her, fed her strength and power. It had awoken something inside of her. Something dormant and heady, pressing against every part of her, urging for her to release it. She panted harshly against the feeling and lifted her sword high above her head. The werething stared at her, pupils blown, breaths short and puffy.

Her muscles pulled tight, almost bulging now with strength she had never possessed before. And then her vision blurred and her knees wobbled. Before her the werething whimpered again, scratching at the snow to move away. Clarke couldn’t stop it. She blinked, but the dizziness swept over her and she doubled over. The sword spun to the ground in an arc, embedding into the soft snow where the werewolf’s throat should have been. And then she was falling, tumbling down into the darkness she had so sought.

Clarke Griffin collapsed into the snow, bloody and broken, and changed.

Chapter End Notes

I recently read ‘Red Queen’ by Victoria Aveyard so Mare was a kudos to her. That book was fantastic (I read it in two days, at work.) Also I’ve been thinking about adding some Raven/Anya. What do you guys think of that? And if you want it, how’d you like to see it go down? (remember, Raven is a Squad Leader). As always, thanks so much for reading!
Abby glanced over at the steaming coffee on her desk, not quite sure when she had gotten up to get it. Had she even bought it herself? She glanced up at the clock, noted it was well past midnight, and concluded that she had most likely left her office on autopilot. It was only when a noise to her right drew Abby’s attention that she realized that actually, she hadn’t left her office at all.

“So you don’t sleep anymore?” Raven asked, seated beside Abby, the chair facing backwards, with her chin resting on the chair’s backrest. “Is that a Griffin thing?”

Abby removed her glasses and rubbed at her tired eyes. “I don’t have time to sleep.”

“Isn’t that true,” Raven countered, rolling her eyes. She lifted her own coffee to her lips and took a long, thoughtful sip.

Abby watched, waiting for another sarcastic remark or scathing comment. When Raven said nothing more, Abby finally sighed in defeat and sat back in her chair. “What do you need, Raven?”

“Just running an errand,” Raven answered. “And checking up on you. Clarke might be gone, but I still care about you, Mrs G.”

Abby forced a smile. Just the mention of her daughter’s name made her chest twinge with a fiery sort of pain. She suddenly craved a glass of whiskey, but settled instead for the coffee. Raven didn’t say more as Abby left the document she had been pouring over to take a short moment to relax.

“How is the training?” Abby asked to fill the silence.

Raven hummed softly after finishing her drink. “Tough. Only a couple months in and Emerson is running us ragged.”

“We are fighting a war here,” Abby reminded. “But how are you fairing? Any adverse effects to the serum?”

Raven straightened her spine and met Abby’s gaze with a fierce one of her own. “I struggle to sleep sometimes,” she admitted. “The serum leaves me super wide awake and alert. It’s like… I can hear everything. It can be really creepy.”

Abby nodded. She set her cup aside and drew closer to the desk, where her laptop waited with an open document. Once again she read through the formulas and paragraphs of texts. “Jaha asked me to tweak the serum a little,” she admitted quietly. Maybe it was simply having someone to talk to, or just that it was Raven there by her, but Abby felt an odd need to speak about her work. Something she hadn’t done at all. Not since Clarke had left for the mountain and never returned.

“You made a huge breakthrough, managing to liquidize the stones and allow us to almost fuse with it. What more can you do?”

Abby nodded. “Lessen the effects, for one.”

“One war at a time, Abby,” Raven stated. She stood up suddenly, and Abby was jarred by the use of her first name. She felt a warm hand on her shoulder, and then Raven leaned over and pressed something against her open palm. “For you,” she said so softly that had she not been so close, Abby would not have heard her. “My errand. This is for your eyes only. Destroy it when you’re done.” She gave a curt smile, and then Raven sauntered out of the room and left Abby to her puzzlement.
Abby waited a few beats before unclenching her fist to see what Raven had given her. It was a small white paper, folded many times to make it as small as possible. Abby opened it delicately, and then placed her glasses on to read the small written text.

“Abby, we don’t know who, but they are watching. Be careful. There is a cover-up about Clarke. The truth is somewhere, and we will find it. – W, R, O.”

Abby felt her pulse still. Her breaths turned to tiny gasps, and then she crushed the paper entirely and dumped it into her leftover coffee. She rolled back up to her desk, but her mind was elsewhere entirely.

After 3 a.m, Abby decided that she had become useless, and retired to her home. It was cold and quiet, like it had been for years. While lying in bed, Abby allowed a tiny measure of hope.

“Could Clarke be alive?” she wondered aloud. The words almost burnt her, and tears slipped out as a result. She wiped them away with a huff, turned onto her side and then realized something with a cold, terrifying clarity.

Someone had been standing across from her house. They had been for a while now.

XxX

When Raven left Abby’s office, she felt like a paranoid idiot for glancing over her shoulder. Sure, no one was behind her in the hallway, but she knew that someone was watching her. She met Wells outside of the Organization building, where he waited by his car. Octavia was seated in the front on the passenger side, typing away at her phone. When they saw her approach, Wells pushed off from the side of the car and Octavia set her phone aside.

“Did you pass on the message?” Wells asked.

Raven nodded. “She might think we are crazy, or she might do a little digging herself and figure out we’re right.”

“Why don’t we just tell her what we found?” Octavia asked. She rounded the car to join them. “What if she finds something she shouldn’t and they make her disappear?”

“A valid concern,” Wells voiced. “But not necessary. Abby is vital to the war effort right now. She is the only one with extensive knowledge of the formula to construct the serum. We have a few weeks left before we are all deployed to the mountain.”

Raven listened, nodding. She thought back to how she had found Abby, back slouched, face gaunt and pale. She hated that this would most likely add more stress to Abby’s already miserable life, but they needed to let her know.

“So what do we do now?” Raven asked. “Do we keep quiet about what we found?”

Wells went silent for a moment, contemplating. Finally he pressed his hands together and inhaled. “We keep investigating. Gather as much information on Code Alpha as we can. The both of you are heading to the mountain, right?”

The girls nodded together. There was a slight air of fear from them—no one knew what to expect when their training ended and they were finally ready to head out. A small group had been sent to test their new ability to withstand the cold. They had managed an entire week out in the terrible cold, right in the centre of the mountain. They had also noted a lack of enemy presence. Not one beast had been sighted. Either they were preparing for war as well, or something significant had happened,
giving them the chance they needed to attack.

The plan was to train—take in the serum, let Emerson tell them what to do, how to do it, while they went deeper into the story of that fateful day.

After Wells had first asked for Raven’s help, she had easily hacked into the file he hadn’t been allowed to see. It had only taken thirty seconds for the system itself to mysteriously shut down. What they had managed to read had been confusing and troubling.

“—possibility of survival, but whereabouts unknown.”

They hadn’t been able to see if the sentence had pertained to Clarke. The assumption was there, though. Afterward Raven had tried to hack into more classified documents. With that she had discovered something really odd. She had gone to Wells immediately, and even he hadn’t known about it. There was no record as to why it was there, or when it had been built. After that day, that discovery, the both of them had noted a figure always following them close by. They could never see a face, and when they turned, the figure disappeared from sight.

Whatever they were hiding, it was big. Because why else would the hunter Organization need an entire underground floor that was so classified no one knew about it?
Chapter 25

Sweat and urine rose up from the wet ground to assault Clarke’s oversensitive nose. She wrinkled it in disgust, not accustomed to smelling something so base. It couldn’t be helped, though, with the entirety of the wolf army camping just inside of the walls. TonDC was the town close by, but it was enough of a distance that they had manage to set up tents all along the distance.

Lexa was due to arrive any moment now. That was why Clarke found herself walking through the crowd of tired bodies. Her own exhaustion hung over her, heavy and foreboding. Since she and Anya had worked out a solid counter attack, they had moved on to teaching the other wolf warriors. At first Clarke had merely watched, but then someone had demanded she step in too. Indra had been nearby, and since she hadn’t objected, Clarke had agreed. She had never been thrown around so much in one day. Her shoulder still ached where it had been dislodged even though the injury had healed up two days ago.

Clarke saw the many eyes on her. The line of waiting warriors went on forever, and most of them sent her either leering gazes, or ones full of hate. Many had been eager to spar with her, for the sole purpose of getting to toss her to the ground without killing her. Clarke let them. She wasn’t weak in any way, and she knew exactly how to evade or strike out, but how could she? They seemed to get great entertainment in her torment. For the moment, so long as they were learning, she would let them treat her like nothing more than a sack to be thrown around.

Indra stepped up beside her, a hand at her hip as she scanned the faces around them. Tensions had been increasing as the days went by, everyone nervous for when Alpha returned. A lot of the tension had to do with Clarke, too. Plenty of the wolves had voiced their clear distaste for her mere presence. While Clarke had tried to sleep, they had loudly spoken about the most creative ways to skin her. It wasn’t pleasant, not at all. If not for Indra’s solid presence at her back at all times—again, mostly due to Lexa’s influence—she would have tried to make a run for it.

Clarke was not a coward and she was not one to run away, but having this many looks of contempt sent her way made even her stomach a little tight.

Clarke constantly wracked her brain on what she could do to win a little favour. Anything at all. Nothing came to her.

“Clarke.” She paused and glanced up to see Anya step through the crowd. “We have another request for you.”

Clarke felt the groan travel up her throat, but she pushed it down before she gave it any providence. She merely nodded and followed Anya, not unware to Indra melting into the crowd. It had been a common thing between the two, to rotate. Whenever Clarke was with Indra, Anya wandered off to do whatever she did on her own time. The same was true when she was with Anya, which was usually during training.

Weak sunlight splashed across the damp ground—it had been raining—but that didn’t do much to warm Clarke up. She hadn’t bathed since Lexa had left. The food here was minimal and basic—bread and dried meat. Sometimes only bread. Sometimes raw meat. Sometimes nothing. She wouldn’t complain, but her body wasn’t quite used to this harsh treatment yet. Even though she could feel the blood in her veins energize her in a way her human self had never experienced, she still ached with exhaustion. That only deepened when she was shoved into a circle of moving bodies, hungry eyes falling onto her immediately.
She’d had three hours of sleep. Perhaps Two. Most of her time had been spent doing this—fighting, being thrown to the ground. Clarke moved into a defensive stance the moment the female wolf glared at her, teeth bared. Anya was directly behind her, but she offered no words. She only nodded, and there was an odd though faint grin at her lips.

Clarke felt like she wanted to collapse. Everything started to sink in and suffocate her. The longer Lexa remained away, the more time she had to think about Arkadia and her mother, about what her mother was possibly doing. She had been thinking about her father as well, and old wounds roared right back up to the surface. Besides the physical pains, she felt emotionally destroyed. She wanted a hug. More than anything Clarke craved to feel Raven’s arms around her, Octavia’s amused laugh in her ear, Bellamy’s eye rolls and Wells’ soft chuckle. She longed to return to a time, before any of it, when she had been able to smile and almost mean it.

Becoming a wolf had freed her, but so many other things still chained her down.

Clarke cried out when a fist smashed into her jaw, sending her back against the crowd. They eagerly tossed her forward again, cheering when she lost her balance and collapsed face-first. It was muddy there, so she had to wipe some of it off to see her opponent round on her again. No one had announced that the fight had begun, and no one had had the care to call out to snap Clarke out of her thoughts. Clarke sent Anya a glare, making it very clear that she was not pleased and was not having a fun time. Anya shrugged, that grin turning into a smirk. Her eyes flashed dangerously, and Clarke knew that she didn’t really care. None of them did.

Just like that, in a sudden burst of intense fury, Clarke’s world stilled to nothing but her harsh breaths and the rhythmic patter of her heart. She was tired, so achingly tired of having others push and pull at her. She had been folly for Arkadia, nothing but a killing machine to them. None of them had tried to really council her, and some had even encouraged her unhealthy hate. And here, with all these people she didn’t even know, no one cared enough to see that she was merely a pawn. Clarke had been used to destroy them and herself in the process, and Clarke agonized over it.

Clarke’s nostrils flared. Her clothes were torn, bloody and wet from the mud at her feet. She was barefoot, and steam rolled off of her enraged body. Some of them must have noticed the change, for the roaring noise died down. The jerking of excited arms and legs came to a halt, and all eyes stayed on Clarke’s form.

The woman charged again, yelling in anger as she swiped out and slashed. Clarke’s instincts kicked in—like they had during the first time she had changed, the time during the hunt—she moved only so much as to miss the blow by an inch, and then she pushed away and jumped off to the far side of the circle. People started to boo at her, but some were watching with surprise and shock. She hadn’t defended herself as much since this whole thing had begun.

“You’re too loud,” she spoke loudly over the crowd towards her opponent. “I could have dodged that without even trying. I could have closed my eyes.”

The woman snarled, eyes glowing bright as her wolf blood made her angry. She clenched her hands into fists again, but her form was shaking, steam bellowing off of her in waves. Clarke worried that she would change soon.

“Kick her ass!” someone in the crowd shouted. “Avenge our people, Shaya!”

The wolf—Shaya—glanced up and met eyes with someone. Her shuddering stopped, but the pure rage melted into malice. She nodded, sharing a grin with whoever had spoken, and then they were circling each other. Clarke kept the emotion out of her face, though the exhaustion was there no matter what she did.
She wanted them to understand. *I'm trying so hard, she wanted to yell. I'm doing the best I can! Do you think this is easy for me? That I enjoy knowing what I know now? That I realize what I have done?*

Shaya studied her, waited for her to make the next move. Clarke didn’t. She waited as well, ever patient. Eventually Shaya couldn’t take it anymore, and then she was dashing forward, her motions so fast that the air shimmered around her. Clarke knew that to a human eye, Shaya would have disappeared completely. They were incredibly fast, she had realized. Wolves were even faster on two legs than four. It was almost frightening.

Clarke prepared to counter the swipe aimed for her face when she felt the air shift. It happened in milliseconds, but somehow Clarke still managed to notice. The others didn’t. They all watched Shaya, cheering and all but frothing at the mouth.

A small black object soared over the wall and landed in the circle, stopping against Clarke’s bare foot. Clarke glanced down—so quickly that no one had been able to track the movement—and she recognized the device immediately. Dread and horror washed over her, but not in time to stop what was happening.

Clarke opened her mouth in warning, but then Shaya’s claws sliced through her face. She let it happen, let the momentum throw her to her back. As she fell she reached out, grabbing the grenade in her hand. Her mind and heart raced, but before she could stop and realize what she was doing, she rolled onto her knees, drew her arm back and tossed the object as far away from them as she could. It exploded mid-air and the wolves all recoiled in shock.

“Hunters!” Clarke shouted as loudly as she could. “They have travelled the mountain! Everyone, get ready!” This was too soon. Where was Lexa?

Uniformed figures spiralled the walls, landing on the mud with harsh thuds. The smell of them made Clarke flinch away—smoke, metal and the iron of blood. They smelt of hatred and violence. It made her blood heat up and boil.

Wolves began shifting, so quickly that Clarke was sure the hunters hadn’t had enough time to even see them in their human forms. A fog settled over them, due to the grenade and the temperature rising thanks to many bodies changing so suddenly. When the hunters started to attacked, Clarke felt a hand clamp down on her shoulder. Anya was there, teeth bared.

“What have you done?”

Clarke’s eyes widened. “I—I didn’t do this!”

Indra barrelled over, blood already trickling from a nick at her brow. It wasn’t healing. “We have no time to argue!” she shouted. “Now is your time to show us, Clarke.”

Clarke didn’t need to ask what she needed to show. She saw Indra and Anya share a look, saw the nod that passed between them. Then they were off, shifting in clouds of steam. They were ferocious, the way they snarled and clawed at the air. Clarke moved immediately then, legs pumping hard as she ran.

The squad was too small. Perhaps about fifty of them. More than likely the rest were behind, taking up the perimeter as they sized up their enemy. Clarke felt her rage fill up even more. Without thinking she ran forward, reaching a hunter just as he had been about to snap a wolf’s neck. She yanked him back hard, sparing a short glance towards the wolf before she turned and slammed her palm into the hunter’s face. His head snapped backwards and then he went limp, dead. She dropped
him to the floor, uncaring, and headed to the next one. They were easy to pick off. Clarke noticed quickly that the wolves began to back away. It wasn’t that they were retreating, but they were watching. Clarke hadn’t shifted, so she used her clawed hands and her teeth. She felt wild and uncontrolled as she ripped at flesh and cloth with her bare hands. At the end of it Clarke had taken them all herself, and she stood by a pile of their bodies, breathing hard, blood dripping from her arms in streams. Her blood and their blood.

Sounds of the fight had ended completely with the hunters’ lives. All the wolves stared at her, not one of them willing to move closer or make a sound. Clarke blinked the sweat from her eyelashes. Her chest burnt, and she could feel a large wound at her back that wasn’t healing. She straightened, lifting her chin and showing that despite her dishevelled state, she was not weak and she was not going to crumble underneath the weight of what she had just done. She spotted Anya and Indra both staring at her, sporting surprised expressions. Indra was the first to smirk, and then when Anya nodded slightly in encouragement, Clarke finally stepped towards the wolves. The cock of a gun had her pausing immediately.

“Not so fast,” a man growled.

Clarke stiffened. She saw the wolves rear up and prepare to surge on the man, but held her hand up. To her complete surprise, they all listened and calmed down—moving back a bit as well, distancing themselves from Clarke and the only remaining hunter. Slowly she turned, and once he could see her face, his sneer dropped to complete shock.

“Slayer?” he whispered, awed. “You’re alive?”

Clarke schooled her expression. The blood still dripped from her elbows, since her hands were lifted in surrender. “I am,” she answered slowly. “Can you put the gun away?”

He stared at her hands, at the sharp claws protruding from slightly too large hands. He stared into her eyes, and no doubt he saw the way they glowed. They always glowed. Her eyes would never go back to the dull blue they had been. His brows connected and his heart beat harder.

“How are you alive? What are you…?”

Clarke tilted her head slightly. “Listen, it’s too much to explain. Why don’t you put that gun away and I can take you away from here? We can talk, yeah?”

His eyes flicked over to the other wolves. Anya had begun snarling—no doubt hearing Clarke’s words, thinking she was trying to make a run for it. Clarke would have rolled her eyes. But one wrong move and the hunter might blow a hole right through her chest. He was shaking, and an odd pink glow lit up along the veins in his exposed neck.

“You were…” he continued. Every few seconds that same pink glow shone through his eyes. It would pass quickly, but Clarke noticed it nonetheless. “You were killing us?”

“What did they do to you?” Clarke asked quietly. She purposefully ignored his question. He was confused enough to focus on the new topic immediately.

“They made us better. So that we could come here and kill every single beast. Wipe them from this land.”

Clarke nodded. “I need you to listen to me. Put your gun away. You’re outnumbered by a lot.” She gestured to the entire army at her back. They could have moved forward already and taken him down, but they all seemed intent to let Clarke handle it. Part of Clarke wondered if it was also the
threat of a gun pointed at her chest that kept them back.

“No,” he whispered, shaking his head. “No this is all wrong. What happened to you?”

Clarke sighed. She had grown tired of trying to talk to him. Deciding to take the chance, she flashed him her teeth. He startled back, almost screaming, and she took the opportunity to wrench the gun from his hands. He let it go, but then he slammed his fist into Clarke’s chest, sending her flying backwards until she slammed into a tree. It had been far too much strength for a human to possess. By the time she was up, he had already scaled the wall and was making his exit. Wolves chased after him, howling and jaws snapping. Clarke immediately followed. Her chest ached badly but she ignored it.

She needed to get to him, before he got to his army and told them what he had seen. Even if he didn’t understand what was going on, if he told them she was alive, that could make them furious enough to march that second. And Lexa still hadn’t returned.

Clarke finally shifted, relieved to feel the stretch in her body. War was upon them.
Raven woke when the bunker’s alarm rang loudly through the early morning air. She, and many others, found it easier to simply sleep at the Organization, rather than go home just to return for another full day of training. Time was ticking, closer and closer to when they would be deployed to the mountain. Reports had already come in of the serum’s success, and that a few test groups had been sent out to see their endurance, and to find any trace of werewolf activity. There was still no sign of the beasts.

With her fellow trainees, Raven quickly made her bed and then headed for the huge shower room. They barely took time to shower, only sparing a moment to lather their skin with soap, wash the sweat and grime off, and then hurry to the sinks to brush their teeth. Afterwards Raven headed up one floor, to the training room. Many groups had already started. It was still a little jarring to see the way the serum had changed them. One man had thick armour on, yet he still managed to dance lightly on his feet, dodging wooden swords as they were slashed towards him. Another woman smashed her fists into blocks of concrete, not sustaining a single scratch. The hollow glow in their eyes unsettled Raven, but she knew hers looked the same.

Before she could join her usual group, a loud set of clapping drew everyone’s attention. It was Emerson. He looked stern and serious, which immediately quieted any low murmur. “I commend everyone for training as hard as you have these past weeks,” he said loudly, voice booming across the hall. “But training is over. We are ready to set off for the mountain. Please head to your assigned division and await further orders from your squad leaders.”

Raven watched him go, stomach rolling. This was it. It was happening. She sucked in a deep breath, and then she did as ordered.

XxX

From so high above, the mountain looked easy to conquer. The clouds off in the distance still looked dark and threatening, preventing them from ever seeing what waited beyond. But Raven didn’t much care for the view. She was all but hanging out of the helicopter, eyes straining to watch as fellow hunters dropped down to the snow below. The helicopters could never fly very far out above the trees, so they needed to drop off the squads at the treeline and then hang close by for when it was all over. Raven just hoped that would be soon.

“—llo?” a voice crackled into Raven’s ear. She pressed her fingers against it, shoving the speaker deeper into her ear. “—mergency! Slayer is…we need to...now! Army at…back…” the line sizzled and then died out. Raven’s pulse hammered.

Slayer? Did that mean someone had spotted Clarke?

“Raven, do you hear me?” Wells voice spoke into her earpiece. “That was from Squad Samuel. They sent an S.O.S.”

Raven swallowed. Her face felt numb from the whipping cold wind, but she was warm enough from the adrenalin suddenly surging through her body. “Did you hear what he said?” she choked out. “He said Slayer.”
“I heard,” Wells responded. “Get on the ground. We are charging in immediately. A tenth of our force have started for the centre of the mountain already.”

Raven acknowledged the order and then leapt from the helicopter. Her squad mates followed, and they all landed harshly on the cushiony snow. Thanks to the serum, their physical bodies had been enhanced enough to jump from such a height and absorb the impact without injury. Another voice bled into her ear, commanding all to attack. She sucked in a breath. People began to roar around her, swords and fists in the air.

“For humanity!” they all cried, voices bouncing off the trees back to them.

A loud howl from somewhere on the mountain welcomed them.

XxX

Lexa ran languidly, preserving her strength for when she returned. She knew that she would need to get her army ready. Hopefully Anya hadn’t been too difficult with Clarke and they would be more or less ready to face the hunter forces. She missed Clarke badly, even though it had only been a handful of days. When had Clarke come to mean so much to her, so suddenly?

There was a sudden shift in the wind. Lexa stopped short, feeling the icy air as it slid along her body. She was sensitive enough to detect a slight rise in temperature. Her ears flicked about, listening for the slightest sound. Her nose twitched as well, but it was cold enough that any scent wouldn’t travel toward her. She had just started descending the slope of the mountain. Another hour of relaxed trotting would take her to the walls. She was so close. Lexa’s stomach rolled, and a few voices chatted at the back of her skull. She couldn’t make out words or ideas, but enough was obvious—something was coming.

She was torn between heading back immediately and running back the way she had come, going south back toward Arkadia. Or was something wrong with TonDC? Was Clarke alright?

Lexa stood still, frustration rolling off of her in waves. She was wasting precious time standing there, unable to decide what was best. If something was coming their way, she was most needed back with her people. What could she do on her own? Not all that much. As powerful as she was, Lexa wasn’t immortal or untouchable. So with a short huff she started forward again, heading deeper north. Then her ears shot up at the sound of something chopping through the air—many of them. And then, far away, she heard it.

“*For humanity!*”

A loud, long howl followed, much closer to Lexa than the sound of human voices. It was a warming. “*Run,*” it said.

Lexa’s blood ran cold. The hunters were here. They were hollering through the trees, which meant that they didn’t care about having the element of surprise. Which meant that they no longer feared the wolves. What her informant had told her came rushing back. If Lexa didn’t get back to the walls soon, her people were in grave danger of being crushed underneath a surprise attack.

A distance behind Lexa, figures bobbed into view. Her stomach dropped when she realized that somehow the army had snuck up right behind her. The wind rushed in from the front, carrying their scent south instead of north. Lexa cursed internally, and then she broke out into a hard, fast run. It wasn’t quick enough. They had spotted her.

Some of them shot at her, bullets cracking loudly through the trees and sending splinters everywhere.
A few knives were expertly thrown her way too, but Lexa evaded all of them with ease. She focused solely on getting close to the wall. There her army waited. She was but twenty minutes away when she decided to finally release a howl. She didn’t slow her run and let loose a huge, angry sound. It was a signal, a command. She just hoped that her army responded in time. Panting, she dropped her head and surged forward, forcing herself to move more quickly than she ever had. The army kept up with her—not to her surprise, but to her worry. It was only a matter of time before they caught up and circled her.

Somehow, in her attempt to alert her forces, some of the hunters had gotten close on the side. Something burst from the trees above her, sending Lexa tumbling into the ground. The snow filled her armour and melted at the contact of her fur. She hissed softly, but scrambled to her feet. A human woman stood before her, teeth bared like an animal, muscled body tensed and coiled. She had nothing but her fists armed, and it was clear that she intended to use them. When Lexa tried to round her, more hunters circled her. She was trapped.

