Crown of Love

by thebigbadgrounder

Summary

Clarke is taken as a prisoner by the Ice Nation, who’s queen plans to execute her. But after a meeting with her council, she decides that marrying Wanheda off to her son proves a better strategy.

Notes

Hey guys! So this is going to be a multi-chapter fic. I'm really excited about writing it. Sorry in advance if Queen Nia's character isn't anything like she is in the show, since we've only had a 5 second scene with her so far, and I have no idea what to expect from her personality wise.

I'm also still trying to get to know Roan, and how he thinks, and I'm really hoping he doesn't die in this week's episode (3.04) or any time soon for that matter, but I'm a little weary. Either way, I plan on seeing this fic through.

Hopefully I can write something here that a few fans of the show enjoy. :)

(Reviews are SUPER appreciated, and lead to the inspiration I need to post chapters sooner.)
Clarke’s hands were bound tightly together, as she was forced through a crowd of warriors, their faces painted white, and their blood smeared along their foreheads and cheeks. She could still make out their scars, both sinister and beautiful — the mark of the Azgeda.

She thought of Lexa, then. Wondered if she was still alive. The Ice Nation’s attack wasn’t what had caught them off guard, but the fact that Queen Nia had had some of the other leader’s in her pocket. Convinced them that Lexa was no longer fit to Command. When they came, suddenly Lexa and Clarke, along with a few leaders who had remained loyal, and their people, were surrounded. The last thing Lexa yelled, was Clarke’s name as arms grabbed hold of the blonde, and dragged her away.

She was stopped in front of a horse, who’s rider she instantly recognized.

“Roan.” She kept her voice even, trying not to think about all the times they had come to an understanding during the previous few weeks. All the times she had allowed herself to trust him. It was her own fault, of course. How could she trust someone who wanted the exact same things as her, but for a different group of people?

“Clarke.” It wasn’t the first time he had used her proper name, yet it somehow had the same impact as if it were.

They didn’t speak as he lifted her up onto the horse, his arms wrapped securely around her as he tightened his grip on the rein. Their silence stretched into hours, and when it was finally broken, it was Clarke who spoke first.

“Your mother’s going to kill me.” Her words hung between them. “But you already know that.”

The spite in her voice was more than apparent, and she could feel Roan sigh, his chest moving against her back.

“I’ll talk to her.”

“And say what? Your mother wants the power to command death. How will she get that by keeping me alive?”

“The same way Lexa intended. By having you join our people instead.”

Clarke laughed.

“Why would I ever do that?”

“Because you want to live. But more importantly, because you want your people to live. Lexa has fallen, Clarke. Don’t you see that? Once you’re dead, your people will be slaughtered. I told you before that you could find a strong and grateful ally, in my mother, if you fight with her instead of against her. The choice is yours, Wanheda.”

“This rope proves otherwise.” Clarke said bitterly, lifting her hands to remind him they were still tied. She turned to look up at him over her shoulder. “I’m nothing but a prisoner. A fact I won’t soon forget— and neither should you, Prince.” His title shot from her mouth like an insult.

“Have it your way.”
When they arrived at their destination, Roan was quick to jump from their horse, Clarke’s body instantly missing the heat his had provided on their journey. They were much farther North than she had ever been, and the air was cold and crisp here. Roan’s hands grabbed hold of her and lifted her down, the ground frozen beneath her feet. They were in, what looked like, a grounder village—only, there were three large buildings that loomed far over the people and their huts. Buildings that must have been over 150 years old.

The only other time Clarke had seen something so magnificent up close was when she was in Polis—but these were different. While the middle one was taller than the ones on its side, the three of them combined probably weren’t as tall as Lexa’s—though, they were wider. They almost reminded Clarke of a castle, and she began imaging Queen Nia sitting on her throne, ordering for Clarke to be burned at the stake like some kind of witch. Or perhaps she’ll stick with beheading, for wouldn’t it be poetic for Clarke to end up like Lexa’s last lover?

The sounds of children laughing, momentarily distracted her from that thought. They were playing hide and seek in the market place, and Clarke almost forgot that they probably already had kill marks of their own.

She was shoved by two men, then, while Roan led the way. As they moved forward, the buildings seemed to grow in size, becoming more and more threatening with each step she took. Grounders stopped and stared. Some of them looked almost afraid, others looked angry—but there were a few that looked at her with, what could only be considered, respect.

When she stepped inside the middle building, a wave of heat wrapped around her like a blanket, the sound of a fire crackling coming from the centre of the room. Looking around made her feel like she had been sent back in time. The walls, and ceiling, that were clearly once very beautiful, were now worn, and broken down from years of neglect and radiation. Vines had wrapped themselves around the columns that still looked strong in the corners of the room, and a large staircase rested directly in front of her. Above them, there were several floors, a rusted fence, wrapping around each of them like a protective barrier. It wasn’t until she was halfway up the first pair of stairs that she realized they were in, what use to be known as, a hotel.

The hallways seemed endless as she was escorted up each floor, and when she finally made it to the top, she was forced down on her knees—a repeat of her first encounter with Lexa after she had abandoned her. Only this time the woman in front of her wanted her dead.

Nia looked as frightening as she had the first time Clarke had seen her, the make up around her eyes making her look as though she had been crying blood. Her hair was pulled back, revealing her traditional Azgeda scars, and she wore what look to be some type of bone, as a hair piece. Everything about her, from her clothes, to the way she held herself, screamed Queen.

Power must run through her very veins.

“So, the Great Wanheda has finally graced us with her presence.” Nia’s voice controlled the room. “I trust you had a comfortable journey. My son assured me you’d be more likely to behave, if you rode with a familiar face. Seems he was right.”

Clarke’s eyes bore in to Roan’s like daggers.

“What? Did I hit a nerve?” Nia asked, and Roan shrugged in response, keeping his expression neutral.

“Your much quieter than I was expecting.” The Queen continued.
“Forgive me, your highness, if I don’t feel much like talking.” Clarke received a hard kick in her side from the guard on her left, and she bit down on her bottom lip, stopping herself from crying out.

“Show The Queen some respect.” The man practically spat.

Nia lifted a hand, ordering him to stand down.

“Sorry about that. My people are very protective of me. I’m sure you understand.” She reached for the cup of wine she had on a small table next to her. “I’ve had a room made up for you. Nothing but the best, of course, for Wanheda herself. I’m sure it will be much more fitting than whatever Lexa offered you.”

Hearing Nia speak her name, sent an angry jolt through Clarke.

“I know what you want from me. So spare me the niceties, and kill me already.”

The Queen’s eyes narrowed, before she nodded toward the guards, who this time kicked her in the stomach. Clarke gasped at the sudden impact, as pain shot through her.

“If it wasn’t already clear, I’m the only one who makes the orders here.” Nia’s tone had changed. “Take her away.”

Clarke was lifted to her feet and dragged backwards toward the door.

“Oh, and Clarke?” Her name sounded foreign on the woman’s tongue. “The next time we see each other, it will be at your execution.”

Clarke’s eyes met Roan’s once again, as she was forced out of the room, his and his mother’s face disappearing behind the corner.
Chapter Summary

Nia and her council decide that Roan and Clarke are to be married.

Nia made her way toward her council, made up of three men, and three women, whom were all seated at a large, wooden table that took up most of the room. They bowed their heads as she joined them, waiting for her nod of approval before any of them began speaking.

“Your highness. We heard that you successfully captured Wanheda, and that she is here now.”

“That is correct, Isolda.”

“Well then, congratulations are in order. But first, we, as a group have been talking. We believe that killing her, isn’t our best move.”

Nia arched a brow, tilting her head slightly to her right. Killing Wanheda meant taking her power. Taking her power meant commanding death. At least, symbolically speaking. Yet, perhaps it was the expressions of those she trusted most, that peaked her interest.

“I’m listening.”

“Wanheda is a force to be reckoned with, and maybe even our biggest threat.” One of the men admitted. “But we’ve seen what she is capable of doing for her people. What she could do for ours. There’s nothing more powerful than shared blood… and don’t we destroy our enemies, when we make them are allies?”

Nia thought over Alder’s words.

“What are you suggesting exactly?”

“Have her marry your son. Make her family. That way, her power will be on the right side, and so will her people.”

Nia leaned back in her chair, a hint of a smile gracing her features.

“Have word sent out to the servants. I want the ceremony to take place tonight, in the heart of the village. Everyone will be invited to witness— afterwards, we will have a feast, where you and your families will join. As for Wanheda— Isolda, I’d like you, and as many servants as you need, to make her look worthy of the title Princess of Azgeda.”

“It would be my pleasure, my Queen. But, who should inform Prince Roan?”

Nia stood.

“Leave that to me.”

When Nia found her son, he was just finishing up training with one of her warriors, who bowed at
the sight of her, before leaving them alone.

“Good form.” She said, lacking any kind of sincerity.

“Mother…” Roan’s voice held a hint of a question, as he put his shirt back on. “Something wrong?”

“What? Can’t I come see my son fight once in a while?”

“You could, if you cared. Which, if memory serves, you usually don’t.”

“Oh, please, stop being so dramatic. Of course I care. You’re my only son, after all.”

“Very heartfelt, Mother.” Roan began moving toward the stables. “Look, I’m about to take Knox out for a ride. If you have something you need to tell me, now is the time.”

“Actually, you’re not going anywhere right now, besides your room where you will be prepared for tonight’s festivities.”

“If you’re referring to Wanheda’s execution, I’d prefer not to be there.”

