The 14th Clan

by theoriginalwhatsubtext

Summary

A frustrated animalistic Clarke meets a duty bound rebellious Lexa. All the characters that we love but set 150 years after Ark Crash landed. Peace has lasted for 100 years. A push to truly blend cultures sheds light on old prejudices and threatens peace. Lexa and Clarke will start their own pack and defy the rule book.
Abby struggled to get the candle to burst into life. On the fifth frustrating attempt the wick succumbed to the intense heat and gently smoldered. Chancellor Griffin stood back to admire her handy work. The best China and the best cutlery sat on top of the most luxurious silk table cloth. Being Chancellor of Skai-kru had its troubles and its benefits, as domestic as those benefits currently might be.

Abby had traded three pairs of shoes and her husband’s pristine set of screwdrivers for the antique kitchenware she now beamed over. She was not a woman for pretty things usually. This though, was one of her guilty pleasures. Nothing pleased her more than an evening filled with lovely food and drink. She would share these moments with her greying Alpha mate and their only Alpha daughter.

Abby was endlessly proud of how her ancestors had been part of the original coalition that united the clans. The nations had lived in relative peace for the best part of 100 years now. It was a daily endeavor though, to ensure it stayed that way.

Her husband Jake watched on shaking his head.

“Abby, I’m fairly certain it all looked perfect the first time round.”

Abby continued her neurotic ministrations. Her hands on her hips rethinking the whole thing yet again. She blew an errant hair out of her face.

“You could help Jake…” Abby snapped.

Abby turned her back on the much amused man. She held her head in her hands.

“I’m acting like a crazy person, aren’t I?” Abby now turned to face her husband.

“I’d say you’re exhibiting your skills as a domestic engineer, Chancellor.” Jake bowed.

“Screw you Jake Griffin.”

“I’d love nothing more, but our guests are due any moment.”

Abby ignored her husband’s flirtations and focused on the clock on the wall. Her Tri-kru counterpart would be arriving any moment. Abby had learnt over the last few years to tolerate the Tri-kru first minister. Abby constantly felt under the woman’s scrutiny; the raised eye brow, the tutting, the wholesome goodness that was the spirit of the Tri-kru leaders that came before. The arrogant belief that it was their influence within the coalition that managed to bring the temperamental Azgada into line. Ski-kru would always be the petulant youth about to make the next mistake for Tri-kru to clean up. Abby sometimes found it hard to believe the 13 clans had ever made it to a lasting peace. Tonight, Abby was to be introduced to the future Tri-Kru Omega Queen. Hopefully, their relationship would go smoother than Indra and hers.

Abby knew the basics of Indra. She had mated and produced one pup just like herself. Abby knew Indra’s son as Lincoln. He was nothing like his tightly wound, quick to fire Mother. Abby had found bringing pups to term difficult after Clarke. She and Jake had lost many litters. Nature eventually took its course and Abby found her great heats become less and less until one day they were no more. Indra it seemed had also found herself victim to the same heartbreak. Indra’s mate was no
longer alive though. He had become ‘infected’ whilst out negotiating with the Azgada traders. Indra swore it was murder, but Abby had managed to convince Indra to not take her people to war when she had no evidence to back up her claim.

The Tri-kru were a noble, devout people. They believed in the spirit of earth and ground. They believed nature to be sacred, and had strict laws on how it should be maintained. The Tri-kru were one of the more powerful clans, as their ability to cultivate and control their lands provided construction materials, medicines and most importantly, food to the surrounding clans. Only the Azgada covered almost as big of a territory as the Tri-kru-square mile wise.

Abby found Tri-kru beliefs to be noble but unmovable even in the face of logic: no sex before marriage, no contraception, no inter breeding with other clans. It was rigid and suffocating to Abby. Indra’s adopted daughter had rarely been seen outside of Tri-kru territory since she was a child. As her body changed and prepared itself for woman hood she had been hidden from prying eyes.

Abby glanced back to the clock again.

“Where the hell is our daughter?” Abby threw her hands into the air.

Jake wasn’t sure his daughter was ready for the world of politics. Abby waited for Jake to respond. He just looked on at her sullenly.

“Don’t give me that look…” Abby sighed.

Jake chose his words carefully. Not wanting to add further anxiety to his fretting wife.

“She’s been through so much already Abby. She just wants to paint.” Jake shrugged.

“We tried that Jake. Clarke needs a role that gives her some authority, an outlet for her need to dominate.”

“I don’t think we gave other options a chance for long enough!” Jake’s voice raised slightly.

Abby’s eyes narrowed.

“You want to discuss this now Jake? Really?” Abby snapped again.

Clarke had indeed had a tough 20 years. Hospital bays, psych wards, and jail. Abby knew Jake meant well, though Abby truly believed art was not the answer for her troubled daughter. Clarke was a natural leader. She had done so much good already. Clarke had campaigned strongly in support of Lincoln opening a gathering place for the youths within the clans; a place where anyone could come and be themselves—a place to feel safe and respected. Indra did not approve. Abby, at first, did not approve as well. The thought of young Alphas and Omegas being packed together with curious Betas filled her with dread. It was still running though. It had its checkered history, but Abby saw it now as a great milestone of the communities melding together. Even the people from the furthest reaches of the clans would travel in order to visit the famous Trinity bar.

“I just want her to be in a safe place, I want her stable and happy.” Jake sighed.

“Jake, she’s an Alpha not a serial killer.” Abby made light of Jakes concerns.

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Clarke was no ordinary Alpha. Her mother was not wrong when she called her daughter a natural leader. Clarke seemed to be faster, stronger, and more dominant than any other Alpha within the
Clarke had struggled horribly to stay calm and settled throughout her life, especially her teens. The animal inside her was controlling, and sought victory constantly. Abby and Jake dealt with Clarke as best they could in a purely Skai-Kru way. Abby was reluctant to take advice from other clan leaders over her only pup. Her medical background always being her guiding light.

Abby recalled a terrified five year-old Clarke running into her room. She believed a wolf had chewed through her door—a wolf had torn all of her clothes. Abby and Jake had managed to keep this charade up until Clarke hit puberty. Clarke soon realized whom the wolf was.

On her 14th birthday Clarke hit the floor in agony. Abby had known this day was coming. As Clarke passed out Jake carried his only child up to bed. Abby removed Clarkes clothes. Her private parts were swollen and changed. Clarke’s penis was enlarged and looked painful. Her first Knot had formed at the base and bruised the skin around it. Clarke was far too young to be experiencing her first rut. Keeping so much from Clarke about what she was had not helped the situation. Abby would admit Indra had been wiser than her about that. Her words a strong memory still.

“You cannot suppress Clarke’s true nature with your drugs.” Indra had lectured.

Abby sat down heavily in one of her leather dining chairs. She fiddled with the hem of the table cloth mindlessly. She went to speak, but second guessed herself. Jake pulled out a chair opposite and sat himself down.

“I… I know Clarke isn’t ready to lead yet.” Abby admitted.

Jake nodded back.

“We did a good job… didn’t we?” Abby questioned

Jake reached across the table and took his wife’s hand into his.

“We raised a strong, independent young Alpha. Despite her setbacks, she still thinks of others before herself, and knows the importance of love.”

Abby’s eyes watered at her husband’s perfect words.

At that, there came a loud knock at the door.

Both Abby and Jake shot up like rockets, both bounding for the door. Abby caught her knee on the table leg as she passed. The contents rocked violently. They both froze watching until the last candle wobble, but thankfully it stayed upright like everything else.

“Let’s take that as a good Omen.” Jake winked.

They both burst out laughing.

Impatiently, the door knocked again. Both Abby and Jake headed for the door.

“Let me answer it.” Abby comically whispered.

Abby paused at the door with the latch in her hand. She turned back to a giggleing Jake.

“Will you please behave, find Clarke!” Abby sniggered herself.
“No way, I am not missing the look on Indra’s face after you made her knock twice!” Jake held his stomach from laughing.

Abby composed herself and opened the large wooden door.

The dying light from the sun sat low in the sky. This created three solid silhouettes at Abby’s door. One was much taller than the other two.

As Abby’s eyes adjusted to the light she noted the taller figure as Lincoln, and instantly gave him a smile. He politely nodded and smiled right back. Indra stepped forward holding out her hand to Abby. They shook hands formally, Abby offering Indra a smile. Jake then stepped forward and took Indra’s hand. He glanced at his wife and prayed he did not burst out laughing. Indra eyed him curiously then spoke.

“May I introduce my daughter, Leksa” Indra beamed.

As Indra stepped back and brought the girl forward, Abby noticed Lincoln look away. Abby thought that odd. Her focus was then taken back to her husband. Jake gently bumped her once with his hip to get her focus back on Indra. She was about to present her mysterious daughter to them.

As the girl stepped out of the low sunlight, she removed her red silk shawl from her head. Abby and Jake instantly lost the goofy grins that had previously adorned their faces. Lexa’s hair cascaded downward over her shoulders, her green eyes shone intently in the sunlight, and her skin appeared soft and flawless. She held a nervous hand out to Abby.

“Chancellor, I’m pleased to meet you.” Lexa drawled.

Jake stood baffled by his wife’s reaction. She held Lexa’s hand with her jaw gaping open. Jake himself remained stunned. This girl was absolutely breathtaking! Jake coughed lightly and waved nervously at Lincoln in the background. Lincoln was more than accustomed to the effect his adopted sister had on people on first meeting her.

Lexa hinted at Abby.

“I’m sure you have a beautiful home.” Lexa squeezed Abby’s hand.

Abby snapped out of her surprise.

“My apologies, please come in! It’s Lexa isn’t it?” Abby fumbled.

All three Tri-Kru members entered the Griffin household.

Indra scanned the room. Abby’s home was smaller than what she thought it would be, but very nicely put together. She appreciated the effort with the dining table. Her eyes then settled on the Skai-Kru crest above the doorway: A cobalt blue background, with an embossed image of the famous Ark that had crash landed on her ancestor’s lands over 150 years ago. Lexa seemed to be scanning the room for something different.

Jake noticed her wandering eyes.

“Lexa, may I get you a drink?” Jake politely offered.

Lexa smiled broadly. Both Jake and Abby momentarily froze again. Lexa’s whole being seemed to change totally when she smiled like that. She truly was the most beautiful woman Abby had ever met. Both Abby and Jake stood slack jawed awaiting a command, both primed for Lexa to speak.
Her voice was soft and dripped with caramel as she answered Jake.

“Water is just fine” Lexa thanked them.

Both Abby and Jake made for the kitchen together, leaving Indra to investigate the Skai-kru household further.

Abby rushed and collided with Jake at the water fountain in their home.


“What the hell is wrong with you?” Abby squealed back.

“Me? you nearly kissed her when that door opened!” Jake playfully bumped Abby with his hip again.

“I did not. I was just a little…surprised” Abby confessed.

“She’s just-” Jake lost his words.

“Stunning.” Abby answered.

“She’s so beautiful, yes.” Jake admitted.

“How is it fair that someone gets to look like that?” Abby shook her head in awe of Lexa’s genetics.

“We have to get it together. She is their future Queen, and Indra’s daughter!” Jake whispered.

“Right, take her the water, then for the last time... go find Clarke!” Abby slapped her husband’s arm playfully.

As Jake left, Abby leant her head on the wall briefly. Why was she acting like this? This young girl was really something else. It wasn’t just how she looked. She gave off an intense vibe of sexuality that even drew Abby in. Abby wondered if Lexa’s heat was due very soon.

When Abby reentered the main room, Jake was gone. Hopefully he was off to drag Clarke out from wherever she was hiding.

“Jake is off looking for my daughter, you’re about the same age id think.” Abby smiled at Lexa.

Abby noticed the same odd look on Lincoln’s face from earlier at the doorway. Lexa stared at him and he could not hold her eyes for long. Abby wondered if the siblings had squabbled on the way over. Squabbling did not seem very likely from either of them though. They were so well put together and calm. Indra quizzed Abby on Clarke.

“I would have thought her to have greeted us at the door.” Indra stood up straighter than need be.

Abby groaned internally. Not five minutes in her home and Indra had started to poke holes in Skai-kru manners and etiquette!

“She’s not been well this past week or so.” Abby again noticed the glances between Lexa and her brother.

Clarke had not been herself at all lately. She had been locked away in her room, or out in the yard punching Jake’s training bag. Abby noticed Clarke’s pumped, pronounced muscle and moody behavior. Clarke had spent extended periods of time in their makeshift shower which Abby would
rather not query further.

Abby thought perhaps Clarke had been tempted by an Omega because this was how she usually dealt with the… tension.

Abby offered Indra an awkward smile.

Jake entered the back yard to find Clarke sat in the shadows listening to music. As Jake approached, Clarke removed her headphones and turned to face her father.

“See, that never ceases to impress me!” Jake grinned at Clarke.

“You can’t sneak up on me Dad. You know what I am.” Clarke half smiled.

“Ah, smell that bad, do I?” Jake sniffed at his arm pit.

“Something like that…” Clarke let her father hug her briefly.

“So… Indra is here. Your Mother is in the same room as her, how about some help with that?” Jake pleaded.