Lexa snarled. The wind picked up then, and loud claps of thunder rocked the earth. In a moment it would begin to rain.

“Gotcha,” the woman snarled. The way her lip curled upwards made Lexa think of a wolf. It was odd, seeing these characteristics on humans. She had been told that the serum did this—it brought out the feral side of them. Her veins pulsed heavily with an unnatural, pink glow. Lexa could hear the too quick beat of her heart. The others were the same, but many had weapons as well. Long, glowing swords, short knives, chains, staffs. She had to admit that their arsenal of weapons was impressive.

The woman with the fists lunged first. Lexa evaded and twisted to snap at her, but then a chain shot out and wrapped around her torso. The touch of the stones burnt her where they slipped underneath her armour. She whirled and snapped at the hunter, but then a staff entered her field of vision and she had to duck before it impaled her head. They were far too strong, far too quick. Their reflexes had significantly improved.

Lexa took in a shuddering breath. Around her hunters neared, yelling their anger, eyes aglow with war and vengeance. A knife sliced through the air and into her back thigh. They were looking for any gap in her armour, and when one was found, they struck. A knife slid into her throat, but she didn’t let the pain stop her. She kept up with them, dodging and pulling, snapping and swiping out with her claws. She finally took the one with the staff down, crushing his skull into the ground, but found herself in the clutches of the fist woman. She locked her arms around Lexa’s throat, and then she squeezed. Lexa snarled and swiped, but the woman didn’t seem faced when nails cut through her uniform and skin. The pungent scent of blood filled Lexa’s nose, both hers and theirs. They smelt acrid—like sweat and anxiety mixed in with piss and violence. She tried to throw the woman off of her, but she was simply too strong. In a moment of panic, Lexa wondered if this was how she would die.

The woman wrestled Lexa onto the ground, she kicked out with her legs, whimpering and wheezing. The hunters all cheered and yelled around her, some still lashing out in attack, denting her armour and inflicting wounds where she was not covered. Fury and anger filled her like poison. Lexa thought about Clarke.

Clarke….

Lexa stopped struggling completely. She managed to take in very short breaths, but the human noted and increased her strength until Lexa’s throat was completely crushed. Before she could succumb to her need for oxygen, Lexa forced herself to calm down. In a single heartbeat, she let herself change.
Her wolf form was much larger than her human form, so the hunter holding onto her fell over in surprise when the thick neck in her grip disappeared. When the steam cleared, Lexa let them see her on two legs. They gaped, confused. She used their distraction to pull the knives out of the ground and slit their throats, all in one incredibly fast, fluid motion. The woman on the ground scrambled to her feet, but then Lexa had shifted again, and she got nothing but teeth around her throat. Lexa snapped her neck without hesitation. The taste of blood was thick on her tongue, dripping from her muzzle.

Lexa turned, facing the army alone. They closed in, weapons all armed, faces contorted. Their comrades’ blood seeped slowly into the snow, staining it red. Lexa’s ears rushed badly, and she still felt faint because of earlier. Each intake of breath hurt. The thunder increased loudly, with flashes of lightning flitting between the trees. The storm was getting worse.

The hunters were but a breath away. Lexa dug her nails into the snow, snarling and growling, ready to take them all on until her last breath. The sky opened and icy water rained down on them. And then hot air brushed against Lexa’s back. Before the first sword could raise towards her, huge figures burst into Lexa’s vision.

As suddenly as the rain, Lexa’s army had joined her side. The two kinds went to battle, swords and claws clashing, shouts and blood filling the air.

Lexa could only think of one single thing. Clarke.
Hard, icy raindrops pelted down on Clarke’s moving body. Her huge paws melted into the soggy snow, almost invisible thanks to her clear white fur. She was like a blur, invisible on a battlefield filled with crumbling bodies and scattered red blood. She had known that war was coming—it had been for years, even before she had been born. But nothing had prepared Clarke for this. Fighting in a single squad against a single group of enemies was one thing. Fighting an entire army was another.

Human voices rang into the darkening sky, bounding along the barren trees and into Clarke’s suddenly oversensitive ears. She could hear every cracking bone and every squelch when metal sang through flesh. Her stomach rolled and her heart clenched hard in her chest.

The first thought Clarke had, was that this was wrong. It was so very wrong. Why was this happening? Why did they have to fight and kill each other?

After the hunter had bolted and the wolves raced after him, Clarke had been just as eager. Indra had been the one to take him down, but not before he had managed to relay a message that the Slayer lived and that there was a wolf army on its way. She wasn’t sure if his message had even gone through, if there was anyone left to receive it. But deep down she knew that yes, they had heard, and they were coming.

Keep going! She had yelled to the wolves around her. Many shot her glances—of surprise, contempt and irritation—but no one objected. Maybe it was the timbre of her voice, or the frenzy of what had just happened. They listened and continued to run south.

Then they heard the howl. It was the signal that war had begun. Following it soon after was Lexa’s, confirming the first howl. They were to attack.

Clarke’s pulse had raced even harder. She worried briefly for Lexa, but decided that she could defend herself. When they neared, she caught the strong scent of Lexa’s blood and sweat, and her stomach rolled. Lexa had just shifted and taken out an entire group as the wolves descended upon her. She had been magnificent in those few seconds, brown skin glistening with sweat and melted snow, face contorted in fury and violence, sharp white teeth glinting. And then Lexa had turned to face the entire army on her own.

When the wolves and the hunters collided, Clarke was preparing to do the same. She reared up, stretching her clawed feet, lips pulled back to snarl savagely, when she saw the first violent death.

A young boy was ripped in two.

The sight had Clarke frozen on the spot. She stared, wide eyed and sickened, as he yelled into his demise. Blood frothed at his mouth and leaked from his middle, where it had been severed from his lower body. He had deep green eyes and a soft, round face. He didn’t look like the type of person that was supposed to be a hunter. Clarke then realized something with horror.
Most of the frontal army consisted of teenagers. Baby-faced, enthusiastic but naïve children. They all ran in, eyes blazing with that unnatural colour, screaming for their lives depended on it. Clarke almost threw up, but she shook her head violently instead. She couldn’t watch this. She couldn’t go forth and participate. What had the Organization been thinking? Sending children to die? She could tell by scent alone that the wolf army’s numbers were doubled in comparison to the humans’. There was no way they could win.

Then Clarke witnessed the first wolf casualty.

Not a child, but the wolf hadn’t been much older than Clarke herself. She had been faring well, until she overestimated herself and had her head lopped right off. When her body finally finished twitching, Clarke felt dizzy and sick.

All this life, gone for nothing.

Something deep and angry woke within Clarke. It felt like something that had been waiting all this time. She lifted her head, called upon that part of her, and then she shot forward. She leapt between battles, separating wolf and hunter. She snapped at a wolf that lunged for a hunter, then swiped a sword away from slicing into a wolf. Wolves howled in fury at her and humans yelped in confusion as one by one, Clarke separated them. She made it into the middle of the battle, where Lexa battled a huge, hulking man. She was just about to land her killing blow when Clarke dove for the man, knocking him out of the way. Lexa’s claws sliced into her shoulder instead, drawing her hot blood, splattering it onto the snow. The red spotting along her fur resembled the ground around them.

Clarke! Lexa yelled into her head, startled. She geared up for another attack as the hunter climbed back onto his feet, but Clarke bared her fangs at her.

No! she shouted in reply. No more killing!

The hunter made to attack again, but Clarke turned and snapped a warning. He fell over in his surprise, sword sinking into the snow at his side. She turned between the two, snarling loudly.

NO MORE KILLING, she commanded in a voice that did not sound like her own.

Clarke, this is war! We don’t have time for this.

I don’t care. This is wrong. This is so wrong, Lexa. Tell the wolves to stop. I’ll get the hunters to leave.

Lexa released a long exhale. Her lips quivered with the force of her growl. The wolves around them stopped fighting and moved behind Lexa, glaring fire towards Clarke, as if she would do something to hurt Lexa.

How? Lexa asked in fury. How will you singlehandedly stop a war?

Clarke swallowed and licked her teeth. The rain fell harder now, but there was steam in the air thanks to so many hot bodies. The stink of death and blood made Clarke’s nose wrinkle in disgust. I can shift and show them who I am. What I am. Who we are.

Lexa growled. If you do that this will get worse.

Clarke felt her anger rise. Why wasn’t Lexa understanding? Why did everyone feel that this war was the only way? They didn’t have to do this. All they needed to do was understand each other. Clarke felt like two sides of her were tearing each other apart. The spot just behind her sternum stung badly, making tears prick at her eyes. So she did the only thing she could think of doing. Lexa was right—
changing in front of them was stupid and impulsive. It might frighten them into fighting even harder, or make them furious enough to do something stupid. She needed to command the situation. Clarke Griffin needed to call upon everything within her, and stop this war in its tracks.

Clarke left Lexa in the battle and continued what she had been doing earlier, safely knocking hunters and wolves apart. She separated them enough that they couldn’t jump together so easily, and then finally she drew her head back and released an ear-splitting howl. The wolves and humans both flinched at the sound, stumbling apart as a crack of thunder boomed between them. Clarke was so close that her body tingled with electricity. Icy water slid along her face and dripped from her jaw. The blood was still pouring from the wound on her shoulder, but she paid it no mind.

Clarke took a breath, and then she commanded.

*You are outnumbered!* she aimed towards the hunters. Heads all snapped up, eyes wide and fearful. They had heard her. *The wolves are too many.* Said wolves began to growl and move forward, though most had stepped back, behind Clarke and behind Lexa. Lexa herself stared at Clarke, her beautiful green eyes wide with shock and fury. They were especially bright as they looked at Clarke as though she had gone mad. Maybe she had.

“Who said that?” one of the human’s yelled. Other’s agreed. Some began to cry out in fear.

“What the hell is this?”

*Stand back!* Clarke snarled again, projecting her voice so powerfully that her vision wavered for a second. Deep red covered her vision, and she would have succumbed to it if Lexa hadn’t pressed against her side suddenly, aiding strength and power.

*Can you hear me?* Lexa said, sending her thoughts towards the hunters as well. All eyes turned to them, mouths hanging open, fear and confusion thick in the air. *I am Alpha of the wolves. My army is huge and experienced. If you do not turn around now, we will slaughter you. I give you this one mercy. Leave my mountain and never return.*

Clarke straightened her spine even more. She sent some of the wolves a look, and they began to snap and snarl like wild beasts. They didn’t take a step forward, because they didn’t need to. The hunters all stumbled back. The bloodlust they had been feeling earlier had drained out. Maybe it was the icy rain or the red snow at their feet, but their fury had been replaced with fear.

Clarke and Lexa shared a glance. Adrenalin and exhaustion surrounded the both of them, but Clarke still felt a tug of pure affection towards Lexa. Together they turned back to the hunters, and then together they commanded.

*LEAVE.*

A tight cord of tension had been snapped, and one by one the hunters started retreating. Some ran screaming, while most started out in a light but fast run. A lot of the hunters stopped to drag fallen hunters with them, leaving deep stains of red as they went. The wolves all waited and watched, snarling and growling, clawing at the ground and snapping at each other. They were boiling with anger, but they did not dare disobey and step out of line. There were so many of them that they made a fierce barrier, preventing anyone from even thinking of trying to run past them. They waited in solidarity, the wolves enduring the battering of the harsh rain and wind. When the last human figure disappeared into the cold distance, Clarke finally exhaled. Her nerves were shot.

*We won the war,* Lexa announced suddenly, turning to look at her people. *Let us return and celebrate!*
All as one the wolves howled in joy. Moments ago they had been furious at their denial of blood, but now they seemed more than relieved. Because they had preserved their lives. Very few wolves had fallen, unlike the hunters that had lost around half of their numbers.

The wolves began to run back towards TonDC, howling like puppies, tongues lolling out and tails whipping despite the rain and their various injuries. Lexa and Clarke stayed back, watching for anything that might follow, and waiting for the noise to die down. Finally it did, and Lexa sent Clarke a hard stare.

*How did you do that?* she asked.

Clarke blinked. *Do what?*

*Talk to them. The humans. Our minds can’t connect to theirs. So how did you do that? How did we speak to them?*

Clarke tilted her head. *Lexa, we are half of them. I am human, and I am wolf. You are too. Doesn’t it make sense that we can talk to them too, like this?*

Lexa’s ears twitched. She licked her wet muzzle and it seemed like she wanted to add something, but then a sharp cry broke through the silence and both heads shot up.

Clarke’s heart slowed to a crawl. She recognized that sound. With a single, breathy pant, Clarke took off at a run. Lexa followed, and Clarke merely threw one word at her in explanation.

*Raven.*

Chapter End Notes

this whole story is so fun to write. I also really love getting comments from you guys, so thank you for everyone that has commented so far! I love to know what you're thinking of the story. Especially after this intense chapter.
Chapter 28

Abby sat in her reclining chair, once again working over the data of her latest test. There was something about the serum that didn’t sit well with her. Some of the effects were… strange, to say the least. She had never expected them to be able to synthesise the stones, but now that they had, Abby wasn’t so sure if it should be considered a step forward for them, or a giant leap backwards. What if there was some key element that she had simply overlooked? What if the human state collapsed as a result? They were, after all, inserting something foreign into their cells. So far no one had died. Some complained of sickness, sure, but eventually they got over it too. There was just something the stones did to human cells. What was the full effect on the human brain?

Abby clicked on her laptop and opened her folder of the various brain scans she had taken. They were from different hunters, before the serum and after. The before showed normal brain activity, while the after showed something really troubling. There was an alarming increase in brain activity in all areas of the brain. One or two would have been easy enough to explain away. But all? It was almost as if… the brains were evolving somehow.

Abby decided that she had been agonizing for too long on something that was leading her nowhere. Their army had deployed already, and they should have made it to the mountain. She spared a single thought for the young hunters out there, once again wondering what the hell Emerson had been thinking. Most of the early applicants had been teens. They had never permitted anyone under the age of seventeen to enlist, but of the applicants there were fourteen year olds. And Emerson had allowed them in, had injected the serum into them and taught them how to kill. She logically understood the need for each and every soldier, especially since they were heading to uncharted territory. But maybe it was specifically because of that, that they should have said no. Abby tried not to imagine what the war looked like, so she opted to leave her office and go for a walk outside. Fresh air always helped. Her limbs were stiff anyway, since she had been sitting in one position for hours.

Abby couldn’t even remember when she had eaten last, so she stopped by the café on the ground floor to grab a toasted sandwich. She ate it as she made her way through the main entrance and onto the huge stone stairway that led down to a busy street. People drove by in a rush, and some crowded around with signs. They were tired looking, gaunt and pale, but the air around them made anyone close by avoid walking too closely. Abby tried to ignore the signs that read, ‘hunter army? Or child army?’ They were right, after all. Luckily they didn’t approach her when she took a seat right at the top, the sunlight bathing down from an oddly clear sky.

No one approached Abby Griffin, widowed and now childless. They all pitied her. They felt sorry that she had lost such a great daughter. Abby could see the statue of Clarke off to her right. The park where they had erected it was pretty close by. The angle of Clarke’s body pointed towards the Organization building. This was something Abby hadn’t noticed before. Had it been intentional? She snorted. Of course it had. Emerson had probably pitched the idea himself. She hadn’t seen him much after the last time he had inquired about the serum before it was put to use. He had creeped her out, the way he had asked each and every question as if he was testing to make sure that she knew what she was doing. Or he was that stupid that he needed the explanations. Either way, being around the man greatly unsettled her.

Whenever she saw Emerson, the only thing that followed was the reminder of her only child’s death.

Abby finished her toastie before long, but decided to sit and enjoy the sun a little longer. Her chest felt tight and hot, a sensation that hardly ever left her. She wished that she had someone to talk to, no matter how weak the desire was. She had no friends after Jake’s passing, and now after Clarke’s? No
one would want to even greet her in passing. They all seemed to think she was unapproachable, out of their league.

A sudden cry broke out in the crowd below, snapping Abby’s attention forward. She didn’t see anything alarming, but then everyone dropped their heads back and gaped up at the sky. Abby’s eyes followed. Her stomach dropped low. A legion of helicopters appeared in the horizon, crawling ever closer at an astonishing speed. They were too early. Why were they here? Abby prepared to get up, but a cold hand brought her back down and she looked up to see Emerson. He didn’t smile, but there was an odd glint in his eyes. Abby’s stomach rolled even harder.

“May I?” he asked, gesturing with a pale hand to Abby’s right. When she didn’t make a move to respond he sighed and seated himself anyway. “I assume you noticed our forces returning, yes?”

Abby swallowed. She suddenly regretted eating that sandwich. “What happened?” she breathed.

Emerson’s shoulders sagged with a great, heavy sigh. But it looked odd on him. He sounded like he was forlorn about losing a bet, not a war. “Reports have been pouring in. Troubling reports. Our army retreated.”

A small, despicable hope flared in Abby. “Then did we suffer few loses?”

“The opposite,” Emerson sighed. He clasped his hands together and stared down at the angry crowd. They were shouting at him. “We lost over three quarters of our hunters.”

The hope sputtered and then died. Abby nearly vomited. All those children… “Then we lost? We sent all those children out there to die?”

“I suppose so,” Emerson agreed, nodding. “At least we know the serum worked and it allowed us to travel to the mountain. Though I’m worried of its effects. Some of the reports were, well… they didn’t make much sense.”

“What did they say?”

Emerson laughed. “They said the wolves let them run. That the wolves were too many and that a great and powerful voice spoke into their minds.” Abby stared at him. “I know, right? Unbelievable. I would like you on sight to begin testing, to see how many people had the similar hallucination.”

Abby licked her dry lips. “But what if… if it…” her voice died out. What would he care? When he glanced at her, that odd smile on his face, she decided not to voice her concern. “Of course. Whatever our injured need.”

“Don’t worry, there aren’t that many,” he assured her, like that would somehow lighten her day to know that there wasn’t that much work to do. “I actually came down here to ask something. How have you been faring?”

Abby stared. “Excuse me?”

He smiled at her like she was a dumb child. “Since Clarke was defeated. I hear you’ve been taking it quite hard.”

“And of course I would!” Her anger flared up hard, igniting a storm in her chest. “She was my only child!”

Emerson looked away quickly, brows furrowing. He seemed to think something over, and then he turned back to her. A mask dropped over his face. Fake sympathy. “Before her unfortunate demise.
Did Clarke ever… seem strange to you?"

“Strange?” She regarded him, incredulous. “What the hell do you mean by that?”

“Of course I don’t mean to disrespect.”

“Are you investigating my daughter’s life before her last mission? What is this? A ploy to turn her into the blame instead of the hero?”

Emerson shook his head weakly. “I just wanted to look into a few things. Dot all the i’s, cross all the t’s, you know?”

“No, I don’t know,” she snarled at him. “And I would appreciate it if you never speak to me again. Least of all about my daughter. You left her there to die.”

Emerson only lifted a brow at the comment, but didn’t seem bothered by it. “May I ask one last thing?”

“No.”

“What can you say to vouch for Clarke as a person?”

Abby paused in her fury. It was such an odd question. She had already decided not to respond to him anymore and head into the building to aide in the trauma unit, but she was struck dumb by the question. Breath suddenly shallow, Abby dropped back down and considered his words.

“As a person, she was more than Arkadia ever deserved. She was a bright star, shadowed by her own demons. She was brave and kind and the most deserving of all the happiness in the world. She did not deserve to die the way she did. Does that satisfy you?”

Emerson nodded. His face had become blank and devoid of all emotion. Abby couldn’t tell what he was thinking at all. “You may head to the medical wing,” he told her sternly, looking down at the crowd of people.

Abby bristled at the command, but followed it anyway. Anything to get away from him. She had the crawling sensation that he was up to no good, as always. His sudden interest in Clarke was worrying. Why couldn’t he let the dead rest? They were gone, and the living were hungry.

XxX

*Raven?* Lexa asked. She managed to keep up with Clarke, but she was running at such an incredible speed. There just seemed to be things about Clarke that continued to shock Lexa. But before she could start spiralling down into that thought, she bumped into Clarke’s side to indicate that she wanted a verbal response. She didn’t know what they were running towards and that unnerved her.

*My friend,* Clarke shot back. *I fought with her. She’s like family.*

Lexa took the information in. She remembered the loud yell that had drawn their attention. It had sounded full of anguish and pain. Lexa worried that something horrible had happened to this friend, but only because she knew it would hurt Clarke. Clarke didn’t need extra things to guilt over. Even though she had seemed to blossom into her change, she always smelt faintly of guilt and shame. The deaths on her hands haunted her. There was no way they wouldn’t.

*Clarke, your friend sounded hurt.*
I know. We need to hurry.

It was quite a distance from where they had stood as the battle ended, but eventually they drew close enough that Lexa immediately caught the familiar scent of Anya and another more potent one. Over the next slope of snow they found them, sprawled out in a pool of red blood. Lexa was surprised to see Anya in her human form, and she was leaning heavily over the human. The blood seemed to be both of theirs, but the human looked worse off. An odd, pinkish glow flashed across her eyes every few breaths, and each time they did tiny gasps escaped Anya’s parted lips. She was frozen and immobile, hand mid-air as if she had been ready to strike, but had reconsidered at the last moment. At her chest the human’s hand rested, pressed flat. Lexa saw the same pink glow slither along Anya’s skin, just beneath it as if travelling through her veins. It made her stomach lurch in horror. What had the human done to Anya? She pulled her lips back and snarled, fully prepared to launch an attack and wrench Anya away. But then Anya looked up at her, eyes too vacant. When they cleared, anger clouded them. She growled in response. At Lexa.

“No!” she shouted fiercely. Underneath her the human jerked at the sound of her voice. Steam lifted off of Anya’s skin, twirling around them and into the air. The human sucked in short, uneven breaths. “What… what is this?” She turned back to the human, and when they locked eyes something strange happened. Their eyes both glowed at the same time.

Both Lexa and Clarke felt a strange energy fill the air, and then Clarke bounded forward and gently shoved Anya away. She went easily, eyes shutting as she collapsed into the snow. The human looked to Clarke, fearful and confused. Her chest heaved greatly with the effort to breathe. Now that Anya wasn’t draped over her, Lexa could see that the human—Raven, she reminded herself—had sustained terrible damage to her hip and leg. Lexa watched as Clarke turned to her. She shifted, and then she pulled Raven against her.

“Please,” she begged. Raven stared up at her face, gasping and clutching.

“Clarke?” she uttered weakly. Now steam lifted from her skin too, as if she was burning up. “You’re alive.”

Clarke’s eyes begged and pleaded. Lexa shifted as well and knelt by them. “Sleep,” she whispered softly, passing her palm over Raven’s eyes. It worked and Raven slumped. Lexa could tell that a few minutes more and Raven’s heart would stop. She did what she could to patch the worst of the wound, but she had already lost a lot of blood. “There,” she said finally, removing her now bloody hands from within the hunter’s uniform. “She should survive the trip back.”

Clarke’s eyes met hers. There was sudden emotion there, deep and filled with longing. Lexa felt the reality finally dawn on her. They had won. Clarke was okay. Clarke was looking at her with the softest, neediest expression. Lexa went to her, pressed their foreheads together and gently caressed the warm surface of her pink cheeks.

“Thank you,” Clarke breathed softly.

Lexa shivered. “Let’s get them back.”

She hated to move, but they needed to. Clarke pressed a soft kiss to her mouth, one that said all they hadn’t had the time to say yet, and then Lexa scooped Anya up into her arms and Clarke did the same with Raven. They couldn’t shift into their wolf forms, because the two were unconscious and limp, so they had no choice but to run back on two legs. Luckily, though, they were even faster that way.

Lexa watched Clarke’s golden hair whip about as they ran. She was struck with how relieved and
lucky she was. But she also needed to figure out what exactly Clarke had unlocked within them.
Chapter Notes

I took my laptop to work today and finished this chapter during my lunch. It's all thanks to every one of you that leave a comment or send an ask on tumblr! I feel like people are enjoying this story, which really means a lot to me. I get really, really disappointed and sad when I receive like, 5 comments on a chapter I worked really hard on, for a story I really love. Then my inspiration takes a downward spiral and I suddenly can't write anymore. I don't get paid for this, so my only reward is seeing with my own eyes, that people enjoy this story, and why. So thank you. For every comment, ever bookmark and subscription, and for every kudos. If this keeps up, I might finish this entire story within a week or two. I love all of you <3

Mount Weather was colder than it had ever been. After shifting the first time, Clarke hadn’t been able to feel the cold at all. But as they hurried through the deep snow she felt a slight chill over her skin. Not enough to make her cold, but enough to make her notice. She worried about what that meant, and decided to ask instead of fret. Since they had started back they hadn’t spoken, and Clarke missed Lexa’s voice.

“What’s up with this storm?”

Lexa glanced over at her. “Protection from the Alphas before. It reacted to the war.”

Clarke’s brows furrowed. “But that…” the scent of TonDC drew nearer, and with it they stepped out of the shadows and into bright sunlight. It jarred Clarke for a moment, and she tipped her head back to glance upwards. The sky was split—one half filled with clouds, the other bright blue. “The storm is… intelligent?”

Lexa snorted. “No. We have a way to control the storm. Do you really think our mountain just happened to have terrible weather all the time?”

“Oh, that’s true. We always wondered, and figured that it was a natural anomaly that the wolves used to protect themselves.” She paused afterwards and then felt herself smiling slightly. Wolves, she thought. Not beasts or creatures. Just wolves. It feels nice not to reflexively use a slur. It hasn’t even been that long.

“Clarke?” Lexa asked softly. “What’s on your mind?”

Clarke glanced up at her, still smiling. “Nothing bad,” she promised. “Are we almost there?”