“There’s no longer going to be an execution. There’s going to be a wedding. Her wedding.”

“What?” Roan’s expression was a mixture of confusion and shock. “To who?”

“To you.”

Roan laughed, his smile instantly disappearing when he realized his mother wasn’t joking.

“You can’t be serious.”

Nia’s expression didn’t waver.

“One second you want her dead, and the next you want her to be my wife? How the hell did that happen?”

“I spoke with my council, and we came to the conclusion that this was a much better strategy.”

“And what if I said no?” Roan countered.

“Then I’d remind you that I am still your Queen, and unless you’d like to go back to living on your own, in the wilderness, you must do what I’ve order you to do.”

There were few things that bothered Roan more than the idea of being banished once again. He loved this place, and he loved his people. He even loved his mother, despite hating her in equal measure. And the last thing he wanted to do was disappoint her. Again.

He nodded.

“I thought so.” Nia’s tone was condescending. She turned to leave. “Be sure to look your best.”

Clarke had spent the majority of the last twenty-four hours, staring outside a window, wishing she had something to draw with. The view of the mountains from her new room, were magnificent—especially being able to see snow for the first time… even if it was at a great distance. She also had a view of parts of the village, and she liked watching the people go through their everyday lives, visual
proof that the Ice Nation was made up of human beings too.

After all, nothing was ever black and white down here.

She turned at the sound of her door unlocking, a woman with long, red hair entering the room, with a blonde and brunette following directly behind her.

“Wanheda.” The red head bowed her head. “My name is Isolda. This is Ethel and Nara. They will be helping me prepare you for tonight’s ceremony.”

Clarke’s chest tightened. She was to be poked and prodded, so she could look her best before she was sentenced to death. How humane.

The night’s preparation began with a bath. Clarke insisted she could wash herself, but when Nara’s fingers ran through her coarse hair, and Ethel gently cleaned around the cuts on her back, Clarke decided it wasn’t half-bad. Plus the girls were cute—and Clarke was not blind.

Once her hair was dry, she was seated in front of a mirror, where Isolda instantly got to work. She began french braiding the left side of her hair, before moving to the right, and eventually uniting the braids at the nape of the neck, pinning her hair in place. Under different circumstances, the experience would have felt almost soothing.

Next came the make up. When she was done, Clarke’s eyes looked ablaze. The majority of her eye lids were a piercing red, save for the outer corners, which, along with the lining of her eyes, were black—the bits of gold thrown in, reminding her of fire. She looked beautiful, and terrifying, all at once.

“Here.” Isolda handed Clarke a cream coloured dress, gold and red pieces embroidered into the fabric. There was no point, any longer, to feel uncomfortable with their eyes on her naked body, but she was still quick with slipping out of her clothing, and into the dress, the three of them tightening the leather bands that kept the dress in place.

“Why do you do it?” Clarke asked, breaking the silence.

“Do what?” Isolda nodded her thanks toward the servants, who responded with kind smiles, before leaving the room.

“Go through all this trouble to make me beautiful, just to have me killed.”

Isolda shook her head.

“We didn’t.”

She began to lead Clarke out of the room. Guards followed behind as she was escorted down the hallway. Instead of taking the stairs, they were led to what used to be an elevator, grounders working the pulley system from the basement.

“What do you mean?” Clarke’s expression shifted to confusion, as they were lowered. The elevator stopped, and Clarke found that the main room she had been dragged through the day before, was now beautifully decorated. She was led toward the front doors, which opened to reveal a mob of excited faces, standing on each side of a cleared pathway.

“This isn’t your execution, Clarke. This is your wedding.”
Clarke’s first instinct was to run the other way, but there was nowhere to run to. Two armed guards, stood directly behind her— Isolda linking her right arm with Clarke’s left, leading her outside. 

The air smelt of cooked meat and fire, goosebumps running up and down her body from the cold, until she felt almost numb.

“What the hell are you talking about?” Her voice didn’t sound like it belonged to her anymore.

“A wedding, Wanheda. I’m sure you’re familiar with the term.” Isolda’s grip on her arm tightened.

“No— no! This is not happening.” Clarke’s voice was no higher than a whisper, but the words left her mouth like venom. She stopped walking for a moment, until she felt the tip of a spear against the back of her neck. She was pushed forward.

“I’m afraid you don’t have much say on the matter.” The woman’s tone was that of a mother’s. “Now, before you insist that you’d prefer to be executed, I’d urge you to think of your people… your friends… your family. You’ve see what we’re capable of. How we treat our enemies. With you dead, they’ll no longer have the protection of The Great Wanheda. You have a chance to align them with the winning side. Would you really be so selfish, as to deny them the rest of their lives?”

It was eerie, how calm her voice sounded and Clarke desperately wished she could hit her. Instead, she stayed quiet, attempting to accept her new fate. Dying was one thing. Living the rest of your life with someone you did not love, in a place that wasn’t your home, was something else entirely.

That’s when she saw him. Prince Roan, standing tall, while his mother was seated behind him to his left. Parts of his hair were pulled back into tiny braids, and he was dressed in fine, grounder clothing — much nicer than anything she’d ever seen him in before. He looked… beautiful. She should have realized it would be him, waiting for her. But she had been too distracted by the idea of marriage, she hadn’t considered who it might be to.

Isolda released her hold on Clarke’s arm, nodding as a way of telling her to walk the rest of the way on her own. For a moment, she didn’t move. She considered fleeing into the crowd, hoping she could disappear long enough to get away. Such a foolish thought, for someone who knew better.

She took a step forward, and another, a small amount of her dress dragging behind her. When her
and Roan’s eyes finally met, she searched them, trying to find out what he was thinking, what he was feeling— but there was nothing there. Perhaps that, in itself, was an answer.

She looked toward the man seated next to the queen, and after a moment, he rose, moving to stand in front of them.

“Follow my lead.” Roan whispered, before going down on his knees. All eyes were on her, before she realized she was suppose to kneel as well, her dress making it hard to do so gracefully. The man began to speak in their native tongue, but Clarke was unable to focus on his words.

This was really happening.

She had experienced war first hand— been responsible for countless deaths. It had been a long time since she felt like an eighteen year old girl. But, now, here, in front of all these people, her life was being bound to another’s. She had never felt so small, and so young, during any of her time spent on Earth.

Suddenly, Roan’s hand grabbed hold of hers, and together they stood, taking her away from her thoughts.

“The knife.” The man stretched out his hand toward a little boy.

“It’s okay.” Roan said, strangely gentle. Clarke’s face must have shown her concern.

Roan reached for her hand, turning it so it faced upward. He was then handed the knife, which he used to make a medium size cut on her palm. She winced, instantly starting to bleed. Next thing she knew, he was handing her the knife and offering one of his own palms. She hesitated before cutting him, and then the knife was taken away, and their bloody hands were tied together.

“Repeat after me.” Roan told her in english, before switching over to Trigedasleng. “You are now blood of my blood and soul of my soul. Let us be bound together in darkness and in light.”

“You are now blood of my blood and soul of my soul. Let us be bound together in darkness and in light.” Clarke was sure she had mispronounced a few of the words.

“The promises made today and the ties that are bound here will cross the years and lives of each soul’s growth.” The man looked at Roan. “Do you still seek to enter this union?”

“Yes, I seek to enter.”

He turned to Clarke. It would be so easy to say no.

“Yes, I seek to enter.”

“You are two bodies, spirit to spirit, flesh to flesh— but there is only one life before you now.” His words sounded like a sentencing.

After that, everything seemed to move in slow motion. Roan leaned toward her, their hands still tied together, placing a kiss on her her mouth. He tasted like alcohol. She wondered how many drinks he needed to have before he was able to go through with it, wondered what his mother had threatened him with. Knowing him, it was probably the fear of another banishment. She actually felt sorry for him. He was just a mere pawn in his mother’s game of chess. And so was she.

Nia stood, silencing the exited chatter of the village.
“It is my pleasure to officially welcome, Princess Clarke of Azgeda, to our family.”

The crowd erupted in cheers.

After their hands were untied, Roan offered her his arm, which she gladly accepted— needing something to steady her as they walked back toward the main building. Princess. She had been called that so many times in her life, especially when aboard The Ark— but the last time anyone had used that nickname, was when she stabbed a knife into the stomach of the boy she loved, and he thanked her for it.

Oh, how so much had changed since then.

They were lead to a room, with a large table. There must have been thirty people there, waiting for Clarke and Roan to be seated, before they could start eating. Following Roan’s lead, Clarke, shook everybody’s hand on the way to her seat. Once she was sitting, she smiled at the girl who filled her cup with what smelt like rum, before drinking it far too quickly. The food in front of her looked delicious, but she didn’t have much of an appetite. All she wanted to do in that moment was drink, and forget.

So that’s what she did.

By the time everyone was gone, and her and Roan were escorted to their room, Clarke was drunk. She could remember Nia explaining to them that this room was only temporary, and that they would have their very own home, outside of these buildings in a couple of weeks, but after that, the night seemed a blur.

“I’d say good night, but I’m sure there won’t be very much sleeping going on.” Nia’s grin was almost wicked. “Your vows will be consummated.” It was a command, and if Clarke hadn’t been drunk, she’d probably be nervous by then, but when the door closed behind them, all she felt was light.

Roan seemed distracted as he slowly undid the ties on his shirt, and without thinking much about it Clarke pushed him against the nearest wall and kissed him hard.

“Clarke.” He sighed her name against her mouth, grabbing hold of her arms. “Clarke, stop. You’re drunk.”