Clarke looked up to the sky. Her father copied her gaze.

“It’s no better up there you know? We should know that kid.” Jake put his arm around his daughter.

Clarke sighed heavily.

“I have some encouraging news though-Lincoln is here!” Jake gave Clarke a thumbs up.

“I know Dad.” Clarke winked.

“Ah, the heightened senses thing again.” Jake realized.

“Well, we have another guest, her name-”

“Lexa.” Clarke interrupted.

Jake frowned and took in his daughter’s sudden change in mood.

Clarke found her courage and turned to her father.

“Dad, I have to tell you something before we go in there. You’re not gonna like it.”

“Honey you can tell me anything.” Jake smiled.

Clarke moved away from her father and back into the shadows of their yard. Clarke sat back down in the lawn chair and grabbed for her moonshine. She sat with her usual tom-boy posture. Her hooded top tight with its hood raised.

Clarke sipped her cup of moonshine and offered one to her Father.

“I shouldn’t-ah, what the hell?” Jake took the drink.

Clarke swigged from the cup and stared straight on. She waited for her father to ask her some sort of starter question. She had no idea how to begin.
“Clarke, I can’t talk to you with that damn hood up.” Jake reached to pull the hood back.

Clarke shifted quickly out of his reach. She didn’t want her father to see her as she was. Her wolf was taking over, her features were changed. Darker eyes, skin paler and her jaw set stiff. Her teeth felt sharper and ached in her mouth.

“Baby, I know what you look like at these times. It’s ok, drop the hood.”

Clarke sighed and granted her father’s request. She’d endured nine days of running miles in the woods, punching the workout bag, and masturbating constantly. She was at the point of forgetting how to be Clarke Griffin at all.

The silence remained only a few more seconds.

“So…what’s the special occasion?” Jake raised his cup.

Clarke cradled her drink between her hands and looked back at the house. She still had no idea how to begin, or how much detail to share.

She took a deep breath.

“I-I know Lexa, I… woke up with Lexa.” Clarke stuttered.

Jake paused to look back at the house with Clarke.

“The girl in the house? That girl?” Jake went dry mouthed.

Clarke nodded.

“You’re sure? The girl in the house…that girl?” Jake repeated comically.

Clarke went bright red now.

“Brunette, tall, green eyes, big lips?” Jake beamed brightly.

Clarke’s eyes narrowed on her father.

“Hey, your mother noted these things, not me!” Jake held is hands up.

“Dad, it’s not funny.” Clarke went to stand.

“No, honey, wait.” Jake sat Clarke back down.

“Let me get this in my head. That girl…and you…wow Clarke.” Jake chuckled.

There was a long pause as Jake took a long gulp from his drink.

“She’s possibly the most beautiful woman I’ve ever met. She’s so…beautiful.” Jake blew out air.

Clarke gripped tighter around her cup.

“Is it weird if I high five my own daughter?” Jake held up is hand.

Clarke sank down lower in her chair, hood pulled further over her face.

“Wait-shit! She’s Indra’s daughter and a Queen Omega!” Jake went pale.
Jake’s excitement and odd pride in his daughter’s bedding of Lexa distracted him from Clarke’s ever changing form.

“I’m...struggling. She’s my first.” Clarke was in a downward spiral.

Jake bit his bottom lip and cursed up to the sky.

“Oh shit Clarke. What the hell have you done?”

“I didn’t wear anything Dad…” Clarke admitted.

“Why not? We taught you about that.” Jake was beginning to find things less funny.

“I didn’t have time to think…she just, took me into her.”

“That’s a shitty excuse young lady!” Jake was stern.

“She’s Tri-kru anyway, they don’t believe in contracep-”

Jake butted in.


“Not with her I won’t. It felt… amazing.” Clarke’s eyes swirled with dark pools.

“And that’s the trap Clarke.” Jake shook his head.

“Trap? She didn’t trap me into anything.” Clarke looked annoyed.

“Did she bite you?”

Clarke pulled back the neck of her top, Lexa’s tooth marks still obvious.

“Clarke, tell me you didn’t bite her as well!”

Clarke rose up quickly. Jake jumped out of his skin at the sudden change in mood.

“I bit her... she belongs to me.” Clarke glared out from her hood.

“How many times Clarke. Omegas belong to themselves. You’re Skai-kru you know this!” Jake schooled Clarke.

“That one is mine.” Clarke pointed towards the house.

“Clarke, what the hell-since whe-” Jake stopped mid-sentence.

He took a moment to really look at Clarke’s deteriorating mental state.

“How long have you been separated from her?”

“Nine days!” She growled.

Clarke paced back and forth like a trapped dog.

“I…I went into the woods this morning.” Clarke admitted.

She rocked gently and gripped her moonshine tighter, still not looking at Jake.
Jake waited patiently for Clarke to get whatever it was off her chest. He lied to Clarke earlier; he hadn’t ever seen her look this inhuman before.

“I…thought I was running. I think I might have been hunting.” Clarke frowned.

Jake looked beyond Clarke, he looked into the depth of the shadows of the yard. He saw a form covered under a sheet of tarp. Jake’s hands began to go numb and his spine tingled.

“I followed a deer. I chased it through the trees and took it down harder than I should have. It set off to get away but I couldn’t stop, I couldn’t stop hitting it over and over, until it couldn’t get away any more. Then it just stopped moving.”

Jake stood slowly and headed for the tarp. As he got close he felt his shoes sink into a small pool of blood.

“I had to throw out the shirt you got me from Polis on your last visit…there was too much blood to wash out.”

Jake peeled back the tarp and threw his hand up to his mouth in disbelief. A mid-sized slab of deer lay dead on his lawn. Its skull caved in and its tongue loosely hanging from what was left of its jaw.

“Clarke…you…you did this?” Jake stuttered.

Clarke just stared her father down with dark eyes.

“Why did you bring it back here?”

“I don’t know.” Clarke squinted her eyes and stretched her neck from side to side.

“I will sort it out before your mother sees it.”

Clarke moved quickly and marched over to the tarp. She bumped her father out of the way, nearly knocking him over.

“No, it’s mine!” Clark snarled.

Jake stepped back, hands in the air.

“Ok…ok Clarke…it’s ok.” Jake reached out for his struggling daughter.

Clarke slapped his hand away and pushed her dad back. Clarke swiped out a clawed hand at the first thing she saw; Abby’s solid wood bird table was quickly snapped in two.

Clarke grit her teeth and pulled herself further away from her wide-eyed father.

“I WANT LEXA!”

Clarke made for the house with Jake quickly in pursuit. He tackled Clarke to the ground and pressed all of his weight onto her. She struggled violently beneath him. As she bucked and twisted, Jake could feel her giving in. Jake was not a young man anymore, he was never a weak Alpha in his day but Clarke was something else. If she had wanted to, she could have tried harder and thrown him off her back.

“Shhh, Clarke calm down.” Jake wrestled his daughter into the dirt.

“What happens if I let you in there Clarke? You gonna hurt your Mother? Hurt Lexa?...How do we
treat Omegas Clarke?” Jake knew what he was doing.

Clarke stopped struggling and Jake eased up off her.

“I would never hurt Lexa.” Clarke held her head in her hands as she now lay on her back in the dirt.

“I’m gonna bypass you not mentioning your mother.” Jake pointed playfully at Clarke.

Clarke looked up and saw her father’s outstretched hand. She let him pull her to her feet. He dusted his daughter down and took her face into his hands. Her eyes were like black tar, and her skin burnt hot.

“What the hell did she do to you?” Jake sighed.

“It’s not her fault. I wanted her we…we couldn’t stop.” Clarke felt her insides shudder at the memory of how good Lexa felt.

“She’s your mate now Clarke. You should never have been separated after…you know.” Jake blushed.

“Dad, take me to her just-do what you have to if I need taking down.” Clarke sighed.

“Honey, I don’t think we have anything heavy enough.”
Lincoln stood as Jake Griffin retuned with a hooded figure in tow. Indra turned and Abby heard her tut ever so slightly at Clarke’s appearance. Clarke stood behind her father in fitting denim and her hooded top. The tight fitted top outlined Clarke’s muscle definition all over her torso-especially her arms. Clarke’s hair was loose and curled ever so slightly. Her eyes, a bright blue, and her hard facial features were hidden within the hood. Her appearance overall was somewhat menacing.

Jake seemed flustered.

Indra stood beside Lincoln to get a better look at Clarke. The Alpha gave off waves of pent up aggression and frustration. Despite that, Clarke Griffin was a pretty girl. She got her looks from her mother. Indra thought Abby an attractive woman of her age. Indra attempted to gaze beyond Clarke’s hood. Clarke’s face seemed more wolf than pretty girl right now. Her jaw was set and her brow furrowed as if planning an attack on an unaware prey.

Jake looked to Abby who was bringing Lexa forward. Lincoln breathed in deeply and locked eyes with Jake. Jake’s eyes screamed at Lincoln that he now knew the truth.

He knew Clarke bore Lexa’s teeth marks on her shoulder. He knew Lexa bore Clarke’s fang wounds deep in her throat. Clarke’s semen still lived in Lexas womb. Indra noticed her son hitch his breath and stare wildly at Jake Griffin. Abby seemed oblivious, still attempting to bring the shy Lexa forward.

Jake stepped forward to intervene and stop his wife before Lexa ran for the door, or Clarke tore the room apart. Indra was becoming embarrassed by her adopted daughter’s sudden case of stage-fright. She assisted Abby.

“Step forward, we greet our allies. We do not hide in the shadows.”

Abby took that remark as another jibe at her people, and daughter’s current anti-social behavior.

Indra grabbed at Lexas forearm.

From behind him, Jake heard Clarke growl at the sudden force applied to Lexa’s body. Lincoln heard Clarke’s low growl as well, and moved a little closer in support of Jake.

Lexa found herself gently pushed in front of Jake Griffin; he was the only thing now separating her from a feral looking Clarke.

“Jake, you’re always in the way.” Abby mocked.

Abby reached forward and pulled her husband to stand with her. Clarke and Lexa now stood feet away from each other with no minder.

Indra thought her daughter looked like a deity in comparison to the scruffy mess that was the Griffin girl. She beamed again proudly, and used her usual formal introduction

“May I introduce you to...”

“Lexa.” Clarke’s voice was a painful whisper.
“Hello Klark.” Lexa’s voice was soft and sensual.

They had both completely cut off Indra.

They stared at each other intently. Lexa fought off the desire to wrap her arms around her Alpha and help soothe her aggression. It had been nine days since they were last together.

Abby was not initially surprised by Clarke devolving into her Alpha state in the presence of Lexa. The girl was enticing, and Clarke was hot blooded at the best of times. But, there was something in the way Lexa slipped her tongue around the ‘K’ in her daughter’s name that was far too over familiar for Abby. Indra looked to her daughter and was clearly thinking the same thing.

Both mothers now stood side by side.

Abby spoke first.

“Do you…know each other?” Abby could barely get the words out.

“Impossible!” Indra said with arrogant certainty.

Jake pushed his hands into his pockets and kept eyes to the floor.

“Yes.” Lexa’s voice was small, she never took her eyes off her Alpha.

Clarke did not respond. The only person she saw in the room right now was her Omega. Everyone else drowned out into nothing almost.

“I think we all need to sit down and talk.” Jake finally looked up from the floor.

“I agree.” Lexa kept her eyes on Clarke.

Abby saw the way Clarke’s eyes ran wildly all over Lexa, the way her nostrils flared and her spine turned to iron every time the girl spoke. Clarke was entranced. Abby was not a foolish woman. The truth hit her hard and fast.

“You’ve slept with my daughter.” Abby held back her anger.

Indra spun on her heels toward Abby.

“How dare you!”

Indra’s tone was confident, but she had seen enough evidence. She knew Abby spoke the truth. Her eyes glazed over with potential tears.

Jake spoke to his wife, taking her hands in his.

“Abby, we need to sit down and le-” Abby ripped her hand from his and addressed Lexa again.

“Have you been to bed with my daughter?” Abby’s anger took over.

Lexa locked eyes with Abby.

Abby’s protective nature currently decided every word that left her mouth. Diplomacy was out of the window. Abby had longed for Clarke to find an Omega to mate with; she had spent so long micro managing Clarke. She tried to teach her daughter how she could be functional even with an animal living inside her. This tall radiant girl had eroded all of that, and reduced Clarke to a drooling dog
with minimal control over her own choices. She blamed Lexa. Blamed her for her beauty, her scent and for whatever the honey trap at the apex of her thighs had done to Clarke in private to turn her into a wolf.

“ANSWER ME!” Lexa jumped as Abby’s voice boomed at her.

Indra stepped between her daughter and Abby.

“DO NOT! Think to speak to my daughter like that!” Indra’s voice shook the room.

The two mothers continued to verbally brawl.

“You brought her into my home!” Abby screamed.

“Skai-kru again, you cause nothing but chaos and disorder!” Indra screamed back.

Jake and Lincoln prepared to handle Clarke. Lexa remained trapped between the two seething mothers.