The words made Lexa glance down at Anya, who had remained out cold the entire walk. Raven was much the same. A faint pink glow still pulsed just beneath her skin, and sometimes Clarke thought that she saw the same thing in Anya from the corner of her eye. She would really need to talk to Raven about what the Organization had done to her.

“Yes,” Lexa answered. “I’ll have Indra secure us a building, so that I can continue deeper healing.”
Clarke nodded at her. She stepped as close as possible, where Lexa’s body heat could slightly touch her. It was nice to feel it, and Clarke ached to feel more. To have Lexa’s smooth skin upon her own. She realized that she could have lost Lexa in the fight, especially if her army hadn’t started running when they had. The thought made Clarke swallow hard. She sent Lexa a look, but she was staring straight ahead, jaws clenched. Her green eyes glowed softly in the sunlight, and her brown hair seemed a shade lighter. She was the most beautiful thing Clarke had ever seen. She could hardly believe that if she had succeeded, she would have killed her. Clarke would have assassinated Lexa. She almost destroyed someone that would take hold of her heart, and keep it forever.

“Prepare yourself, Clarke,” Lexa spoke suddenly, breaking Clarke from her internal panic. Clarke furrowed her brows again.

“Why?”

Lexa didn’t respond with words, but with an inclination of her head. Clarke turned forward and saw that the gate had been swung open, and that the entire arm waited there for their Alpha. They lined up neatly along the sides, all eyes on them. Some were scowling, some still bleeding, but most were smiling. There was absolutely no doubt that they loved Lexa. She was their leader, their Alpha, and they adored her.

Clarke slowed slightly so that Lexa could walk in front of her. Lexa sent her a questioning look, but she shook her head, indicating that she was fine. Lexa gave a short nod, and then she continued walking. The wolves didn’t make a noise. They reached out and touched Lexa, as if they couldn’t believe that she was there. Clarke caught the low murmurs they sent to her.

“Thank you, Alpha.”

“We are blessed to have you, Alpha.”

Lexa’s spine was ramrod straight, and she took it all with her head held high. She looked regal and proud, walking between her people like that, taking on all their praise. When Clarke finally allowed herself to follow, she nearly jumped when warm palms pressed against her arms and shoulders. The wolves were touching her too, and in their gazes they conveyed appreciation. Some of them even muttered soft apologies. As Clarke went, more people touched her, more wolves treated her not like the Slayer, but like another wolf, like the mate of their Alpha. Clarke’s heart filled with so much emotion that tears spilled down her face halfway. When the wolves noticed, they finally started making a noise. They cheered. Their touches were still light, but their smiles were wide, their voices excited. They called out Clarke’s name, called her their saviour, their second Alpha. The last bit made Lexa glance at them in surprise, and then at Clarke with a soft, adoring smile.

Lexa waited for Clarke to catch up with her, and then she pressed a palm against Clarke’s lower back. “Thank you,” she breathed softly.

“For what?”

“For being you.”

As the wolves watched, Lexa leaned in and pressed a kiss to her lips. Clarke couldn’t help the laugh that escaped. The smile Lexa gave her as they pulled apart was brilliant and beautiful. Before they could get too caught up in each other, Indra appeared at their side, clearing her throat. Her eyes didn’t meet either of them.

“This way, Alpha,” she gestured behind her, and then they followed.
Clarke glanced down at Raven, worry rearing its ugly head. Though it was horrible of her, she had almost forgotten her worry for Raven. But she knew that Lexa wouldn’t let her die.

They stepped into a well maintained building. It looked lived in, with furniture scattered around. To the far wall, bathed in sunlight, was a large bed. They gently placed Anya and Raven down onto the mattress, and then quickly dressed in the clothes Indra brought for them. Lexa requested that no one bother them as she began to heal the deeper parts of their injuries.

Clarke watched, curious, as Lexa pressed her palms to each area that was wounded. She spoke in soft whispers, words that Clarke didn’t understand at all. It sounded like an old language, one that seemed to grant Lexa the power she needed to heal the wounded. When she lifted her hand from a broken patch of skin, it was fully healed. Nothing but drying blood remained where an open wound had gaped. It took hours of Lexa kneeling on the hard ground, whispering and waiting, enduring her exhaustion. When it looked like she was ready to collapse, Clarke decided to intervene. She pulled Lexa gently from Anya’s chest, using a soft glare to stop Lexa’s growl of protest.

“They are alive,” Clarke told her. “You healed the worst of it. The rest they can heal on their own. You need to take care of yourself now.”

Lexa drew in a short breath. Her eyes looked towards Anya’s prone figure. Only small cuts and bruises remained, and her expression was devoid of pain, unlike when it had contorted earlier on. Raven was much the same, but both of them seemed to be dreaming deeply, eyelids fluttering above roving eyes. Finally she nodded, and then she collapsed in a nearby chair.

“Something has entered Anya’s body,” Lexa whispered. Her voice cracked, hoarse from the hours spent talking in nothing but low tones.

“It’s the stones, I think. The hunters did something to Raven.”

“Will she tell us when she wakes?”

Clarke shrugged. “I don’t know how she’ll react when she wakes.”

“We cannot let her escape,” Lexa said sternly. They met eyes. “I hope you realize this.”

Clarke understood why. Raven had seen them shift. If she returned to Arkadia with information like that, before anyone was truly ready, it could spell disaster. Clarke still didn’t know what they would do. Would Arkadia decide to give up on the mountain? Could Clarke police the wolves, stop them from attacking the farms and smaller towns? She understood now that the wolves did so out of revenge. It was just a long cycle of killing for killing. She had heard someone once say that an eye for an eye left you blind. That was so true now. Both sides were blind to the other, groping hopelessly in the dark.

“I do,” Clarke answered. “This is bigger than me. We need to figure out a way to stop another attack.”

Lexa nodded. “You think they will attack again?”

“Maybe not sometime soon, but I doubt they’ll give up. They’ve found a way to endure the cold and to fight us.” Lexa smiled at her wording, of her use of ‘us’. “I think...” Clarke looked away, sighing. “I think I need to go back to Arkadia.” She felt Lexa’s vibrant eyes on her, but the Alpha did not say anything in response. Not for long moments. Indra had sent someone with food, and still Lexa didn’t voice her thoughts. They ate in long silence, and then finally Lexa nodded to herself and cleared her throat.
“Okay,” she said. “You can return to Arkadia once things here have settled and we have dealt with your human friend here.” She glanced at Raven. Sweat coated the hunter’s skin, either from her own overbearing heat, or Anya’s. “But only under one condition.”

Clarke felt her chest tighten. She had been thinking of returning to Arkadia ever since Lexa had left for the mountain. If she could find her mom, or Jaha, then she could talk to them and explain the truth. She could convince them to stop attacking.

Of course, Clarke wasn’t naïve enough to believe that she could stop this feud on her own. It would take a lot of effort and a lot of fighting, she knew. But she had to try. For her fellow humans, and for her new wolf family.

“Name it.”

Lexa’s lips pressed firmly together. “I go with you.”

It wasn’t what Clarke had been expecting. Of all the things Lexa could have asked for, though, it made the most sense, and it made Clarke chuckle under her breath. Lexa sent her a questioning look, eyebrow raised, so she shrugged and dropped down into her lap. Lexa’s arms settled around her waist.

“Not what I was expecting, but I should have. So you want to come with me?”

Lexa nodded. “I have not returned to Arkadia in years. And I…” she swallowed. Her eyes flicked over Clarke’s face. “I can’t risk losing you.”

The admission came quietly, but it made Clarke’s heart soar anyway. She smiled brightly, nodding. “Who will run things here?” she asked, teasing. They both knew her answer already. Having Lexa at her side made her decision easier. It gave Clarke the strength she needed to return to the people that had done nothing but use her.

“I will have Indra in Polis,” Lexa stated. “And if Anya is well enough, then she will help me as well.”

Clarke nodded. “Sounds good to me.”

They settled into silence, clutching at each other and counting their breaths. Clarke felt desperate for physical contact, but simply having Lexa’s arms around her, and Lexa’s cheek pressed to her upper arm, was enough to leave her content. She ran her hand through Lexa’s hair, enjoying the moment.

After a few minutes more, Anya finally opened her eyes.

Chapter End Notes

Share your thoughts if you enjoyed the chapter! If you have any questions or would just like to scream into the void with me, don’t hesitate to send me a message at danilovesanimenel.tumblr.com

(P.S: Ranya is happening guys)
Wells felt the world tilt as Abby’s words sunk in. She had just finished stitching a nasty wound. Though she kept her face neutral and her voice devoid of emotion, Wells could still see that she was too pale, too still.

“Did you hear me?” Abby asked quietly. She finally turned to him, eyes vacant.

Wells nodded, swallowing. “I will add Raven’s name to the casualty list, then,” he told her. He was shaking, but he didn’t want her to see. Before he could turn away and hide how much this affected him, Abby stood and then drew him into a hug.

“It’s okay,” she whispered, her warmth seeping through him. Wells hadn’t known such an embrace since his mother, and that had been years ago. He couldn’t help the hitch in his breath, the way his stomach dropped and his heart sank even lower. He would have fallen apart right there, but Emerson was close by, walking around and talking to the surviving hunters. When he sent them a smile, Wells pulled away even though he wanted nothing more than to let Abby hug him, and to cry.

“It’s not okay,” he growled back. “This is just… this is wrong. This is so wrong.”

Abby nodded. She gripped his wrist and squeezed, conveying with her expression that she agreed, but that Wells had a job to do. She was right. He couldn’t let his emotions get the better of him. He needed to speak to Emerson, to figure out what needed to be done next. He also needed to figure out what had actually happened on the mountain. Whispers had been going around among the survivors, but Emerson had been laughing it off, telling everyone that they were exhausted, that they couldn’t possibly have heard what they claimed to. So he stepped away from Abby, allowing her to get back to work, and made his way over to Octavia. Bellamy stood beside her, an arm tight around her shoulder. Her eyes were red and puffy.

“So you heard,” Wells spoke. Octavia’s head shot up.

“So,” she breathed. Her chest stuttered with breath, and then she jumped down from the bed and pulled Wells in for a hug. He wasn’t quite sure when he had grown so close to them, but he didn’t mind. He held Octavia for as long as she needed, and then he gently guided her back down onto her back.

“You need to rest,” he scolded her, sharing a look with Bellamy. “I can’t lose you too.”

Octavia took in a deep breath. The sorrow and fear melted from her face, replaced by a flimsy attempt at cool indifference. She was still too pale, the edges of skin around her eyes too red.

“I’ll be fine,” Octavia reassured him. “I made it back. I’m one of the few. I’ll be fine.”

“O…” Bellamy started, sighing.

Octavia nodded at him, assuring him that she meant it. “Do we have any news?” she asked Wells.

He shook his head. “Nothing new. All we know is what the hunters tell us. Octavia, what happened out there?”

“You won’t believe me. Emerson sure doesn’t. But Wells, it was so odd… They had an army, and they met us head on. But they were too many. It was almost as if they knew we were coming. It was a complete massacre. But…” she went quiet, eyes unfocused. She must have gone back to the
mountain for a moment, reliving the battle to get as much detail as she could. “There was one wolf,” she continued. “Pure white, as the snow beneath us. It was… and I know this sounds crazy, but Wells, it was pushing us apart. I saw with my own eyes how this thing stopped its own kind from fighting us, and us from fighting them. And then before we knew it, this voice… this incredibly powerful voice… like, spoke into our heads. We didn’t imagine that. All of us heard it. They told us to leave, that they will let us go because we were outnumbered. And we obeyed. How could we not? Most of us were dead, and they were way, way too many. And that voice had been so powerful.” She sighed and rubbed at the side of her face. Bellamy started fussing around her, telling her to give it a rest and continue some other time, but Octavia swatted him away. “I’m fine,” she assured. “Wells, I need to tell you this. But you can’t… you can’t tell anyone. Not yet. Okay? Do you promise?”

Wells nodded, brows furrowed. He swept his eyes around them, making sure that no one was close enough to overhear. Luckily Emerson was on the other side of the floor, talking to a young boy in a wheelchair. “I promise.”

“That voice, the one that spoke to us… it sounded like Clarke.” Her expression was fierce, but afraid. Wells waited a moment, unsure what to say. “Wells. The voice was Clarke’s, I’m sure of it.”

“Octavia, Clarke is gone.”

“I know that,” Octavia groaned. She rubbed at her tired eyes again, and Bellamy gave her a pitying look. Clearly he had been arguing with her over this. But she seemed to genuinely believe what she was saying. “I don’t know how, but that was Clarke. She was there, somehow, somewhere. She stopped the war. But Wells, I think… I think she’s with them.”

A thought like that had never occurred to him. It was foolish to think, in all honesty. Taken by them? Anyone left behind was assumed dead immediately. But what if… what if somehow, the werewolves were smarter than the hunters thought, and what if they had taken Clarke and not killed her? But that didn’t explain why Octavia thought Clarke had stopped them. If she was there, surely she would have escaped already, or would have found a way to join and fight alongside her kind? Wells’ temple throbbed.

“Thank you for telling me,” Wells told Octavia. “I think I need to rest for a bit. You should too, really. And I’ll keep what you said to myself, promise.”

Octavia smiled. Though she still looked broken, defeated and sad, she seemed a little lighter. She could see that Wells believed her. “Hey, keep an eye out on Mrs Griffin. She… she looks really bad.”

Wells glanced over at Clarke’s mother. His chest clenched. “I will,” he promised. “Out of all of this, she might just be closer to the truth than we think. That worries me more than anything.”

“She has no family left,” Octavia added. “So we need to step in and look after her in place of them.”

Wells smiled. He nodded. Octavia dropped back down onto the bed, groaning softly at her aches and pains. Wells left her there, feeling both lighter and heavier at once. He needed to find out what the hell was going on, so he paused by Emerson’s side and cleared his throat. Emerson looked up at him, surprised, and smiled.

“Mr Wells, what can I do for you?” he asked, standing and offering his hand. Wells ignored it.

“A report, sir. What exactly happened on the mountain?”
Emerson’s smile turned plastic. “We are still investigating the issue. Do you have any theories?”

Wells shook his head. “I’m only interested in the truth.” He narrowed his eyes. It was difficult to hide how he really felt around the man, but at least it didn’t seem to bother him so much. Emerson’s eyes glinted in an odd way.

“Well, yes, that’s what we’re about, isn’t it?” he quipped, voice suddenly tight with fury. His forehead wrinkled slightly, and his face contorted so oddly that Wells took a full step backwards. “The truth, and nothing but the truth.” His face melted back into a cheerful expression, and he smiled. “Please do keep to it, then. If you discover anything, report to me immediately.”

Wells nodded mutely. He was still shaken by Emerson’s change in expression, the way he had shown such murderous anger so quickly. Luckily he was saved from having to continue conversing when his father strode purposefully into the room, eyes scanning the many battered faces until they found him. Wells heart twinged when his father’s shoulders dropped slightly, as if he had exhaled, as if he had been holding tension there. Almost as if in relief.

“Well,” Jaha stated formerly. “I would like a word.”

An irritating part of Wells flared up in anger and rebellion. Why couldn’t his father just show his concern? He acted like they were merely acquaintances, not father and son. But that was a petty fight, and one that would go absolutely nowhere. He followed his father out into the hallway, and then he waited for Jaha to say what he needed to say.

“Well, do you have any idea what really happened on the mountain today?” he asked. He seemed a little jittery then, which was odd. He stood still and stiff, but his jaw muscles bunched up as he clenched and unclenched them. That was the only sign that he was feeling uneasy.

“Nothing that the hunters haven’t already said,” Wells responded. “Why does that matter to you? This isn’t your division.”

Jaha nodded. “We have a problem.”

“What is it?”

Jaha sighed. For once, he looked like an exhausted old man, not like powerful chief hunter of the Organization. “They are coming down to Arkadia,” he finally said.

“Who?”

“Dante and Cage, Wells.”

He swallowed, stomach sinking. Jaha’s expression was clear. Something was going on here, and someone was going to be strung up for it. “When?” he forced out through clenching jaws.

“Today,” Jaha answered. He glanced at his watch. “Actually, they’re probably here already.”

The day could not possibly get any worse.

XxX

When Anya opened her eyes, she remained still on the bed. The familiar, strong scent of the Alpha filled her nose, grounding her from panic, from sitting up and running. She could feel warmth beside her, and an entirely different scent washed Lexa’s away. It was foreign, but warm and inviting. For a long second Anya tried to sit up, but couldn’t. Her muscles wouldn’t budge, her limbs wouldn’t
move. She took in short, shallow breaths, and closed her eyes and focused on relaxing. Slowly and steadily feeling returned to her body, and as soon as she could, she sat up and then stared down at her hands. She flexed them, stretched her arm out, and watched the play of brown skin moving over hard muscle. She sighed.

“Anya?” Lexa asked tentatively.

Anya looked towards her. “Alpha.”

Lexa untangled Clarke from her and stood, face oddly cautioned. She took a step forward. Anya’s lips peeled back before she realized what she was doing, and then she released a rumbling growl that had Lexa frozen on the spot. She ceased the noise immediately and furrowed her brows.

Anya’s heart gave a low throb.

“Anya?” Clarke asked, confused. “What’s wrong?”

From the corner of her eye, Anya spotted the human beside her. She was still asleep, but sweating. Her face creased in discomfort. Anya reached for her, but stopped. She ripped her hand away.

“No,” she whispered. It no longer mattered that there were others in the room. She still ached from wounds not fully healed, and her blood felt oddly light. Something had changed inside of her—something she didn’t understand. The human groaned and turned over, her arm brushing against Anya’s hip. A heavy spark of electricity rocked through Anya’s body, and then she was up, ignoring Lexa and Clarke’s shouts of surprise, shifting and running through the cool evening air. It wasn’t raining anymore, but the ground was still wet with it, and her heavy paws mashed through the ground. Her heart raced hard alongside her, but it hurt.

Anya found her way to the trees, and then she collapsed in the mud, breathing hard, whimpering. Her head began to pound. With every breath, she was made more and more aware of something. Her heart was beating to a rhythm. One that wasn’t her own.

The moon hid behind dark, full clouds and the wind brought with it the scent of more rain to come. Anya lay there, heart galloping faster than it ever had. The seconds ticked by into minutes, possibly even hours.

It hurts.

Anya’s head shot up. The voice had not been her own. Had not been wolf. Who said that? she snarled in response, pulse climbing so high that she nearly collapsed.

Why does it hurt?

Anya bared her teeth and looked through the trees, but she was well and truly alone. Hers was the only scent she could pick up, besides the wet bark and mud. A sense of unease and fear washed through her, though Anya wasn’t quite sure if they were her own emotions. She realized that the voice in her head wasn’t so much a voice, as a thought. She was hearing someone’s thoughts. Part of her already knew who. She didn’t want to believe it. Not when the human had first touched her, not when her body had seized up and she had looked into those wide, brown eyes and suddenly everything had melted away.

Anya saw her first, so she dipped low and moved closer, the only sound being her short exhales. She could see every foggy breath, but the human couldn’t. She could smell her too—she smelt like sweat and metal, but there was a strange sweetness to her scent that nearly made Anya sneeze. Sounds of fighting and death rang around them suddenly, and Anya knew the real fight had begun. This
human had made the mistake of separating herself from her pack. Now she would pay the price.

Anya lunged, expecting her claws to slice into the human’s thin neck. But then the human turned, deflecting her blow with her weapons. They were black and heavy, and Anya hated the smell of them. The hunter aimed at her and then pink bullets exploded from the tips. One hit Anya before she could move out of the way, sending her crashing down to the ground with a roar. The pain radiated right down her spine, but luckily the bullet had passed through her. She was up before the human could deal the finishing blow.

They danced and swerved, attacking and dodging, neither losing focus even when exhaustion began to creep in, even when Clarke and Lexa both ordered everyone to stop. Anya ignored the order, as painful as it was to do—her natural inclination was to obey her Alpha’s command over everything else. All she could focus on was this human. The mere scent of her was enough to give Anya the strength to resist going to Lexa and bowing before her.

“You’re pretty good,” the human muttered. But I’m still going to kill you. Her thoughts floated through Anya’s mind, surprising her so much that she slipped on the wet snow. She was soaked through with rain, breathing hard and bleeding. The human was much the same.

How had she done that? How that the human just spoken to her?

The human seemed just as surprised at her slip, but took the advantage for what it was. She dove forward, dropping her guns to pull a long blade from her back. Her face contorted in fury as she soared through the air, eyes aglow with pink. The same pink flow rippled down her neck, highlighting every vein beneath her cold skin. Anya’s heart gave one, hard throb, and then she shifted in a huge explosion of steam and caught the blade before it could pierce her chest. The human blinked the steam from her eyes, and then she gasped in shock.

Anya used her surprise to push her over, and then she extended her claws and prepared to lunge, when the human reached out and slammed her palm against her chest. In an instant Anya’s body froze, her head thrown back as electricity seared through her, almost as if she was being electrocuted. She could vaguely hear the human screaming as well, but her soul was all but shoved out of her body. Anya could suddenly see herself, sweating and panting, leaning over the human. She saw her own features, the way her own veins lit up with pink as well. And then she was thrown back, and the human’s entire life flew by her eyes. It felt like years, but it must have only been a few seconds.

Anya dropped her head forward, sucking in as many breaths as she could. She felt sick and drained. When she looked at the human and their gazes locked, every bit of fight left her. The human’s lips parted, as if she wanted to say something, but then Clarke and Lexa arrived and Anya surprised herself when a surge of alarm and protection washed through her.

Something deep inside of her compelled her to protect the human from her Alpha. From someone that could take her away. When Anya turned her head again, she sent the human a puzzled expression. “No,” she shouted, filled with disbelief and denial.

Anya resisted the urge to run back and to be by the human’s side. She snarled at herself and ripped at the ground with her huge claws. She could still feel it—the human’s fluttering heartbeat, the soft groans she released as she shifted and her wound ached.

“Anya?”

She shot up, alarmed, but it was only Indra. She shifted back to her human form, suddenly exhausted beyond thought. She collapsed at the base of a tree, and Indra rushed to her side. “I’m fine,” she
insisted, but her body refused to cooperate with her. She went limp in Indra’s hands.

“No you are not,” Indra snapped. “Why are you here? You are injured, yes? Where is Alpha?”

“I needed air,” she reasoned. It wasn’t a lie. “And I left Alpha where I woke.”

Indra grunted, and then she pulled one of Anya’s arms over her shoulder and took on all of her weight. “Alpha will not be pleased,” she stated gruffly. She eyed Anya, and the look clearly conveyed worry as well. Anya managed to roll her eyes and smirk, even if both actions made her head pound again.

“Have you ever known me to please Alpha?”

Indra clucked her tongue. “How does she deal with you?”

“She doesn’t.”

Indra shook her head, but the corner of her mouth pulled upwards. “Shut up and focus on walking. You are as heavy as a cow.”

Despite the urge to be a pain, Anya obeyed. She let Indra help her all the way to the outside of the building where Clarke and Lexa and… the human, waited. She took a breath. “I’ll be fine, Indra. Thank you.”

Indra hesitated for a moment, but reluctantly released her. “Do that again and I will declaw you,” she threatened. Despite the anger in her voice, there was a hint of affection. Anya nodded, and then they bumped fists and Indra melted back into the darkness to guard the building.

Anya gathered all of her courage and strength, and pushed the door open. When she stepped inside, her nose twitched at the now familiar, yet still foreign scent of the human. Of Raven.

“Anya,” Raven gasped, brown eyes wide, lips pulled in a frown. Her heart began to flutter, and so did Anya’s.

Anya swallowed. Her gaze turned to her Alpha, who was looking at her with a deep frown and disapproving eyes. “Alpha,” she started lowly. “We need to talk.”

Clarke eyed both of them. Lexa nodded. “We do,” she agreed. She sounded furious. “Come with me.” She stood and headed down a hallway, to another room in the house. “Now.”

Her tone was steely and frightening. Anya obeyed it immediately.
Chapter 31

Anyahadn’t felt like this since she had been a tiny pup. Lexa’s eyes were fierce and alight with anger, and her scent brought with it the bitter heat of fury. Anya could understand why it was there. Part of her knew that she deserved her Alpha’s ire, but the other part was rebellious. None of this was her fault. Something had happened between her and the human, something she couldn’t yet explain.

“We are close,” Lexa began, tone clipped and features hard. “But that does not give you the privilege of forgetting who and what I am. I understand that my actions with Clarke are impulsive, and to some, disrespectful to our people. But you will not disrespect me again, is that clear?”

Anya swallowed thickly. The air around them had changed. Sweat dripped down her back despite the sudden rain outside and the cold air on her naked skin. Lexa’s ability to command was unrivalled. Nothing in Anya’s blood could let her disobey Lexa now. Not even Raven.

“I’m sorry,” she choked out. Lexa’s scent was all but burning her. The pressure in the air made her want to crumble to the ground and whimper. Lexa eased up slightly, and the hard line of her jaw relaxed.

“Good,” she said. “Now explain what happened between you and the human.”

Anya’s eyes dropped down to the ground. Every cell in her body wanted her to snarl and bare her teeth at the mere mention of Raven from the Alpha’s lips, but Lexa’s commanding pressure kept her rooted in place, still and stiff. She swallowed again. “I…” her brows furrowed. Her heart was suddenly fluttering, and though it hadn’t been exactly calm before, it hadn’t been beating so fast. It felt strange, until Anya realized that she could hear the human’s heart across the house, and that she was responding to that. She inhaled shakily. “When her skin touched mine, Alpha, something changed.”

Lexa lifted her chin slightly, green eyes bright and vibrant. But her eyebrows drew together. “What do you mean?”