She took a small step back.

“And?”

“And— you’re drunk.” He stepped past her, moving toward the other end of the room.

“But your mother said—“

“My mother can go to hell, for all I care.”

Clarke eyed him for a moment, before she unclipped her hair and got to work getting out of her dress. It was a lot harder than she was expecting— she couldn’t seem to loosen up the leather straps properly.

“What are you doing?”

“Taking off my dress.”
“Clarke.” He warned.

It was too late. She had gotten it loose enough for her to easily slip out of, and suddenly she was standing there, in front of him, completely naked. She didn’t have to look at him to know he was staring at her. She could feel his eyes take in every inch of her body. Drunk Clarke didn’t seem to mind.

“Well? What are you waiting for? Are you going to throw me on that bed, or not?” At this point, Clarke wasn’t even sure what she wanted to happen.

Roan didn’t say anything. Instead he disappeared into the closet, and came back out, with something in his hand. He moved toward her, and she looked up at him with eyes that made him have to clear his throat.

“I’m not.” He said quietly, slowly helping her into a robe, his hands lingering near her chest, before he pulled them away.

“Why?” She was trying to understand what kind of man he was, but her mind didn’t want to focus.

“Because this isn’t you talking. Because you’d regret in the morning.” He led her toward the bed, helping her get comfortable under the blanket. He tucked a piece of hair that had fallen in front of her face behind her ear, a gesture that surprised even himself. “Because when we do finally fuck, Clarke. I want you to remember every single second of it.”

There was nothing romantic about what he said, but it sounded like a promise. For a moment, she forgot how to breathe.

And then he turned away, making himself a bed on the floor. When he was done, he took off his shirt, and she couldn’t help but stare at the scars on his back. She remembered the first time she had seen them, down in the old subway station. She had been tied up, while he cauterized a stab wound she had given him. Some of the scars reminded her of the ones on his face, while others were probably just the result of a warrior’s life.

She rolled onto her back, as he got down on the ground and for a while they were quiet. She lifted her hand above her face, so she could get a better look at the cut in the candle light. Her skin was stained red, from both her and Roan’s blood, and as she ran a finger gently over her palm she was sure it would leave a permanent mark. Something about that was almost reassuring.

“Tell me a story.”

A good five minutes must have passed, and Clarke thought he might’ve fallen asleep, but then his voice quietly swept through the room, and she closed her eyes, listening to his words until she slipped into a deep sleep of her own.
When Clarke woke up, she was instantly aware of how much her head was hurting. The sunlight pouring in through the windows didn’t help, and she squeezed her eyes shut a second after opening them. She groaned. Five minutes must have passed until she remembered the events of last night. Her sudden marriage to Roan, the cutting of their hands, the noisiest dinner party she had ever been to, Nia commanding they consummate their vows…

Clarke shot up into a sitting position. The other half of the bed was empty, and it wasn’t until she looked around the room that she found a shirtless Roan, sound asleep on the ground, his blanket only covering up the bottom half of him.

Relief washed over her. If he was on the floor, and she wasn’t naked, it probably meant that they hadn’t had sex. Yet, she had a distinct memory of pushing him up against a wall— something drunk Clarke was very much known for doing in the past, and getting out of her dress. But here she was, wearing what looked to be the grounders version of a night gown, meaning— he had helped cover her up. At least, she assumed so— since drunk Clarke was also known for not being able to change in and out of clothing without giving up half way through and going to sleep naked.

When he stirred, she looked away, and it wasn’t until his voice, sleepy and warm, filled the room, that she turned back.

“Morning.” He said lazily, his body sore from sleeping on the floor. He stood and stretched, his blanket sliding from his legs. Clarke tried not to stare at his abs, but she was overcome with the desire to suddenly draw him.

“How are you feeling?”

She lifted her eyes to meet his, her cheeks reddening softly.

“I think embarrassed is a good place to start.”

“Don’t be.” Roan smiled. It was a smile she wasn’t all too familiar with. A smile saved for quieter moments. Moments, she was sure, he didn’t share with many people. “You were drunk.”

“I don’t usually drink like that… it’s just…” She trailed off.

“You thought we were going to have sex, and drinking was the only way you were going to be able to go through with it.”

“I’m sorry.” There was no point in lying to him. It wasn’t that she didn’t find him attractive— she most certainly did, and the image of running her fingers over his abs is something she will never be able to completely erase from her thoughts— but he was part of the reason she was a prisoner of this place to begin with… at least, he hadn’t stopped it from happening. Maybe she was being unfair in thinking that he could have, but either way, part of her needed more time. To cope. To adjust. To trust him again. “Thank you for being such a gentleman…”

“You sound surprised.” He had slipped into a shirt by now, moving around the room as he prepared for the day.

“I don’t know you, Roan. At least, not very well.”

He stopped what he was doing, and watched her, his stare making it hard for her to concentrate on
“Alright. Why don’t you have a bath. Get all that make up off.” He gestured to her face. “Then get dressed, and I’ll meet you downstairs.”

“Where are we going?” She was standing now, arms crossed in an attempt to stay warm.

“I’m going to give you the grand tour. You’re the princess now, Clarke. It’s time you officially met your new people… and your new home.”

He left her alone with the aching reminder of how much she missed her mom, her friends… Lexa and Bellamy… She so desperately wished she could see them again. Deciding there, that she would bring it up to Nia when she got the chance. After all, the deal was to unite both of their people.

Yet, that didn’t include Lexa. If she was still alive, then they were on opposite sides once again. A thought that left a bad taste in Clarke’s mouth, and a tightness in her heart.

Once her face was finally bare of make up, and her hair clean, she tore a piece of fabric off the towel she was using to dry herself, and wrapped her hand with it, intending to keep dirt and other things from getting inside of the cut. Her palm was still sore, but it was only as noticeable as a low hum, and once she began to dress, she practically forgot about it. She had become familiar with grounder clothing when she was alone all those months in the woods, attempting to blend in. Yet, Azgeda clothing was a little thicker, warmer, and had more furs involved. She looked at her reflection in a cracked mirror, and was startled to find how fierce she seemed. She even felt slightly taller.

As soon as she was downstairs, Roan’s eye flickered over to her, before handing her a handful of berries and nuts.

“Thought you might be hungry…” He seemed a little distracted, taking in the sight of her.

She smiled softly.

“Thank you.”

He nodded, before motioning for her to follow him. When the front doors opened, she was sent back to the night before. Only this time, there was no mob waiting for her, no cleared pathway. The village’s main focus was no longer on her and Roan, but on one other. Children played, people traded. There was a sea of smiling faces, and a song of laughter, and Clarke decided she had no clue who the Ice Nation really was until this moment. The warriors, with their faces painted white and bloody, had families too. Had people they deeply cared about. People they were willing to do whatever it takes to protect. Surely, Clarke can relate to that.

They spent the entire day, and evening exploring the market and interacting with the people. Clarke even enjoyed watching as Roan played tag with several children, before she was asked to join in. Soon she found herself being chased by three little girls, right into the arms of her new husband.

“Looks like I got you.” His eyes bore into hers, while his hands rested on the sides of her arms. Clarke swallowed hard before taking a step back, almost disappointed when his hands dropped away.

That week went by fast. Every morning he would take her somewhere new, and every night they would take turns telling each other stories from their drastically different childhoods. How funny that they’d up in the same place, at the same time, a random collection of events leading them to where they were now. Together.
It was the beginning of her second week there, when Roan insisted he give her a lesson in fighting.

“We both know you’ve helped kill more people than I have.” His words weren’t said to hurt her. He was merely stating a fact. “But that was because of circumstance, and planning. For the most part. You also had other people helping you. When it comes to fighting someone one-on-one, you have your mind paired with your instinct and desire to survive— but whatever skill you may posses hasn’t been fine tuned yet. You’re careless with a weapon that isn’t a gun. If you had succeeded in killing me when we first met, it would have been by chance, and you don’t want to have to depend on luck.”

He went toward the stables to grab their swords, as Clarke thought about what he said.

“Seems like Wanheda isn’t turning out to be such a good nickname for me.”

“Now that’s something we can agree on. If I’ve learned anything this week, it’s that I much prefer calling you ‘Clarke’ anyway.”

Had he not had his back to her, he would have seen her smile.

When he handed her a sword, she turned it over in her hand, admiring the look of it. It wasn’t too heavy or too light and it felt strong in her grip.

“I had it made specially for you.” His expression became awkward, when he realized he didn’t necessarily have to share that piece of information with her, but she was glad he did. It was little gestures like that, that helped form a fondness toward him.

“Finally. I was wondering when I would get my first wedding gift.” Her smile was contagious, and soon he was grinning right along with her.

He spent the next few hours training her. She was knocked to the ground more than she’d care to admit, and he even managed to knick her arm with the edge of his sword.

“My bad.” His smirk was playful as he turned to put down his sword. Clarke took this as chance to sneak up behind him, and put her blade against his throat.

“Didn’t anyone ever teach you not to turn your back on your enemies?”

He slowly turned toward her, her sword not moving. He smiled then, and she smiled back— both of them painfully aware of how easy it would be, in this moment, for her to kill him. But a different kind of desire turned in the pit of her stomach at the sight of him standing there— vulnerable. Something new hung in the air between them, and Clarke felt heat build in between her legs. She lowered her weapon, and handed it to him, taking a couple of deep breaths as he put them away.

“Thank you for the lesson.” She said, as soon as he was back at her side. “You’re a good teacher… and I… I had fun.”