Their arguing was more about saving face than learning the truth about their daughters’ relationship to each other. Lexa became increasingly upset and distressed. How had this happened? One week ago she was to be Queen, now she is the center of a sparring match between her mother and their ally.

Lexa’s upset was forcing Clarke further into her feral state. She breathed heavier and her eyes were almost black. Her claws dug into her own thighs as she tried to hold herself back.

“I knew there was something about THAT girl!” Abby spat.

“That girl!” Indra looked Abby up and down.

“...Leska come, were leaving.”

Indra made the fatal mistake off grabbing Lexa forcefully again.

Jake thought quickly and anticipated his daughter’s reaction. Jake flung himself in front of Indra as he felt Clarke grab at his throat and lift him from the floor. She then proceeded to throw him over the perfectly set dining table. Abby grabbed Indra and pulled her away from Clarke to behind her own body.

Lincoln made a move for Clarke. It was a mistake. Clarke turned quickly and brought Lincoln to the ground before he could say his own name. Her deforming hand raised up high ready to swipe down at his face, claws out.

“CLARKE ENOUGH!” Lexa hollered.

Abby watched on as Clarke obeyed Lexa and stood defensively in front her.

Indra grabbed for Abby’s hand, her emotions were about to get the better of her. She felt sick to her guts. Clarke was ready to kill at her daughter’s command. How was this even happening?

Abby looked over at Jake. He lay unconscious beyond the table.

Clarke stood still in front of Lexa. She would let no one move. Lincoln stayed to the ground.

Abby remained holding onto Indra. Clarke was dangerous. Abby had not seen her daughter like this
before. Abby had just witnessed the horror of Clarke throwing her own father 20 feet across a room. Even at her worst moments as a teenager, Clarke had never hurt either Jake or herself.

Clarke tried to speak.

She swallowed hard as if shaping the sounds of the letters hurt her mouth. Her Wolf was so dominant in moments like this, that the ability to speak any human language required great focus. Abby felt for her daughter.

“It’s ok baby, it’s ok. Just calm down, try again.” Abby’s voice cracked with emotion.

“Mine!” Clarke roared back.

Abby put the pieces together. The moodiness, the tension, the anger. Clarke had been pinning for her mate.

Clarke had taken Lexa as hers, and any action to separate them now was not a safe action. Still, the level of violence and defensive posture did not seem balanced. Clarke was furious and wild. Lexa was her only thought and her only concern. She had attacked her father, gone for Indra, and almost took a powerful swipe at Lincoln. This was not her Clarke, Alpha Prime or not.

Abby looked to Lexa as she allowed Clarke to back into her.

In that moment, Abby realized.

“Oh my God... You’re pregnant.”

Indra let out a sob and Lincoln turned to look up at Lexa. All eyes were on her. Jake had started to stir.

“No…I’m not. I can’t be. I-” Lexa repeated out loud over and over.

Abby saw in Lexa’s reaction a look of innocence on her face. She honestly had no idea.

“Lexa, I’m sorry I shouted at you. I’m sorry I offended your Mother.”

Indra closed her eyes tightly still with Abby’s hand in hers. She was afraid of the question Abby was about to ask.

“Has…has Clarke been inside you?” Abby blushed at her own question.

“Yes.” Lexa confessed.

“How long ago?”

Lexa did not respond. At this moment she could barely remember her own name. Clarke’s pheromones and aggression had lulled her into the Omega taking control. It seduced her into enjoying Clarke’s energy and dominance. Lexa’s heart ached for her mother finding out of her sin in front of Abby. Her mind was reeling with the possibility that she was carrying Clarke’s child.

“Lexa, I need you to call Clarke off. I can’t control her. She will only listen to you.”

Lexa ignored Abby, still in shock.

“I’m not pregnant. My heat …it’s only just...I can’t be-” Lexa looked to the floor and held her belly.
“Please Lexa, I need to check on Jake.”

Lexa looked across to Clarke’s father. He lay semi-conscious now, with blood dripping from his scalp.

It took all the strength Lexa had to not to fall apart. Omegas were not weak. Not in spirit. Alphas may have the physical prowess, but they did not have the real control. It was a great privilege to be a Prime Omega and have the power to seduce and control Alphas and Betas; even other Omegas if she wished. It was a power Lexa was yet to fully explore, but it was also a great burden. Lexa found herself in a situation where she wanted to stand and cry but wasn’t be able to. If Lexa did not take control of Clarke, they would never leave this room.

“Kneel, as my brother does.”

Abby looked to Lincoln. She descended and kneeled down pulling an unwilling Indra with her. Indra hated every second of almost bowing to the Skai-kru animal that had placed its’ seed in her daughter. She desperately needed to escape this torture of an evening, so she complied.

Clarke’s dark feral eyes watched as all but Lexa dropped into submission. She felt her mate pull at her paw and turn her to face each other. Lexa gently wrapped her arms around the back of Clarke’s neck and gently swayed them from side to side. Lexa pressed her forehead to Clarke’s and kissed her gently on the mouth once.

“Beja Klark.” Lexa purred

Abby watched on at the display. She shook her head slightly as Lexa’s powers called to her as well. Lexa was just as dangerous as Clarke-just in a different manner.

Clarke continued to growl but that slowly morphed into human panting. Clarke’s eyes became a more cobalt blue. She placed her hands on Lexa’s hips, then, gently slid one hand to rest on Lexa’s belly. She was not deaf; she had heard her mother’s words.

They swayed in perfect unison as if they were the only people in the room.

Lexa kept Clarke turned away from the injured form of her father. The complete events of the clash had not fully registered with Clarke yet. She was yet to recall her assault on her father.

All Clarke felt was Lexa.

Lexa kissed Clarke gently again on the mouth-this time, Clarke responded. Their lips joined softly then parted repeatedly. Lincoln took a brave glance at his mother. She was failing to see the tenderness and truth in the affectionate display in front of them all. She wanted out of the Griffin homestead; away from proof that her daughter was indeed caught by Clarke’s seed.

Both of Clarke’s hands dropped to Lexa’s belly. She halted their kiss and rubbed her nose gently against Lexa’s. She caressed Lexa’s pregnant stomach and whispered gently.

“Mine!”

Abby felt her heart swell for Clarke.

Lincoln took this as a chance to get over to Jake Griffin. Lincoln sat the man up, kneeling behind him to prop him up. Jake’s eyes blurred for a split second then focused on the scene in front of him: Clarke wrapped in Lexa’s arms as the beautiful girl allowed herself to cry.
Abby looked on, still on her hands and knees, taken with the two girls herself.

Indra rose up and bore disappointed eyes into her daughter. She struggled to keep her voice from breaking.

“When?... for how long?” She queried.

Abby now rose to her feet as well. She was intrigued herself.

“Ten days ago, and only once...” Lexa whispered the latter part.

Indra laughed loudly and shook her head.

“Once, and you feel this way! Only once, and you betray your people. ” Indra mocked.

Lexa released Clarke and faced her bold mother. She ran her eyes over her mother’s features and paused before answering.

“I thought only one meant everything to our people?”

Indra swallowed and looked away from her daughter sideways.

“One mate, one love, one life...until we meet in the next.” Lexa quoted her own mother’s teachings.

Abby struggled not to hurt for Lexa as she desperately pleaded for her mother’s forgiveness.

“You do not know this girl. You cannot know her in ten days Leksa.”

Lexa stood up straighter, and held her chin higher.

“I choose Clarke; I choose Klark-kom-Skai-Kru.” Lexa nervously breathed in after proclaiming her wishes.

“Polis will not support this...I do not support this.” Indra stayed strong.

Abby closed her eyes and sighed heavily. She had not had the time to consider the political fallout from all this.

“Then you shall return to Polis without your Queen.” Lexa smirked.

“You think yourself fit to sit as Queen when mongrels grow in your womb.”

Indra regretted her comments instantly.

Abby surged forward ready to go to war with Indra again but Lexa raised one hand and halted her.

Lexa moved closer to her mother and kept her voice low.

“You shame me. We are in our allies’ home and you would see fit to label them mongrels.”

Abby strained to hear Lexas words, Clarke did not.

“You will be replaced as Queen.” Indra promised.

Lexa exploded into a radiant smile before breaking into a hearty laugh.

“You think you can do that? You think there is another Omega in our clan, in ANY clan, that can
Lexa still smiled wildly waiting for her mother’s response. The comment on her litter being mongrels had been a step too far. Lexa tired of being an ineffectual figure head with tiny betas and weak Alphas making choices for her.

“How do you know I can bring every Alpha to this door right now?” Lexa pointed sharply at Abby’s front door.

Abby prayed it was an empty threat.

“How do you know that I can bring any Omega to her knees and worship me if I wish it? Do you not see what I am capable of mother?”

Lexa kept her eyes locked with Indra’s.

Abby interrupted, forcing Indra’s eyes off of Lexa and onto her.

“How did this even start?”

10 days earlier

Indra walked through the great meeting hall of Polis, her boot heels echoing out as she strode. As she made her way toward the large windows looking down on the markets below, she stopped suddenly. The sight that greeted her made her take a deep breath.

Lexa stood bathed in sunlight, the rays penetrated gloriously down onto her adopted daughter. Each contrast in color within Lexa’s thick hair glistened in the sunlight; flakes of green and gold marbled her eyes. She seemed deep in thought standing rigid in front of the historical Tri-Kru throne; her long fingers looped loosely around its strong branches. For a moment it seemed they were in conversation.

Soon Lexa was to become Queen of her people. Their current Queen’s great heats had become less and less, until soon, she would not bare anymore young. The duty to her people had been rammed down Lexa’s throat from the first moment Indra invited the young Omega into her home after both Lexa’s parents were taken from her.

“Your day finally approaches daughter.” Indra smiled happily.

Lexa whipped her head around.

“Mother, I did not hear you approach.”

“Do you fear that seat Leksa?”

Lexa held her breath. She did not fear her place as Queen, she feared her future as nothing more than a figure head. She feared being ineffectual as she had seen every other previous queen be, her mother-as first minister-making all the choices for their people. Lexa loved the old stories of Tri-Kru Queens on horseback driving back the Azgada and protecting their people directly. It seemed nowadays that the Queen only bore full blooded Tri-Kru young and served as a symbol of superiority over the other clans. Lexa already felt the metaphoric gag and the tying of her hands as she looked back at the Tri-Kru throne.

“I have no fear mother, you have taught me well.” Lexa nodded.
Indra smiled proudly.

“It is time you mixed more with other clans. I think it prudent you join the celebration at your brother’s bar tonight.”

Lexa went white. She was suspicious of her mother’s ideas at the best of times…but this?

“Why now Mother?”

Indra smiled, taking her daughter’s hand.

“I know this makes you uncomfortable.”

“What will you gain from this?” Lexa squint her eyes

“Soon, your duty will make it difficult for you to mix with others.” Indra conceded

“So I am to be let off the lead once before being kept in my kennel.” Lexa smirked.

Indra dropped Lexa’s hand.

“Mind your tone Leksa.” Indra frowned.

“If I am to attend, I have a condition.” Lexa dared.

Indra raised an eyebrow. Her 19-year-old daughter had grown unrulier as of late.

“What do you ask daughter?”

“I will not be chaperoned.” Lexa lifted her chin.

“Out of the question.”

“Then I will not go.”

Lexa stood staring back at her mother with rebellion in her eyes.

“My brother will be there, I will not be in danger.” Lexa’s eyes softened.

An awkward silence filled the air.

“Fine. It’s agreed, you will attend the celebrations under Linkon’s care.”

Lexa nodded holding back a smile.

“You do as he says. You do not leave his sight.” Indra pointed her demands at Lexas chest.

“You have taught me well mother, I will be safe.”

“If anything happens, I will hold your brother responsible.”

…………………………

Clarke Griffin sat in her back yard staring mindlessly at a bank of trees. She watched as their branches swayed in the breeze looking like angry fingers pointed up at the sky.

The radio at her feet crackled into life.
“Azgada to Clarke, Is Clarke Griffin still alive?”

Clarke smiled broadly and grabbed excitedly for the radio.

“How’s life with the Ice nation?”

“Ugh, you have to bring a girl down.” Raven sulked

“Sorry, I know this project is taking over your soul.”

Raven laughed back into the radio. Her noble offer to train the Azgada on how to build their own radios and assorted tech was more of a challenge than she ever thought.

“Oh Griffin, how well you know me.”

Clarke almost hugged the radio.

“I miss you dude.” Raven admitted.

“Me to Reyes.” Clarke smiled.

“Are the Azgada not playing well with you?”

Raven was being well looked after by Prince Roan. He was desperate to move his people forward. He knew the clans still saw his nation’s people as the savages of the coalition. His cousin Ontari was always a step behind him—waiting for him to fail, waiting to take over.

“They’re so backwards at times, seriously feel like I’m back in the dark ages here.”

“Are we not in the dark ages?” Clarke laughed

“Nah, were more fledgling industrial revolution.” Raven put her feet up on her desk.

“I’ve seen Omegas here that can’t be older than 16, and they have cubs hanging off them, Alphas with at least two Omegas in tow. They just live like…animals in some parts.”

“We are animals Raven.” Clarke looked ashamed.