“I’m not sure.” Anya tried to keep her gaze on Lexa, but failed. She stared down at her feet again. She needed a wash. She was still covered in blood and mud.

Lexa took in a deep breath. “Your scent has changed,” she observed. “You smell like the human.”

Anya nodded. “I know.”

“Do you think…?”

“No,” she growled fiercely. She looked up, and this time she caught Lexa’s stare and held it. “It can’t be.”

One of Lexa’s eyebrows rose. “Anya…”
“No. Don’t say it.”
“IT isn’t wrong, you know.”
“I didn’t choose this.”
“You may not have consciously done so, but deep down in your biology, you know that you did.”
Anya ran a hand through her hair, sighing. “I can’t…”
Lexa surprised her by stepping up close and placing a hand on her upper arm. “Anya, if you have imprinted on the human, then there is nothing you can do about it.”
Anya nodded. “I know. But this doesn’t… a wolf and a human? How is this possible?”
“You have a half-breed as an Alpha,” Lexa added, grinning. “Why is this so much of a surprise?”
Anya agreed, but she couldn’t stop her stomach from churning. She felt sick. In the next room, she could sense that Raven felt the same.

XxX
“Clarke?” Raven choked out, hardly able to believe what she was seeing. A moment ago Anya had stepped into the room. The scent of her, the feel of her being so close, had woken Raven from a deep sleep. She wasn’t sure how she knew Anya, but deep down she did. Her heart had fluttered when their gazes had met. And now Clarke was there, sitting at the bedside, staring at her with mixed relief and discomfort.

“Hey Raven,” she said softly. Raven had never heard Clarke use that tone before. It unnerved her. “How do you feel?”
Dry. Her mouth was impossibly dry. Her hip still ached badly, but the wound had knitted together into a rough scar. It was sensitive, but she would live. Raven stared at it silently, not yet ready to answer her friend’s question. “You’re alive,” she whispered instead. She lifted her eyes and met Clarke’s. They were so blue. So, so blue. Nothing like how they had been. They glowed unnaturally, but it was so beautiful and somehow so familiar that tears rushed up and Raven was choking back her sobs. She ignored the pain in her body and scrambled over, meeting Clarke halfway for a crushing embrace. Clarke whimpered into her shoulder, and she did the same.

“I’m so sorry,” Clarke choked out. “I hate all of this.”
Raven nearly clawed at her. Affection and relief crashed through her in waves, and tears spilled across her face. She was soaking the shoulder of Clarke’s shirt, but she didn’t seem to care. All she could think about was that Clarke was alive. She was well and breathing and healthy. Raven pulled back and grabbed Clarke’s face to inspect her. She was different. Her features looked a little hollowed out, and she was slightly paler, but despite the odd blue to her eyes, she was still Clarke.

“Don’t you ever do that to me again,” Raven declared strongly. “I cried for hours at your funeral.”
Clarke’s eyes slid shut, lips pulled down in a frown. Raven immediately pressed their foreheads together, still crying, still unable to properly breathe because dear god, Clarke is alive.

“I’m so sorry Rae. If I could have contacted you, I would have. I’m so glad you’re alive. I have so much I need to tell you.”
Raven sniffled, laughing. “Hell yeah you do. We’re with the wolves, aren’t we?” Raven felt Clarke nod, but she didn’t release her hold yet. She was quivering from head to toe, high on adrenaline and the whispers of grief. She had never realized how much Clarke had meant to her until she had thought that Clarke was gone. “Jesus, Clarke. Your mother is a fucking mess. Everyone is.”

Clarke drew in a shaky breath. Her voice was tinged with tears. “I can only imagine. But I’m going back, Rae. I’m going back to Arkadia soon.”

Raven finally drew enough strength to pull away from Clarke, but she tugged her forcefully until Clarke curled up next to her on the bed. She rested her face against Clarke’s chest, listening silently to her heartbeat. Clarke’s heart was beating. She was alive. Raven wanted to cry again. “What’s going on, Clarke?”

They were silent for a long while, and then Clarke whimpered deep in her chest and her arms tightened. “Nothing is as we thought it was, Raven. Everything was a lie.”

Raven swallowed thickly. She suddenly felt a throb in her heart, and she knew that the sensation wasn’t her own. She could mildly sense Anya in the other room, but that was something to ponder on later. For now she needed to focus everything on Clarke. “Tell me what happened.”

Clarke sighed. “Actually, I think it’s better if I show you.”

Raven held on defiantly for a moment, but eventually let Clarke slip from her grasp. She watched, confused, as Clarke went to the middle of the room and then began undressing. “Clarke, babe, I know you love me, but I think that shipped sailed years ago.”

Clarke laughed. It sounded different. Well, Raven had never heard Clarke genuinely laugh before. It was so bizarre, yet so beautiful at the same time. “Relax,” she said softly. “I’m not trying to seduce you. Just… don’t freak out, alright?”

Raven lifted a brow. “Clarke, after today I don’t think anything can—” Steam swirled around Clarke’s body suddenly, and then a huge white wolf stood in her place. “—okay holy fuck.”

Relax, Clarke’s voice said again. Raven jerked in surprise.

“Oh my god.”

You aren’t scared?

“Honestly?” Raven thought about it. “I’m more scared of the fact that I’m not scared. I have no idea what’s going on, but I trust that you’ll explain it. So this is you? The real you?” Clarke nodded, her
actions slow and deliberate. “Wow. This is amazing.” Suddenly Raven felt something warm and wet slide along her cheek. She stumbled back, eyes wide, and Clarke made an odd chuckling noise. “Did you just lick me?”

Maybe.


Clarke’s wolf form disappeared, and then arms wrapped around Raven and tightened. Raven could smell the steam in the air, and hints of sweat on Clarke’s skin. The hug was warm and comforting, and she simply melted into it.

Maybe she should have been more concerned. Maybe she should have screamed and sworn. But nothing inside of her wanted to do that. She was high on the happiness of having Clarke back. Clarke was in her arms, her heartbeat fluttering, her chest moving with strong, even breaths.

“You’re alive,” she found herself whispering again. Her tears were gone, but they still lingered in her voice.

“I’m alive,” Clarke echoed.

“And I’m a little worried,” a voice spoke, intruding on their moment.

Clarke’s body relaxed even further, and then she pulled back and a lazy, happy grin filled her face. Raven had honest to god never seen an expression like that on Clarke’s face. Hell, she hadn’t even thought Clarke’s face could even do that.

“Lexa,” Clarke breathed. She pulled away from Raven.

Raven blinked, curious and confused as Clarke pulled the newcomer into her arms, and the two of them kissed. It didn’t seem to matter that Clarke was utterly naked. Raven averted her eyes until it went on too long, and she was forced to clear her throat. Clarke pulled away from Lexa, smiling sheepishly, and then the two of them shared a look, and vibrant green eyes made Raven stiffen on the spot.

“Raven,” Lexa said. Her voice was all power and strength, and if Anya wasn’t standing right behind her, Raven would have swooned on the spot. “I’m sure you have plenty of questions.”

Raven sent a nervous gaze to Anya. “I do.”

“And we will answer them. But before that…” She looked over her shoulder at Anya. They shared a silent look as well.

Asshole… the voice whispered into Raven’s mind, and her brows furrowed. No one had spoken to her. She was sure she had just caught a snippet of Anya’s thoughts.

“Clarke and I have important things to discuss,” Lexa supplied. “I leave Anya to watch over you.”

Clarke looked ready to argue, but then Lexa pulled her from the room. Anya lingered at the door, sending Lexa a heated glare. When the door shut, Raven jumped slightly at the sound. “So…” she began, pretty sure she understood why Lexa had left them alone. Something had happened between her and Anya, and the two of them needed to figure it out. Especially since Raven didn’t feel scared at all, and her heart was pumping eagerly in her chest. A small tingle travelled down her body when Anya stepped into the room. She was naked. Her full, hard abs on display. Among other things. Raven tried not to stare. She truly did. She failed.
“What did you do to me?” Anya started lowly.

“Nothing,” Raven answered. “Nothing at all... I have no idea what happened.”

“You touched me,” Anya pressed a hand against her chest, where Raven had done the same. “And then suddenly you were inside of me.”

*I swear to god I am an adult,* Raven told herself, holding back the dirty things she wanted to say. Her own ease at the situation was making her a little worried. Why wasn’t she scared being in the same room as a stranger? Why didn’t it bother her that she could feel every breath that Anya took, is if they were her own? Why didn’t she feel the need to panic at the realization that everything she had known, was a lie?

“I, um... I have no idea.” She felt her throat tighten when Anya stepped a little closer.

“Are you sure?”

“Super sure.”

Anya continued to walk closer, slowly but with purpose. “Your eyes are glowing,” she observed quietly.

Raven could feel a soft burn underneath her skin. She suddenly felt too hot, and sweat trickled down her back. The closer Anya stepped, the hotter she became. She looked at her arms, and as Anya had pointed out, she was glowing. Not just her eyes, but her veins, too. She looked like a human glow stick. Panicked, she looked up and caught Anya’s eyes. They were glowing too. Each heartbeat made the pinkish glow pulse in time. Raven’s breath hitched.

“I don’t understand what’s going on,” she said.

“Me neither. I hate humans.” It sounded like she was trying to convince herself.

“I hate your kind too. You’ve killed plenty of us. There’s no way I’m into you.”

“Into me?” Anya lifted a brow, and Raven internally groaned at how attractive it was. “Me neither. I wouldn’t be caught dead with a human.” Yet she continued moving forward, stalking as if Raven was her prey.

Raven backed up until her back hit the wall, and then she swallowed when Anya paused right in front of her. “This isn’t happening,” she choked out.

“What *is* happening?” Anya asked her. The green in her eyes shone brightly, inviting Raven in. The scent of her—which Raven’s human senses shouldn’t even have been able to catch—made Raven’s body burn.

“I... I don’t know.”

Anya sighed. “I’ve seen your whole life, Raven. I know what you’ve been through. I know everything. How is that possible? What did your kind do to you? To me?”

Raven’s brows furrowed. She remembered it too, the way she had almost ascended from her body. She knew about Anya’s life too. Maybe that was why she wasn’t freaking out so much, either. She had seen everything from Anya’s perspective, and while it still confused her, it quelled that part of her that was angry. How could she be angry now, when she knew how the other side felt? How Anya felt?
“Touch me,” Raven breathed. When Anya froze, eyes growing wide, she laughed. “No, just… here,” she opened her hand, palm out. “Put your hand against mine. I want to see something.”

Anya stared at her warily, and then she did as Raven asked. The moment their palms touched, the both of them gasped softly, eyes shut. Sparks of electricity swept through Raven, from Anya, to her heart, and then back. She had free access to Anya’s memories, thoughts, and feelings. She could tell that Anya was conflicted, that she couldn’t bring herself to accept that she felt longing for a human. She could tell that Anya was also curious about this sudden bond, and that she had never felt something like this before.

They pulled back.

“That was…” Anya cleared her throat. “What was that?”

“You’ve never had anything like this?” Raven asked her. “Wolves connecting like this?”

“Well, yeah. Wolves. Not a human and a wolf. And you are a human, Raven. You have no wolf blood in you.”

Raven nodded. “The stones, then,” she concluded. “Whatever the synthesized stones did, it’s made us very compatible.”

“But this…” Anya looked off to the side, jaws clenched. Raven admired the sharpness of her cheekbones, the pointed chin and dark skin. A wave of heat washed through her, and she wasn’t even embarrassed about it. It was so odd to feel so close to someone she didn’t know. At least not the conventional way. There would never be anyone else that knew Anya the way she did. Raven suddenly felt the need to reach out again, to touch Anya and feel that electrifying connection. When she did, Anya’s burning gaze levelled with hers.

“Is it really so bad?”

Anya whined. She honest to god whined. Raven’s eyes flicked down to her lips. She suddenly wanted to kiss her. Raven had never felt such an intense compulsion before. As if her feelings had transferred over to Anya, she looked down at Raven’s lips.

They met hallway, lips and tongues crashing together in hunger and confusion and vulnerability. Raven wrapped her legs around Anya’s waist just as Anya lifted her and pressed her against the wall. She groaned softly. Waves of arousal swept through her, from her own core, from where their skin touched. It was intoxicating. Dizzying. Anya panted into her mouth, and Raven clutched tightly at her. There was an urge to pull Anya into her, to bleed into her being so thoroughly that they were no longer two individuals, but one single person. She felt frantic and violent in the need, and only when Anya nipped at her bottom lip did she realize that she was crying.

“I don’t want this to happen,” Anya whispered against her lips. She pulled back, the insistent fire held back for a moment. Anya’s eyes filled with concern. “But I… I can feel your heart hurting.”

Raven nodded. “This is pretty fucked up. We had no choice in this.”

“Didn’t we?” Anya searched her gaze.

Raven didn’t want to talk anymore. She didn’t want sex either. The arousal from earlier was still there, but she felt too raw and open. Instead she wrapped her arms around Anya and pressed her nose against Anya’s throat, at the thrumming pulse point there. Anya grunted softly, and then she carried her over to the bed and they curled around each other.
They didn’t to say anything more. Words were irrelevant. Because while Anya clutched at Raven’s hand, they shared their thoughts and feelings. A weird, pulsing energy passed between them. They no longer questioned it.
Clarke knew she should have felt mildly concerned about leaving Raven alone with Anya, but Lexa was completely at ease and it was so easy to follow the Alpha’s lead. She could sense that Lexa trusted Anya, and if Lexa did, so could she. Part of her was curious about what the two would say to each other, but that was a private matter. Clearly Lexa had somewhere to take her, too. She was walking in long, swift strides. Clarke had to almost jog to keep up, and Lexa wasn’t all that much taller than her.

“Lexa, where are you taking me?”

Lexa glanced back, a flash of green eyes. “Somewhere sacred,” she answered. “We need to talk.”

Clarke hovered on a breath. A talk? “Should I be worried, or…?”

Lexa chuckled softly. It was a warm and relaxed sound. Any new stress brought on by the revelation melted away from Clarke’s shoulders. It was nice, feeling like this. Being so able to let the stress go away. “Only if you think there is something to fret over,” Lexa answered playfully. “Otherwise, I’d suggest not to.”

Clarke rolled her eyes. “I didn’t take you for a drama queen.”

“Drama queen?” She didn’t turn around, but Clarke heard the confusion there. She snorted. “Human term.”

“Ah. Do I assume it was an insult?”

They threaded their way into the forest, Lexa’s palm warm against Clarke’s. It was raining a little softer, though Clarke was grateful for it. She seemed to always be hot, and when Lexa touched her that heat only intensified. “Oh, definitely,” she responded around a grin.

Lexa laughed. They fell silent after that, content to listen to their footsteps and the soft patter of rain around them on tree bark and soil. After some time Clarke was about to open her mouth and ask where they were going again, but Lexa turned sharply and then they paused in front of the mouth of a cave. It was dark inside, but Lexa was utterly confident, and so Clarke followed her in. It only took one step inside for Clarke’s eyes to adjust to the darkness, and suddenly she could see everything in a soft shade of blue.

“Are we there yet?” she found herself whispering.

“Almost. Patience, Clarke.”

Clarke kept her mouth shut after that. The cave went on for a while, descending in a slight slope. Stone turned to soil, but Clarke didn’t feel any unease at being so enclosed. The farther they went, the calmer she felt. Lexa’s smile only grew until she paused just before a bend, and turned, eyes
alight. They were glowing brighter than usual, with tiny swirls of blue threading through her irises. Clarke studied them curiously.

“Ready?” Lexa asked.

Clarke wasn’t at all sure what she was supposed to be ready for, but she nodded her head anyway. They turned the corner. Clarke’s eyes shut on their own when sudden, harsh light burnt into them. When the pain melted away, she cracked her eyes open. Lexa was watching her carefully. They were in a large room within the cave. Along the walls, ceiling and floor, where glowing blue stones. They looked like crystals, and their light blue surfaces pulsed as if a heart was beating within them. When Lexa took a few more steps closer, the stones reacted by pulsing deeper and slower. Clarke suddenly felt eager to follow.

“Wh…?” The word lodged in her throat. The air was thick and warm, but it wasn’t at all unpleasant. Lexa held out a hand, waiting. She felt that taking that hand would change something. Clarke felt a spark of emotion run through her, but pushed her human worry away to step fully into the glowing room and take her mate’s hand. The moment their skin touched, Clarke’s eyes slid shut and a soft gasp fell from her mouth. All in an instant, she saw every memory and thought Lexa had ever had. She could feel the breath in Lexa’s lungs as if they were in her own, feel the strong pounding of her heart, the affection at her chest.

Lexa pulled away first and stared down at her hand, expression filled with awe and wonder. “I figured that would happen,” she spoke softly. She cleared her throat. “We can imprint, if you want.”

Clarke sucked in a breath. “Wait, hold up. What just happened? What was that?”

“These stones were here when the wolves escaped to our current land,” Lexa began. “We found caves filled with it. When we started mining them, we discovered that the stones had magic. It became unacceptable to remove the stones from where they sat. Living on this land, it changed us. We could bond deeper than before, enhance ourselves and use the stones to protect the land.” Lexa sighed softly, twisting around to bask in the light of the stones. “The stones react to will. Only the strongest will can touch them deep enough to keep the storm raging on Mount Weather. An Alpha is chosen by their strength of will, and they are to make sure the storm carries on and our people prosper. Jake took me here when he first found me. The stones… liked me.” She ran her fingertips along the surface of the stones, smiling.

Clarke watched and listened in awe. “Are they alive?”

“We don’t know. There is no record of where the stones came from, or who made them, if they were created. All we know is their use. I assume the stones the humans use are the same. While ours is used for peace and prosperity, humans use theirs for death and destruction.”

Clarke lifted her hands, palms up. She recalled how her stones had responded to her. It had been said that no one was able to kill as expertly as she, thanks to her strong affinity for her stones. “Mine liked me too,” she said. “I think it was the intensity of my emotions. I felt a lot of hate and resentment. Maybe our stones liked it. These ones, though. They feel… calm.”

Lexa smiled at her. “These stones bring out tranquillity, Clarke. Wolves are by nature wild creatures, but the stones remind us to be gentle and kind. Only the Alpha is allowed to enter this room. But you…” She swallowed. “You would have been Alpha, Clarke. Not me. Had Jake decided to take you and bring you here, no doubt you would have been chosen.”

Clarke shook her head. “No, Lexa. I’m a half-breed too. I wouldn’t have been able to handle being Alpha.”
“I disagree.”

“Can we agree to disagree then?” Clarke asked. She felt almost no negative emotion, standing there in the soft blue light. But she still didn’t want to have an argument. “And maybe do more of that imprinting thing?”

Lexa’s smile turned into a seductive smirk. She sauntered closer and wrapped her arms around Clarke’s waist. Being clothed as they were, the hold didn’t incite the link as it had before. “As Alpha, I have the reigning will,” she explained. “And thus an imprint did not take us unawares.”

“So you can control it?”

“To a degree, yes. I could stop you from entering my mind, but not my heart.” She chuckled. “We can be close like that, if you wish. It isn’t entirely permanent, but being imprinted with the Alpha might be really intense.”

Clarke felt heat enter her veins. Lexa’s eyes were impossibly beautiful in the glowing blue light, too much for Clarke to resist. She almost felt drunk on the stones. Even so, she knew her decision was one she would make away from the influence, too.

“I want you,” she breathed softly. “Like that. Do it.”

Lexa smiled happily, but her brow lifted. “Do it, you say?”

Clarke shrugged. “Go for it.”

Lexa’s laugh was warm and honey, and it filled Clarke’s entire body. When Lexa finally leaned in and kissed her, Clarke was no longer high on the stones, but high on Lexa herself. The connection didn’t overwhelm her as it had earlier, as Lexa was probably holding it off. But Clarke sensed Lexa’s struggle, and slowly the emotions trickled in. With every article of clothing removed, each brush of skin, Clarke felt more of herself capsuled by Lexa. When her back rested on the soft, warm soil and the length of Lexa’s body pressed to her own, Clarke forgot which body was hers.

Lexa’s hands roamed gently. Fingertips trailed along her heated skin, circling her stomach down to a hip, then her thigh. Their kiss bordered on biting, but then Lexa left her mouth to trail warm kisses along her jawline and throat. She raked her nails down Lexa’s back, but felt the sensation on her own. She was the one to moan.

“Clarke,” Lexa breathed softly. “Is this okay?” She pressed a kiss to her chest.

Clarke, face flushed, chest heaving, nodded. “Make me yours, Lexa.”

That was all the permission the Alpha needed. Exhaling loudly, Lexa began her descent down Clarke’s body.

XxX

After their visit to the Alpha’s stones, as they were officially named, Clarke and Lexa bathed in a small dam nearby, then returned to the village. Indra was there to greet her, but she was as stoic as usual. Clarke had a new respect for her, though. She had seen Lexa’s memories of Indra, and it explained a lot of her present attitudes.

They opted to leave Anya and Raven until the morning. After the time spent with the stones, both of them felt pleasantly exhausted. They returned to a room of their own and fell asleep wrapped up in each other. When they woke, Indra was knocking softly on the door.
“Alpha,” she said.

Lexa turned onto her stomach, face pressed into her pillow. She groaned. “Enter, Indra.”

Clarke pulled the blanket up to her chin, suddenly embarrassed when Indra entered the room. As expected, Indra’s face didn’t change in expression and she seemed uncaring of their nudity. The entire length of Lexa’s back was bared, but Indra’s eyes didn’t linger and Lexa didn’t make a move to cover herself.

“Our troops are waiting for your word, Alpha,” Indra said. “Are we to return to our regions or march on the mountain?”

Lexa hummed softly. “Neither.” She sat up, yawning. Indra straightened slightly when Lexa’s strikingly green eyes landed on her. “My wolves are to remain in TonDC for the time being. I am leaving to Arkadia with Clark soon.”

Finally a flutter of emotion. Indra’s stiff stance broke. “Alpha, you can’t mean to—”

“I do,” Lexa cut her off gently. “And I will. Have supplies and armour readied for us by tonight. We will leave after dinner.”

The muscles at Indra’s jaw bunched up, but she nodded respectfully and retreated. Once she was gone, Lexa ran a hand through her tangled hair and sighed.

“You don’t have to come with, you know,” Clarke told her. Lexa turned to stare.

“Do you really expect me to sit around here and wait for you to return to me?” And stay here where I can’t protect you? See you? Make love to you?

Lexa’s thoughts floated towards her. Clarke felt unease in the pit of her stomach, not certain if it was hers or Lexa’s. She reached out and took Lexa’s hand, lacing their fingers together.

“We can go. I just don’t know what will happen that side.”

“Life is always an uncertainty, Clarke”

Lexa hopped out of bed and reached for a new set of clean clothing. Clarke watched her, a little smile on her face. When Lexa caught her staring, she lifted a brow.

“We should get going,” Lexa said. “There is food to be eaten and friends to speak to.”

The mention reminded Clarke of Raven. Her stomach fluttered with nerves. “Right. Let’s do that.”

XxX

Breakfast was strips of meat cooked over an open fire. Lexa had the first plate, and naturally Clarke after her. The area was packed with other wolves, all waiting around patiently for the various cooks to finish cooking the food, and for the Alpha to finish eating first. Clarke thought it a little weird, but it was apparently wolf custom. She was not going to voice her opinions, though Lexa’s lifted brow told her that she had probably heard it.

Once they had eaten, Lexa went around the camp and spoke to her warriors. Those that were still badly injured, she healed, and those despondent, she encouraged. Many of them were eager and awed to see her, and Clarke enjoyed watching Lexa interact with her people. The children loved her most, especially when she shifted and chased them through the trees. While Lexa was doing that,
Clarke slipped away in search of Raven. It was easy to find her by scent alone. She was still in her room, putting clean clothes on while Anya stood silently across the room. Clarke sent her a look, but Anya didn’t acknowledge her further than a curt nod.

“Going somewhere?” Clarke asked.

Raven jerked at the sound of her voice. “Jesus, Clarke. Warn a girl next time. You scared the shit out of me.” Anya snorted.

Clarke fought off a grin. “I closed the door loudly, Rae. What has you so occupied that you didn’t hear me?”

“I heard that you’re leaving.” Raven tightened the laces of one boot tightly, a scowl on her face. “So I’m going with.”

Anya’s face darkened and she inhaled to probably argue, but Clarke lifted a hand to stop her. Anya glared at her, but obeyed and slumped against the wall.

“You will not,” Clarke told her sternly. “I am going alone with Lexa.”

Raven reached for the other boot and roughly shoved her foot inside. The motion must have jogged her still sensitive wound, for she winced slightly. “Do you just plan on leaving me here then?” she spat. “I can’t stay here, Clarke. I need to go home. Abby needs to know I’m okay.”

Clarke sighed. “I can tell her myself. Things might go very bad down there, Raven. I’d rather you stay here, safe with the wolves.” She eyed Anya’s brooding figure. “With Anya, too.”

Raven sat up. Her eyes were filled with anger and defiance. “Clarke, I won’t sit here while you put yourself in danger again.”

Anger flared in Clarke as well. She understood where Raven was coming from, but the defiance lit an odd fire in her veins. She straightened her spine and hardened her stare. She knew that with her wolf eyes, Raven could fear her. Or at least feel a measure of intimidation.

“Raven Reyes, you are heading back to Polis with Anya and Indra. That is an order.”

Raven opened her mouth, but Clarke growled lowly and bared her teeth. It was a subconscious response, one that surprised even her, but it did the trick. Raven’s mouth clicked shut. Anya chuckled.

“Alpha mate you are,” she commented dryly. “You will stay here, Raven,” she said. “By your Alpha’s word, and mine.”

Clarke nodded. “What she said.”