It was strange. Clarke couldn’t quite pin point the last time she was able to just enjoy herself. She had been running, and hiding, and fighting for months… who would have thought that the first time she gets a moment to herself, it’s as a prisoner to the Ice Nation. If she can even refer to herself as that anymore…

She is, after all, their princess now. That’s got to mean something.

“And you’re a good student.”
“I look forward to the day where I’m the one knocking you to the ground, instead of the other way around.”

“Hey, all you have to do is ask.”

Clarke smiled, biting her bottom lip in a way that drove Roan crazy. Something he wasn’t aware of until that very second.

“Did you just flirt with me?” She teased, eye brow arched.

“Well, you are my wife. Flirting tends to come with the territory. Among other things.” There were implications in his words, implications Clarke didn’t seem to mind anymore. There was also a hint of humour there, and she liked seeing it come out to play.

“Fair enough. Flirt away.”

That afternoon was a pleasant one to say the least, and if Clarke didn’t think too hard about the fact that Nia had conveniently chosen to take a trip outside of the Ice Nation two days after her and Roan were married, she was able to maintain that pleasantness.

Later, when the two of them were alone again in their room, she discovered several drawings tucked away in a book. One was of the nearby mountains, another was of a child’s face, the third one was a horse, and the fourth was a drawing of her, wearing what looked like the grounder clothing she had picked out on the day after their wedding.

She looked over at him, her expression soft.

“You didn’t tell me you could draw.”

He looked almost startled, and then he was by her side, looking down at his own work.

“It’s just a hobby of mine…”

“Well then, it seems we have something in common.”

“Really?” He grinned. “You like drawing?”

“I love drawing. I’ve been desperate to ever since I arrived here. I find it calming. Therapeutic, even.”

“Duly noted.”

She picked up the drawing of herself, and Roan ran a hand through his hair.

“What’s the story behind this one?” She asked, trying to elicit some sort of response from him.

“Just that you looked particularly nice that day.” What he said was only half the truth. In reality, seeing her in his clan’s traditional grounder clothing had a sort of effect on him, one he wasn’t quite ready to admit.

She blushed.

“You’ll have to let me draw you one day. It would only be fair.”

“One day.” He agreed, before moving back to his bed on the floor, while Clarke crawled into the actual bed and made herself comfortable underneath the blankets.
When he was finally laying down he groaned slightly, before turning onto his side.

“Are you okay?”

“Oh, yeah, it’s nothing. My back is sore, that’s all.”

Without thinking too much about it, she sat up and pat the spot in front of her.

“Come here.”

He stared at her without moving.

“I’m not gonna bite, I promise.”

He continued to stare at her for a while, before getting back up and sitting on the bed directly in front of her.

To his surprise, she began to massage his shoulders, and down his back, her fingers sliding over his scars and leaving behind a trail of goosebumps.

“That feels amazing.” He closed his eyes, practically melting into her as she increased the pressure.

“We all have our talents.”

They sat like for the another thirty minutes, and when Clarke pulled away, Roan instantly missed her touch, his back incredibly thankful the treatment it had received.

“Thank you.” He smiled, but before he could get up, she grabbed his hand.

“How about you sleep in the bed tonight…” Her voice quiet, and her eyes refused to meet his. “With me?”

The invitation wasn’t for anything more than to sleep, but it still felt like a step forward in their relationship, one that she wasn’t sure he was ready to take yet. Or if he even wanted to.

“Didn’t you just warn me today, not to turn my back on the enemy?” He was smiling, but there was a hint of hesitation in his words.

“Luckily I’m not… I’m not your enemy anymore.” While she couldn’t find it in herself to trust Nia, she knew Roan was nothing like his mother. That the goodness she saw in him must be genuine. And despite the two of them having almost killed each other in the past, something told her that was no longer an option between them. She hoped she was right.

He nodded, before sliding in next to her, and when Clarke fell asleep, she felt warm.

Maybe even safe.
Hey guys. I just wanted to apologize for taking so long to post this chapter. Unfortunately, I had to spend a week in the hospital to deal with some things, and I had very limited access to the internet while I was there and when I got home I was in recovery mode.

Then last week's episode aired, [3x07 spoilers] and I've been in mourning of Lexa's character. She was my second favorite character of the show, and I'm very heart broken about losing her. I'm happy I started writing this before that episode aired, so I can keep her alive in this story, even if it's only in the background.

Anyway-- I've been missing Roan's presence in the show, and I'll be happy when he becomes part of the story again. I'm not a fan of a couple of things that are happening in canon, so I'll just be over here on my happy clarke/roan ship. 'Queen of Azgeda' has a nice ring to it, don't you think?

As soon as the Ice Nation, along with the clans that had created an alliance with Queen Nia, attacked Polis, hundreds of people were slaughtered. After Clarke was taken, Lexa was left for dead. Luckily, she was kept safe by those who stayed loyal to her. Now, the remainder of her people, along with Arkadia, prepare themselves for another war.

"Heda." Indra’s voice pulled Lexa from her thoughts. “Bellamy is here to see you.”

She nodded once, granting him permission to enter, and then Indra disappeared behind a corner leaving the two of them alone.

“I want to go after her.” Bellamy said, getting straight to the point.

“It’s not safe.”

“So, I’ll bring a small team with me.”

“And do what? Walk in through the front door? They’ll kill you on sight.”

“I’ve got a plan.” Bellamy insisted, positioning himself in front of her. “When word gets out that you’re leading an army there, they’ll be distracted. All eyes will be on the South. That might give me time to sneak in from a different direction. If I can get a hold of some Azgeda clothing, I can blend in…”

Lexa sighed, shaking her head slightly.

“Say that works, say you succeed, how will you find out where they’re holding her? We don’t even know if she’s alive.”

His eyes bore into hers.

“Yes, we do. This is Clarke we’re talking about. If anything happened to her… you and me… we
would know.”

There was an understanding there, between them. Two people who loved the same girl in ways that were different, yet similar.

“Please, Lexa. Let me do this.”

She tried to keep her expression neutral, to keep her guard up— but the thought of Clarke in the hands of the same woman who tortured, killed, and cut off the head of her last love, made her walls come tumbling down. Her eyes glistened in the candle light, tears threatening to fall.

“Fine. Once we’re ready to march, you can move. Until then, you must stay put… and Bellamy? Don’t get yourself killed. If not for your own sake… for hers.”

Bellamy stared at her for a moment, before nodding, and leaving the room.

_____________________________________________________________________

When Clarke stepped outside, the cold air immediately enveloped itself around her. The ground, which had been a mixture of brown and green since she had arrived, was now covered in a thin blanket of snow. She stepped forward, reaching out her hand and letting the tiny snowflakes that fell from the sky, melt in her palm.

“It’s beautiful, isn’t it?” The sound of Roan’s voice was a pleasant interruption.

Clarke looked over her shoulder, a very real, and very genuine smile softening her features.

“Yes, it is.” She agreed, full-heartedly.

“I thought you might want these.” Roan said, handing her a pair of gloves. They were much warmer than any of the ones she had worn previously, and despite being made out of similar materials, they looked and felt much different than Lexa’s.

Lexa.

Just the thought of her made Clarke’s throat tighten, instantly filling her with the feeling of guilt. How could she stand there and smile, when the girl she loved might very well be dead? No. She wouldn’t let her mind go there. Lexa was still alive. She had to be… and if the price of that, was the two of them forever on opposite sides, so be it. It was time for her to let her go, to move on, and to accept that sometimes your life goes down a path you weren’t expecting— she looked toward Roan — to someone, you weren’t expecting.

“Thank you.” Clarke’s expression was suddenly playful, as she took several slow steps backwards. “You’ve made it much easier for me to do this.”

She bent down, and grabbed a handful of snow, forming her first ever snowball and throwing it directly at Roan’s face.

“You’re gonna pay for that.” He grinned, moving toward her.

She began to run away, loving the sound the snow beneath her boots. She ran through the village, past the market, and up a nearby hill— but Roan was fast, and soon enough he was able to grab her from behind, causing the two of them to both fall over, Clarke landing on the ground with him just
above her. The snow was cold against the back of her neck, but the heat from his body kept her warm. She was laughing, unable to pinpoint the last time she allowed herself to just have fun. In that moment, she didn’t owe anything to anyone. She was free from responsibility.

It wasn’t until she opened her eyes, and met Roan’s gaze, that she realized just how close their faces were. Something shifted in his expression, and despite not saying anything, she knew exactly what he was thinking—what he wanted to do. He searched her eyes, noticing the gentle rise and fall of her chest, and she swallowed hard, trying to rid herself of the sudden nerves that filled her stomach. She nodded her head then, giving him the permission he was looking for.

His fingers traced along her jawline, before planting both of his hands in the snow next to her face and bringing his mouth to hers. Her lips parted beneath his, and soon her own hands were grabbing hold of his face and drawing him closer, forcing him to drop to his elbows for support.

Kissing him was good. Better than good. It was…great. She discovered very quickly that she liked kissing him a lot. This kiss was different than the kisses on their wedding night. Those felt like obligations, whereas this one was by choice.

Roan smiled against her mouth, and Clarke rolled them over, pinning him down with one last kiss, before she attacked him with more snow.

“Cheater.”

Clarke smirked, but before she could pick up any more, something hit her in the back of her head, followed by the sound of children giggling. She turned around, to find three girls and one boy preparing to throw more snowballs at them. She ducked, rolling off of Roan, and crawling in the opposite direction. Roan stood, crying out dramatically as the kids pelted him with snow, before he grabbed Clarke and lifted her up in front of him.