“Hey, you’re not an animal Clarke.” Raven half shouted.

“Yes Raven, I am. Alpha and Omega…we’re not like you Beta.” Clarke sighed.

“Where the hell is this bullshit coming from Griffin?”

Clarke did not respond as the radio crackled.

“You really are missing me, aren’t you.” Raven winked to the wall in front of her.

That brought a smile to Clarkes face.

“I’m just feeling…frustrated at the moment.”

“You need a girlfriend.”

Clarke almost dropped the radio. If only she trusted herself; if only she knew where to begin in controlling the wolf inside. Clarke had had too many close calls of almost losing it and taking what she wanted from a woman—especially Omegas.
“Who was the last girl Clarke?”
“Raven you know the answer to this.”
Raven awaited Clarke to respond anyway.
“Niylah.” Clarke grimaced at the memory.
“Clarke, that was two years ago.” Raven sighed.
Clarke had found herself alone with the curious Beta. Niylah’s father was out and the girl flirted wildly with a horny Alpha Clarke. They had kissed and Clarke had thrown Niylah down. She topped Niylah aggressively. Niylah had panicked underneath, not ready for Clarke to enter her.
Clarke tried desperately to forget how she almost took something not fully on offer to her.
“Clarke, you’re not a monster.” Raven consoled.
“Yes I am Raven.”
“You just need to find a girl that can handle your nature.” Raven hoped.
Raven knew Clarke was a virgin, she had never allowed herself to take an Omega. Raven thought Clarke would completely lose it if she didn’t give her knot to a girl soon. Raven blamed Abby in many respects; controlling Clarke’s ruts with drugs had made her more aggressive and temperamental than Raven had ever seen.
“Go to Trinity tonight. Go get a blow job at least.” Raven laughed.
“I don’t want to go without you.” Clarke sulked again
“I’m sorry dude, I will be back home soon. Just think about going yea?”
“Ok.” Clarke sighed
“I gotta go, Roan is here. Later Griffin.”
Clarke dropped the radio and went back to watching the trees.
Should she go?
Clarke sat at a sticky table in the far corner of the bar named Trinity.

She looked to the various clan symbols that decorated the walls. The low light and shadows making them dance across the plaster. Lincoln had worked so hard to make this place a success. To provide a safe space for all of the clans to meet and experience each other’s culture. The spot the club sat in was very much intentional. The venue sat in Tri-Kru, Skai-Kru and Azgada territory. A testament to how the three clans had fought past many differences and sought a new future. Lincoln could think of no better name than Trinity to symbolize the clans new found combined strength.

It seemed only fitting that it be fronted by three members, one from each clan; Lincoln for Tri-kru, Octavia of Skai-kr and Echo of the Azgada.

Octavia was the organized one, full of hot spice and good vibes. The moonshine would run out and the lights would go down if Octavia ever left this place.

Echo never minced her words and swaggered around the bar keeping the guests in check. Being an Ice Nation Alpha at times made her the target of drunken jibes and old prejudices. She was tough though. Lincoln wished to learn more as to why she had fled the Ice Nation at the young age of Thirteen. Echo never really showed her true feelings, instead choosing to drink hard at times and sleep with any pretty girl that got her hard enough. Lincoln knew it to be a false version of his friend.

Lincoln was proud and thankful for his tiny pack.

On rare occasions there was trouble. In the early days Lincoln fought daily to convince his Mother and Abby Griffin that the venue aided the clans rather than caused frictions.

The Guarda would arrive in the early days and raid the place. Kane and his Guarda officers looking for any evidence to shut the venue down. Abby herself had once ordered a permanent close after a destructive clash between Azgada and Tri-kru clan members destroyed half the bar. Clarke had managed to fight Lincoln’s corner and keep Trinity alive.

Lincoln currently kept a close eye on a brooding Clarke Griffin. She looked isolated and alone. Raven would usually be at her side to keep her balanced. Clarke had been the center of more than one throw down in the early days of Trinity. Lincoln had witnessed Clarke knock out teeth and crack bones when pushed too far. Clarke was special, Clarke was no ordinary Alpha.

Octavia and Echo worked the guests energetically: Octavia leaning over the bar trying to understand the drunken ramblings of a much inebriated Flou-Kru Alpha, and Echo filling three large goblets with moonshine and dropping them on the bar in front of a group of thirsty Azgada Betas. The place was starting to fill up fast. Lincoln leaned on the bar, still focused on Clarke. Echo followed his sight line.

“What’s her fuckin’ problem?” Echo shouted over.

Lincoln looked to Echo then took his eyes back to Clarke

“She’s had the same drink for the last half hour.” Octavia shrugged her shoulders.

Lincoln knew Clarke. He knew she was lonely; he knew she was scarred by memories of losing
control. Her only real friend was Raven. Clarke was incredibly strong, she was more wolf than human and Lincoln questioned Abby’s way of raising her. Chaining the wolf up inside and hoping her moral guidance would override her basic instincts was single minded at best.

“She needs to fuck something.” Echo took a swig of moonshine.

“That is your answer to everything.” Octavia rolled her eyes.

Echo laughed loudly as she took another order from a San-Kru beta.

“She is trapped in the wrong skin.” Lincoln sighed.

Both Echo and Octavia looked to Lincoln, Echo now rolling her eyes.

“What the fuck is it with you Tri-kru?”

“She is trapped in the wrong skin.”

Echo mimicked Lincoln’s voice and mannerism.

Octavia burst out laughing, Echo beaming a smile back at her. Lincoln was pretty deep. He was like a peace loving hippy Octavia had seen in movies downloaded from the Ark. She liked Lincolns soft eyes and gentle nature. His ripped Beta body was never hard on the eyes either. Echo fascinated Octavia as well though. Her ‘don’t give a shit’ attitude and swagger was electric to be around. They worked well as a team, it really shouldn’t work, but it did.

An Azgada Alpha shouted his order at Echo from the far side of the bar. Echo threw up a thumbs up and disappeared into the back of the bar. Lincoln, with the help of Monty, had brewed a traditional Azgada mix that went down well with Echo’s people. Octavia winked at Lincoln as he took his eyes off Clarke and helped her serve. Clarke still sat staring at the walls clutching her pot of cider.

As Echo emerged from the back of the bar she stopped dead, her focus on the far side of the venue.

A giant of a Tri-kru warrior entered the bar. He must have been seven feet tall. His long braids and full beard were a bright, burning reddish-brown, but it was not the warrior himself that took Echo’s attention.

“Fuck!” Echo growled.

Octavia swung around and narrowed her eyes. She searched the bar for what her friend was transfixed by. Her eyes bounced around the bustling bar and then landed on her target.

“Oh my lord, you gotta be kidding me.”

Octavia smiled back at a jaw dropped Echo.

“Who the hell is that?” Octavia quizzed Echo

“I don’t know but she’s Omega for sure.”

“You can tell from over here? I can barely see her face.” Octavia shouted over the noise.

“She’s Omega and untouched-I could smell her a mile out.”

“Oh my God, your kind is so gross!” Octavia fake hurled.
“My kind, that’s fighting talk Skai girl!”

“Spoken like a true Azgada.” Octavia stuck a tongue out at Echo.

“Any way, I meant Alpha and Omega kind.” Octavia took the Azgada brew off a paralyzed echo.

As Octavia took the brew over to the table of Azgada, she got a better view of the girl escorted by the giant warrior. Her hair was perfect and flowed all the way down her long back, but her height most impressed Octavia and her confident walk. Her legs were clad in leather and her green shirt clung tightly around her skinny frame. Octavia knew Echo was in for a heart attack.

Lincoln leapt over the bar and headed to greet the warrior. After a few brief words the warrior nodded to Lincoln and left Lexa in his care.

Octavia by now was back at Echo’s side.

“Shit. He’s bringing her over.” Echo panicked.

“Wow, she is really beautiful, she smells like honey.” Octavia quirked a brow.

“Wait, she does-you smell that?” Echo looked intrigued.

“I smell honey, that’s all I know.” Octavia lightly shrugged

“Well shit, if Betas are picking up on something she must be powerful.” Echo felt her blood travel south.

Lincoln pulled out a chair at the bar’s less busy side. The Omega took the seat and looked on at Echo. Echo felt rooted to the spot, the hair on the back of her neck standing on end. Octavia had never seen Echo speechless. Octavia looked on at the girl herself, staring into her deep green eyes and almost felt motionless herself. The more Octavia stared the less she found herself able to look away. Lincoln cleared his throat.

“Guys, this is Lexa, my little sister.” Lincoln placed his arm around her.

“Your sister!” Echo barked out a laugh.

Lexa rose her eyebrows at the snort from Octavia and looked to Lincoln.

“Sorry Lexa, I’m Octavia, Echo here is ...well she’s Echo.” Octavia mocked.

Echo remained rooted to the spot still. The shouts from guests for their drinks fell on her deaf ears.

“Echo, go get Lexa a drink.” Octavia rushed Echo with her eyes.

Echo got the hint and tried to get her shit together.

Lexa stayed with Lincoln and Octavia. They talked for a few moments until Octavia wondered where the hell Echo was.

“Hey Linc, keep serving whilst I go look for the idiot.” Octavia winked at Lexa.

Lincoln served under Lexas watchful eyes. She felt the eyes of passers-by take in her form. Her brother periodically checking she was still sat there.

“I do not plan on escaping brother.” Lexa smiled.
Lincoln smiled back.

“Mother will have my head and my bar if anything happens to you.”

Lexa agreed.

“You have done well here Lincoln. I’ve never seen so many Clans in one spot.”

“Tonight is an exception sister. We celebrate the amnesty, the start of peace.”

Lincoln smiled broadly.

“You have chosen well with your comrades.” Lexa pointed to an animated Echo and Octavia deep in conversation.

Lincoln smiled again.

“I would make your feelings known to Octavia quickly though.”

Lexa held out her hand to take a glass of water from Lincoln. As she spoke of Octavia he almost dropped the glass.

“Leksa, she is my friend.”

Lexa shook her head.

“Brother you forget; I am to be your Queen for a reason. I see your intention towards her behind your eyes and bubbling under your skin.”

Lincoln did not doubt his sister’s great powers.

“She is curious over the Azgada Alpha though, hence you must act soon.”

Lincoln glanced over to his friends still deep in conversation.

“She’s a fuckin’ Queen.” Echo ran her hands through her hair.

“So…she’s Lincoln’s sister.” Octavia whispered.

“She’s sending all my fuckin’ blood down to my girl.”

Echo readjusted her pants as her member throbbed, the outline of her penis starting to strain against the material. Octavia’s eyes lingered on the package. Echo did not miss her momentary coveting.

“Hey, I’ll show you mine if…” Echo whispered.

Octavia laughed out loud and shoved Echo back playfully.

“You wish Ice Nation!” Octavia skipped away to serve more clients.

Echo smiled and caught Lincoln’s prying eyes. She dropped the smile immediately. She felt a pang of guilt. Lexa was not the only one to pick up on Lincoln’s feelings for the seemingly oblivious Octavia. Echo smelt Octavia’s Beta arousal and curiosity around her, she was too rough around the edges for Octavia though. She didn’t want to hurt Lincoln either. The three of them shared a bond in friendship that she did not want to jeopardize. Octavia was a temptation she had successfully resisted up to now.
As the night drew on the bar filled to capacity.

Lexa sat bored and disheartened as she watched clan members enjoying themselves in a way she was not permitted. She wondered if this evening was more of a punishment from her mother than a favor. Octavia watched on as Lexa denied request after request for a dance or even a drink.

Lincoln stood guard as his mother demanded. Lexa would never have thought it possible to be in a room full of people and feel so isolated. All she wanted to do now was retire to Lincoln’s room above the bar. She waved her hand to get his attention but caught Echo’s attention first. The Alpha was straight over.

“What’s up Lexa.” Echo whipped the bar towel over her own shoulder.

As Lexa went to answer, Echo witnessed the Omega take in a sudden deep breath.

“Hey Lexa, you ok?” Echo frowned.

Lexa did not answer. She shuddered as her breath left her body. Her skin flushed and her lips needing moisture.

Echo searched the surrounding area with her eyes. The noise level was up and the varied sweaty bodies made it hard for her to pin point any scent of danger. The Omega in front of her though had locked eyes onto something that completely dismembered her poise.

Echo turned to what Lexa was looking at. Lexa’s breathing had now become heavier and she licked her lips.

For a moment, Echo wondered if Lexa had gone into heat.

Echo’s eyes fixed on a hooded figure at the bar. Blonde curls peeping out from the rim of the grey hood.

“Huh…Griffin?” Echo whispered curiously.

Clarke felt Lexa’s response to her presence, yet she dare not look at her directly. As Echo stood pondering Lexa’s reaction to Clarke’s close proximity the guests behind the Alpha grew impatient. A small group of Tri-Kru Alphas gestured at Echo abusively.

“Alright, alright. Fuckin’ dogs.” Echo went to serve Clarke.