Raven’s face flushed. Her cheeks puffed up, but she plopped back down onto the bed and glared up at the ceiling. “You better goddamn return, you hear me?” she growled. “I won’t lose you again.”

Clarke softened. She joined Raven on the bed and pulled her into a hug. “I’ll do my best, I promise.”

“And tell your mom that I say hi. Please make sure she’s okay, Clarke. She really was a mess when I left.”

“I will.”

“And protect yourself. The Order has changed since you left.”
Clarke grinned. “I can handle myself, Rae.”

Raven flicked her between the eyes. “And hide those flashlights of yours, okay? Your eyes are clearly not human eyes. Anyone that recognizes your face will know what is different. You’re taller, too. And paler. Just…. Hide everything.”

Clarke hadn’t really considered that she had undergone physical changes too. She nodded and gently embraced Raven. “Thank you. Stay safe and don’t piss off too many wolves.”

Any agreed with a soft grunt. Clarke left Raven there, though reluctantly. She found Lexa talking with Indra, and when Lexa noted her presence, she smiled. Lexa went around and finished the last few things she felt she needed to do, and then they suited up in special wolf armour and strapped bags filled with supplies to their backs. Indra walked them to the walls. When they opened, she offered her arm. Lexa took it.

“Stay safe, Alpha.”

Lexa nodded. “Likewise. Protect your people in my absence.”

Indra bowed her head. She swallowed, then Lexa released her arm and she held it out towards Clarke. At first Clarke was unsure what to do, mostly because she hadn’t expected Indra to wish her any sort of farewell. She grasped Indra’s arm and they looked into each other’s eyes.

“Protect her,” Indra told her. “With your life.”

Clarke studied her carefully. “I will.”

Satisfied, Indra left them. They left the walls on two legs and stayed that way until they made it to the edge of the snow storm. There Lexa urged them to change, and once they had they began running.

It would take a few days. Here would be challenges. But Clarke was ready. However it would go, she was returning home.
Clarke didn’t expect the force of her own emotions as they ran through the blasting snow towards the south. She thought she had settled her demons to rest, but the farther on they went, the more anxious she became. Lexa clearly noted, but she thankfully made no notice of it. Clarke was grateful to her. During their time of rest, when Lexa would conjure a fire and they would sit pressed up against each other, chewing on dried meat, Clarke wordlessly took Lexa’s comfort, the sort that she desperately needed. Thoughts of her mother were the worst. She really hoped that Abby was okay, but remembered Raven’s words. Her mother was most likely completely devastated. How long had she been going about her life, thinking both her husband and daughter were gone? Clarke’s heart ached at the thought.

Their quick and diligent journey brought them to Arkadia’s outskirts only four days after they had left wolf country. They paused atop the last mountain slope, staring out at the horizon to where Arkadia sat. Its high buildings were a sight Clarke never realized she had missed. Heavy pangs of longing rang through her.

*Clarke, Lexa spoke up gently. Are you alright?*

Clarke shook her huge head, clearing herself of any doubts. *I’m fine, Lexa. Thank you. We should shift here before we carry on.*

*We should.*

Steam swirled around them after they shifted, and their special armour didn’t leave them naked, though it was bulky and uncomfortable in their human forms. Clarke was accustomed to armour, or had been back when she was part of the army, but her life with Lexa had subtly changed her.

“We should head for the nearest farm,” she instructed. “There we can find human clothing and a place to store our wolf supplies. We can’t walk into Arkadia looking like this.”

“Then that’s what we shall do,” Lexa agreed.

Clarke sent her a lingering look. When Lexa lifted a brow, she felt the need to explain. “I just… I’m the one giving orders here, and you’re accepting them.”

Lexa lifted her chin slightly but she grinned in amusement. “I am Alpha of the wolves, Clarke. As far as I am concerned, you are Alpha of the humans. I do not know my way here, so I will put my trust in you for this journey.”

The words made Clarke’s chest warm. She reached out to caress Lexa’s wrist, conveying her appreciation with affection. “I won’t let you down.”

“I know.”

They continued the trek down the last part of the mountain. When they finally reached an old farm the sun had already set, but their eyes allowed them to see perfectly regardless. They were lucky that the farm was abandoned and not scavenged yet. The place seemed to be recently vacated too, since the clothes were in good condition.

There was a large mirror adorning the wall of the main bedroom, and Clarke took a second to pause and study herself after she was clothed. She definitely looked different. So many times she had stared at her own haunted eyes, but they were gone. She looked… healthy, full of life. It was the way she
felt, too, but seeing it so properly was an entirely new thing. It made her feel a touch of disquiet. Here she was, feeling better than ever, and her mother and friends were probably still grieving. People of Arkadia were still grieving. Clarke’s still wasn’t completely certain what her main plan of action was, besides simply making it to Arkadia. Lexa seemed to trust her completely, and that trust made her stomach sink slightly in discomfort. What if they got there and were met with nothing but difficulty? She couldn’t afford to have Lexa feeling anymore negatively about humans than she already did. Clarke wanted the gap closed between the kinds. She needed Lexa to want that too.

As if sensing her unease, Clarke’s weapon called to her. It was sitting atop the bed, carefully covered in silk cloth. She hadn’t touched it once since the wolves took her, and even though she no longer held such hate in her heart, she still felt drawn to her stones. Nerves fluttered hard in her stomach, but she pushed them aside and padded over to the sword. It was glowing softly underneath the fabric, enough that Clarke could see it. Pink as ever, just as she remember. Almost red, even. As red as her bloodlust and hate had been. What would her stones think of her now? Would they reject her, now that she had accepted her wolf blood?

Clarke snorted at herself. “It doesn’t have its own thoughts,” she chided herself. “It won’t reach out and bite me.” At least, she hoped not.

“Clarke.”

Clarke snapped to attention, startled by Lexa’s sudden appearance at the door. Lexa’s eyes softened in apology and she entered the room only once Clarke nodded. “Sorry,” she apologized.

Lexa’s brow lifted. “I should apologize for intruding and frightening you.”

Clarke cleared her throat lightly. “Yes, well, I shouldn’t have been so tense.”

“Are you afraid of your stones?”

“I’m not sure.”

“You shouldn’t be. They’re yours, Clarke. Change them. Command them. Use them.”

Lexa’s gaze was like fire, no matter the occasion. She spoke of something as simple as Clarke’s damn sword, yet her voice held such conviction and confidence that Clarke immediately flipped the fabric aside to reveal the blade within. Sweat pricked her skin. The stones pulsed softly with her heartbeat. She hesitated only a second before reaching out and touching a fingertip to the surface. To her and Lexa’s astonishment, the moment her skin touched the metal, the stones changed colour from pink to a gentle purple.

“This is…” Clarke rasped, transfixed.

“Intriguing,” Lexa ended for her. She placed her hand atop Clarke’s, causing the purple sword to deepen in colour and glow more fiercely. Clarke’s eyes closed and she felt the hatred and anger simply leak out of the blade, gone as if it had never been there. Left behind was nothing but her hopes and dreams, and of course, the emotions she knew Lexa bore for her. The sword was heavy with love, of Lexa’s for her, and hers for her people—humans and wolves alike.

“We changed it,” Clarke observed softly.

“No.” Lexa released Clarke’s hand and gave her a smile. “You changed it.”

There was still too much on Clarke’s mind, and so she opted not to linger. She pressed a kiss to Lexa’s lips, strapped the sword to her hip—hidden by her new coat—and then the two of them left
the house and headed towards Arkadia.

A few minutes from the house, Lexa reached out and took Clarke’s hand. “Whatever happens from here, remember that I am always on your side, and I will lay my life down for you.”

“Lexa.” She flushed and looked away. “You don’t need to be so dramatic, things should—”

Lexa’s grip tightened. “I just need you to know that.”

“Thank you.”

“Ready?”

Clarke sucked in a breath. Slowly her nerves eased. Maybe it was Lexa’s faith and her support, but Clarke felt as though she could do this. “Yeah, I’m ready.”

Even if Arkadia and its people weren’t.
Chapter 34

Chapter Notes

Pleasure forgive me, this story is gonna really go to shit because I'm at this point where I really just want to end it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The grand hall was spacious enough to seat most of the hunters of the Order. In front of them sat a large stage with a podium, with Cage standing proudly in front of it, staring over the crowd with a wicked grin on his face. To his side his father sat calmly beside Jaha, Wells and Abby. Having been given the position of lead researcher, Abby was given the honoured seat beside Wells. She did not feel the honour quite as well as Cage had hoped. His beady little eyes made Abby feel like bugs were squirming underneath her skin.

She had never liked the Wallace duo despite them being the inheritors of the Order and turning it into the somewhat successful organization it was. It was Dante that had ordered the first march on the mountain, and following his orders the war had been waged.

"I am delighted to be here before you today," Cage injected suddenly. The hall was utterly silent, causing his voice to boom louder than it should have, echoing in everyone's ears. "It was a great tragedy that we lost so many to the wolves." His words said one thing while his tone and expression showed another. He wasn't saddened by the news at all. He seemed sickly excited about it. "And that is why I am eager to announce that hence forth we are building a new army, with more soldiers and better weapons. I have tasked our research team to increase the effects of the serum. This was merely a test run of sorts, and it showed that we were right. This will work. Our soldiers made it onto the mountain, and if not for the wolf army that intervened, we would have made it to wherever these beasts lay their eggs." He grinned broadly. "Due to the decline in our population, the conscription age has been lowered to eleven." The hall finally broke into outraged murmurs and Abby was surprised that no one started shouting. Her own heart had sunk low in her belly, dissolving in acid. "If you would like to join our noble cause, the Order's doors are wide open. Please don’t make us require mandatory signup."

Cage gave a simple wave, ignoring the shouts now, and stepped away from the podium. Dante stepped up in his place to try and assuage the sudden anger in the room, but there was no way he could. Cage indicated for them to follow him off the stage and into a hallway, almost bouncing with each step. Emerson stood waiting for them, and when Cage laid a hand on his shoulder a shiver ran down Abby’s spine.

"Gentlemen," Cage said, grinning still. "I have an experiment to show you. Something," his eyes lingered on Abby, "I have been tinkering with for years now. If you’ll follow me."

Abby half expected them to send her away, but Cage waved for her to follow as well. They all entered the elevator, herself, Cage, Jaha, Wells and Emerson. For his part Emerson seemed extremely uncomfortable, and Abby felt sick satisfaction at the sight. He kept sending Cage odd glances, jaws clenching together. When the elevator dinged and the doors swished open, they all stepped out onto a floor that Abby didn’t recognize. She hadn’t know this floor existed at all, and realized that this must be the hidden floor underneath the Order. What on earth were they doing here,
and why was Cage showing it to them?

Cage approached the only door on the floor and placed his hand on a scanner. A light flicked to green, and then the doors whirred open—heavy, chunky things—and Cage beckoned them inside.

“It was at first my father’s experiment,” Cage told them. “But when he decided he couldn’t do it anymore, I took over. Now, we’ve had many, many failures. But this one, oh boy, this one is the only success.”

The room was dark, save for soft blue light emanating from the ground. The room felt off, like it was pulsing with a life of its own. Abby’s stomach tightened in discomfort.

“I expect complete secrecy about this,” Cage warned. “Or I will not hesitate to execute you.”

Abby felt the sweat on her palms, and licked her dry lips. Cage approached a panel and typed away for a second, and then bright lights flooded the room and Abby had to shield her eyes from the burn. When her vision cleared, she and everyone else lowered their hands and glanced at what Cage had just revealed.

A soft gasp filled the room, from all of them. Abby wasn’t exactly sure what to feel, what to say. Her body felt oddly numb.

In front of them, in a cage made of steel, was a giant white werecreature. Its glowing blue eyes were filled with sorrow.

XxX

Sleep was elusive. Despite the very lack of desire, she did try to eat and sleep least she fall ill. Her family might have left her, but she still had people that worried over her. Such people were currently over at her house, Wells cooking food while Octavia and Bellamy sat with her in the living room. Octavia and her brother were playing some game on Clarke’s really old game console, with Octavia yelling curses and Bellamy telling her to stop swearing. It was nice, actually, to have them over. The place felt warm and full, not quite so cold and empty like it had after Clarke had left to join the army. But there was still a hole in her chest, a gaping wound that would never heal.

A hand rested on her shoulder. She turned to find Wells looking down at her, eyes soft but disapproving. “You’re thinking so loudly that I heard it from the kitchen.” He had Jake’s old apron on, and the sight made Abby’s heart squeeze in pain.

“I’m sorry. I just have a lot on my mind.”

Octavia had paused the game. She was watching them with a frown on her face. “What’s wrong, Mama G?”

The nickname hurt. It sent a kick right to her gut that left her breathless. Bellamy seemed to realize, for he lightly poked Octavia’s side and then whispered something in her ear. Her eyes widened in horror.

“I’m…” Abby cleared her throat. “Cage showed us something today, and I’ve been thinking about it since.”

Wells disappeared into the kitchen for a moment and when he returned the apron was off. “Do you think we should tell them?” he asked.

Abby nodded. “I mean they…” she swallowed. “Raven did discover the floor.”
Bellamy stood from the ground and took a seat beside Abby on the couch. His face was grave and pale. “What did he show you?”

“They have an entire lab down there,” Wells started for her. “Where they’ve been experimenting on werecreatures.”

Octavia sputtered. “They’ve brought those things here? Into Arkadia? What are they thinking?!”

“They’re trying to find easier was to kill and control them,” Abby answered, voice cracking. She cleared her throat. “So far Cage says the weres die slowly, but there’s one that hasn’t died at all, that he’s been experimenting on over the years.” She hated what she was about to say, but it needed to be voiced. “We saw it, Octavia. It looked…” Her voice trailed off and she struggled to find it again.

“In pain,” Wells finished for her. “And very sad. It… it was a very human emotion in its eyes.”

“So, what, we feel sorry for those things now? It’s not like they feel like we do. They’re mindless.”

There was just something about that wolf’s blue eyes that tugged on Abby’s heart, but she couldn’t understand what. It made her think of Clarke and the clawing sorrow returned full force. “Yes,” she whispered. “They took Clarke from us, a lot of people. But I…” She inhaled sharply. “I can’t help feeling that there’s more to this.”

“What does Cage want you to do?” Bellamy asked.

“He wants me to head the new line of experiments he has. He wants a new serum that will work faster with minimal training required.”

Bellamy grunted and looked away. He was furious about the lowered age, as was everyone else. But no one could deny Cage, not when he owned the Order like he did. Even though he claimed it was all to protect humanity, sending their own children to die on the mountain was savage and evil. Abby couldn’t say no to him, though. His threat of violence was very, very real.

“Emerson acted really strange as well,” Abby voiced. “He was quiet, and when I looked at him, he looked…. Well, furious.”

“He growled,” Wells whispered. All eyes snapped to him. “I was standing right next to him, and I thought I heard wrong, but then he… his eyes, they… they changed.”

Abby felt sick. “I think we should continue talking about this later, I’m too tired to process all of this.” They all jumped away, agreeing hurriedly. Wells returned to the kitchen to finish making dinner and Octavia and Bellamy went to set the table. Abby left them all, taking two steps at a time up to her bedroom. She just needed a second to herself, to process everything that had happened, to organize her feelings and hide away those that conflicted with that she needed to force herself to do.

Just before turning into her room, something caught her eye in the street below. She hurried to the window, heart pounding. There, standing across the street, was a tall, hooded figure. Abby could see no face and no features, but the person made a wave of sadness press at her back. She stared, and they watched her, and then her vision blurred with tears and Bellamy found her crumbled on the floor, weeping. He carried her into her bedroom and set her down on the bed. She told him about the person and he went to check, but he informed her that no one was there.

Had the Order hired someone to watch her? It felt as though ice washed through her veins. Even though her grief was overwhelming her, Abby still felt a flutter of fear. If Cage suspected that she wasn’t as willing to follow his orders, he would very easily kill her.
But why did life have to turn out like this?

Chapter End Notes

There are hopefully only a couple more chapters left. Bear with me
A few days, she’d promised herself. She would wait a few days, walk around inconspicuous and figure out what the situation in Arkadia was. Most of the news was really bad, and Clarke had discovered a statue of herself in front of the Order. While it would have made her feel amused any other day, Lexa seemed quite impressed with it (“Clarke, could we perhaps steal it when we return?”

“What? Of course not! How would we even carry it?”

“Have you seen me, Clarke?”

But amusement was the last thing Clarke felt. Her stomach was in knots, her eyes burnt and her skin felt too hot. It had only been a few days, yes, but those days had felt like an eternity.

Lexa glanced up from where she sat on the bed when Clarke entered the hotel room. Her green eyes were wide with wonder and worry, and Clarke spared her a soft smile before collapsing on the bed, throwing her hood to the side.

“Things are really bad here, Lexa,” she muttered into the mattress.

Lexa switched the TV off—which she had been most interested in since they’d arrived. “What did you discover?”

“The owners of the Order, they’ve returned to Arkadia, and they lowered the age of conscription to eleven.” She sat up and rubbed a hand over her sore eyes. It felt like she wanted to cry, but no tears would fall. “Eleven, Lexa. How can they do this?” Clarke felt a hand on her thigh and looked up to see Lexa staring at her.

“What is our plan here, Clarke? We’ve been in this room for days.”

Clarke sighed. “We need to make contact with Wells.” As much as she wanted to meet with her mother, she knew that the smarter option would be Wells. He had always been cool headed, and she had no doubt that he would be on her side. His father wouldn’t be, but Wells was not his father.

Lexa nodded her head in acknowledgement. “When do we meet with this Wells?”

Clarke glanced at the time. It was a little over 9PM, and if she knew Wells, he would be at home in his study, pouring over documents that needed signing. At least, she hoped.

“Right now,” she told Lexa. She recovered her hood and slipped it back on. “Let’s go now, while it’s dark.”

Lexa quietly followed her out the door. The night was surprisingly cold, more so than Clarke ever remembered it being in Arkadia. There weren’t many people in the streets, much to their relief, but for those that were there Clarke and Lexa kept their heads down. They had sunglasses over their eyes, because they glowed in the dark and a human would most likely freak out if they saw them.

Clarke was incredibly nervous as they made their way up Wells’ driveway and around to the back. She didn’t want them to just knock like normal people, because neighbours were a thing and she didn’t want anyone to see them. They passed by Wells’ study and sure enough, the light was on and Wells sat at his desk. Clarke pressed her back to the wall and inhaled deeply. She pulled a phone from her pocket.
“I’m going to call him,” she told Lexa softly. “And tell him.”

Lexa gave her a small nod in encouragement and stood watch beside her, body rigid. Clarke pressed the phone to her ear after typing in Wells’ number, then waited with her breath caught in her throat. She heard his phone ring from the other side of the wall, and then he answered it and she heard the familiar low timbre of his voice.

“Wells Jaha,” he greeted.

Clarke wavered. What if he didn’t accept her, the way she was now? He was, second in command to Jaha who ran the Order below Cage and Dante. Lexa seemed to feel her unease, because she gently took Clarke’s hand and gave it a gentle squeeze. The encouragement was needed, and it gave Clarke the push she needed.

“I knew that you’d always be a workaholic,” she drawled lowly, making sure to keep her tone light and teasing. She heard Wells inhale sharply both through the wall and the phone.

“Who is this?”

Clarke tightened her grip on Lexa. “You know who this is, Wells. I don’t know if it’s safe to say so over the phone. Is this line secure?”

Wells stood, sending his chair scraping against his floor. The sound was loud and uncomfortable in Clarke’s ears. “Is it… is it really you?”

Clarke’s heart throbbed in pain. “Meet me at my statue, tonight. You can see for yourself.” She ended the call without waiting for him to respond, and then she tugged Lexa with her away from his house. Lexa was studying her face.

“Why not simply enter his home?”

Clarke sighed. “I was going to, but I wasn’t sure if it was safe. If he turns against me, he might be able to call for backup.”

“And how sure are you that he won’t, once he’s seen your face?”

She shrugged. “At least we’ll have the chance to run.”

Lexa hummed softly, clearly not impressed, but she at least didn’t press the issue. When they reached the statue, Clarke asked her to linger in the background and watch for anything suspicious. She wanted to do this alone, despite Lexa’s disapproving smile. She gave her a soft kiss to comfort her, but Lexa still didn’t fully leave until a figure appeared on the path ahead and Clarke gently shoved her away.

“Go,” she urged, smothering a laugh. “I’ll be fine.”

Lexa exhaled unhappily. “Just shout, Clarke, and I’ll come running.”

“I will, I promise.”

Lexa disappeared without a sound. Clarke turned back towards the approaching figure. She could catch Wells scent, the familiar one she’d noted back at his home. It was a comforting smell, like leather and clean wood. It was odd for her, to realize that he had a definite scent to him. It was yet another reminder that she was no longer Clarke the Slayer, Clarke the human.
He paused in the shadow of the statue, aware of her still figure by the trees. His body was shaking slightly, and his heart was racing. Clarke resisted the urge to leap out and hug him when she stepped forward and his heart leaped. He was afraid. His scent washed with something bitter and cloying, so Clarke paused quickly and lifted her hands.

“Wells,” she breathed.

His breath stuttered. “Clarke?”

She reached up and touched her fingertips to the glasses. “Yeah, it’s me.” He moved forward, but she stopped him with a lifted hand. “Wait. Before you come any closer, I need to just… well… things have changed.”

His face contorted in confusion. “Of course they’ve changed. Clarke, where have you been? We thought you were dead. All this time… Clarke, you… Clarke?”

Her heart was hammering now. She took the glasses off and swept her hood back, stomach tight with tension. The moment he saw the glow in her eyes, he backed up a step. “Don’t be scared, please,” she begged. “I’m still me.”

Wells furrowed his brows. “What happened to you?”

She wanted to explain everything to him, but there wasn’t enough time. “I can explain that next time. I need your help.”

“My help? Clarke, your mother needs to know that you’re okay, that you’re alive.”

Her chest burned. “I know. But not yet.”

“What did they do to you?”

She smiled and turned away to stare up at the moon. It was brighter than usual, wide in the sky. The sight of it was oddly comforting. “Nothing, Wells. Nothing that wasn’t already there.” She inhaled shakily, wondering if he would leave. If he would look at her with disgust and turn away. But then arms wrapped around her and Wells’ scent filled her senses.

“You’re really alive,” he breathed out, heart thumping. “We missed you so much. I missed you so much.”

Clarke felt tears press at her eyes. She gently returned the hug, aware that she could easily hurt him with her new strength if she wasn’t careful. “I missed you guys too.”

He pulled away, tears wet on his cheeks. “Your eyes, they’re… they’re glowing! And Clarke, when did you get so tall?”

Clarke laughed. She couldn’t help it. It was so bizarre, to see tears on him and the awe on his face at once.

“Whoa, and those teeth!”

She closed her mouth, realizing that he must have seen her sharp fangs—apparently those remained as well. She pulled away from him. “Wells, I came here for the wolves, and for us. We need to stop this war between us.”

“The wolves? What are you saying? I’m sorry I… I don’t understand.” His eyes flicked from her
eyes to her mouth to her hands.

“I’m a wolf,” Clarke admitted gently. “I’m not completely human.”

Wells stared at her. “What?”

She sighed and clasped her hands together. “I can’t shift to show you, not here. But I’m a werewolf. We… we aren’t what humans think we are. This war is based on nothing but hatred and misunderstanding. Lexa and I…” she abruptly stopped, reminded that her mate was out there somewhere. At the mention of her name Lexa appeared from the shadows. She pressed a hand to Clarke’s lower back. “We came here to speak to you, to explain our side. I don’t want this war continuing like this. Not when humans are sending their own children to die, and not when our wolf children are being slaughtered.”

Wells looked between them. His tears had stopped flowing and his brows were connected, creasing the skin between them. “What… what do you want me to do?”

“We need to get the truth out there,” Clarke told him. “And let the civilians fight for what’s right. It won’t happen immediately, I know that, but maybe if we reach some agreement, humans can leave wolves alone, and the two kinds can live in peace.”

Lexa leaned a little closer to her, bringing warmth. “A sense someone close by,” she warned. Clarke stiffened. She could see the odd glow of her eyes in the reflection of Wells, and his face paled when she bared her teeth and snarled. Whoever was close by stank of hatred and anger. “Go, now!” she hissed at Wells. “Tell only those that you trust. I’ll call you again to meet up.” She didn’t wait to see if he would listen. She and Lexa darted into the shadows. Whoever was close by followed them, but they weaved between the trees. Clarke pressed her back to a tree and waited, chest heaving. Her stomach twisted and churned and all around her she could smell nothing but hatred.

A snap of sticks pulled her attention to the right, but a hand caught her from the left and swung her bodily into another tree. She growled and bared her teeth, but then Emerson had his face in front of hers and he was snarling like an animal. Clarke’s entire body went ice cold with shock and then burning hot with anger.

“You,” she growled.

“Yes, me,” Emerson agreed. “How did you return?”

“I could say the same for you.”

He lifted a fist, eyes shining unnaturally in the low light, but then Lexa’s voice cut through the air and Emerson froze.

“Let her go,” Lexa commanded.

A shadow passed over Emerson’s face and he didn’t immediately pull back, but then eventually he release his hold and stepped away, disgust etched into his features. He turned, slowly, purposefully, and faced Lexa with his shoulders still. Lexa studied him carefully and then narrowed her eyes. He approached her, fists shaking at his sides. He paused. Clarke tensed, ready to attack him if he tried to hurt Lexa, but all he did was stare at her. Lexa was looking into his eyes, just as tense as him, just as alert. And then Emerson shot Clarke one more dirty look before disappearing into the shadows.

Once he was gone, emotion slowly filtered into Clarke from Lexa. Shock, astonishment, white hot fury, and then relief. It was an odd mix of emotion to feel all at once, especially when it was coming
from someone else.