“Nooooo!” She squealed, trying to shield herself, before squirming out of his hold and moving toward the kids.

They screamed, running down the hill, and she chased them until she was standing directly in the spot her and Roan had gotten married only three weeks prior. It felt like it had been much longer than that. She turned to look for him, and instead was surprised to see his mother, riding in on a beautiful, black horse. She looked terrifying, as usual, her hair pulled back to reveal the scars on her face. Nia’s eyes found Clarke’s almost immediately, and her lips curved into a smile. There was nothing warm or genuine about it, and Clarke wanted nothing more than to wipe it off her face for good. Instead, she smiled back, just as cold, paired with a small nod. Nia looked away, quickly reaching the centre building and jumping off her horse.

When she disappeared behind the doors, Clarke began making her way over. Nia had promised her the safety of her people, along with a new home. It was time for her to pay up.

When she reached the top floor, she walked passed the throne room directly to Nia’s courters, facing the two guards that stood by her door.

“I’d like an audience with the Queen.”

The guards didn’t move.

“She’s busy.”

“Well, this is important.” Clarke crossed her arms.
“Doesn’t make her any less busy.” Quipped the one on the left.

If looks could kill, both guards would have dropped dead then and there. Fortunately, the door opened before Clarke’s mouth did, and Nia stepped out.

“Play nice, boys.” She practically purred. “This is my daughter-in-law after all. Please, Clarke. Do come in.”

Clarke followed her inside, the doors shutting loudly behind her.
Chapter Notes

Wow, it has been an awfully long time since I've updated this fic. I'm not sure if there's anyone left who is interested in giving this a read, but I hope there is!

After last night's episode I had no choice but to write something. Did you guys SEE the blood bond between Clarke and Roan???? I kind of died because there's never been a blood bond in the show before, and for it to happen between the two of them when I wrote that for their wedding made me feel all kinds of things. Clearly i'm psychic.

Anyway, reviews are always appreciated! I hope you guys like this one and I'm happy to say there's so much more coming to this story.

Nia’s chambers weren’t quite what Clarke was expecting. With several windows on one of the walls, the sunlight poured in, bringing a sort of comfort to the room. No, Clarke had been expecting a flickering light, perhaps torture tools laying on the floor, blood splattered on the walls. You know, a scene right from those horror movies her and Wells use to watch together. Instead, it was rather beautiful. Maybe even cozy. She shuddered at the thought.

“Please, dear. Make yourself comfortable.” The contempt in Nia’s voice was impossible to ignore.

Instead of sitting, Clarke walked over to one of the windows, soaking in a view that was surely meant for a Queen.

“We have some things we need to sort out, you and I.” Clarke turned toward her. “Like, when you’ll be sending word to my people that they no longer have to think of you as an enemy.”

“Right. That.” Nia sighed, pouring herself a glass of some sort of concoction and swirling it around before taking a sip. “First, I’d like to remind you, Clarke. That I’m the one who makes the orders around here—”

“This was your idea!” Clarke interrupted. “I didn’t—”

Nia raised a hand to silence her and Clarke had to bite back her words and her pride.

“I know it’s hard for you not to be in control anymore. To have someone else tell you what to do, where to go, and when to speak.” Nia stepped forward, positioning herself directly in front of Clarke.

“Unfortunately, that is your reality now. You might be blood, but I am still your Queen. You will not speak over me. You will not try and tell me what it is I’m suppose to do. If I make a promise, I intend to keep it…”

She trailed off, momentarily cupping the side of Clarke’s face, before grabbing her chin hard and forcing her to look at her.

“But I will do so at my own pace.” She practically spat each word, before letting her go.

Clarke’s eyes burned with frustration, anger, repulsion. She was almost positive she could never hate
someone more than the woman who stood in front of her.

“Do we understand each other?” She titled her head as if she was talking to a child.

Clarke squeezed her hand into a fist before nodding.

“I’m sorry, what was that?”

“Yes.” It almost killed her to say it.

“I think you mean, ‘Yes, mother.’” Nia’s smile was cruel. There was no other word for it.

Clarke stared at her hard, wishing she could use the knife in her boot to slit her throat and watch her bleed. She actually had to take a step back, and will herself not to think such terrible things.

But the God honest truth of the matter was… this was one of the few times she wanted to kill someone for her own selfish reasons.

“Yes, mother.” The words tasted like defeat.

“Oh, good. Now please get out.” Nia dismissed her with a wave of her hand, and Clarke left, never in her life feeling as small as she did right that second.

She avoided as many of the guards as she could, as she made her way to her own room. Once she was inside, she leaned her back against her bedroom door and allowed herself to cry. It was ugly, and, at first, loud— until she put her hand to her mouth in hopes it would muffle the noise.

Somewhere in the middle of crying she had removed her gloves, jacket and boots, and had climbed into her bed, not realizing she had fallen asleep until warm fingers gently caressed her cheek.

She opened her eyes slowly, to find Roan looking down at her.

“Hey, you.” He smiled a little. “I wondered where you went.”

Clarke rubbed the sleep out of her eyes, before attempting a smile back.

“Yeah… about that. I probably should have told you where I was going before disappearing on you like that.”

“Don’t worry about it. I saw the way you zoned in on my mother. I figured you went to talk to her. Admittedly, I got a little concerned when it had gotten dark and you still weren’t back.”

“Worried I was thrown into a secret dungeon?”

“Or worse— braiding each other’s hair.”

Clarke laughed. A lot. Before shaking her head.

“Your mother hates me.”

“She hates everyone. Including me. The only person she doesn’t hate is herself.”

“I can hate her enough for the both of us.”

Roan stood up, and Clarke watched him as he finally slid out of his jacket.

“I think you need a bath.”
“Way to make a girl feel pretty.” Clarke sat up.
“I mean, to make you feel better. You could use one after an argument with my mother.”

“How do you know it was an argument?”

Roan raised an eyebrow, and Clarke clicked her tongue as if she was just realizing something for the first time.

“Oh, right. Cause she’s a bitch. Which is totally a term of endearment, I swear.”

“Mhm. So, you’d be alright if I called you bitch from now on?”

Clarke bit down on her lip as she smiled and nodded adorably up at him.

“Sure would.” She said, standing up and making her way toward him.

“I’ll remember that.”

“Oh, yeah?” She asked playfully.

“Yeah.” He nodded right back, before leaning down and kissing her. A kiss that was cut short by a knock on the door.

Clarke took a step back as soon as Roan told whomever was at their door to come inside.

“Sorry to intrude, but I wanted to make sure you both had everything you needed this evening.”

“Actually, Nara, I was hoping you could have the Bathing Room prepared for Clarke.”

“Right away.” Nara smiled, before closing the door behind her.

“Bathing room? But there’s a bath right here.” Clarke gestured to the spot just underneath their window.

“Trust me, you’ll enjoy the one downstairs more. It’s much bigger.” Roan said, offering his arm.

“Well, I guess bigger sounds pretty good.” Clarke replied, linking her arm with his and following him out of the room.

Once they had made it to the floor below the main level, Clarke took it upon herself to look around.
The bathing room was almost as large as their chambers, but instead of seeing the types of baths she had become accustomed to since visiting Polis, and now the Ice Nation, there was a large rectangular hole in the floor, complete empty. It took her only a moment to realize that it was once a pool, probably meant for the hotel guests that stayed there over 100 years ago.

Next to the pool there was a much smaller hole— only it was circular. Clarke remembered seeing movies where people called them Hot Tubs. It seemed a fitting name, as Nara and Ethel poured buckets of hot water inside of it. Water that had been heated up by the fire they had made, and safely contained, at the other end of the room.
As Clarke made her way over to the tub, she admired the worn out paintings on the wall.

“I have a feeling this room use to be really beautiful” She looked over at Roan, who smiled in return.

As soon as Nara and Ethel were done, they politely excused themselves, and Clarke dipped a toe into the water.
“Wow. That feels really good.”

“And you definitely deserve some good.” Roan replied, before turning to leave.

“Where are you going?”

“Just giving you some privacy.”

“Wait.” The word left Clarke’s mouth before she realized what she was saying.

Roan stopped walking, and looked over at her, a question in his expression. She swallowed nervously, before beginning to untie her braids. She shook her head slightly, her hair sitting loosely on her shoulders, as she unbuckled the belts that held her shirt in place. Once she had gotten out of her top, she worked on her pants. She was afraid to meet his gaze when all that was left covering her was her underwear. But when she did finally look at him, her excitement overshadowed her fear.

She undid her bra—sliding each strap slowly off of her shoulders and allowing the fabric to fall to the floor. His eyes trailed down to her chest, his tongue licking his bottom lip. At this point her heart was racing, as she stepped out of her underwear. The air felt cold against her naked body, sending goosebumps down her legs. She couldn’t help but think back to the first time she had seen him, his face dirty and hair knotted, holding a drawing of her in his hands. So many things had changed since then, that it felt like a lifetime ago. Then again, time seemed to move more quickly on Earth than it had in Space.

For a moment all Roan did was stare and then he was moving towards her, his hands grabbing hold of her face, and tilting it towards his. But just before he could kiss her, she pulled her lips out of reach.

“First you have to even the playing field.” She bit her lip.

“What does that mean?” He laughed.

She leaned toward him, her mouth hovering just under his.

“Get. Naked.” She breathed, before taking a step back and getting into the tub.