Echo eyed her warily. She had rarely met an Alpha like Clarke before. She was not a pup, yet Clarke seemed to struggle to stop her features from changing. There were slight changes at times: Darker eyes, more claw at her fingertip than nail. Her cheek bones more pronounced as her inner wolf constantly attempted to alter her face. Clarke was a pretty girl, however she always looked like she had been dog fighting though. Scrapes and cuts littered her face most days, but Echo assumed the hood up was to hide her ever changing features.

“Hey Griffin what can I get you?” Echo sounded bored.

Clarke did not answer. She stared down at the bar as if it had offended her. Echo knew it was her attempting to not take Lexa on board. The Tri-Kru Alphas behind continued to spit jibes at Echo and now turned their abuse towards Clarke. Echo heard a deep scratching sound as Clarke’s claws churned up the oak of the bar. As the insults from behind increased Clarke slowly turned her head towards the youths. Their jibes stopping instantly as Clarkes mouth almost drooled at the thought of tearing them apart.
“Not in here Griffin.” Echo whispered from behind.

Clarke dipped her head and tilted her ear towards Echo’s words.

“You need to go back to your seat. Octavia will bring you a drink over.” Echo’s voice was now close to inaudible to Betas.

Clarke turned to Echo as Lexa gazed on, marinating in the pre-fight juices.

“Clarke please, I will deal with these assholes.”

Clarke walked away, leaving Echo relieved and Lexa on fire.

Echo took further abuse from the young Alphas. She gave back as good as she got refusing to serve them any moonshine.

“How about a bowl of fuckin’ water mutts!” Echo barked.

Lexa was overrun with feeling. Her heart rate would not calm down and her skin was hot. Her core ached and wetness soaked her pants. Was she going into heat? That wasn’t possible. She wasn’t due, she was sure.

Without even asking permission, Lexa pushed her stool away from the bar and retreated. Echo was distracted by the angry clansmen, and Lincoln was distracted by Echo’s shouting; Octavia was the only one to see Lexa push herself through the crowd towards the bathroom. She saw the panic in Lexa’s face.

“Lincoln!” Octavia yelled across the loud bar.

She tried again but Lincoln was now shouting towards an increasingly agitated Echo. Where the hell was all this aggression coming from? It filled the whole bar as Lexa shoved her way towards the bathroom. Clarke sat motionless on the other side of the room. Her hood was still raised and her eyes closed tightly shut-blocking out the call to fight.

Lexa spied the bathroom sign. She was a mere few feet away when the whole place was plunged into darkness. The loud thrashing Azgada music now gone, the only noise that saturated the room was angry voices and a chorus of boos.

“Shit, the generators gone!” Octavia shouted to Lincoln.

Lincoln looked out into the bar as bodies collided and pots smashed. He had only one concern.

“Where’s Lexa?” He shouted back.

“Where the hell is Reyes when we need her!” Echo yelled.

“She’s helping you Azgada scum! Fucking brainless mongrels!”

At that, Echo vaulted the bar and landed on one of the Tri-Kru youths.

Octavia ducked as blood and teeth lashed towards the bar area. Snarls and crunching bones serenaded the cheering guests in the darkness.

Lexa spun round as the crowd lurched forward to get a better view. There had not been such a scene at Trinity for many years. Lexa stumbled and rocked as bodies pushed into her. She looked desperately over toward Lincoln but could not see for the poor lighting. A roaming hand grabbed at
her ass. Lexa bashed the hand away and pushed further into the crowd away from the assaulter, the guilty party followed her though. She could feel their presence inches from her and read their intent. Again the hand made contact, Lexa called out Lincoln’s name. More bodies blocked her path as she was pushed from stranger to stranger. Her pulse was electric and her breathing out of control. As her attacker gained on her. Lexa looked back over her shoulder. Her momentary distraction caused her to bump hard and heavy into the chest of another stranger in front.

Lexa now stood face to face with the hooded form of Clarke Griffin.

Clarke looked beyond Lexa and bore murderous eyes into her pursuer. Clarke’s eyes were black, her muscles hard and ready to snap the attacker in two. The attacker retreated into the crowd on sight of Clarke. The blonde tried to step past Lexa to start the chase.

“No!” Lexa commanded.

Clarke finally allowed herself to lock eyes with the powerful Omega from the bar.

Lexa’s green eyes were a mix of terror and arousal at the arrival of the unusual Alpha.

Clarke looked down to the Omega’s perfect hand that lay rested on her chest. Lexa went to remove her hand only to have Clarke grab at it. Lexa stood frozen as the grip tightened with every passing second. Lexa then allowed her body to press into Clarke’s, smothering their joined hands.

Lexa’s eyes closed as Clarke lowered her head and sniffed at her neck, Lexa unconsciously tilting her head to give the Alpha access. Clarke’s breath was warm and moist. Lexa was overwhelmed with natural instinct, her arousal now smeared between her inner thighs. Clarke shook her head lightly as if trying to shake herself out of her own aroused state. The smell of blood from Echo’s still continuing scrap reached Clarke’s nose. Lexa’s scent and the smell of blood shook her to her bones. Clarke’s cock was now fully erect and ready for her Omega. Lexa closed her eyes and wrapped her arms around Clarke and slowly pulled her face to hers. Lexa felt all her control slip away. She rubbed herself up against Clarke’s body and opened her eyes to see if Clarke’s control remained. Lexa looked back into dark eyes and a frustrated frown.

Lexa trailed her hands down Clarke’s arms, her nose now pressing against the strange Alpha’s cheek. Clarke smelt of the trees and the earth to Lexa. Clarke was an animal that Lexa could envision running wildly through her land’s great forests. It was a scent so familiar to her. Clarke smelt like home.

Clarke pressed her member against Lexa’s thigh. She was rewarded with a sharp intake of breath from the Omega.

Under the cover of darkness, Lexa tugged Clarke through the crowd towards the privacy of Lincoln’s room.
Clarke’s eyes peeled slowly open. For the briefest of seconds, she was not entirely sure where she was. Her eyesight began to fully adjust to the darkness that filled the room. As she attempted to change position, her back strained and her eyes closed tightly. She winced at the discomfort that wrapped around her aching neck. Clarke was unsure how long she had been laying in this position. Her right arm attempted to lift her weight off the bed, but Clarke found the muscled limb caught under a stranger’s soft skin.

Waves of chocolate coloured hair fanned out towards her face and teased her nostrils. The warm body at her side sleepily responded to Clarke’s repositioning but did not awake from her slumber. As the toned body at her side moved slightly away, Clarke felt a tug and a twist around her penis. It still lay sheathed inside the girl with no name. The muscles inside the Omega’s body still held a tight grip on her length. Clarke again closed her eyes sharply and winced at the pleasure-pain sensation that ran up her cock and settled in her chest. She had to withdraw, she had to sit up. The discomfort in her back and neck was growing. There was no way Clarke could radically change her position without waking her first ever mate. What would she even say to the girl?

The reality of what Clarke Griffin had taken part in hit her suddenly. No thought, no protection, no name! Clarke had taken her first Omega and did not know what to call her. Anxiety filled the blonde’s skull as her head landed back down on the mattress with a soft thump.

The previous past hours replayed in her mind like a movie trailer: The feeling of loneliness sat solo at a sticky table in a packed out bar; the loud thrashing Azgada music attacking her senses; the throw down between Echo and some random Alphas. And then…Clarke could only recall it as magic. An irresistible pull towards the scent of a beautiful Omega that needed her immediately.

Clarke had made her choice on first sight of this girl. It was a decision that flew in the face of all her mother’s training and guidance. Her Alpha had taken over and enjoyed exactly what it had wanted. This was without a doubt the most irresponsible choice Clarke had ever acted out…yet it felt the most honest. This woman had over-powered all of Clarke’s control and turned her into the primal beast that her parents spent twenty years micro-managing.

Clarke’s mind flashed again with a vivid memory.

The tattooed girl rolling her hips down into her body. The huge knot she had caused to form at the base of Clarke's length. The feeling of her hard pumped up member being intensely crushed inside. The unbelievably addictive feeling of her knot popping and flooding the girl's womb with her fertile cum- that moment left Clarke Griffin feeling like she owned the whole fucking world.

Clarke’s breathing had become heavy, her body grew hotter.

Her free arm stretched over her mate’s body, resting it on her breast and then traveling down gently towards her sex. Clarke’s hand froze at the sound of her mate waking abruptly and taking in a sharp breath as if she had been held underwater for too long.

Her bedmate slid quickly away from Clarke and headed off the bed and away. Clarke’s cock was tugged roughly out of its comfy prison and flopped ungraciously onto the bed sheets. Clarke reached
down instinctively to console her penis from its loss.

The brunette swirled round to get a good look at Clarke. She was met with a snapshot of Clarke’s flushed face with her large floppy penis in hand. Clarke grabbed for the bed sheet and covered her appendage. At the same time, the brunette grabbed for Clarke’s discarded shirt on the floor to cover her own modesty. Clarke’s shirt fit too big in width for the Tri-kru girl’s slim model like frame. Clarke froze just as the shirt closed tightly shut. The skinnier girl’s belly still had a rounded swell; Clarke had filled her to the brim. The remaining evidence of Clarke’s release still sat inside the leggy girl’s womb.

Clarke’s focus shifted from the girl’s womb to her face. Clearly, she was mid-way through replaying her own version of the events leading up to their union. Clarke witnessed her grip on the shirt loosen and fall open, again exposing her breasts and slightly protruding belly to Clarke. Apparently, she had recalled her part in their mating as being voluntary and not forced.

**Hours earlier**

On reaching Lincoln’s room, Lexa had pulled desperately at Clarke’s belt. Her hand shook uncontrollably making the metal clasp more of a hurdle than it needed to be. Clarke’s hand on her own stilled her nervous movements. Lexa held her breath as Clarke leant her brow against her own, the blonde’s lips grazing the side of her temple-encircling her arms around Lexa’s small waist. It was to be the only gentle touch the brunette would receive from Clarke Griffin tonight.

The Tri-kru girl almost read the Alpha’s thoughts as her blue eyes glanced toward the soft bed. In implicit obedience, Lexa left Clarke’s hold and headed for the soft mattress. As her long legs took her forward, she mindlessly removed her shirt, throwing it off towards the end of the bed. Her bra slid off easily and joined the previously discarded shirt. As her backside hit the sheets, Lexa lay back and made better work of removing her own belt and leather pants. In contrast, her wild dark hair spread across the white sheets. The young girl’s eyes were encased by heavy dark bands of eyeliner and mascara. It made her emerald-like eyes glow in the half light.

As Lexa rose up, she kept her leather pants balled up in her lap. Her last act of decency before exhibiting herself to this unknown Alpha. Lexa found herself inexplicably drawn to the blonde in a manner she could not fight. Lexa allowed herself to take in Clarke’s form.

She started at Clarke’s feet, not quite ready to look her in the eyes. Clarke had removed one shoe—the other was in the process of being removed. Clarke’s denim clad thighs looked sporting and strong.

Lexa’s eyes met with Clarke’s as she finally let out a breath. The window for escape was rapidly closing, and soon they would not be able to undo this night. Lexa felt her Omega chemistry take over. What was once her known self was becoming a faint whisper. She felt drugged, gently shaking her head from side to side as Clarke had done earlier. She dragged in a labored breath hoping to surface as the sensible Tri-kru girl she knew she was. As the new dose of oxygen hit her lungs she realised it was all too late, she needed her Alpha.

Clarke fought her own inner battle. Treat an Omega with care. Treat an Omega with a gentle touch. Never forget how much stronger you are… It’s never ok to overpower an Omega, Clarke.

Clarke replayed these words in her head daily like a sermon. Clarke Griffin’s mind was fading though. Her Alpha soul pounded on the door angrily. It demanded full authority on Clarke’s choices tonight.
Lexa’s eyes dropped to the strained material around Clarke’s crotch as she stalked towards the bed. The Skai girl’s lower abs bore thick veins that shot fiercely down and disappeared into her pants. They had begun feeding blood to the outline of the large organ that Lexa could not take her eyes off of. Clarke’s cock was impressive and looked painfully hard under the tight denim prison. Lexa had only stolen curious glances at Alpha anatomy in textbooks. Clarke did not resemble the suggested imagery she had seen.

Lexa let the balled up pants in her lap drop to the wooden floor. She finally displayed her sex to the animal that stood in front of her. In that moment, Clarke Griffin was gone.

**Lexa snapped out of her memories**

As the perplexed brunette turned and showed her back to Clarke, the blonde was rewarded with a glimpse of the bottom of the Brunettes back tattoo. Tri-kru words, symbols and letters adorned her lower back from beneath her own shirt.

The brunette lowered her head and placed her arms around her shaking body. She took in a long deep breath and blew out very slowly. Clarke felt as if she had not spoken to another soul in days. The not talking was starting to become the loudest sound in the room.

Clarke sat up a little straighter. She opened her mouth to speak, but no words would come. Her nameless mate heard the pre-speech intake of air and stiffened nervously. Still, she kept her back to Clarke and closed the shirt a little tighter again. Clarke glanced down at the bed sheets. This was ridiculous. In the past hours, minutes and seconds, she had given the woman several intense orgasms and reduced her to a sobbing mess under her touch. Now, they could not even breathe the same air. Clarke looked on again at the Tri-kru symbols scattering the girl’s body. She gripped the bed sheet tighter. Her other hand ran through thick blonde curls.