Clarke licked her dry lips. “Lexa, what was that? Why did Emerson obey you?”

Lexa’s throat worked as she swallowed. “Luck,” she answered tersely.

Sharp hurt pierced through her. “Luck?”

“Yes,” Lexa insisted. “Do you trust me?”

It took a long second of silently studying Lexa’s face before Clarke finally nodded. “I do.”

“Good. Now, we should head back in case your friend called for backup.”

Lexa was right, so the two of them stealthily made their way back to their hotel. Clarke felt uneasy and jumpy, and she got no sleep that night. In the morning she woke alone in bed, but with a note from Lexa not to worry about her. Clarke still worried.

Halfway through a simple meal, Clarke’s phone began to ring. She stared at the contact I.D, suddenly nauseous. It was Wells.

“Hello?” she finally answered.

“C-Clarke?”

The voice was definitely not Wells.
Chapter 36

Chapter Notes

there is hope after all

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Wells didn’t sleep. He spent the entire night pouring over documents dated a hundred years back. There were no clear records that proved what Clarke was saying, but he started noticing odd details that no one else had thought important. For instance, they considered the weres to be mindless beasts, yet they had armour. It had been such an unknown that the Order had simply decided to ignore its existence which gave credence to the idea that the werewolves must have had some way to understand and build. Wells wondered why this hadn’t been a study of interest, why no one had decided that perhaps they should put their weapons down and open their arms to negotiations. Though, he realized, considering who founded the Order, it wasn’t so hard to figure out.

If Clarke was right, and the werewolves really were people, then this war was all wrong, and the Wallaces were cashing in. The Order was the highest funded government body, and even though the public paid most of their taxes towards the army, Wells had hardly seen that overflow of income actually go towards the Order. It looked fancy enough, sure, but there were many things that could be improved upon. They could have developed sturdier armour years ago, with the money that the Order made. But at the time Wells had never though it prudent to mention, deciding that it was the executives’ responsibility. But he in part led the Order now, preparing for when his father would step down. He needed to do something about this.

Wells only stopped reading through old squad reports when the early morning light spilled in through his bedroom curtains. It was then that it truly dawned on him. The document in his hand slipped through his fingertips, swishing softly on the wooden floor beneath him. He leaned forward and gripped the cold surface of his desk, eyes wide, chest heaving.

“Clarke is alive,” he said, astonished. The tears rushed up and out of him. Warmth streamed down his face and puddled on his desk. He didn’t force himself to stop crying. Her curled up, head under his arms, and sobbed for the grief he had shoved away in order to lead. The pain and guilt washed over him in waves and waves, and then steadily, slowly, it all ebbed away until nothing but a single realization remained. Clarke was alive. She was different. She was… something else, but she was back. “She’s back!” He bolted upright, body quivering with emotion. Abby needed to know!

He wasn’t sure who knew what in the higher ups, but out of all people, even if she knew the truth, Abby would not betray Clarke. She would not have betrayed Jake, either. Wells was certain of this. He grabbed his coat and dashed for the door, hurriedly dialling Octavia first. When she picked up, he urged her to head over to Abby with her brother. Considering the suspicions they had held since Clarke had been declared killed in action, Octavia didn’t argue with him and hung up with a firm acknowledgement. Wells’ body felt tight with tension as he made his way over to Abby’s, hoping she was still at home. Lately she hardly slept, and who could blame her? She still thought her only daughter was dead, and the men that had ordered it were demanding more and more from her.

Wells knocked impatiently on Abby’s front door and waited for her to answer. He tapped his foot, eyes darting around. When she finally answered she was dishevelled and confused, but obviously
still half asleep. She was in her lab uniform, though, so she had most likely fallen asleep at her desk.

“Wells?”

He gently pushed past her. “There’s something I need to tell you. Something that you won’t believe.”

She furrowed her brows and moved to shut the door, but then Octavia and Bellamy arrived and hurried up the driveway. “Wells!” Octavia called out. “We came as fast as possible.”

Bellamy’s hair was still all over the place and his signature glare told Wells that he wasn’t happy about being woken up for this. “It better be something life threatening,” he grumbled.

Abby shut the door. “Um, I can make breakfast quickly if you don’t mind waiting?”

Wells waved his hands and shook his head. “That can wait. This can’t.” They watched him, waiting. Now that the focus was solely on him, he wasn’t sure how to say it. Would they believe him? There was no way for him to give them physical proof, not unless he called Clarke and asked her to join them. He doubted Clarke would. Despite how desperately she had seemed to want to see her mother, there was something more important she needed to do. Not to mention the strange woman she was with. Wells steeled his nerves and clenched his hands into tight fists. “Clarke is alive.”

Abby’s eyes widened. “Wh-what?”

Octavia rushed forward. “How do you know? Is she locked up somewhere? Tell us!”

Wells swallowed thickly. “She called me last night,” he explained. “And we met by her statue. She… Abby, she’s fine. She’s alive and healthy, but more importantly, she came back on her own free will.”

Abby covered her mouth with a hand, face pale.

“Wait, came back?” Bellamy asked. “Back from where?”

Wells wasn’t sure if Clarke wanted him to tell them. He decided that it wasn’t his secret to reveal, even if he wasn’t entirely convinced of it himself yet. It was only Clarke’s unnaturally blue eyes, a colour he had never seen before, that made him believe what Clarke was telling him. “Why not ask her yourself?” he asked, pulling his phone out. He found the number from the night before and hit call, then put it on speaker. They all crowded around the phone as it rang.

“Hello?” Clarke’s voice, clear and crisp, spilled from the phone’s speakers.

“C-Clarke?” Abby choked out. Her tears were falling readily then, spilling and dripping from her chin.

A pause. “Mom?” A sigh. “Wells, did you tell her?”

“Tell her what, Clarke?” Bellamy asked. He had tears in his eyes as well.

“Who is with you right now?” Clarke asked.

“I’m here with Octavia, Bellamy and your mom,” Wells answered. “I couldn’t not tell them, Clarke. They needed to know that you’re alive.”

“No, I understand. I would have told them myself, in person, but I… there is something I have to do first.”
Octavia was clutching Bellamy’s arm, holding back her tears. “Where have you been all this time, Clarke? We thought you were dead! We had a funeral!”

“You didn’t tell them?” Clarke asked.

Wells felt all eyes on him, demanding an explanation. But he shook his head. “No, not everything. Just that you’re here.”


Abby sucked in a heavy breath but cleared the tears from her face. All of them could see Abby physically pull herself together. Wells had always been humbled by Abby’s strength, and he was more so now. “I’m here Clarke.” She took the phone from Wells’ hands and took the call off of speaker. They knew it was their cue to leave, so they headed into the living room to give her some space.

Chapter End Notes

please consider leaving a nice comment, as I am very down about this fic and could really use the support/enthusiasm! Thank you so much for reading.
okay I should really be sleeping because today was really rough at work, had a shit ton of stuff to do, but I really wanted to get this out. Enjoy!

Clarke had called it *The Order*, but it felt chaotic in its malevolence. Naturally the humans couldn’t sense it on the surface, but Lexa could. She sat beside Clarke’s statue, face hidden by a hood as she stared up at the large building that housed the human army. Without resisting it Lexa’s lip curled back over sharp teeth. It didn’t *feel* good, not at all. No wonder humans were so wicked to each other, so easy to stab each other in the back. This entire city felt sick, like it was festering on the inside. Lexa wondered if perhaps Arkadia hadn’t been built atop a stone mine, which would explain the weird flow of energy in the air. Clarke hadn’t seemed all that bothered by it, but that was probably because she was used to it.

No wonder wolves that returned always refused to go back. Lexa clenched her hands into fists. She should wait for Clarke, she knew that. Clarke wouldn’t want her to barrel in there with no concrete plan, no idea how she would complete her mission. Lexa bit down on her tongue and tasted blood. *For Clarke, I need to do this,* she told herself. *For all wolves.*

Lexa stood and headed for the Order.

Surprisingly, no one stopped her at reception. People were running around looking hurried, so Lexa took that as her chance and slipped away towards the elevator. Within the Order the sickening, clawing feeling of hatred and evil scrubbed at her skin, making Lexa’s pulse beat hard in her ears. There was no doubt, there were stones here, and many of them. So infused with centuries of hatred they were, that Lexa knew they would be red. Not pink, and definitely not blue.

Among the other energies, there was one that immediately caught Lexa’s attention. It was what she had been looking for, and feeling it made her heart squeeze hard. Her stomach rolled and she bit back the bile in her throat. If this… if it really was what Lexa thought, then the humans would pay. Forget ending the war, Lexa would use her bare hands to reduce the human populace to nothing. Her fury consumed her so fully that she no longer cared about her surroundings. The energy, the familiar scent, it came from beneath. She took the elevator down to the lowest floor, yet she was still too high. She snarled in anger and paced a hallway, mind racing for ways to dig her way through the ground.

“Hey, who are you?”

She whirled at the sound of the voice. It was a human male, garbed in the uniform Clarke was so fond of. He had a badge on his left shoulder, but he smelt of nerves and fear. Lexa straightened and watched him critically.

“I appear to be lost,” she told him. Her accent was nothing like his, and he clearly noted.

“Civilians are not permitted to wander through the lower levels,” he informed her stiffly, taking very
tentative steps forward. “Can I have your name?”

Lexa rolled her shoulders gently, knuckles cracking. Her claws grew out and her teeth extended in her mouth. Her muscles bulged slightly with transformation, ready for a fight. The human had his hand at his hip, and his eyes kept flicking over Lexa’s shoulder. She didn’t need that little giveaway to know that two humans were slowly approaching at her back. She could smell them, the pungent stink of testosterone and excitement. It made her nose wrinkle in disgust.

“My name is not important,” she told him, levelling her gaze with his. “I merely came here to take back what was stolen.”

The male forced a smile. “I can assure you, we’ve taken nothing of yours.”

Lexa felt him, a soft presence on the edge of her mind. The realization that he was there, that he knew she was close by made her entire body quiver in white, hot fury. All worries of Clarke and justice and right fled from her mind. He was there and he was near, and she would die trying to free him.

“Oh, I disagree,” she snarled inhumanly. The man stopped his advance, eyes wide in horror. She let her hood tip back, exposing her darker skin, glowing green eyes and slightly pointed ears. She’d let them grow out, just for an extra flare of drama. Clarke was right—Lexa was a drama queen.

“What the—?”

Lexa ducked just as a man lunged for her from behind, and ripped his throat out with her claws. When he thudded to the ground she felt a bite of pain at her side and swivelled, saving her gut from the hunter’s blade. She snarled again, feeling trapped in clothing. So she did what came naturally to her. She jumped into the air, avoiding another swing of the man’s red blade, and then transformed in a huge burst of steam. It caught them by surprise and Lexa managed to rip the second man’s head off. The first, the one that had spoken to her, was on his backside on the floor. He frantically tried to crawl away, a puddle below him and terror on his face. Lexa roared in delighted fury and licked her blood soaked lips. He scrambled onto his feet, but then she leapt and slammed on top of him. She didn’t kill him, not yet. She lowered herself until she could snarl into his ear.

_Take me to your lowest level, _she growled into his mind. _Now._

The man whimpered, shaking. “Okay, fine! Fine! Just, please, don’t kill me.”

Lexa shifted back and pulled the man onto his feet. He stared at her in complete confusion, that she could change from beast to man. But she didn’t give him a chance to ponder it. She roughly shoved him towards the elevator, not caring about her nudity and him too terrified to notice.

“Go,” she growled. “Lead me.”

He entered the elevator, openly crying. He pulled a key card from around his neck and flipped open a hidden panel. Only once he’d slipped it in and punched in a specific code did the elevator finally slide lower. The overwhelming power of stones threatened to bend Lexa to her knees, but she clutched desperately to that small slither of home, the line of energy that gave her strength back. When the doors swished open she ordered the man to unlock the heavy metal door before them.

_Lexa…_ the voice flitted through her mind, rough and tired but laced with relief. _Don’t… Lexa…_

Lexa clenched her teeth hard. _I’m here to free you, _she sent to him, putting as much confidence and strength into the thought as she could. The human fumbled at the panel for a long moment, sweating so profusely that Lexa’s nose wrinkled in disgust.
“What’s taking so long?” She stepped in closer, teeth bared.

“I… I can’t…” He swallowed, throat bobbing. “I can only access this floor, not this room. I… my clearance isn’t…”

Lexa growled and smashed a fist into the wall, satisfied when the concrete gave way. The man jumped in fright. “I don’t care. Do it, now.”

He nodded. “Wh-what are you?”

Lexa’s sensitive hearing caught the sound of the door’s mechanisms churning, but before she could turn to see what the man had done, the heavy door whirred open and a second human male appeared before her. He was dressed smartly, with hair combed back and his skin fresh and clean. He looked startled for a short second, staring at the sobbing male, then at Lexa, who stood naked but tall, defiant. He didn’t look surprised.

“Oh boy,” he sighed, lifting his wrist to look at a gold device attached to it. “I do not have time for this.”

His dismissal, his absolute lack of fear in her presence made Lexa feel a blind fury the likes of which she had never felt before. This, she realized, was the pure hatred her people held for humans. In this one, cold instant, she understood what her people had felt for years. Lexa wanted to rip him to pieces, watch the light leave his eyes as his blood poured out on the ground. But then he pulled a device from his pocket, flipped a switch and Lexa’s vision went white. A long, shrill ring made her eardrums feel ready to burst. She didn’t even feel it when she hit the ground.

When the sound finally faded and her vision cleared, Lexa found herself shifted, crumbled on a soft bed of grass. It took a moment to realize that there were people around her, and they were in part screaming in terror and screaming at her in anger. She got onto all fours, sucking in air through parted lips.

“Kill it!” someone was yelling, somewhere to her right.

“No!” another voice, a little closer. “We have orders to capture it alive!”

Lexa wanted to mouth back, but her body still felt too numb, too weak. It took all her strength just to stand there the way she was. Where was she? What on earth had happened? When the humans around her, who she assumed to be hunters, converged on her, she could only collapse and endure the pain as they hit her with something that buzzed and sizzled like fire across her skin. Her nails scratched into the grass, pulling out chunks of it, but that didn’t stop them and neither did the soft whimper she released without being able to stop it.

XxX

Clarke could sit there forever, just listening to her mother’s heartbeat. She knew Abby had taken the phone and walked away from the others, but they hadn’t said much more. Clarke wasn’t really sure what to say, really.

“Hey mom, I know you thought I was dead like, ten minutes ago, but surprise! I’m not! OH and I’m totally a werewolf, dad was the previous Alpha and I’m banging the new Alpha. Quite a few months, am I right?”

Just the thought made her lips twitch. This was no time to smile, though. There was too much to say and not the right words say. Clarke sucked in a shaky breath and forced her grip on the phone to ease. “I’m sorry,” she said firstly, “for disappearing the way I did. It… wasn’t planned, and I
couldn’t exactly come back on a whim. But I’m still sorry, mom. For making you cry over me like you did for dad.”

There was a sharp intake of air. “Oh Clarke, baby, I don’t… what’s going on? Where have you been all this time?”

Clarke closed her eyes. “I wish I could tell you now, mom, but I can’t. Please trust me.”

“I’ve always trusted you, Clarke. Could you at least tell me one thing?”

Clarke’s tummy pulled taut. “I can try.”

“Are you… well? Healthy? Happy?” She paused. “Safe?”

She released the short breath she had been holding. “Yes,” she answered. “I’m fine, mom. Actually, more than fine.” She thought about Lexa then and found herself smiling. And that thought reminded her that Lexa had disappeared, which really wasn’t a good thing, considering that Lexa was quite an intimidating figure and she sure as hell didn’t fit in with the people of Arkadia. Just one wrong move and people would realize she was different. “Look, I’m here because this war needs to stop. I have some things I need to do, and after that can we meet?”

“Of course. As much as I wish you’d came back to me now, I trust you. Have you… do you know about the new conscription measure?”

Clarke bit down on her lip. “I do. Mom, this war is all wrong. It really needs to stop.”

“What do you need me to do?”

Clarke felt a little taken aback at her mother’s easy acceptance, her eagerness to help. It was probably due to her grief, but Clarke was hard pressed to take whatever help she could, even if she felt insanely bad for asking her mother to help in this situation. Though, she knew, Abby was the most equipped to actually help. Maybe she should really go and see her, as much as the thought absolutely terrified her. She knew Abby would immediately notice her physical differences, but she also knew Abby wouldn’t mention them until the time was right. Clarke opened her mouth, preparing to ask Abby if they could meet, when she heard a commotion in the background.

“Abby!” It was Bellamy.

“What is it?” Wells demanded, stress in his voice.

“HQ,” Bellamy answered, sombre. “There’s been an attack.”

Abby pulled the phone away from her face, but Clarke could still hear them clearly. “What attack? Where?”

“At Clarke’s statue,” Bellamy was saying. “Somehow a were got into the city. They’ve taken it down.”

Clarke’s blood ran cold. “Bellamy!” she shouted. “What are the details?”

Bellamy stepped closer to the phone. “What do you want to know?”

“What… what did they look like?”

“Uh, dark fur. Apparently it was really big. Why? Clarke, what’s wrong?”
Clarke nearly smashed the phone in her hand. She rushed to the nearby TV and switched it on, and sure enough, there was news coverage. It was Lexa. *Good god* it was Lexa. She was on the ground, surrounded by about fifteen hunters, all hitting her with electric staffs. She seemed so out of it that she barely even responded, and yet the people reporting it were acting like Lexa was rampaging through the streets. Naturally people were terrified, but this was ridiculous. Before the anger and fear could take over and cloud her mind, Clarke made a decision.

“Mom.” She waited for Abby to return to the phone. “I’m coming over. Are you still at home?”

Everyone was silent for a long second, and then finally Wells answered. “Yes. We’ll be waiting.”

Clarke ended the call after that. She pulled a hood over her face and left her hotel room, chest rock hard with something entirely too familiar.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading! Can I just give a huge thank you to every single person that left a comment. You guys have no idea how much you've saved this fic, and made me hold back tears. It's actually thanks to some of you that I now have an entirely new arc planned. I got some really good ideas from you guys, so thank you, really! I think this last arc is now gonna be longer than I had planned. And there are still a few huge reveals, but those are now pushed back a little in favour of this new plot direction. Yes, Lexa is caught. You can bet your sweet asses that Clarke is mad af and she's a bad ass mother fucker that's gonna absolutely wreck anyone that gets between her and finding Lexa. Phew. Okay, lemme get my overly exhausted ass to bed.
Chapter 38

Abby never heard the knock on the door, but she sensed Clarke close by and turned in time to see a tall figure fill the back doorway. For a sharp second her mind raced back to before Clarke had even been born, and the word *Jake* rested on the tip of her tongue. But then a hood was thrown back and messy blonde hair tumbled over broad shoulders, and Abby was staring up into her daughter's face. She had a pair of glasses over her eyes, but Abby felt the power of her gaze. She could hardly breathe or think or feel, but then she was moving forward and Clarke's arms opened, and then she was breathing in the familiar scent of *Clarke* and all her sorrow washed away.

“Hey mom,” Clarke whispered against her ear. “It's me. I'm okay.”

Abby nearly crushed her in a hug, but Clarke didn’t seem to mind. She was much taller than Abby remembered, much firmer too. Her arms were more muscular than Abby had ever seen them. But Clarke didn’t give her a moment to really ask any questions. She gently pulled Abby away from her and then stepped towards Wells.

“Can we talk?” she asked him.

Abby wiped a hand over her wet cheeks. “Clarke?” She shakily reached out and took Clarke’s hand. Her skin was warm. Alarmingly warm. “Clarke, where have you been all this time? Why couldn’t you tell me you were fine?”

Clarke turned to look at her again. Her lips were quivering. “Mom.” So much emotion in just one word. “I can’t…” she cleared her throat.

“Can’t what?” Bellamy barked out. “Do you have any idea what it’s been like for all of us, thinking you were dead?”

Clarke straightened slightly as she stared at Bellamy. “I can guess. I don’t have time to explain everything now. But I will, I promise. I was taken in by the wolves, and I’m alive. Emerson left me to them and fled. That’s as much as I can tell you now. Please, I need to speak to Wells.”

Reluctantly Abby let her go. Wells gave her an apologetic look, but he didn’t seem at all surprised by Clarke’s need to talk to him. He gestured for her to follow him, and then they disappeared down the hallway. As soon as a door shut behind them, Abby’s shoulders slumped. A pressure she hadn’t realized was upon her lifted slightly. Clarke’s presence had changed. *Clarke* had changed.

A hand slipped into her own.

“Are you alright?” Octavia asked gently. Her eyes were afire with anger, but Abby didn’t have the energy to talk her out of whatever she was prepared to do.

“As fine as can be expected, all things considered.” She shakily dropped down onto the couch. “I think I just need a moment. I need… I just need Clarke.”

Bellamy snorted. “She looks plenty fine to me. Too fine. What the hell was she doing until now?”

Octavia stood and faced him. Abby couldn’t see her expression, but her voice was tight and venomous. “I’m going to find out,” she said. “Even if I have to smack her around a bit.”

XxX
“Wells, they have her,” Clarke blurted the second the door shut behind them. She snatched the glasses off her face.

“That woman you were with?”

“Yes. Lexa. My… my mate.” Her chest tightened and her voice wavered. “I love her, Wells. More than anything. And they have her.”

Wells took a seat on the nearby bed and clasped his hands together. “I’ve never seen us keep live were before, but I could—”

“Wolves,” Clarke corrected him. “We are wolves. Not were, not beasts, not creatures. We are wolves.”

Wells’ skin darkened slightly. “Sorry, Clarke. This’ll take some getting used to.” He sighed. “I think I might know where Cage might be keeping her, but you’ll need to get into the secret level of the Order.”

“Secret floor?” Clarke started pacing. Her limbs were filled with restless energy and her muscles ached. She wanted nothing more than to shift and howl up at the sky. This was painful, resisting her natural urge to shift.

“Yes. Raven managed to find records of a secret floor beneath the Order, but before we could really find it ourselves Cage took us down there. He had wolves there. I think he might keep Lexa there as well.”

Clarke felt her ears shift and change. Her hands began to resemble claws and her tail grew out. “I have to change,” she gasped out, skin itching. “I can’t…” She tore her clothes off, heart pounding, teeth clenched together. The anger was too much, taking too much of her. She forgot Wells and her mom and everyone else, and revelled in the burning stretch as her body changed. When the steam finally cleared, Wells was staring up at her in shock.

_I’m sorry_, she spoke into his mind. _I just… I got really angry. I’m not that good at controlling the change yet._

Wells’ fists were pale as he gripped the blanket cover. He swallowed loudly and scooted back on the bed. “Is this what you are?” he asked tentatively.

Clarke dropped down onto her belly so that she wasn’t so tall and nodded her huge head. She ran a tongue over her long fangs. _I told you, I’m a wolf._

Wells exhaled. “Holy shit. You were… this is real. Are all wolves like this, then?”

_Yes. We’re all people. The small ones, Wells? The small wolves? They’re children. Remember the group of them that was slaughtered? We killed a village of children. Some were as young as two years old. We are terrible murderers, just as much as them._

Wells wiped a hand over his face. It took a long moment of silent contemplation before he finally lifted his head and spoke. “Okay. You… you calm down and change back, and I’ll go and talk to Abby. What can I tell her, and what can’t I?”

Don’t tell her about this yet, please. Just give her the very basics.

Wells nodded. “Okay. We’ll get your mate back, Clarke. I promise.”
He left the room, smelling strongly of confusion, adrenalin and oddly, relief. Clarke stood and paced some more, enjoying being back in her wolf body. She didn’t want to shift back, but knew that she had to. When she finally did, she dressed back into what was left of her clothes. Unfortunately the sunglasses she had been using were smashed, so there was no hiding her eyes anymore. She was just about to leave the room when the door suddenly flew open and Octavia burst inside, eyes wide with fury. Clarke bared her teeth a second before she realized who it was, but by then it was too late. Octavia saw her eyes, the teeth and the claws and she froze. Her mouth opened but she said nothing.

“Octavia?” Clarke asked. She forced her claws to go away and sighed when they did. There was nothing she could do about her eyes and teeth, though. “Whatever you want to beat out of me, I promise you can do it later. We don’t have the time.” She walked up to Octavia and put a hand on her shoulder. “Just ignore how odd I look, okay?”

Octavia swallowed and her expression darkened. “Promise you’ll explain it? Everything?”

Clarke smiled. “Promise.”

Octavia pushed away from her. She smelt like fear and doubt, but she left it and hurried down the hallway. Clarke followed, heart in her throat. Wells was standing by her mother in the hallway, whispering softly to her. When Abby heard the sound of her footsteps, her head shot up. Clarke knew the instant Abby noticed her eyes. Her heart squeezed and her stomach dropped, but she didn’t stop until she was by them. Abby stared at her.

“I told her the situation,” Wells told her. “We have a plan.”

Clarke took a short breath. She wanted to reach out and hold her mother again, but she stopped herself. It hurt too much, to wonder if Abby was repulsed by her. So she was surprised when Abby grabbed her chin and pulled her face down to study her eyes closely. She didn’t say anything, just stared into them, and then she let go and grabbed hold of Clarke’s hand. Her fingers were quivering, but she held on firmly.

“They look familiar,” Abby told her softly. She smiled, and it was the saddest thing Clarke had ever seen. “They look like your father’s.”
Raven was woken by a heavy arm draped over her chest. Her eyes fluttered open and she squinted up at the ceiling, momentarily confused and entirely unsure of where she was. Then a loud snore blasted into her ear and she remembered everything with crisp clarity.