The hot water felt incredible against her skin, wrapping itself around her like a warm blanket. She had the perfect view of Roan as he pulled his shirt off in one swift movement. It wasn’t the first time she had seen him shirtless, but she wasn’t sure she would ever get use it. It was when he had taken everything off though, that her cheeks went bright red.

“Wow.” She said it so fast, she had to hold a hand to her mouth before she embarrassed herself more.

He bit back a smile, before climbing into the tub with her and sitting directly across from her.

“Fuck, that feels good.” He closed his eyes, and Clarke couldn’t help but imagine him saying that under different circumstances.

“You know what else feels good?” Clarke had his attention instantly.

She maneuvered herself into a sitting position on his lap, running her fingertips down his stomach, before reaching one hand between his legs. His mouth opened, sucking in a breath, and she leaned into him, trailing several kisses along his neck, before moving to his jawline, and finally mouth. The second her lips were on his, one of his hands went into her hair, and the other grabbed hold of her butt, his fingers digging into her skin. She began to position him beneath her, when he pulled his mouth from hers and caught his breath.
“You’re… so… beautiful.”

She paused for a moment, her heart pounding against her rib cage, and responded by guiding him inside of her, a noise involuntarily slipping out from her mouth. He leaned back, admiring the way her breasts bounced as she rocked her hips against him, his hands now gripping onto her waist, and her fingers tangling in his hair.

The sex was great. Hot, passionate and most of all— fun. When they both had finished, she rested her chin on his shoulder, holding a hand to her forehead.

“I was really loud, wasn’t I?” She asked, embarrassed. She could feel Roan laugh under her.

“It’s not funny! There are guards outside the door.” She exclaimed, sitting up.

“Yeah, and you’ve made me look really good.”

Clarke splashed him, before darting to the other side of the tub and he glided over, pinning her against the wall, looking at her differently than before.

“What?” She asked, tucking a piece of her hair behind her ear like she might have done if she were still on the Ark, talking to someone she liked.

“It’s nothing.”

“No— tell me.” She cupped his cheek.

“I like the sound of your laugh.” He said simply. “Before our wedding, I didn’t think you knew how to— and maybe I had forgotten how to myself. But it’s… it’s beautiful, Clarke. I just… if I can continue to make you laugh, then all that other shit doesn’t seem so bad anymore.”

She watched his wall come down piece by piece with every word and suddenly her own wall didn’t seem so sturdy.

I could love him.

The thought was a mere flicker. For a split second it was there, and the next it was gone— but it had happened, and with that came relief and also guilt. She felt like she was betraying parts of her heart. The parts that had belonged to Lexa… and the parts that had belonged to Bellamy.

Roan looked at her, waiting for her to say something, and she responded with a kiss that started off innocently, and ended up with them having sex again.

That night she fell asleep with his arms wrapped tightly around her, remembering the first night she had let him into her bed. Their bed. She had almost felt safe— even back then. But now, there was no almost about it.

She was safe. Finally.
So I felt so sad that it took me such a long time to update, that I decided to post another little chapter! Hope you guys enjoy! xxx

“Heda, it’s time.” Indra’s expression remained serious as Lexa nodded and climbed onto her horse.

It had taken longer than she had anticipated for her warriors to recover and for a plan of action to be made. Bellamy had been growing more impatient with each day, that she was surprised he hadn’t snuck off to play hero yet. She knew that he would die to save Clarke, if that’s what it took. But perhaps he had realized that getting himself killed before that wasn’t an option.

If anyone could understand, it was her.

“Azgeda has finally betrayed us. This was never a question of ‘if.’ It was a question of when. They have brought war upon themselves, and we will show no mercy!” Lexa’s voice rained over her people.

“This was an act of treason! And the punishment must fit the crime! Blood must have blood!” She yelled, her warriors echoing her words back to her, their swords held high towards the sky.

It was then that they began marching towards the North, Indra riding up next to Lexa.

“Send word to, Bellamy. Tell him he has permission to move forward with his plan.”

Indra nodded, and turned her horse to leave.

“One more thing, Indra.” Lexa met her gaze. “Tell him to be careful… and… to bring her back.”

“If he doesn’t, Commander. You will.”

Lexa swallowed the lump that was forming in her throat, desperately trying to keep her expression neutral.

“May we meet again.” Clarke’s words slipped from her mouth almost on accident, and with that Indra rode off.

Lexa positioned herself at the front of her army, and it wasn’t long until they came across one of Nia’s camps. She jumped from her horse, wielding her sword as she had done so many times before.

“Kill them all!” She ordered, a flicker of something almost unrecognizable in her eyes.

She turned around, quickly slitting an enemy’s throat, imagining it was Nia’s. Part of her tried to rationalize her actions—that it wasn’t just Clarke she was spilling blood for. But with each kill, it was Clarke’s face she saw, the memory of her kiss lingering on her lips.

The love she felt for this girl didn’t make her weak—it made her dangerous.

/////////
“I’m not wearing that.” Octavia said, arms crossed.

Bellamy was holding out Azgeda clothing, one brow raised upward.

“Come on, O. We need to be able to blend in.”

Monty, Harper, Miller and Bryan were already dressed head to toe in Azgeda gear. They looked so unlike themselves that it almost made Bellamy feel uneasy.

Octavia snatched the jacket from his hand and slid into reluctantly.

“Doesn’t suit you.” Indra said, and Octavia responded with a smile.

As soon as Indra had told them they could move, Bellamy had the group dressed and ready to go in less than thirty minutes.

“Lexa is heading in from the South, so we’re going to drive in from the West and when we reach Azgeda land, we’re going to go the rest of the way on foot. Indra is going to help us find our way in.”

“How are we going to find out where they’re keeping Clarke?” Harper asked.

“Why, with this of course.” Octavia motioned towards her sword.

“Bellamy…” Monty started.

“It’s fear tactics, alright? No one has to die. We get the information we need, and we go from there.”

“Don’t be stupid, Bellamy. You really think we’re going to sneak into the Ice Nation, and not have to kill anyone?” Octavia looked like she might laugh.

“If you want to save, Clarke— you better get your priorities straight. Those people have killed so many of ours, so many of Lexa’s, and they will kill her if they haven’t already just to prove that they can. If even one of them comes too close to me, I am cutting their fucking heart out.”

“Stop that. Stop talking like you’re a…”

“A what? A murderer? Look around you, big brother. We’re all murderers.”

Octavia pushed past him and climbed into the back of the rover, Indra following close behind.

“Maybe it wasn’t such a good idea to bring her along.” Miller mumbled.

“Well she’s right. We’re at war with these people. Don’t doubt for a second that they wouldn’t kill us if they had the chance.” Bryan turned toward Bellamy.

“We’re going to do what we have to do to get Clarke back, right?”

Bellamy sighed, closing his eyes for a moment, an image of Clarke appearing in his mind. They had been separated so many times since landing on Earth, he would be damned if he never saw her again.

“Right.” He nodded, avoiding Monty and Harper’s stares and climbing into the driver’s seat.

“Let’s go get our Princess.”
“Your mother has asked for me today.”

Clarke was sitting in front of her mirror, running a brush through her hair.

“Apparently I have to meet with her once the sun goes down.”

Roan leaned against the wall, pencil and paper in hand. He had been drawing her for the last hour and had been teasing her to stay still— something she wasn’t so good at doing.

“Strange how I’m never invited to these little meetings.” He put his picture down. “It seems I’ve been replaced.”

“Lucky you.”

Roan smiled, walking up behind her and taking the brush from her hand. To Clarke’s surprise, he began to braid her hair.

“And here I was thinking Ethel did your braids.”

“What can I say? I’m a man with many gifts.” He kissed her neck, his scruff tickling her skin.

She closed her eyes, relishing in his warmth and closeness. When he was done with her hair, she turned her body to face him, and tugged lightly at his shirt.

“Why is this still on?” She pouted.

“Because you have somewhere to be.” Roan motioned towards the window, bringing it to Clarke’s attention that the sun had nearly disappeared.

“We can make it quick.”

“And mess up my masterpiece?” He pulled one of her braids.

“I’ll be careful.” She slid her hands under his shirt, lifting it slightly to reveal his stomach.

She kissed him just below his bellybutton, before unbuttoning his pants and watching as they fell to the ground. Licking her lips, she slid off her chair, and moved onto her knees. She loved the way he felt in her hand, and the ‘fuck’ that slipped from his lips when she took him inside her mouth.

By the time she was done, her hair was no longer presentable. Roan had been unable to stop himself from grabbing hold of her braids. Once they had made some minor adjustments, he pulled her towards him, and kissed her— making sure to whisper exactly what he planned on doing to her when she came back.

It was impossible to hide her blush from the guards as she made her way towards the Council room.

“What’s going on?” Clarke asked, eyeing the Azgeda warrior that stood directly in front of his Queen, a nasty gash on his forehead.

“It looks like the Commander has an army marching our way. One of my camps was ambushed.”

Clarke’s heart tightened.
“Lexa… she’s alive?”

“Oh, did I forget to mention that?” Nia’s smile was cruel as usual, but Clarke didn’t care. Relief poured through her. If there was a God, then he had come through for once.

“Don’t look so thrilled, Wanheda. Remember whose side you stand on now, and whose bed you sleep in.”

Nia stood, her shadow towering over Clarke.

“You are the Princess of Azgeda, which means my people are now your people, and Heda is your enemy.”

“But it doesn’t have to be that way.” Clarke insisted. “If she knew you had let me live, maybe she would call them off— no more people have to die!”