Clarke found her spine. She spat out the words she had been trying to swallow like a coward for the last five minutes, Clarke Griffin was never a coward.

Clarke held her finger tips to her chest.

“Klark-kom-Skai kru.” She whispered.

The brunette half turned but still would not look Clarke in the face.

“Beja.” Clarke looked to the ceiling.

The Brunette could no longer resist. Clarke’s albeit clumsy attempt at her native tongue was…sweet.

As the Brunette turned and faced Clarke, she noticed how vulnerable her strong Alpha looked as she awaited her response. Clarke would only get one word.

“Leksa.” She half smiled.

Clarke smiled back briefly then her eyes traveled to Lexa’s still swollen belly. Clarke had read countless books on Alpha/Omega mating. Surely Lexa’s swelling should have eased by now, but Clarke had no idea how long they had been tied. Lexa glanced down at herself and gently caressed the skin across her swell. Clarke slid forward towards Lexa only to have the girl jump several feet away from her. As the girl retreated Clarke followed and quickly left the bed, the sheet covering her modesty falling away. Lexa backed away quicker as Clarke pursued, her cock swung freely as she disembarked the bed.
Lexa’s eyes went wider as she stared at Clarke's large penis. Clarke followed her mate's eye line and stopped in her tracks. Lexa had a face full of fear mixed with arousal. Lexa swallowed hard and looked to the door for escape. Clarke read her mind.

“Wait!... I won’t hurt you.” Clarke held up her hands in surrender.

Clarke cursed her anatomy. Hearing Lexa speak and seeing her swell had given her penis life again. It was swollen at the end, and veins of hot blood attempted to feed her and have her grow more.

Clarke snatched a pillow from the bed and held it over her growing affection for Lexa.

Clarke lightly touched her own right shoulder. What started as a mild itch was becoming a sharp sting.

Lexa had bitten her.

_**Clarke’s memory flashed**_

Clarke had let out a startling roar as the smell of her own blood tinged the air. This set the Alpha into a state of panic. The distraction was enough for Lexa to roll herself and Clarke over, keeping Clarke's solid broad dick trapped deep inside.

Clarke took a glance at her injured shoulder and saw the blood red outline of Lexa’s tooth marks embossed on her skin. Clarke turned to face her disobedient Omega. Her hands grabbed at Lexa’s hips ready to topple her off. The sight that greeted her though almost turned Clarke to stone. Lexa sat on top of her as if she had just mounted a magnificent steed. Her breathing was erratic as an orgasm subsided. Her long curled hair was wild and free. Clarke took in a breath as Lexa’s green eyes sliced through her heart. The sweat from their mating had caused her black eye liner to run rivers down her face like a warrior’s war paint. The Alpha remained still, her cock pulsing as Lexa hugged it possessively inside herself. As Clarke attempted to rise to meet her mate’s beautiful features, Lexa slammed her hands onto her shoulders, shoving the blonde back down roughly. Clarke felt as if Lexa sat on her cock for eternity. Lexa straddled her Alpha but was unsure what to do with the beast.

As Clarke lifted herself up again, Lexa rolled her hips just once, fully. Clarke laid straight back down. This time the Alpha pointed her chin to the ceiling. Her neck fully displayed to Lexa. Lexa rotated her hips again, much to the joy of Clarke. Clarke spat out a nervous laugh. Every move Lexa made sent sudden jolts of pleasure down her cock. Clarke could feel her fat headed penis plunging deeper into Lexa. Clarke did not care if she died this way under Lexa’s seemingly skilled movements. Clarke swore she saw the wild Tri-kru girl half smile down at her. Clarke bit her bottom lip as Lexa again rotated her hips only once, but much quicker and firmer than before. Clarke’s eyes closed tightly, letting a single word slip from her lips.

“Jesus.” Clarke praised.

Lexa’s ears perked up to the sound of Clarke’s unfamiliar voice. The word itself was known to Lexa as an old earth savior. It pleased her immensely that she could draw it from her foreign mate’s lips.

Lexa found herself overcome with a burning affection for the blonde beneath her. She set off at a slow canter twisting and turning her hips into the snarling powerful Alpha below. Clarke’s ability to speak had left her. All she now felt was her cock vibrating and growing harder as Lexa’s second orgasm built to a peak. Lexa bucked faster and wilder as something round and hard bashed at her outsides and punished her soaked clit. Clarke slammed her claws down into the mattress as she
looked up to the stunning Lexa riding her to the ends of the earth and back.

Clarke let her hand snake down her own body towards her mate’s centre. Her cock felt hot and slightly painful. Lexa watched as Clarke’s hand reached teasingly close. Clarke closed her eyes and gulped as her fingers slipped through Lexa release that had spread across her hard stomach. Clarke’s eyes ripped back open again as her finger tips reached the large swollen knot Lexa had given her. Clarke gripped the knot fully in her hand and massaged it. Clarke’s attention was taken from the knot as Lexa’s orgasm reached its peak. Lexa’s inner walls tightened and dragged Clarke’s cock deeper in, forcing a holler from Clarke as her knot fully pushed up into Lexa. Again, Lexa bucked wildly.

Through gritted teeth, Clarke begged Lexa to finish her.

Clarke then felt a sensation she had never felt in her entire life. Her cock end buzzed as her knot sent ribbons and streams of seed into a now galloping Lexa. She forced Lexa downwards, impaling her as deeply as she could. She would make Lexa unclean, she would ruin her perfect poise. Lexa felt endless assaults of thick high-pressure lashes of Clarke coating her walls. The Alpha tore back Lexa’s hair and sank her teeth deep into her shoulder. Lexa cried out in agony as Clarke claimed her as her own. The Omega felt faint as her body started to give out to exhaustion. Clarke managed two more unforgiving thrusts into Lexa then rolled sideways…Taking Lexa with her.

**Clarke came back to reality and called out to fleeing Lexa**

Lexa halted her retreat and looked to Clarke nervously. Clarke looked frustrated. She fought to stop the animal inside her from taking over again and claiming Lexa for another few hours. She looked down at her pillow covered cock. It caused a bump on the surface of the pillow.

“It…it does that.” Clarke blushed.

Lexa raised an eyebrow.

“I won’t apologise, you’re so beautiful.” Clarke whispered.

Lexa took a ragged breath and stepped towards her blushing Alpha. She stood inches from Clarke and removed her shirt. Clarke noticed Lexa’s hand shaking as she discarded the garment to the ground. She pulled at Clarke's protective pillow and felt Clarke fight to keep it in place. Lexa won the battle though, and Clarke stood naked and erect in front of her.

Clarke willed her feet to stay rooted to the ground. She balled her hands into fists and felt her claws dig into her own skin. Lexa stood too close and smelt way too good. Clarke closed her eyes as she felt Lexa’s hand grab at hers to place it on her swell.

“You did this, I’m full of you.” Lexa sounded faint.

Clarke stepped forward and pushed her forehead against Lexa’s aggressively, but with restraint.

“Stop it. I will enjoy you again if you don’t stop it, please.” Clarke bit her lip.

Lexa refused to move. She felt Clarke squeeze her hand tighter and drag it down towards her cock.

Lexa closed her eyes and took the fully erect organ into her hand and stroked in gently, earning a growl from Clarke.

“You’re bigger than I thought Alphas were.” Lexa sighed.
“Did I hurt you?” Clarke worried.

“Just enough.” Lexa smiled.

At that, the bedroom door flung open.

Lincoln took a step inside and then stopped dead. His eyes did not want to take in what was in front of him.

His sister stood naked holding the most intimate part of a Skai-Kru Alpha in her hands. Lexa released Clarke from her soft hands and grabbed the shirt up from the floor again. Covering herself now was somewhat pointless.

Lincoln noted the twisted bed sheets and discarded clothes all across his own room.

“Sister, what have you done?” Lincoln stood heartbroken.
Lincoln stood frozen gripping the door handle to his room.

Had he really just seen that?

His stomach boiled and his chest filled with a corrosive sort of dread. Years of dreaming of Trinity, years of creating a safe respectful place...

Lincoln was nothing but proud of his Tri-kru heritage. He held his people’s beliefs close to his heart. His sister was to be their Queen, their inspiration. Lexa was everything that Tri-kru stood for: Honesty, respect, and a devotion to the idea of ‘one mate in one lifetime’—until the next life cycle begins. Tri-kru melded their body and soul to another Tri-kru. That was their way.

How would Lincoln even begin to explain this to his Mother? Indra would see this as a transgression. Lexa naked, Lexa with Clarke in her hands, Lexa undone and in bed with Ski-kru! Trinity was not a place to disrespect another clan’s beliefs—especially not his own. He was fighting off his own affection for Octavia successfully up till now. It was not an easy feat.

Octavia bounded up the open staircase and onto the mezzanine, breathless and smiling at the summit.

“Hey, what’cha doing boss?” Octavia quirked a brow.

Lincoln remained fused to his door.

Echo looked up from the bar as she swept the last of the broken glass into a pile. The waves of Lincoln’s upset sang to her and whether she loved the idea or not, Lincoln and Octavia were her pack. Echo found herself striding across the wooden floor before leaping up the steel steps to the upstairs, a heavy metallic clang ringing out as she ascended.

By this time, Octavia had become concerned over Lincoln’s actions.

“He hasn’t moved—he won’t let go of the door.” She whispered.

Echo carefully looked at Lincoln from top to bottom as she stood next to the slightly taller Octavia.

“Lincoln.” She spoke clearly.

No response.

She tried again.

“Lincoln, you’re freaking us out here big man.”

Lincoln’s jaw wriggled as if words scurried around his mouth like mice; his brain told him to answer, but his body would not obey. Lincoln’s muscles felt as if they might burst through his skin at any second. He willed his heart to still, but it continued thumping out a rapid tempo much to the discomfort of his rib cage.

Octavia advanced forward only to feel Echo touch her back.

“I have an idea.” Echo winked.
Echo snarled aggressively and quickly moved up close to the baffled Octavia. Octavia jumped on the spot as Echo’s face appeared directly in front of hers.

The aggressive intonation towards Octavia worked—if anything, Echo knew how to cause a scene.

All at once Lincoln seemed to come to life, snapping his attention toward his two worried friends. Octavia looked at Echo to take the lead.

“What’s wrong Lincoln?” Echo’s tone was gentle.

Lincoln could not speak. He scrutinized Echo and then looked straight back to the door. Echo seemed to read his wordless response, reaching for Lincoln’s hand on the door handle. His grip was like iron and his hand sweaty, Echo could almost hear the wooden handle begging to be released.

“Lincoln. Let me see...Beja.”

Lincoln gripping the handle harder in defiance. He wondered if he was protecting his sister’s dignity, or his family’s pride.

“Lincoln, let Echo help.” Octavia placed her hand softly on Lincoln’s back.

Under the encouraging touch of Octavia, he finally stepped back and released the handle. However, the short back he took told Echo that he was not completely ready to reveal what he had discovered.

“Don’t-don’t open it please!” Lincoln panicked.

Echo stepped towards the door, cautiously placing a flat palm to the wood as if suspecting fire. On first touch of the timber slab, a wounded expression flitted across her face. As she pressed her brow against the hardwood, a realization struck her. Echo instantly threw herself back away from the doorway. Lexa’s Omega scent bled through the solid wood, her arousal mixed enticingly with the scent of homemade shampoo and body oils; but it was hotly mixed with the tangy scent of an immensely dominant Alpha. Echo smelt sweat, blood, and Alpha semen. It was the Alpha’s scent that seared through Echo’s skin like acid, permeating her lungs. Echo had unluckily found herself at the mouth of another Alpha’s den.

“Griffin.” Echo breathed.

“I need to get out of here!” Echo was aghast.

Octavia laughed nervously.

“What the hell is up with you two idiots?”

“They did this here?” Echo said in disbelief.

Lincoln slowly snapped out of his state of shock, his cool demeanour reasserting itself.

“Get back downstairs to the bar.” He ordered Echo.

Echo nodded and turned around heading for the staircase...only to hear the door behind unlatch and pull steadily open. The metal hinges creaked and the grainy warped wood scraped across the floor. The sound forced Echo to turn back and face the escapee.

Lexa appeared in the doorway and briefly eyed a still confused Octavia. Lexa was not ready to look at Lincoln; his eyes chewed holes through the floorboards anyway. He was not ready to face his sister either. Lexa’s attention then landed firmly on Echo. Echo allowed herself to appraise Lexa.
Clarke’s scent covered the Omega entirely, inside and out. Lexa’s pupils were dilated and she behaved as if she were high. The pronounced belly was not lost on Echo-Griffin’s seed flowed through her womb. It was clear that Lexa had been taken and filled with unrelenting force. Echo did not doubt how much Lexa must have enjoyed every moment of the coupling. Lexa was not Clarke’s victim; she let Griffin cum inside-taking the Alpha’s knot willingly. Echo knew the behaviour of an Omega who had been claimed against their will. Lexa was not that, she had been pleasured more than once tonight.