Right. She was with the wolves.

Anya could snore really fucking loud. Raven knew this, because since Clarke had left, both she and Anya had silently agreed that they liked each other’s company and that perhaps sharing a bed wasn’t so bad. Plus, there was that whole imprinting thing. Raven could literally hear Anya’s thoughts. Sharing the same sleeping space didn’t seem so intimate in comparison. But Anya could truly blow the roof off with her nose Olympics, so Raven scrambled out of bed, wincing at the tenderness in her leg, and left the home they had settled in to walk in the sunlight.

All around her wolves were bustling about. They were in Polis, which seemed to be the most populated area in wolf land. This was where most of the trading happened, where hunters went to trade their meats with the farmers, and where the soldiers trained and children played. Raven often found herself blown away when she walked through the market and saw these… people. She had spent so much of her life and energy thinking that these people were murderous, blood thirsty monsters. It hurt a lot to realize that they weren’t. It also struck her as odd that the wolves didn’t jump at the chance to rip her throat out. She knew plenty of them wanted to, from their disgusted looks whenever she walked in the daylight. Anya’s presence usually warded them off, though. And speaking of…

“You shouldn’t walk around on your own,” Anya growled softly at her side, glaring at a huge man that was staring Raven up and down. “What if something happened?”

Raven sighed. “I’m not a child, Anya. I can fend for myself.”

“In a whole market of wolves? Even our elderly are more deadly than your strongest human.”

“Well, I’m a new sort of human, so I’d like to think I could take on everyone here.”

Anya snorted softly, maybe in amusement, maybe because she thought Raven was an idiot. She wasn’t entirely sure. “No fighting happens here,” she stated. “We respect the market. If we fight, we do so in the trees.”

“Like, you climb the trees to fight? How does that even work?”

To Raven’s complete surprise, Anya barked out a quick laugh. She stopped immediately, eyes slightly wide, almost shocked with herself. She slowly broke into a wide, lazy grin. “No, we fight within the forest, not in the trees.”

“Oh.” Raven laughed aloud. “Makes more sense then. You guys are wolves, not cats.”

Anya wrinkled her nose then. The sight was so adorable that for a moment, Raven forgot how to think or breathe or walk. She stumbled on something and Anya dove forward to clasp her elbow and draw her closer, preventing a nasty fall. Raven pressed her hands to Anya’s chest on pure instinct.
“Careful,” Anya breathed softly.

Raven swallowed. “Sorry.”

Where Anya touched her felt like fire, and it lit a warmth deep in her chest and a wanting in her belly. Before Anya could pull her hand away, Raven slipped their palms together and intertwined their fingers. Wolves stared. Anya blinked.

“Are you hungry?” Anya asked, voice lower and breathier than usual. Raven could feel her hurried heartbeat right underneath her skin.

She felt herself smiling. “Yes, actually. What do you have in mind?”

XxX

Anya liked to show off. In her opinion, it was simply displaying her desirable attributes, though she had assumed that she would one day act like this when she found a wolf mate. Doing this for a human was… a little odd. She still did it, but a voice in her head kept reminding her that humans and wolves were too different. When she caught another rabbit between her teeth and killed it swiftly, she decided to shove that voice aside and return to where she had left Raven. To her delight, Raven had built a strong fire in her absence.

You managed it, Anya told her with an impressed huff. I expected you to struggle.

Raven plopped down on the ground, grinning smugly. “Who, me? Excuse you, but I’m awesome. Making a fire was a piece of cake.”

Anya dropped the second rabbit down by Raven’s feed. Can you skin it?

Raven turned visibly green, but her jaw muscles bunched up and she looked like she was about to nod. Anya took pity on her and shifted with a below of steam, interrupting Raven’s probable lie.

“I’ll do it, little one,” Anya said. “You just sit there and look pretty.”

She used her claws and started skinning the rabbits’ small bodies. Raven was staring at her with an odd little grin.

“I was going to get offended by you calling me little,” she started, eyes shining with mischief. Anya’s belly clenched. “But then you called me pretty.”

She felt her face heat up. “I didn’t.” She had.

“You so did. Don’t lie.”

“I don’t lie.”

“You literally called me pretty, you muscled amazon.”

Anya snorted softly. “It appears we are terrible at insulting each other.” She lifted her eyes from the bloody work in her hands and caught Raven studying her body, which was, she realized, still nude. Raven flushed and glanced away. Her attention only made Anya want to puff her chest out, though, but she smothered the impulse. She quickly pulled her clothes on, careful not to mess them with blood. “And you are.”

“I am what?”
Her smile faded away and she finished pulling the guts out. She tossed them aside and spiked the rabbits on a thick stick, which she placed over the open fire. “Pretty,” she answered. “Actually, no. You’re beautiful.”

She didn’t need superior hearing to know that Raven’s heart was thundering. Before she knew it, Raven was suddenly at her side, a soft hand on her cheek.

“Why do I feel so much for you already?” she whispered, staring openly into Anya’s eyes. Anya’s heart jumped up into her throat, made her gulp loudly.

“I feel it too.”

The kiss wasn’t entirely unexpected, but it was wanted. One of them groaned into it, neither really sure who. Anya felt weak and strengthened at the same time. Was this what Lexa felt for her mate? Did Clarke render Lexa this speechless, this… weak? Did Clarke make Lexa’s knees shake and her heart squeeze? Anya wanted to shout in frustration, but most of her simply wanted to touch Raven. Her kiss was fire and electricity all in one. Anya reached out to grasp Raven’s soft cheeks. Raven pulled away with a scream and stumbled onto her backside.

“Anya!”

Anya opened her eyes, confused. “What?” Raven pointed at her hands, and so she stared at them. Realization dawned. “Oh fuck.”

“Yes, oh fuck. You gorgeous, dumb wolf.”

Anya felt amusement rush through her. In their sudden moment of passion, she had completely forgotten that her fingers were coated in blood, fur and guts. She grimaced and started laughing at the same time.

“What? I think you look pretty with rabbit shit on your face.”

Raven narrowed her eyes and her cheeks darkened visibly where they were not smeared with blood. “Anya, I will fight you.”

“Fight me, little one? You can’t even hunt for a rabbit.”

“That doesn’t even matter! We could have just taken meat from the market. Why’d you need to drag me out here in the asscrack of the fucking forest to hunt goddamn rabbits?”

Anya desperately tried to hold her laughter at bay. A few chuckles spilled out anyway. “Raven, I cannot take you seriously right now.”

Raven heaved a great sigh of frustration. “Fine. We’re going to wrestle. Right now. I’m kicking your muscled ass.”

Raven started crawling forward. Anya had been on her knees, so she sat down on her backside and watched in amusement as Raven advanced on her. When she was close enough, she pounced and Anya found herself staring up at the canopy of leaves above them. Raven hovered over her, a hand on the ground to each side of Anya’s head. She was smirking.

“Who has who pinned down now, bitch?”

Anya wrinkled her nose. “You stink of blood.”
“And whose fault is that?”

Raven looked upset and ruffled and indignant, and Anya was suddenly struck hard by an emotion she didn’t normally feel—peace. Little bits of happiness bubbled up inside of her, and she realized that without a doubt, she wanted to love Raven. She wanted this little human to be by her side and love her until their dying breaths. This realization made her grin melt away, made their heartbeats pound away in her ears. Even Raven seemed to sense the change in her mood, because her angry muttering died down and her eyes filled with something soft. They stared at each other for a long while, saying nothing. Raven started leaning in.

“You are not kissing me with rabbit entrails on your face.”

Moment broken, Raven rolled off of her, sighing in anger. “Fine. Direct me to the nearest body of water.”

Anya pointed. Raven disappeared, leaving Anya to collect the rest of her composure and watch the meat. When Raven returned, they ate in silence, but sitting close together. She at least wasn’t genuinely upset with Anya, and in fact the ordeal seemed to have pulled them closer together. The silence was nice, peaceful. Anya felt completely lulled and comforted by it. When the meat was consumed and Raven breathed a sigh of content, Anya decided to lay down beneath an old tree, and Raven joined her. Anya took the time to think.

“What’re you thinking about?” Raven asked her.

“Things.”

“What things?”

Anya glanced at her, a brow raised. “You won’t stop asking, will you?”

“Nope.”

She sighed. “I’m worried about the Alpha. About their safety back in the human city.”

Raven scooted a little closer. “Yeah, me too. I didn’t want to stay. I still think I should have gone with them. Things in Arkadia changed a lot since Clarke disappeared.”

Anya allowed silence to fill the space between them. An idea started forming, one that she knew she should have ignored the second it materialized. But her gut was telling her to consider it, and then Raven sat up with a start and looked at her, eyes wide and filled with excitement.

“We should—"

“Sneak out and join them?”

Raven paused. “You had the same idea, huh?”

“I did.”

She stared up at the green leaves. A gentle breeze made the branches sway and dance. She inhaled the sweet scent of clean air. “The only way you could make it down the mountain without dying, would be by doing so with me. My body heat will keep you warm enough.”

“You’d really sneak out with me?”

Anya sat up and brushed grass out of her hair. “Yes. I think both Lexa and Clarke might need us.
And if they don’t, we can always came back.”

Neither made mention of the fact that Raven coming back wasn’t a definite, but was expected. Anya watched her face, the careful deliberation there.

“Ohay,” Raven finally said. “I’m in. Let’s do it.”

Anya grinned. This was a very bad idea. But then, she wasn’t really known for keeping out of trouble anyway.

Chapter End Notes

*insert GIF of Homer Simpson slowly receding into the bushes*
Chapter 40

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Lexa woke to an awful pounding at the base of her skull. Pain pierced her right behind her eyes, and she groaned lowly as she shuffled her limbs and forced herself to sit up. The floor felt cold and hard below her, and the air smelt sterile and stale. She forced her eyes open and wrinkled her nose in disgust.

Where am I?

For a long moment she couldn’t remember much. She must have been in a fight, because she ached all over. She was also nude, so she must have shifted before falling unconscious. But why…? Her head snapped up at the sound of chains, and then a familiar scent filled her nose and her breath got stuck in her throat. He was smiling at her, inside a cage with see-through walls. Lexa’s heart throbbed in her throat and she scrambled onto her knees. She barely even felt the pull of chains around her body as she surged forward, smacking hard into the glass that separated them.

“Lexa,” he breathed, eyes filled with sorrow. “You shouldn’t have come here.”

She swallowed hard. “You…” Her eyes filled with tears. “You’re alive.”

Jake chuckled softly and let his head fall back. “I wouldn’t call this alive.”

Lexa’s mind was racing. She had caught his scent earlier, when she had stupidly decided to try and find him on her own. It was still a little surreal to see that he was actually still alive. She realized then that she had underestimated the humans, and that she probably should have gone to Clarke. They could have come up with a plan to infiltrate the Order. Now Lexa was captured, and if they had kept Jake here for so long, then there was no getting out. She didn’t let the sudden heavy doubt weigh her down, though. She planted herself firmly against the glass.

“Is there a way out?”

Jake moved closer then, into brighter light. He had thick, heavy metal collars around his throat, wrists and ankles. Attached to them and spiralling into rings set firmly in the concrete of the wall, were heavy chains. Lexa was held much the same. She could sense red stones imbedded within the metal, and it made her skin itch and her head pound.

“I’ve tried,” he told her sadly. He placed his hand against the glass, and she hurried to press hers there as well. His fingers were much longer.

“Jake, you… we’ve all missed you so much. All of the packs. The wolves need you. I’ve tried my best to lead them the way I thought you would, but the humans have found a way to fuse themselves with the stones. They made it across the mountain.”

Jake’s face clouded over with something dark. “I feared this would happen. Cage has been experimenting for a long time. He’s more interested in himself, though. I doubt he would let his hunters kill all wolffkind. If he did, what would be left for them to fear?”

Lexa let her claws grow out and scratch deep marks into the glass. “I will get us out of here,” she promised with a growl. “You belong with your family. With Clarke.”
His eyes widened at the mention of her name. He surged forward, pressing his forehead to the glass.
“Clarke is alive?”

Lexa’s heart ached. Had that wretched human told Jake that his only daughter had died? “Yes,” she breathed. “Very alive. And well. We came back together.”

Jake studied her carefully, seeming almost suspicious. Lexa was shocked to realize that she wanted to shy away from his gaze, squirm in discomfort. She may have been Alpha since he had disappeared, but he was still the Alpha. Lexa fully understood where Clarke got her presence from. Jake was an impossibly powerful wolf. How a human had managed to keep him locked up, she would never understand.

“You are involved with my daughter,” Jake finally said.

Lexa looked away, cheeks reddening. He hadn’t been asking. It was a smart deduction. Had he sensed the affection in her voice? Maybe the change in her scent? He was Alpha, after all. Of course he would notice. With nowhere else to truly look, she felt submission wash over her and sunk down to her hands and knees. She pressed her forehead to the ground, teeth clenched tight. Jake was the only person she would ever bow to. It didn’t help that he was using his presence to make her submit—probably subconsciously.

“Yes, Alpha,” she admitted shakily.

Jake released a puff of a breath. “I’m no longer Alpha, Lexa. Lift yourself.”

The pressure eased off and she sat up fully, back ramrod straight. “You don’t disapprove?”

He lifted a brow and for a moment he looked so much like Clarke. She definitely inherited a lot from him, and Lexa’s chest swelled with love both for her foster father and her mate. “Why on earth would I disapprove?” Jake told her with a grin. “In fact, I don’t think anyone else is worthy of her. Clarke is…” He looked away, eyes shining. “She’s my world. I was told that she died while attempting to assassinate you. I wanted to die too.”

Lexa wanted so badly to hold him. He looked so frail. She remembered him being tall and full of muscle and strength. But in this terrible cage, he was scarred and tired and gaunt. His chains looked new, but from the look of his torn skin, he must have worn them during his entire time here. Anger burned deep and deadly in her gut.

“I will kill them all for doing this to you,” she growled out with all the authority she could muster. “I will make them suffer.”

Jake pressed both hands against the glass. “No!” he barked. “You cannot hate them all for what one man did, Lexa. All humans are not bad. Just like not all wolves are monsters. What we need to do is figure out how to get out of here. If I could just talk to Jaha, I could convince him to move against Cage. Hell, maybe I could even convince Dante. He doesn’t know what his son has been doing.”

Lexa listened intently. Already her mind was racing with ways that they could escape. She was still fit and healthy, so maybe she could shatter her chains. She tried to, for a long time while Jake watched. They both knew he was too weak to do anything on his own. After many failed attempts and eventually bloody nails, she gave up with an angered howl. She couldn’t shift at all, either, thanks to the stones in the chains and set within the concrete and glass. She could smell and feel it everywhere around her. It made her seethe with anger, but Jake’s calm blue eyes and occasional verbal encouragement kept her anger at bay.
She tried to shatter the glass, but she kept breaking her hands. There was nothing else with which she could hit the glass, either, so that wouldn’t work. The glass and her skin were smeared in dark blood, and Lexa truly started to feel helpless. What if she died here? What if Clarke never saw her again? The thought punched a hole right in her gut, made her head light without breath. She wanted to scream and cry and panic, but knew that she couldn’t let herself fall apart in front of Jake. Before the panic truly set in, the doors to their prison room opened and Lexa caught a familiar sent. Jake perked as well.

“You came,” Lexa said, slowly grinning over long, sharp teeth.

He stepped into the room, looking winded but relieved. “What will I do with you, Alpha?”

She almost felt delirious with relief. “We can fight about it later. Get me out of here.”

“As you say, Alpha. We must leave this place quickly. Cage intends to publically execute you. He is announcing it as we speak.” A pause. “And Clarke is on her way, too.”

Lexa didn’t need any more motivation to get the hell out of there. “Hurry,” she growled, injecting authority into the air around her. “Now.”

He gave a playfully resigned sigh. “Of course, Alpha.”
They waited until night-time before Abby attempted to sneak Clarke into the Order. Clarke couldn’t risk Emerson or worse, Cage, seeing and recognizing her. Besides the point that she was very much alive when they all believed her to be dead, there was no doubt that either of them would take an instant notice to her physical changes. The last thing Clarke wanted or needed was to be locked in a cage somewhere, to be poked and prodded and experimented on.

Abby still sent her questioning looks when she thought Clarke wasn’t looking, but they were more curiosity and awe than anything else. Clarke tried to stay close to her mother, both for Abby’s sake and her own. It had hit her pretty hard, the guilt and shame and anguish. She had missed her mother so dearly, and hadn’t even realized it until Abby was in her arms.

“Keep your head down,” Abby told her, sliding her key-card over the scanner to let them into the hallway. “Glasses on. Shoulders hunched. Don’t talk unless spoken to. If they see even a hint of your eyes, they might attack.”

Clarke blew out a nervous breath. Her hands were shaking, as they had been since the moment she had discovered that Lexa had been taken into custody. Cage had just announced on live television that he was going to execute the ‘werecreature’ in full public viewing, for anyone that wanted to watch. He had a hundred or so hunters at his very command, milling around the Order, waiting for any sign of trouble. Just getting from the parking lot to the Order entrance had been stressful enough. At least inside it seemed relatively empty, since the staff had been sent home for the evening, and those that had stayed wanted to watch the execution.

“When did we become so barbaric?” Clarke muttered to herself. Even the wolves weren’t so savage. Clarke felt utter disgust at her human genes, wishing for the first time that she had been fully born as a wolf, not this half breed. She ached for Lexa then, and clenched her hands into tight fists. Her claws had grown out, and she wasn’t sure she could keep them in.

“What is the plan here?” Bellamy asked at their back. He and Octavia were keeping watch up and down the hallway. Wells had left to keep the Wallaces company, promising that he would stall them as much as he could.

“We go down to this secret floor,” Clarke answered. “And we rescue Lexa and any other wolf down there. Once we’re out, we escape back to Mount Weather.”

Octavia gave her a suspicious look. “You want us to release those things into the city?”

Clarke clenched her jaw. “They will obey me,” she promised. “And if not me, then Lexa.”

“This Lexa,” Abby started, almost hesitant. “Why is she so important?”

Clarke considered lying. She even thought about telling the full truth. Instead she settled on the simplest answer. “She saved my life on the mountain,” she said slowly, carefully. “And she means a
lot to me.”

Abby seemed like she wanted to say more on the matter, but Clarke’s pleading gaze must have made her decide otherwise. Instead she moved on. “I don’t have access to the room itself,” she said. “But Emerson was given a key-card with full access to the room. I can only take us down to the floor, no farther.”

“So we find Emerson,” Clarke said. “And we take his key-card.”

“It’s not that simple, Clarke. If he sees you, he could alert the other hunters.”

Clarke’s mouth filled with something sour. “Yeah,” she agreed bitterly. “Since he was the one that left me there to die. He knows I’m alive though.”

They all paused, Abby turning to look at her. “How?”

“When I met with Wells… he… he just appeared. I didn’t think about it until now. Why didn’t he alert the Order that I’m here?” Better yet, what if he had, and this was all a trap? What if Emerson had captured Lexa, and was keeping her here as bait. Because if Clarke’s plan to take over the Order succeeded, all of Arkadia would be told about Emerson’s true ‘heroics’. She would spare no detail.

“Hang back,” Abby ordered. “I’ll go to his office and search there. Maybe he left it.”

“What if he finds you?” Bellamy interjected. “If he thinks you know, he might hurt you.”

For once Clarke agreed with him. “He’s right, mom. It’s too dangerous.”

“Alright. Then what do you suggest?”

“Let us go,” Octavia suggested. “Bellamy can check and I’ll keep watch.”

They stayed silent for a second, sharing glances. Finally Abby nodded, and then Bellamy and Octavia headed down the hallway to where Emerson’s office was. Abby and Clarke headed to the elevator and stood to wait, both tense and rigid with anxiety.

A small group of hunters rounded the corner, chatting calmly amongst each other. One of them laughed as they passed by, and Clarke resisted the urge to bare her teeth. She hid her face as much as she could. Just as they reached elevator, one of them paused and sent Abby a look.

“Hey there Dr Griffin. Is everything alright?”

Clarke felt his eyes on her.

“I’m fine Duncan. Thank you. Will you be watching the show tonight?”

He chuckled in amusement. “You bet. We hardly get such easy victories. I’m eager to see how we cut that monster down. Do you need anything, or are you just waiting for the elevator?”

“Just giving a new assistant a tour of the place. She’s a bit winded, so we’re taking a small break.”

He seemed placated by the answers. After bidding a short farewell, he joined the other two and they disappeared down the hallway. Clarke could finally breathe. She inhaled and caught familiar scents drawing near. Bellamy and Octavia appeared, faces pale.

“Emerson is walking this way right now,” Octavia hissed, eyes wide. “We need to abort!”
“No!” Clarke snarled. “We do not give up. We take him hostage. I don’t care if I have to kill him with my own hands. I will find Lexa.”

They didn’t have time to argue. Abby pushed the button for the elevator and stepped inside. The others followed quickly. A couple seconds later, Emerson stepped in with them and sent Abby a strained smile.

“Griffin,” he greeted.

Abby nodded her head.

He turned forward and pushed a random button. Bellamy chose the very last floor. They fell into silence, but Clarke was suddenly overwhelmed by the odd scent emitting from Emerson’s body. It was familiar, and yet it seemed… withered down. He seemed too tense, too, and when they hit the middle floor he sent her a piercing look. That’s when Clarke knew that he knew. Her heart started pounding.

He started moving, almost a blur, and she lashed out to catch his hand before it could hit her in the face. She wrapped her other hand around his throat and lifted him clean off the floor. His back slammed against the elevator and Clarke finally bared her teeth.

“What did you do with her?” she growled, sounding inhuman.

Emerson didn’t struggle. He stared deeply into her eyes. “The Slayer,” he spat with venom. “We should have slaughtered you on that mountain.”

Clarke narrowed her eyes. “We?”

“Alpha,” he supplied. “I don’t understand why she showed you mercy. I expected her to spike your head and leave you where the humans could see. Not to take you as her mate.”

Clarke felt the others staring at her, making the back of her neck itch. What Emerson was saying confused her. “What are you talking about?”

Emerson didn’t give an answer. The elevator dinged, and then she was kicked hard in the chest and she crumbled to the ground, vision swimming. It hadn’t been a simple kick—it felt like electricity swirled around her heart and lungs. For a couple of minutes she couldn’t move at all, couldn’t breathe. Abby was desperately calling her name and Bellamy had disappeared to chase after Emerson, who had disappeared down the stairs.

Clarke forced herself to shake it off. Whatever Emerson was up to, it couldn’t be anything good. Clarke needed to find Lexa, no matter what. She had to.
Chapter 42

They followed Emerson down into the secret floor, where he had left the door wide open. Clarke was the first to barrel through, but what she found beyond made her howl in anger up at the ceiling. She could smell Lexa all over the place, but the chains and cage were empty. Emerson had taken her. Clarke felt her teeth extend and slice into her tongue. She enjoyed the pain, let the blood fill her senses and chase the rage away. Wolves, she realized, felt everything far more intensely. The last thing she wanted was to suddenly shift because she couldn’t keep her emotions in control.

“There’s no one here,” Bellamy wheezed. He looked battered, having taken a boot to the face a few times. They had found him crumbled in the stairwell. “What do we do?”

Clarke forced her breathing under control. “We follow them,” she said evenly.

Lexa scent led to the far side of the room, where Clarke found a secret door hanging open, barely holding on by its hinges. Deep gauges in the concrete told her that a wolf had opened it. “This way,” she told the others.

“How do you know that?” Bellamy asked. Octavia shot him a look.

Clarke decided to ignore them and headed through the door. There was a long hallway, devoid of doors or windows. It eventually led them to another set of doors, which were broken open as well. Beyond that was the Order underground parking lot. Clarke lifted her nose, worried that Lexa’s scent had drifted away. It hadn’t. She picked it up easily, and now coupled with another warm scent. It made her nose tingle in an odd way, her heart flutter, but she ignored it and decided to focus on Lexa’s scent for the time being.

The others followed her without more complaint, though Abby looked out of breath. Clarke was taking long, sure strides. They exited the parking lot at the back end, finding themselves facing the forest that surrounded the backside of the Order. Lexa’s scent led directly into it. What was Emerson thinking?

Clarke headed for the trees, steps hurried. The more they walked, the stronger she could smell Lexa, feel her. Wisps of emotions trickled in, fear and anger and pain, but also relief and happiness and elation. It was a jumble of confusion. When the emotions started to pour in, Clarke sent Lexa a thought and waited, breath caught in her throat.

Clarke? Lexa’s thought-words trailed back, and Clarke broke into a run, smile wide.

Lexa! Where are you?

Clarke! We’re in the forest, but don’t come here!

Clarke furrowed her brows, heard the others yelling from behind her. She ignored them. Why? she said. What’s happening?

We managed to escape, but Cage has us surrounded. We are fighting right now. It’s too dangerous.

Clarke felt anger boil in her gut. Her muscles and skin ached and pulled, begging for release. She wanted to change, to run on all fours and join Lexa in the fight. But she kept mindful of her mother, and Bellamy and Octavia. She couldn’t show them yet. She had to rely on her human strength for the time being.
You know I can handle myself! she snarled back. I’m almost there. She could smell the scent of blood, hear the sounds of battle. Lexa’s blood was mingled in there, making her pulse rise in anxiety.

Fine, Lexa responded, sounding almost amused. You’re just as stubborn as your father.

For some reason, Clarke’s heart lurched and she almost stumbled. She didn’t have time to ask Lexa why she had said that, because they broke through the trees then into another parking lot, and there two massive wolves fought off an entire army of hunters. Clarke stopped moving entirely, Bellamy nearly colliding into her, and stared, wide eyed, as the white wolf threw a hunter into the air—not killing him—and twisted in time to catch a sword in their teeth. A word lodged itself into her throat, and she was seconds away from blurring it out in her surprise. But then Bellamy surged forward, shouting, and pulled his sword from its sheath.