“How naive can you be?” Nia laughed without humor. “She just came onto my land, and slaughtered my people. This is war, Clarke. There will be no negotiations.”

Clarke shook her head, pieces of her hair sticking out from her braids. She didn’t want to listen to what Nia was telling her.

“What about Arkadia?”

Nia nodded towards the young man who had delivered the news of Lexa’s army and his gaze met hers.

“They march with Trikru.”

“Only because they don’t know that Ice Nation is no longer a threat.”

She looked back at Nia.

“Please. You have to send word to them.” She was begging at this point. There was nothing else left for her to do.

“Don’t worry, daughter. I told you that when I made a promise, I intend to keep it. I will send some men to meet with Skaikru and offer them the chance to join us.” She stepped down until she was at the same level as Clarke.

“But if they refuse— they die along with her.”

Clarke swallowed, shaking her head slightly.

“They won’t.”
I'm so happy that I've been feeling so inspired to write more for this story again. I've been having so much fun with it and am even planning on creating a Crown of Love video trailer in hopes to get more people interested in reading it.

Thank you so much to those who take the time to leave little reviews. Knowing that even a couple of people are enjoying this has added to the inspiration I've desperately needed to write more and post sooner.

Clarke stepped outside, her boots sinking into the snow. The air was cold, and she shuddered, pulling her jacket up slightly to keep her neck warm. The main street was busier than usual. Everyone was preparing for the battle that was almost at their doorstep. Food was being bought and sold quickly, the children’s time spent training had been tripled, and most people’s expressions were solemn. Some looked worried, others angry— but mostly they just looked tired.

Clarke didn’t know what to think, let alone feel. On one hand she was relieved that word was finally being sent to her people, and on the other she felt like her actions were nothing but a betrayal to Lexa.

“Princess.” A man bowed his head as Clarke walked passed him, and she smiled slightly, remembering all the times people called her that on the Ark.

When Bellamy first used it, it was an insult. Something to say to get under her skin. But eventually it had become a term of endearment. For it to now be her official title was almost comical.

She found her way to one of the fighting rings, watching as Roan trained with a young man she didn’t recognize. Her eyes focused in on their feet. Each step they took was so well executed, it looked like they were dancing. She climbed onto the fence, spotting the sword Roan had gifted her when they were first married. It was hung up near three others that looked well used.

Jumping down, she made her way toward it. She smiled when it was back in her hand, wishing she had spent more time with it than she had. Part of her had been hoping that the time to use it would never really come. But here they were— war once again on its way.

“Mind if I cut in?” She called out, making sure not to stand too close.

Roan pulled back from his swing, looking over his shoulder.

“You sure you want to get your ass kicked?”

A second later he was on the ground, the other man having taken his chance to trip him when he wasn’t paying attention.

Clarke laughed, and the man winked.

“Illdan.” He said, introducing himself. “It’s a pleasure to finally meet you, Princess.”
“I just got to see my husband fall on his ass because of you. I think the pleasure is all mine.” She shook Illdan’s hand, noticing the odd look on Roan’s face from the corner of her eye.

Once he had excused himself, she dug the tip of her sword into the ground and locked eyes with Roan.

“Well, are you gonna lay there all day or are you gonna fight me?”

He didn’t move, he just stared at her.

“What?”

“You called me your husband.” He sounded surprised. But it was a happy kind of surprised.

“That’s because you are.”

“Right. But it’s the first time I’ve heard you say it.” He smiled. “I liked how it sounded coming from you.”

Clarke looked away, her cheeks heating up like they did sometimes when he said certain things. She doesn’t exactly know when it happened, but lately he had the power to leave her speechless.

“Wanna help me up?” He asked, reaching out a hand.

She grabbed hold of him, and he pulled her down on top of him.

“Hey!” She laughed as he rolled her onto her side, his one hand sliding behind her head.

“Come here.”

She let him pull her towards him, their mouths meeting in the middle. They lost themselves in that kiss, interrupted by the sound of children’s giggles. They moved apart, Clarke looking over her shoulder to find two little girls who looked like they had just been rolling around in the snow. They were probably around six, maybe seven. Their hair was sticking to their cheeks, which were adorably red, but each one was holding a tiny blade.

“They’re not sharp.” Roan said, noticing her staring.

“Dull blades are still blades.”

She stood up, fixing her clothes and the little girls ran away. Grabbing her sword she turned to face Roan, startled that he was already standing.

“You’re quick.” She noted, and he swung, metal hitting metal.

“A around here you have to be.”

They trained for hours, and Clarke had lost count how many times she had fallen onto her back, the tip of Roan’s sword digging lightly into her throat. Each time he’d offer his hand to help her up, and each time she’d smack it away. There were a few moments though where she had gotten a couple good swings in, hitting him hard with her swords handle.

A tinge of guilt tickled the inside of her stomach, but then he’d trip or cut her and that guilt switched to anger.

“Had enough yet?”
She tossed her sword onto the ground, not wanting to look Roan in the eye.

“This is pointless.” She said, annoyed. “If every one of you has been training since you could first walk… I can’t compete with that.”

“That’s an excuse if I’ve ever heard one.”

“Roan—”

“Stop.” It felt more like a suggestion than an order. “I know that you don’t like how we do things around here, but it’s important for my people’s survival. Your people’s survival. We’re not some kind of monsters, Clarke. We want our children to be able to protect themselves. What’s wrong with that?”

“They should be allowed to be children!”

“They are! They play, they laugh, they cry and in between all that, they train. So that when an army is coming to their home to slaughter them, they have a chance.”

“Maybe if your mother didn’t try and have Lexa killed, this wouldn’t be happening!”

“It always comes back to her, doesn’t it?” Clarke knew it wasn’t Nia he was referring to.

“She would kill me if she had the chance. Hell, maybe that’s what you want.”

“You know that’s not true.”

“Actually, I don’t. If it came down to me or her… I don’t think I want to know who you’d choose.”

He started walking away, but she wasn’t going to make it that easy.

“That’s not fair.” She said, following closely behind him, and he laughed. “Roan, please. Stop walking away from me.”

She stopped moving, watching as he left the ring. She thought of Lexa. The way she felt the first time she saw her smile, the taste of her lips, the warmth of her touch. She remembered how much it hurt when Lexa made the decision to choose her people over her. To choose her head over her heart. That’s how it would always be for them. Choosing everyone but each other.

But with Roan it could be different… would be different. His people were her people. They would never come between them.

She closed her eyes.

“I love you.” She said simply, not sure if he heard her at first. “And I’d… I’d pick you.”

When she opened her eyes he was looking at her.

“You mean that?” He asked, unsure whether or not he could believe what he was hearing.

“I wouldn’t say it unless I did.”

One second he was standing across from her and the next she was in his arms, her face buried in his neck and his hands in her hair. It was the first time, she realized, that they had hugged.

“I’m sorry.” Roan apologized.
“I’m the one who was being childish.” She insisted, pulling away to get a better look at him.

“And I was being jealous.”

“Still?” She asked, kissing his cheek.

“A little.” He smirked.

“What about now?” She whispered, trailing smaller kisses along his jaw before moving to his lips.

She was happy their fight was short lived. The Ice Nation had slowly started feeling like home, and she had him to thank for that.

“That’s a bit better.” He said against her mouth.

“Let’s go for a walk.” She suggested, tugging herself away from him, and taking hold of his hand. “Somewhere a little more private.”

“Are you trying to seduce me?”

“Maybe.” She shrugged, trying to make her expression innocent. “Is it working?”

He moved toward her trying to steal another kiss but she dodged him, running towards the forest.

“You’ll have to catch me first.”

He started to chase her and she laughed, hiding behind the trees. Eventually, she stopped to catch her breath, and when she turned around she couldn’t find Roan anywhere. Her eyes scanned her surroundings and then suddenly a hand was on her mouth and she was grabbed from behind.

“Got you.” He said in her ear, spinning her around and pushing her against a tree.

Suddenly she felt unbelievably hot. She stared at him, and they must have been thinking the same thing because both of them started taking off their pants. He lifted her, her legs wrapping around him and he grinded into her, the bark of the tree digging into her lower back.

“Harder.” She breathed, and he complied.

They looked like wild animals with their furs still on, giving into instinct. Her body melded with his so perfectly, she was sure she would never get tired of this kind of connection. This kind of passion. This kind of love.

__________________________________________________________________

“There’s movement.” Miller called out, waving Bellamy over to where he was kneeled behind a small bush.

“Over there by the trees.”

Bellamy looked through his sniper, spotting three Azgeda Warriors heading toward them.

“Maybe they’ll let us pass.” Harper said. “We’re dressed like this for a reason.”

“There’s no way they won’t ask questions.” Octavia was already readying her sword.

“We can at least try.”
“And risk one of them getting away? Not a chance.”

“O— ”

“Let me do what I’m good at.”

And with that she darted in the opposite direction, planning on circling around once they were focused on the others.

“What’s our story going to be?” Bryan asked.

“Indra’s our prisoner and we’re bringing her to the Queen.” Bellamy said, watching for Indra’s nod of approval.

“And when they talk to us in their language?”

“I’ve picked up a little.” Bellamy insisted, knowing full well that it was Octavia who should have stuck around for the conversation.

“What’s going on here?” One of the warriors called out in Trigedasleng.

“We’ve got a present for our Queen.” Bellamy wanted to cringe at his pronunciation. Instead, he shoved Indra forward, holding the tip of her sword against her back. “She’s well trusted by the Commander.”