Lincoln whispered a warning to Echo again.

“Don’t look at her.” Lincoln whispered.

“It’s too late now.” Echo conceded.

Over Lexa’s shoulder Echo’s eyes anchored onto Clarke’s. Clarke remained perfectly still with her shirt grasped in her hand. Clarke’s body was locked in position and her blue eyes darkened immediately on first sight of Echo. Clarke was several feet away from the door and on the opposite side of the bed and her posture was threatening. Lexa stood as the only barrier between the two Alphas. If Lexa moved it would be a sign to Clarke to remove the intruder from their den. Echo flexed her claws, ready to defensively swipe at Clarke if need be.

The air was charged with Alpha pheromones. Lincoln stepped back taking Octavia with him. Lexa swallowed just once. Echo saw no sympathy in her green eyes, and was fairly certain she would stand aside soon...leaving her Alpha to defend their mating area.

Octavia was captivated by the display. Her Beta-self had never witnessed Alpha/Omega interactions this closely before. A tingle of shameful excitement passed over her skin.

Lexa kept her eyes tracked on Echo’s movements. As expected, Lexa moved aside.

Echo gently shook her head, letting out a tension filled breath. This was not the first time she had found herself in this position. How she kept managing it was simply a reflection of her Casanova lifestyle. This time felt very different though, she was not at the door of some weak dog.

The bond and connection between Lexa and Clarke was undeniable. It was powerful. If Echo hadn’t known any better, she would say the pair had been mating for years. There was something else in the air that Echo could not quite place, but she would muse on that later. Echo thought Clarke would most definitely attack; Lexa was so cosmically bonded to the blonde it was unreal. Echo knew she could not take Clarke-the Azgeda dog knew she was in for a mauling, but she’d be damned if she would run away from this fight though!

“Echo, get out of here!” Lincoln begged.

The Alpha knew the two betas could not possibly understand.

“I can’t!” Echo spoke through gritted teeth.

“You can! Just move your damn feet.” Octavia noted Clarke’s utter stillness.

“Watch this...” Echo whispered.

Echo stepped purposefully out of Clarke’s line of sight—it was not more than two feet sideways.

Octavia jumped and grabbed for Lincoln as Clarke instantly appeared by the doorframe. Clarke slowly peered around the wooden frame in search of Echo. What scared Octavia most was the fact
she did not hear or see Clarke make the move.

Octavia looked on-sack jawed-at Abby Griffin’s daughter. Clarke’s blonde hair looked warrior-like and tangled; her eyes appeared almost black, and her brow frowned heavily in the direction of Echo. Clarke’s shirt was only half fastened-flashing a toned stomach. A noticeable bulge sat uncomfortably within Clarke’s skinny jeans. Octavia quickly looked up to the ceiling at the outline of Clarke’s large penis. Lincoln stole a glance at Lexa who seemed just as captivated by Clarke as Octavia.

As Clarke stepped within inches of Echo, she demanded submission of the other Alpha with her steely gaze. Echo was stuck between a rock and a hard place. Fight back and risk more injury and destruction to Trinity, or retreat from Clarke and take a massive blow to her ego?

Echo held Clarke’s eyes, refusing to step down. The two seemed to be standing there for ages...then an unthinkable scenario played in Echo’s mind. In the wake of her inevitable defeat at the paws of Clarke, would Clarke then turn on Lincoln? Lincoln was strong and impressive for a human male, but he did not stand a chance against an Alpha like Clarke.

Finally, Echo looked down to the floor in an attempt at submitting. Echo hoped Clarke would take the assent and back down.

Clarke did not.

A heavy silence filled the hallway. Echo felt strands of her hair blow to-and-fro rhythmically as Clarke’s heavy breathing tickled her scalp. They were painfully close now. One move-one inhalation of breath-and the hallway would be filled with the sounds of clashing teeth and claws.

Lexa broke the silence.

“You fool. You have taken too long to submit.” Lexa scolded Echo.

Lincoln saw the dilemma play out on Echo’s face. He prayed she would choose to not fight Clarke in the already trashed bar. Clarke leaned even further into Echo’s personal space, pressing her forehead against Echo’s. Echo averting her eyes to the ground had indeed taken too long. Clarke felt fully charged by her Alpha self again; this night had stripped away all her years of study on how to control her Alpha nature. First she had knotted Lexa, and now she would beat Echo into the ground for challenging her within her mate’s presence. Clarke felt drunk on power; she knew she was special-she knew she was strong. Clarke felt like she could get use to this feeling of being ‘top dog’.

“Lincoln, take Octavia down to the bar now!” Echo spoke quickly.

Clarke snapped a spine chilling snarl into Echo’s ear drum as the other Alpha dared to speak. Echo kept her gaze on the floor though, and resisted the urge to just push back and challenge Clarke further. Lexa watched the pair about the face off, becoming more and more aroused by the overpowering scent of the two pumped up Alphas.

Octavia snatched her arm away from Lincoln’s grasp, feeling defiant.

“I’m not going without Echo.”

Lincoln surveyed Lexa.

Lexa held his gaze before shaking her head lightly as if trying to remove a voice from her mind. She breathed in deeply, and Lincoln saw her chest shudder as she tried to control her Omega instincts. Lexa knew she should not enjoy the two Alphas fighting-she should not enjoy Clarke’s inevitable victory. Her brother and Octavia were at risk now. If not for them, Lexa feared she would indeed
allow Clarke to punish Echo.

She spoke to Echo soothingly in her irresistible, sultry tone.

“It is not enough now to look away. You must kneel, or you must fight. I think the latter will not end well for you Azgeda.”

Octavia shot a furious look at Lexa. Was that disrespect for Azgeda she heard in Lexa’s voice? Did Lexa want Clarke to attack her friend? Octavia did not know Clarke’s Alpha-self. Octavia only knew the confident, well-read Clarke; the Clarke that never backed out of a debate, and showed great leadership. She knew the Clarke who was a great friend to Lincoln, the Clarke that helped make the bar she now stood in possible.

The ripped, black-eyed beast that now stood over Echo was not that Clarke Griffin.

Echo heard the inflection of Lexa’s tone towards Azgeda. Echo knew her people did not mix well with most clans-especially Tri-kru-especially their soon-to-be Queen. Her people did not treat Omegas with the same duty-of-care as Tri-Kru, they were the furthest thing from monarchs. Azgeda Omegas bore children and served their Alpha owners endlessly: This is why Echo ran from her homeland and her people, she did not agree with the compliant servitude for any of her clan folk.

It was for that reason Echo loved Trinity. The moonshine-soaked floors of this place meant everything to her heart. She would not jeopardize the safe tolerant space that Lincoln had given his all to flourish in. At that moment Echo realized just how much she loved the peace-loving giant and the free-willed Octavia. For them she knelt down slowly in front of Clarke.

Echo placed her hands on top of her head as if under arrest from a trigger-happy Guarda officer.

Moments passed, her submission was complete, but still Clarke did not walk away.

Echo clenched her teeth and fists. Griffin wanted a throw-down. Echo knew what the post-coital adrenaline rush of releasing ones seed into a whimpering Omega felt like. Clarke was riding high and dangerous. Lexa was good.

Just as Echo went to stand and take the first swipe at Clarke, a voice snapped her attacker into obedience.

Lexa held out her soft hand, her long, enticing fingers beckoning the now fervent Alpha. One word brought the blonde quickly to her side.

“Klark.”

Lexa’s tone was soft and sensual with the name.

Octavia witnessed something rarely seen up-close by Betas. Clarke’s dark eyes shifted blue instantly, her shoulders relaxed, and her claws withdrew. The look of hate and violence was replaced by an almost love-struck teenage visage.

Clarke returned to Lexa and took her hand. She sniffed at the brunette’s cheek and Lexa placed a small kiss on Clarke’s forehead. Lexa then gently tugged Clarke towards the stairs and away from the still kneeling Echo. The scene that had just played out was nothing Echo had ever witnessed or even thought possible! An Omega, luring a violent, dominant Alpha away so easily, so perfectly! Lexa was no ordinary Omega—that was certain.

As the metallic ring of the stairs moved further and further away, Echo stood up to her feet. Her pent
up anger released itself with her fist smashing straight into the wall opposite.

“Fucking Griffin!” Echo spat out.

Echo stood facing the wall for a moment. She attempted to steady her nerves after almost coming to blows for a second time in only a few hours. Echo felt Octavia’s hand hot on her back. The contact had made her flinch, but was welcome. The stroking sensation served to soothe her inner wolf as Lexa had done for Clarke earlier. As Echo turned, Octavia pulled her into a hug that the Alpha did not return. Echo saw the hurt on Lincoln’s face as Octavia squeezed tightly. Echo felt the Beta’s breasts, soft and large, against her own chest. Between the almost clash with Griffin and the smell of wetness from Lexa, Echo was stirred into the need for sex herself. Echo’s cock pulsed and she battled valiantly to not have Octavia feel the rise.

As she was released from Octavia’s hold, Lincoln spoke.

“Are you alright my friend?” His tone was flat.

“I’m fine, shit like that happens to me.” Echo laughed it off.

Lincoln sighed internally. His friend was always so disparaging of herself.

“You just saved our bar.” Lincoln praised.

“Yeah, just not my ego and pride.” Echo grumbled.

Octavia half-smiled at her friends before turning her attention down to the bar area, she saw Lexa leading Clarke towards the fire exit. Octavia watched them both; Clarke seemed to need Lexa’s powers of control still. Clarke must have desperately wanted to hurt Echo.

“Lexa is taking Clarke out for a walk I think.” Octavia jeered.

Echo leapt towards the railing for a look.

“We cannot let them leave!” Echo panicked.

Lincoln and Octavia looked towards the retreating pair, confused.

Echo explained.

“Lincoln, where will they go? They will mate again-most likely in the street at this rate. If Griffin meets another Alpha she will kill them.”

Octavia watched Lexa take long strides toward the exit. Lexa’s chin was slightly elevated, her shoulders back and chest puffed out. Long trestles swung elegantly from shoulder to shoulder.

“Only if Lexa allows it.” Octavia raised her eyebrow as she watched Lexa parade off.

“Griffin is Skai-kru. Lexa is Tri-kru. They fucked each other on our land, in our bar! We have to think what to do. For fuck’s sake Lincoln, Griffin has violated your precious monarch in our home!”

“And your bed...” Octavia grimaced.

“I’d totally burn those sheets...maybe the bed too.” Octavia added.

Echo rewarded Octavia’s comedic remark with a big smile.
Lincoln knew Echo was correct. He moved Octavia and hollered out to his sister. He knew of only one word from their people’s great history that would bring Lexa to an instant halt. Gripping the metal railing, he took in a deep breath as if he intended all of the lands to hear him.

“HEDA!” His voice boomed.

Lexa stopped in her tracks, Clarke almost smashing into her back. Lexa looked back up at Lincoln, the old forgotten title ringing clearly in her ears.
Lincoln led his tiny pack down the ornate metal stairs. Echo trailed behind him while avoiding Octavia’s hand as it reached out for her own.

Clarke looked tired and confused; her Alpha soul was now satisfied and it paved the way for exhaustion to set in. Lexa stood regal and rigid with no hint of shame, awaiting Lincoln and his close friends near the exit of Trinity. When Lincoln finally reached his sister, Lexa’s tone was defensive.

“What more do you want Brother? An apology perhaps?”

Octavia almost barked out at Lexa for being so snooty and arrogant, but Echo placed a hand on Octavia’s hip to still her. Octavia focused down on the calming hand, letting Lexa off the hook.

“She, I want you to stay.” Lincoln held out his arms to Lexa.

Lexa’s face immediately softened before her regal mask took root again. She placed her hands behind her back and resisted the urge to embrace her impossibly kind brother.

“Why?” She queried.

Lincoln had no precise answer. He stuttered and mumbled, Lexa narrowing her eyes at his inability to be concise with his words. Finally, he spat out his sentence.

“You will be safe here. That is what this place is, sanctuary.”

Lexa flinched slightly. She knew what he meant.

“Mother…” Lexa grimaced.

“We must decide how best to proceed Leksa, she will not be pleased with either of us.”

Lincoln’s gaze fell to Clarke.

“Then we will stay.” Lexa half smiled.

Lexa followed Lincoln’s lead with Octavia in tow. Once Lincoln reached one of the few intact sets of table and chairs, he pulled out a seat for Lexa. Lexa nodded to her brother, watching as Lincoln then bowed to her.

Echo burst into a fit of condescending laughter. Lexa had spent hours with her legs wrapped around Clarke, the blonde’s Skai-kru cock ramming into her on top of her brother’s sheets. A political bomb was ready to explode, risking the long standing alliance between Skai and Tri-yet Tri-kru and their ridiculous etiquette never died.

Lexa and Lincoln ignored Echo’s mockery. Lincoln turned to Octavia.

“Will you wait here with Leksa whilst I get us something to drink?” Lincoln gestured to another pulled out chair.

Octavia rolled her eyes and sat down alone with Lexa awkwardly.
“You better feed them both as well.” Echo instructed to Lincoln.