Clarke felt fire fill her veins as Bellamy aimed straight for Lexa, the second wolf. Lexa managed to deflect his attack, but too many were attacking. The other wolf was occupied with a handful of hunters, so they could not help.

“Lexa!” she shouted. She turned to her mother, trying to convey so much with just her eyes. Abby gave her a slight nod, almost as if she knew, like she was approving, encouraging. Octavia was vibrating with violent, aggressive energy, hand on her sword. Abby’s tight grip on her elbow stopped her from joining her brother.

“Go,” Abby mouthed. She smiled.

Clarke didn’t hesitate. She turned and launched herself into the fray. Lexa was simultaneously fighting off Bellamy and other hunters. Clarke headed straight for them, but the hunters started fighting her, too. She took five down before she could make it to Lexa, and just in time. Lexa had lost her footing and was on her back, lips pulled back over sharp teeth, blood trickling down her face. Bellamy was above her, swinging down with savage anger. Clarke caught his sword in her hand, pain slicing down her palm, and wrenched it from his grip. She threw the sword as far away as she could. Already steam lifted from her hand where the wound began to heal.

“Clarke?” he asked, eyes wide.

The white wolf took care of the last hunter and turned, muzzle stained red with blood. He didn’t move to interfere. Clarke stared Bellamy down with as much fire as she could. “No,” she told him. “Stop fighting the wrong people.”

His face filled with anger and worry. “Clarke, what are you doing? Get away from those things! They’ll kill you!”

Lexa got back onto her feet and shook her massive head. Her wounds had already healed. Clarke could feel the heat of her, and she couldn’t hold it in anymore. She lightly shoved Bellamy away and then her body exploded and extended and she sighed a huge breath of relief. Lexa nuzzled against her immediately, and they curled into each other, whimpering softly, inhaling each other’s scent, feeling each other’s heartbeats. Lexa was tired, but safe.

Clarke, Lexa said. Her eyes were filled with love and happiness. There is someone I think you need to meet. She took a few steps back, and the white wolf approached. Clarke felt familiarity burn in her chest. Instinctively she wanted to bow her head, to press her face against the floor and submit. But his eyes were warm and welcoming, and then the change took her again, and he shifted as well, and then they were on the ground on their knees, Jake’s arms around her, tears streaming down their faces.
“Dad,” Clarke choked out. “What… you… how?”

He ran a hand through her hair, pressed kisses to her face. “I never wanted to leave you, Clarke,” he said softly. “I’m so sorry for everything I put you through.”

Abby called out for her, running around the fallen hunters until she could see them, could see Jake, alive and well. Clarke looked up in time to see Abby’s eyes widen and flood with tears.

“Jake,” she whispered, shocked. “How?”

He gave her a sad smile. “It’s a lot to explain. I’m sorry for being gone so long.”

Not hesitating, Abby rushed forward and joined in their embrace, sobbing opening against Jake’s shoulder. Clarke couldn’t keep her tears at bay either. The two of them cried, Jake holding them both, feeding them strength just like he used to. Lexa was circling around them, growling lowly at Bellamy and Octavia who were staring with open disbelief. Clarke forced herself to pull away from her parents and joined Lexa’s side. She ran a hand along her furry chest.

“Clarke, explain this,” Bellamy ordered. Sweat coated his face. “Please.”

She sighed through parted lips. “My father was the previous wolf Alpha. Lexa—” Steam exploded around them, and then Lexa stood there on two feet, muscles tensed and ready but face filled with smugness. Clarke rolled her eyes. “Lexa is the current Alpha. And my mate.”

Octavia was the first to lower her sword. “I don’t understand,” she said, stepping forward. “They can turn into people?”

Lexa bristled. “We are people,” she said evenly. Octavia nearly jumped back at the sound of her voice. “We fled over the mountain to escape your people. But you continue to harass us, kill our warriors and even our children.”

Clarke placed a hand on Lexa’s bicep. “We came here because all of this needs to stop. Lexa and I are half-breeds, both human and wolf. That’s proof that wolves and humans can co-exist. I want to take control of the Order and change the way humanity sees wolfkind.”

Octavia let her sword drop, almost like she was burned by it. Bellamy sent her a nervous glance. “This makes no sense,” he insisted. “Is everything we believe a lie?”

“Yes.”

“I wouldn’t quite say everything,” a new voice interrupted, cutting right through the air. Jake inhaled a hiss of a breath, and when Clarke smelt the waves of fear and anger off of him, she turned to face the newcomer with teeth bared. It was Cage Wallace.

Cage laughed at her, palms lifted. “Now, now. No need to be so hostile. I came to talk.” Emerson stepped up beside him, face dark and grim. His hands were clasped into tight fists, and he was giving Lexa an odd look. Lexa, though, was as calm as ever.

“Are you the man that has been experimenting on my people?”

Cage slithered his gaze to Lexa’s. “I wouldn’t call it experimenting. I mean, you are all animals.” He sighed deeply as though this entire ordeal was simply too bothersome for him. “I had an execution planned,” he told them, forehead creasing. “I was supposed to show the people what they hunger for. Blood. I can’t have your little reunion interfere with my plans, now can I?”
A strong, bitter scent stung Clarke’s nose. Lexa’s nose twitched, but she didn’t show any other reaction to it. Out of instinct Clarke inched closer to Lexa, swallowing. “We won’t go down without a fight,” she told Cage.

He laughed a deep, evil laugh. “I hoped you would say that!” He pulled a syringe from his suit pocket and shot a dose of liquid into his neck. Clarke could see a soft red glow surge through his veins. His eyes started to glow, and then he released a shout of pain and his muscles bulged, growing larger and thicker. Hair covered the length of his skin, his limbs extended, fingers turning to claws. Teeth fell from his mouth in a pool of blood, but in their place sat long, dangerous fangs. He wasn’t a wolf, Clarke would have known, yet he howled and growled and his body changed into more animal than man.

“That’s what his experiments focused on,” Jake told her softly. “He wanted to become like us, too. I told him that we aren’t a disease. We are born. We change forms because that’s just how our biology works. That wasn’t good enough for him. He wanted to be a wolf, too.”

Clarke felt sick looking at him. He wasn’t fully changing, and he just looked like a badly deformed, bi-pedal wolf. His eyes were red and venomous and his thick, black lips pulled back over his teeth. When he snarled, it sounded neither human nor wolf. It sounded demonic.

“Emerson,” Cage growled in a deep, scratchy voice. His words were mildly garbled by his elongated jaws. “Kill the Alpha.”

Emerson didn’t hesitate. He pulled a gun from his waistband and approached them on sure feet. Clarke moved to step in front of Lexa, but a hand against her chest stopped her. She sent Lexa a questioning glance.

Just trust me, Lexa’s eyes said. So Clarke did, even though every cell in her body wanted her to rip him to pieces and make him pay for everything he had done. Lexa was completely and utterly calm in the face of all this. Even Jake was on edge, eyes darting between the monster that was Cage and their group. Abby was close behind him, clutching his hand tightly.

Emerson paused a few steps away, right in front of Lexa. Something silent passed between them. When he lifted is arm and cocked the gun, Lexa didn’t even blink. Clarke’s heart was fluttering hard in her ribcage and her hands ached from how tight her fists were.

“Do it,” Lexa finally said, words crisp and clear. Cage wasn’t moving yet, most likely waiting for the Alpha to fall so that he could confidently wipe everyone else out. He would go for the humans first, Clarke guessed. She would kill him before he touched her mother.

“Lexa, what are you doing?” She grabbed hold of her arm, panicked.

Lexa gave her a smile. “Trust me.”

She did, but…

Emerson took a quick, short breath and Clarke knew he was going to pull the trigger, with his gun pointing right at Lexa’s forehead. But then he suddenly twisted around and the shot rang out into the night sky. Cage released an ugly roar of pain, glowing red coiling around a deep hole in his chest.

“Emerson!” Cage bellowed, staggering.

Emerson changed then—no, it wasn’t Emerson. His eyes shifted colour and his nails turned to claws, and then he exploded in a bellow of steam and stepped out as a huge, brown and black wolf. He pulled lips back over sharp teeth.
My name is Gustus, he snarled. Cage tried to stumble away—whatever had been in that bullet had reversed his shifting and made it unstable. It was almost as if his skin was melting off.

“Go!” Lexa roared, eyes alight with victory. “Destroy him for our people, Gustus”

And Gustus did just that. Part of Clarke relished the tortured screams Cage released until Gustus ripped his head off, but most of her was simply trying to figure out what had just happened. Had Lexa had this trump card all along?
They’d managed to make their way to Arkadia in record time, but Raven had the distinct feeling that she had arrived a tad bit too late. When they stepped into the Order, everyone had grim looks on their faces. No one even recognized her. Had no one realized that the assumed K.I.A hunter, Raven Reyes, had returned? She was offended.

“Stop being so loudly internally offended,” Anya grumbled. “It’s giving me a headache.”

“Well excuse me, Cheekbones, but I am in my every right to be offended. No one cares that I’m back!” She threw her hands up and waddled over to reception. “You!” The lady started badly, a hand flying up to press against her chest. “What the hell happened here?”

The woman looked between them, confusion swirling in her eyes. “Excuse me?”

Raven made wild gestures with her hands. “Everyone looks like someone died.” Her stomach dropped. “Oh god, no one died, right?”

The woman looked away. “Actually, we’ve suffered a great loss recently.” Her eyes darkened. Raven felt like her world had come to a complete halt. “Cage Wallace died yesterday.”

Raven blinked. She exhaled. Beside her, Anya placed a hand on her arm and gave it a gentle squeeze. “Oh thank god,” she blurted unthinkingly. The woman shot her a look. “Shit, sorry. Could you tell me where to find Dr Griffin?”

The woman gave them directions to the medical ward, so Raven and Anya headed that way. It felt so weird now, being back at this place. Not that much time had really passed, yet Raven felt like a completely different person.

“It smells like death here,” Anya complained, nose twitching. “And sweat.”

Raven rolled her eyes. “We just passed by the training room.”

“Why are humans so gross?”

Raven reached out and took Anya’s hand, and grinned smugly when it wasn’t snatched away. “You don’t seem to think I’m gross.”

Anya sighed. “Yes, well, you’re you. I don’t think of you as a human.”

Raven cocked her head to the side. “Then what, exactly, do you see me as?”

Anya looked forward, unblinking, lips pressed together as she thought. Raven’s tummy fluttered and her heart squeezed. They made it to the medical floor of the Order, and Anya finally decided to answer.

“I see you as Raven,” she said.

“Just like that? You just see me as me?”

“That’s what I just said.”
Raven rolled her eyes and skipped forward. “Why do you have to be so good on the eyes?” she muttered to herself. “You’re so difficult sometimes.”

They entered two large doors, and then all eyes turned to them and Raven paused. Her heart soared. Abby was sitting by a hospital bed, where Jake Griffin—somehow—slept soundly. He had various drips attached to him, and at his other side was Clarke. Lexa stood off to the side with a big, burly man with long hair and an intimidating air. Anya went to him immediately and offered her arm for him to clasp with a hand. The man smiled brightly at her.

“Raven!” Abby gasped, shooting up from her seat. “You’re okay!”

Raven accepted her hug without trouble. “Clarke saved my ass,” she explained, laughing. “Wait, did Clarke fill you in on everything?”

“I did,” Clarke spoke up. She rubbed a hand over her face. “Mom knows the whole story.”

Raven sighed in relief. “Good. I wasn’t going to limp around here keeping the truth from mama G. By the way, what the hell happened?”

Everyone shared a look. Before anyone could talk, Bellamy strode into the room, face drawn and strained. Right behind him was Wells, Jaha and Dante. Clarke stood and Lexa joined her side. The tension in the room thickened so much that even Raven could sense it, and so Anya quickly moved closer to her and pressed a hand to her lower back.

XxX

“I’m glad everyone is okay,” Dante said first, sparing Clarke and Abby a withered smile. He looked paler than usual, much older than he was. Clarke didn’t remember him being quite so small or grey. Despite his drained appearance, there was also an air of relief about him, and there was no doubt that his son’s death both pained and relieved him. Clarke felt no sympathy.

“I told them,” Wells added. “I explained everything.”

Jaha’s eyes flicked to Jake, who was still sound asleep. Abby held his hand tightly between her own. “I apologise sincerely, for what Cage did right under our noses. If I had known, Abby…” His voice trailed off, thick with emotion. Clarke was surprised by the genuine upset she saw there. Good.

“It’s alright,” Abby said. “The past is the past, and Cage is gone now.”

“Yes indeed,” Dante responded. “But I am still struggling with understanding the entirety of the situation.”

“What is there not to understand?” Lexa interjected. “You simply tell your people to cease this war against us. You leave wolfkind alone.”

Clarke nodded. “I want everyone to know the truth. I don’t want this swept under the rug.”

Dante didn’t look surprised, but he didn’t seem pleased either. Clarke noticed Anya slip in behind them, and Lexa turned away to whisper with her.

“What do you want me to do?” Dante asked.

“Put me on TV. Let me tell my story. I’m a hero to everyone here, right? Who better to hear the truth from, then?”
Jaha shook his head. “That’s too risky, Clarke. You know what our people are like. We are terrified of their kind. There is no guarantee that the people will even believe what you’re telling them.”

“Will a hundred wolves change their minds?”

Everyone went silent at Lexa’s question. Clarke could feel thoughts slowly trickling to her, of Lexa taking Anya aside and asking her to do a covert mission with a hundred wolf soldiers, of Anya easily agreeing to sneak to Arkadia with Raven, all those soldiers following close behind. Despite the unease on half the people in the room, Clarke found herself grinning. Lexa’s eyes shone with authority and excitement.

“We can show them,” Clarke said. “A hundred wolves will show them!”

“The people will panic!” Jaha argued. “Are you mad?”

Gustus snorted. “We have this form, human. We have been living among you for many years.”

Gustus was still mostly unfriendly towards her, but Lexa had said that since he hadn’t been present when she’d been judged by their Alphas, and for the battles afterwards, he still felt his hatred towards her despite who she was. It was probably even more so because she was daughter of the previous Alpha, and now mate to the current one. Clarke wanted to work on gaining his trust. It was probably even more so because she was daughter of the previous Alpha, and now mate to the current one. Clarke wanted to work on gaining his trust. It was clear that Lexa cared for him a great deal, and trusted him. She had made him pretend to be Emerson for so long, anyway. The real one had died on that mountain, and Lexa had used her power with the stones to change Gustus to look like Emerson, and sent him back to gather intel and sway human hands.

“This is not up for debate,” Lexa said firmly. “I can either use my soldiers to display our ability to obey authority and remain peaceful, or start a war right at your front door. Something needs to change, and it starts with you.”

Dante knew when he was defeated. He stared at them a long moment, deliberating. And then finally he dipped his head, and said that he would see what he could do.

XxX

Dante issued a city-wide announcement that the Order had something important to reveal, something that would change society at its core. When he’d said it like that, looking very much like a grieving father, of course every citizen in Arkadia perked up with interest. Dante invited people to gather around the statue of Clarke, where they would be giving the announcement.

As they approached the statue, Clarke’s face hidden until she could stand up to the podium, Dante smelt and looked anxious. His eyes were darting around, almost as if he expected something to jump out at him and attack. Though she felt no pity for him, she still reached out and placed a hand on his arm. His muscles tensed.

“Relax,” she told him, issuing it as an underlying command. Her energy wrapped around him, demanded that he obey. He did, giving her a small, wary smile.

“I’m trying. This is all just, a lot to take in within a few days.”

Clarke’s eyes ached. Besides the tiny nap she’d stolen after the fight with Cage, she had hardly slept in 48 hours. Lexa was just as tired, probably more, but she didn’t even show it. “I will make sure this doesn’t go badly,” Clarke promised Dante. “You can trust me.”

He nodded, surprising Clarke enough that she paused just before the hurriedly built stage. People were staring at them, starting to whisper about the hooded figure talking to Dante. In a moment they
would know. Clarke wasn’t scared to reveal herself or her secret. But Dante seemed to trust her, and he gave her shoulder a light pat before joining Jaha on the other end of the stage, seating himself with the men and women that ran and headed the Order.

Clarke sucked in a soft breath to steel herself. Lexa took her hand and the contact was warm and comforting. She kissed her softly on the lips, smiling.

“You can do it,” Lexa said. “I’ll be right beside you.”

Jake was standing off to the side, too, Abby glued to his side. The media were present, so people were already snapping photos of everything, some of them catching on that Jake was the Jake Griffin. There was a heavy nervous energy in the air, people unsure of what to expect, least of all with a hooded stranger and a man that was supposed to be dead. Clarke caressed Lexa’s face softly and pulled it closer to rest their foreheads together. Calm energy washed over her, and she felt grateful.

“I…” Her throat swelled with emotion. “I love you, Lexa.”

Lexa brushed their noses. “As I love you.”

That was all the strength she needed. Clarke turned, pushing the hood back, and stepped up to the podium. People gasped aloud and cameras started flashing, bright white pulses beating against Clarke’s eyes. She waited for the commotion to die down, and when it finally did, she started talking. She injected her persuasive energy into her speech, manipulating the people into being more receptive, more understanding, but most of all, calm. She explained everything, from the moment she started hating wolves up to the moment two days ago, when she had watched Cage turn into a monster. People listened, wide eyed, pale. At the end of it, the entire courtyard was dead silent. Doves flew by, the flapping of their wings sounding deafeningly loud. No one asked questions. No one knew what to say.

“I understand this might be a lot to take in,” Clarke said, staring straight into one of the many cameras that was broadcasting this live, all over the world. “And you might not believe me. But we, wolves, are not the enemy. We can be dangerous, but we are not inherently violent. In fact, we brought many wolves with us today, and they are among you right now.”

Panicked chatter picked up immediately, but Clarke filled the air with calm energy—Lexa was doing so too—until eventually all the angry and worried muttering fell to silence. People were still looking each other, trying to decipher if what she had said was true, and if so, who among them was a wolf. They didn’t need to wonder any longer.

Lexa gave the signal, and her wolves all stepped calmly out of the crowd. They were dressed like everyday people, having been sent to Arkadia often by Lexa’s command, so they all knew how to blend in. They had also all been warned that these people were no hunters and that they were not allowed to show aggression. It wouldn’t be easy for wolfkind either, to just wipe the slate clean and act like humans hadn’t slaughtered so many of them, but Clarke was determined to help them try. Lexa was too.

Clarke stepped away from the microphone and shrugged out of her jacket. She undressed, in full view of the crowd and the cameras, and finally let the change take her. The other wolves had followed, and when the steam from their shifting dissipated the stage was crowded with large wolf bodies. People started to scream, children crying and men yelling for hunters. But Lexa—shifted too—gave a loud howl and her wolves all sat down calmly. Clarke strolled between them, eyeing them and the people, testing the air for any sign that someone was going to try something. All she could feel was anxiety and fear. She sighed softly.
This was going to be a lot of work, to get the two kinds to give up this hatred towards each other. But the wolves weren’t baring their teeth or growling, no matter how much they might have wanted to, and the few hunters scattered about had their hands on their weapons, but were not drawing them. Yeah. They could do this.

*From now on,* Clarke thought-spoke, startling all humans with her voice in their heads. *The Order is no longer a hunter organization. The Order will become a protector of wolves and humans alike, a bridge between the two kinds. We will punish those that break the law, be they human or wolf, but there will be no slaughtering. This war is done. It’s over.*

She stepped away, lights flashing again as cameras flashed and people called out their questions, confused and desperate to understand what had just happened. She ignored them and went to Lexa, rubbing against her chest and licking underneath her jaw. Lexa’s tail gave a slow thump against the ground.

*You’re amazing,* Lexa told her. *You did what no one else ever could. You stopped this war.*

Had Clarke been a cat, she would have been purring. Instead she let her tongue loll out and opened her mouth wide in an attempted smile—it looked horrid. Raven started laughing somewhere in the distance, even Anya joining in. Happiness glowed bright in Clarke’s chest.

*The war may be over,* she agreed. *But we still have many battles to overcome.*

*And those will be fought together, at each other’s side. For our people.*

Clarke looked out over the still panicked crowd of people, some fleeing, some staying to gawk, some even being brave enough to approach a wolf with a hand outstretched.

*For our people,* she echoed.

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5 years later

Clarke woke to the sound of a door slamming and children screaming in delight. She felt around in the bed beside her, but Lexa had slipped away somewhere. She sighed softly and gathered her wits enough to pad over to the cupboard and throw some clothes on. Once her nudity was covered, she cautiously made her way to the sounds coming from the kitchen. She stopped and leaned against the doorframe once she got there, a slow lazy smile taking her face.

“What do we have here?” Clarke asked playfully.

Twin pairs of eyes darted to look at her, and then widened comically. “Auntie Clarke!” the two little girls squealed, releasing Lexa’s legs to run over to her. They launched themselves into the air and climbed her body like a tree, claws out and sharp despite not being fully developed yet.

“Girls, what did I say about climbing Auntie Clarke?” Raven spoke up from the table.

The girls shot their mother identical pouts, ones that they had inherited from their father-parent, Anya, who was rustling around in the fridge for something. She started laughing when she caught sight of her daughters hanging on to Clarke like she was a jungle gym.

“I think it’s good for them!” Anya argued. “It’s good exercise.”
Raven narrowed her eyes. “Anya, we’ve spoken about this.”

Anya rolled her eyes but rounded the table to kiss Raven on the lips. Their daughters giggled.

“Please don’t start making out,” Lexa begged. She was at the stove, flipping pancakes. Clarke set the girls down with a kiss on their cheeks, and then made her way over to her mate. Her chest warmed instantly when Lexa turned and gave her a brilliant smile.

“Hey you,” Clarke greeted, kissing her softly.

“Hey back.”

They both looked down to Lexa’s chest, where a tiny bundle slept soundly. Lexa immediately handed him over, and Clarke took her son with butterflies in her tummy. She pressed a soft kiss to his fuzzy hair and held him close against her chest.

“When did you get up?” she asked Lexa.

“Aiden started fussing an hour ago, so I decided to just stay up.”

“You should have woken me.”

“You’ve been working hard, Clarke. I thought you needed the rest. Besides…” She grinned mischievously. “You were far too adorable to disturb.”

Clarke couldn’t resist pulling her in for another kiss. Raven and Anya started making gagging noises, and their daughters laughed hysterically. When they pulled apart, Clarke caressed the underside of her jaw. Aiden shifted, green eyes opening wide to stare up at them. Clarke saw her entire world in his beautiful eyes.

A lot had happened in five years. The Order had become the Embassy, and wolves were allowed to openly live in Arkadia. Similarly, humans had started moving over to wolf land. Mount Weather was no longer snowy, since Lexa and Jake used the stones that controlled the storm to stop it completely. Wolf/human fighting hardly happened, though it did occasionally. There was a third city being built, one entirely new for wolves and humans alike, where she and her family had decided to settle. Clarke had become somewhat of an intermediary cross-species president, taking responsibility for the welfare and comfort of wolves and humans moving into each other’s territory.

People had grown a lot more accepting of wolves, and though hatred and discrimination would always exist, the two kinds were learning to live together. It helped that Clarke and Lexa, both half-breeds and each from the either side of the argument, lived together so easily. They were celebrities of sorts, now. Especially after Aiden had been born.

“Well thank you for the extra hour, I really needed it.”

Lexa dipped in for another kiss and Clarke hummed happily against her lips. She took Aiden with her and sat down at the table, amused as always that the big, powerful Alpha was making pancakes in a cute pink apron. Humans had given the wolves a lot of technology, allowing them to use things like kitchen appliances and even cars. Most wolves in wolf land preferred to remain a little more simplistic, but those that wanted the ease of technology moved to Arkadia or to Hope, their third city. Lexa was one such wolf that enjoyed the assistance that technology gave her. And they had discovered that Lexa was a fantastic cook.

“So any news on that case you’re working on?” Raven asked casually, poking her daughter’s soft cheek and snickering when the little girl pouted.
“Nothing much right now. The excuses this guy is coming up with are sound, and we haven’t found any hard evidence that he simply refuses to hire a wolf.”

Anya grunted. “Just kill him.”


Lexa finished making breakfast and set plates down on the table. Clarke drifted off into thought for a moment, trying to figure out how she could help this wolf family. They were in Arkadia, trying to settle down and simply live peaceful lives, and yet the man the father wanted to work for was refusing to hire him. It made her blood boil. A soft touch on her arm made her look down at Aiden, who was gazing up at her with a smile on his face.

“Hey there sweetheart,” she told him. His smile widened at the sound of her voice. “Was I thinking too hard for you?”

“For me too,” Lexa interjected. “Poor little guy was probably confused by so many big words.”

Everyone laughed, including Aiden. Of course, he was far too young to understand why he was laughing. In just a few short months he would start to walk and talk and understand—wolf children developed much faster than human kids did, even half-breeds—and she wasn’t quite sure how to surrender him to the world when the time came.

“We’ll figure it out,” Lexa told her with a smile.

Clarke took Aiden’s tiny hand and felt him grip onto her finger tightly. Lexa leaned against her side to watch him.

Clarke smiled in content.

End

Chapter End Notes

And that’s the end, folks! Thanks for sticking around even though it took forever to get here. I am sincerely sorry for how long it took me to finish this. I will not write a sequel, but I can say that I did have fun writing this story, and even finishing it. Thank you to each and every one of you that read, kudos’d and commented. It meant a lot to me. I also want to thank my amazing girlfriend, who without this fic would never have been finished. Thank you for being you, babe <3

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