The three warriors began saying something to each other under their breath, and Bellamy was fully aware of how badly he had butchered their native tongue.

“You’re not Azgeda.” One of them finally said in English. “You’re Skai— ”

The man was interrupted by Octavia’s blade slitting his throat. His words quickly replaced by the sounds of him choking on his own blood. The other two spun around, startled by this sudden attack and while one reached for his sword, the other grabbed a note he had stuffed into his pocket. But it was too late. Octavia fought off the one, driving her sword into his stomach and Miller shot the other in his head.

Their deaths were quick.

“Let’s go.” Was all Octavia said after cleaning her blade on her pants.

When Bellamy looked at his sister, he was no longer able to find the girl who used to chase butterflies. Now all she chased were her demons.

“Did you really have to do that?” Monty met Miller’s eyes, demanding a response.

“He was going for a weapon. It was either him or us.” Miller said, swinging the strap of his gun over his shoulder. “Besides… our cover was blown. It’s like Octavia said, we couldn’t risk one of them getting away.”

“What’s done is done.” Indra’s tone was even. “Their fight is over.”

She stepped over them, and Octavia waited for her until they were walking side by side. It was as though Indra had become another mother to her, and despite everything, that was one thing Bellamy was grateful for. For his sister to have that person in her life.

“Bellamy.” Monty grabbed hold of his arm. “I know people are going to die. But this is a rescue
mission, not some sort of revenge trip. Don’t forget that.”

Bellamy shot him an apologetic look before pulling away from his hold and following the others.

Monty glanced back once more at the bodies they were leaving behind before joining him, not noticing the piece of paper that had fallen from the one man’s hand— it’s message of a possible alliance between Azgeda and Skaikru forgotten in the muddy snow.
This chapter was supposed to be a lot longer and a lot more things were going to go down in it, but I've had this first part written for a long while now, and I also have more stuff written... but because I've taken such a long time to post, I decided to split the original plan for this chapter into two, which is why this one won't be very long and is mostly veryyyyy fluffy. Like, brace yourselves for the fluff.

But that also means that all the angst I had planned for this one, is going to end up in the second half of this chapter aka next chapter, so... take that as you will.

“This doesn’t make any sense.” Clarke said, following Roan as he led her into the woods.

It had been two days since Nia had sent out messengers to Arkadia. Word should have reached Kane and her mother by now, but other than another attack on one of Nia’s villages, there’s been nothing to indicate any changes. Clarke feared that Nia would take their silence as them refusing her offer.

“Maybe they’re taking their time and weighing their options.” Roan stopped moving, looking at her.

“No. They— they have to know that aligning with the Ice Nation is the right move. With the majority of the other clans on our side, we already outnumber Lexa.”

“It’s not always about making the right moves.”

Clarke shook her head, picking at a piece of bark that was coming off of the tree next to her.

“It is when you’re in charge.”

“Hey.” He said gently, putting his hand on top of hers, and waiting for her to look at him. “I’m on your side. I promise you, I’ll do whatever it takes to keep your mom, your friends, and your people alive.”

His fingers ran along the scar on her palm.

“We’re in this together.”

She smiled up at him.

Together. It wasn’t exactly a foreign concept to her. Before Roan, Bellamy had been her main support system. Her center. Her together.

Part of her was afraid of that changing and allowing someone to matter to her as much as him and Lexa did...as much as Finn and Wells had... and yet, her heart had opened for Roan. Allowed him in. And once you’re in, there’s no easy way out.

Not without it hurting.

“Together.” She nodded, taking hold of his hand.
They continued moving between the trees, and Clarke wondered where exactly he was taking her. He refused to tell her when she had asked, insisting that it be a surprise.

They moved quickly, their feet sinking into the snow with each step. The air was cold, as usual, despite how close the sun felt that day. It’s light peeked through the branches, and Clarke savored that temporary feeling of warmth that it offered when that light hit her skin.

Within in a few minutes, they had stopped in front of what looked like a tiny cottage. It was similar to the homes she passed every day through the main village, yet—a little bigger, a little nicer, but humble all the same.

“How long has this been here?” Clarke asked, letting go of Roan’s hand so she could take a closer look.

“We started building it just after you and I were married.”

“You helped build this?” She turned to look at him, surprised that he had been able to keep his work a secret.

He smiled, nodding slightly, before taking a step towards the door.

“Want to see the inside?”

She nodded excitedly, unable to keep the smile off her face as she stepped toward him. She opened the door, and the first thing she noticed was the bed in the far left corner.

It was draped in furs and handmade pillows that must have taken hours to make. Next her eyes found a small desk, that had been placed directly under one of the windows and a fireplace on the wall directly opposite the bed. A pile of wood was already waiting to be burned.

She moved further in, noticing the empty shelves and table that were just to her right, and another room beyond that.

She made her way over to it, discovering a nice size tub, similar to the one she had been using in her and Roan’s room, only bigger. There were several buckets lined up against the wall.

“There’s a well nearby,” Roan said, noticing her staring. “And we made a fire pit just outside, to heat the water. Which means it won’t take too much work to fill the tub. Actually, the well is one of our main reasons for building it here. That, and the privacy.”

“It’s… really beautiful, Roan.”

“It’s your’s.” He replied.

“What?”

“Well… ours… if you… if that’s…” He ran a hand awkwardly through his hair and she was sure she had never seen him so nervous before.

“You mean… you built this place…. so we could live here?” Clarke asked.

“Well, not just me. A lot of people volunteered to help. They wanted you to feel more at home here, and I knew that if I waited for my mother to have people start building it, it might never happen.”

She stared at him for a moment, before closing the space between them and wrapping her arms around his neck. She sank deeper into that hug the second his arms were around her and found a
calmness in the feel of his heartbeat against her cheek.
“I love you.” She said quietly.

“I love you, too.” It was the first time she had heard him say it.

She slid her hands from his neck to his face and reached up to kiss him.

“Thank you.” She mumbled against his mouth, before kissing him over and over again.

Once they were back outside, she was almost sad to leave without having gotten the chance to use the bed.

“When do we move in?” She looked up at him.

“I’ll have our things brought their tomorrow. After that, it’s up to you…but…” He paused. “Lexa will be here any day now. Her last attack was only a few villages away. That either means that there will be two more attacks before she reaches us, or she’s aiming to surprise us by not attacking those villages at all. I’ve talked to my mother about it, and our warriors are ready.”

Clarke knew how hard it was for him to bring up Lexa, especially during their quieter moments. Moments where he wanted it to be just about the two of them.

“So you’re saying it might not be the best time for us to have our own place.”

He gave her a sad smile.

“Come on.” She said, tugging his hand. “Moving into a new home on the brink of a War sounds exactly like something that would happen to us. I say we go for it.”

Roan pulled her toward him, placing his arm around her shoulder before they started walking back to the village.

“Ain’t we a pair?”

///////////

“There.” Octavia called to the others. “That’s our way in.”

Bellamy moved to next to his sister at the edge of their makeshift camp, spotting a few small groups of Azgeda warriors making their way to an entrance through the side of what looked to be the main village.

“They’re hurt.” He said, noticing the blood.

“Probably survivors from the Commander’s attacks. That, or she let them live to send a message. Either way, I expect her to be at their front door by nightfall.” There was a hint of pride in Indra’s voice.

“Alright. Let’s not waste any more time.” Miller already had a tight grip on his gun, but Octavia moved her hand against his chest, stopping him in place.

“If they see you with that thing, it’s game over.”

“There’s no way in hell we’re not bringing our guns.”

“She didn’t say to not bring them. We just have to try and not make it so obvious.” Bellamy tossed
his sniper into a nearby bush. “Though, there’s no way I’ll be able to hide that on me.”

Miller nodded, tucking his gun behind his back and covering it with his shirt. Harper and Monty did the same, and Bryan tossed his next to Bellamy’s.

Octavia pulled her sword, wincing slightly as she began to cut her own arm.

“What the hell are you doing?” Bellamy reached for her out of habit.

“Looking injured.” She said, giving herself one more cut before handing the sword over to Harper.

Once the group looked the part and Octavia’s sword was back where it belonged, Indra urged them to move quickly.

“Are you going to be okay?” Bellamy asked her and she nodded once.

“I’m needed by my Commander’s side.”

Octavia reached out her arm, and Indra took it. Bellamy had seen this particular goodbye a few times between grounders. It seemed similar to ‘May We Meet Again’ without the words.

“Stay close.” Was all Bellamy said before the group moved toward the Ice Nation, leaving Indra behind.

Monty pretended to limp, Bellamy and Miller on each side, falsely supporting him. Harper held her arm tightly to her body and Bryan’s expression was one of exhaustion— which wasn’t too far from the truth. Octavia stood in the front, eyes on the three people in front of them who were talking to the guards.

She moved faster, hoping they would be distracted enough to let them by without a word.

“Wait.” The one man said in Trigedasleng, moving away from the others to look them over.

It was obvious he didn’t recognize them— but with an army so big, and smaller villages apart from this one, it would make sense that he wouldn’t know everyone.

“We need a healer.” Octavia did their language justice. “Or my friend here is going to lose his leg.”

He eyed them for another moment, before nodding and letting them continue on.

Having been camped outside for approximately twelve or so hours, the inside of Azgeda was a welcomed sight.

Bellamy stilled, taking in his surroundings. Somewhere in here, Clarke was waiting for him. For Lexa. For one, or both of them, to take her away from this place…

And if she was still alive— God, help them, she better still be alive— then he would do whatever he has to do to get her back.

Because saving each other is what they do.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!