Echo would quite often eat a meal for an Alpha three times her size after mating. Lexa blushed slightly at the remark; she was relieved that Echo understood their plight though. Food would be most welcome.

With Lexa and Octavia out of ear shot and Lincoln off getting food, Clarke and Echo stood side by side in deafening silence. Clarke was much younger than Echo—by nine years at least, she thought. Despite them almost coming to blows earlier, Echo felt a need to confront the younger Alpha on her choices that night. Echo was perhaps the last person to dispute anyone else’s choices, but still, they were the only two Alphas present.

“You and I need to have a little chat Griffin.” Echo turned to face Clarke.

“Like hell we do!” Clarke turned to walk away.

Echo smiled knowingly.

“Did you wrap it Griffin?”

Clarke stopped dead, closing her eyes tightly. She did not want these questions.

“How long were you with her?”

Clarke did not respond or face Echo.

“Did she make you pop your knot, then keep you inside?”

Clarke opened her eyes and peered back over her shoulder at Echo in warning.

“Tell me you wrapped it Griffin, if she kept hold of you-” Echo was cut off by Clarke grabbing the front of her vest.

The two Alphas scuffled, bringing Lexa and Octavia to their feet and Lincoln from the kitchen. Echo fought to get a hold of the back of Clarke’s neck, dragging Clarke’s ear to close to her mouth.

“You don’t have a fucking clue what you have done, do you pup?” Echo enjoyed verbally sparring with Clarke.

Clarke batted Echo’s hand away hard, but stood motionless looking back at the older Alpha desperately.

Lincoln was about to make his way over to the pair in order to split them up, but Echo held up her hand in a silent command to Lincoln.

“It’s fine Linc, me and Griffin are good.” Echo fake-smiled back at an increasingly distraught Clarke.

Lincoln backed off, returning to the kitchen, while Lexa and Octavia sat back down. Lexa was too hungry and tired to call Clarke off.

Echo and Clarke stood in silence.

Echo tried again.

“You need mental help Griffin? Why didn’t you wrap it? You don’t even know her!” Echo folded her arms.
Clarke finally spoke up.

“I wanted her to take every drop.”

Clarke’s gaze wandered all over Lexa’s form sitting on the other side of the room.

“I will not keep my seed from Lexa.”

Echo placed her hands on her hips, a little taken back by Clarke’s answer.

“You’re talking like a Tri-Kru. Have you have adopted her faith after one night?”

“My faith is none of your concern.”

“Then she will be pregnant every season-every heat. Griffin, she’s a Queen, and you’re...whatever the fuck you are?”

Honestly, Echo feared whatever Clarke was. In Azgeda mythology, an Alpha like Clarke was known as a Prime; one Alpha so strong and powerful, they could lead entire packs of other Alphas into great battles or to war.

Lincoln appeared from the back of the bar with cold food. Until the generator was fixed, sandwiches were the best that he could do. Lincoln headed towards his sister and Octavia first, casting a suspicious glance over to Echo and a flustered Clarke. Echo sat opposite Clarke in a booth on the furthest side of the bar from where he stood. Lincoln left two plates of sandwiches with Octavia and Lexa before taking the rest over to Echo and Clarke.

Echo eyed Lincoln as he slid two plates of food over toward the waiting Alphas. Echo nodded her thanks as Clarke quickly tore into the food. Echo watched as Clarke ripped into the plate as if she had been starving for days. Within less than a minute, only half the food remained. Echo glanced down at her own meal, taking one sandwich from her plate before throwing the rest at a still ravenous Clarke. Clarke looked up as the pile of stacked bread, meat and cheese unceremoniously landed in front of her.

“Thanks.” Clarke mumbled.

“Fuck, you must have been at it for hours.” Echo shook her head in mild disbelief.

Clarke did not look up from her meal. She inhaled the meat and cheese sandwiches before reaching over for the jug of water on the table. Echo smirked as Clarke forwent the glass and drank straight from the pitcher. Echo ate her own sandwich at a much more civil pace than Clarke had managed to.

“She work the fuck outta you Griffin?” Echo laughed.

Clarke slammed her fist down on the table and glared up at Echo.

“Don’t talk about her like that.”

“Whoa!” Echo held up her hands in submission.

“I mean it. Don’t even think about her like that.” Clarke held Echo’s confused gaze.

“Is she your first?”

Clarke did not respond, instead going back to the pitcher of water.
“Shit, have you bitten each other?”

Clarke slowly lowered the jug onto the table, watching as a large droplet of water rolled down the side of the container and onto the wooden surface. Clarke finally looked up at Echo and nodded her reply.

Echo was amazed.

“So you bonded yourself to the first Omega you popped your knot in?” Echo eagerly awaited Clarke’s reply.

“I …I know her.” Clarke was surprised by her own response.

“No you don’t. You just met her!” Echo now frowned.

“I know what I mean, she’s …special.”

Clarke glanced over at Lexa eating with Lincoln and Octavia on the other side of the bar.

“Do you know how long you were tied for?”

Clarke sighed. She wanted to be with Lexa, she didn’t want Echo’s questions.

“I take it you know how long our junk juice keeps swimming upstream?”

Clarke suddenly seemed to take an interest in Echo’s words.

“When humanoid males ran the show, it wasn’t even hours. We ain’t exactly human Griffin.”

Clarke’s eyes roamed over Echo’s face waiting for further elaboration.

“Ten days! Ten, long days of waiting to hit the target and have them carry our pups.” Echo whispered.

Clarke knew Alphas shared many traits with wolves: The strength, the senses, the need to fight and win. This, however, was news to her. Clarke looked to Echo’s face for any sign of deceit. She saw none.

“You better hope she doesn’t go into heat anytime soon, your girls are just waiting around the corner to knock her up.”

Clarke looked down at the table. She grabbed for the water pitcher only to find it empty. She was struggling to not scream across the table at Echo to stop interfering. Echo was crass and unapologetic, and beginning to weigh on Clarke’s nerves again.

“Earlier, I nearly killed you.” Clarke smirked.

“Yeah, lucky for me Lexa owns your ass Griffin.” Echo laughed at Clarke.

The tension continued to simmer between the two Alphas.

Octavia peered up over her sandwich at a thirsty Lexa. The Omega had downed several glasses of
water and ate too much food for such a scrawny girl. Octavia saw no blemishes or imperfections on Lexa’s skin; her eyes were magnetic and her hair still managed to smell like honey. Lexa’s lips were fat and pouty, and Octavia monetarily wondered what it must feel like to be kissed by them. Octavia was really starting dislike this girl, she had fucked a stranger in her brother’s bed and yet still managed to radiate perfection.

“So, what’s next for you and Clarke?” Octavia was ready to interview Lexa unreservedly.

Lexa did not answer immediately. She picked up on the sarcasm in Octavia’s tone.

“Maybe you could try, I dunno, talking to each other? Finding out full names, who the hell she is.” Octavia revelled in her own bitchy tone.

Lexa smiled back at Octavia and crossed her arms over her chest. She ran her eyes over Octavia’s form.

“You are angry with me.” Lexa stated.

“I’m concerned that you and Clarke are gonna mess everything up for the rest of us.”

Lexa nodded and accepted Octavia’s grievance as a valid one.

“You’re right to be angry, this is your home.” Lexa sat up in her seat.

“Abby is gonna be pissed.” Octavia rested her chin on her hand as she leant onto the table top.

“Abby?” Lexa queried.

“Er…Clarke’s Mom, Chancellor Griffin.” Octavia gestured towards Clarke.

Lexa faltered. This was not what she wanted to hear.

“Skrish!” Lexa sighed and sat with her head in her hands.

“Skrish indeed.” Octavia nodded.

Lincoln approached to remove the empty plates.

“Are you not well sister?”

“She’s fine. She just realized that she did the dirty with the daughter of the powerful woman in Skai-Kru.” Octavia almost laughed.

Lexa felt rather annoyed with herself. How had this happened with Clarke? She did not regret their union, but how it all happened...so frantically and purposefully, it scared her.

Octavia closed her eyes wearily. Fatigue was getting the better of her.

Echo was now swaggering around the bar area, assessing the damage from the brawl earlier.

“We’re gonna be shut a few days. When the hell is Reyes back?”

Clarke’s ears perked up at mention of Raven’s surname. She slowly moved towards the group from where she had been seated.

“I did this Lincoln.” Echo sulked.
“It is ok my friend, we will rebuild.” Lincoln held Echo’s face in his hands.

“I just couldn’t resist. I haven’t felt a call to violence like that for a while now.”

“I felt it myself. It is disappointing that on amnesty day, of all days, for so much animosity to rear its’ ugly head.”

Echo was not wrong. There was something in the air that night that seemed to invigorate the crowd pushing them to revel in blood lust and violence.

Lexa laid a suspicious eye on Clarke.

Clarke smiled back at Lexa. They still had not spoken privately about their night together. Should they though? Did they need to?

Lexa gestured to the empty seat next to her. She hooked her hair over one shoulder and invited Clarke with her eyes to join her at the table. Clarke moved instantly, accepting the silent request.

Echo smirked, watching as Clarke came to heel.

“Good Doggy.” Echo taunted Clarke as she passed her.

Clarke spun on her heels, grappling with Echo up against the wooden bar counter. Lincoln left his seat and made a move to stop Echo, his large Beta hands gripping her by the shoulders. However, he underestimated the power of both Alphas. All three of them crashed onto the floor with a loud thud.

Echo clambered over the top of Lincoln’s solid frame and landed on top of Clarke. Lincoln struggled to get to his feet as Echo and her Alpha counterpart wrestled around on the floor in a haze of spit and clashing teeth. When Clarke managed to get up to her feet, Echo brought her back down to the ground straightaway.

Octavia covered her ears. More now than ever, she just wanted to go to bed.

“Echo, stop it!” Octavia pleaded.

Neither Alpha responded.

Wood splintered as the bar took the brunt of both Alphas’ weight smashing up against the front of it. Clarke held Echo by the ears and bashed her head into the wooden facade of the bar.

The brawl continued until Lexa angrily rose up to her feet.

“ENOUGH!”

Both Alphas responded to her command immediately.

Only the sound of broken glass crunching under Lincoln’s boots reverbed out. Lincoln marvelled on his sister.

Lexa had risen up, seemingly towering above the two Alphas. Her eyes blazed, and her knuckles were jammed face down into the table top. Lexa governed down at the two intertwined Alphas, fury painted across her regal face.

Echo was unable to look away from Lexa’s hypnotic gaze.

“Forgive me Lexa.” Echo whispered.
Lincoln and Octavia rubber necked in the direction of Echo.

_Had they heard that right?_

Echo went pale at her own automatic response. Lexa’s eyes still blazed back at Echo’s own, her commanding voice still filling Echo’s mind. Echo shook her head repeatedly. Right now, all she wanted to do was obey Lexa.

Clarke untangled herself from Echo and somehow managed to stand.

“Clarke, you will go to Lincoln’s room and await my arrival.”

Clarke moved to comply, but not before kicking out at Echo one last time as she passed.

“Clarke!” Lexa warned.

Lexa turned her attention to Echo and pointed a long, authoritative finger towards the seat next to Octavia. Echo quickly complied with the order, Griffin could wait.

Octavia’s heart raced. Yet again, she had bore witness to Lexa commanding over not one, but two passionate Alphas. Lexa’s ability to exact such authority over the Alphas without much effort should have scared Octavia. Instead, Octavia felt a pang of jealousy towards Lexa rather than fear.

Lincoln interrupted.

“We must discuss our return to Polis sister, mother awaits us.”

“We will discuss this tomorrow.” Lexa promised.

Octavia was relieved—at least they would all get to go to bed.

“Brother, thank you for your room, but where will you rest?” Lexa asked.

Octavia jumped in.

“Lincoln can have my room! I will share with Echo.” Octavia blushed slightly.

Echo suddenly felt light headed and dry mouthed, she dare not look at Lincoln.

Lexa cleared her throat and willed Lincoln to oppose the idea.

“If that is what you wish Octavia.” Lincoln wearily smiled.

Lexa sighed, but did not push her brother. She held her tongue but warned Echo with her eyes.

“Reshop Bro.” Lexa embraced her sweet brother.
Echo laid flat on her back, her eyes wide, and focussed on a spider that traversed the ceiling above. Her wiry frame was swaddled up in a white linen sheet. Echo swallowed deeply as the sounds of Lexa and Clarke’s affection permeated through the thin walls of Trinity’s living quarters. Echo’s superior hearing allowed her to pick up every satisfied grunt from Clarke, and every pleasured cry from Lexa. The wooden frame of Lincoln’s bed beat rhythmically against Echo’s bedroom wall, as Clarke released her seed once again into a willing Lexa.

Echo looked down at her encased form, cursing herself. Her cock stood proudly against the sheets. Echo was unable to suppress the reactions to the manic lovemaking that taunted her libido from next door.

Echo dare not move a muscle, the cotton sheet teased her penis every time she shifted. She allowed her head to tilt slightly to the left, taking in Octavia’s back. The Beta wore only a sheer vest top. Echo was infinitely thankful that Octavia was asleep.

However, in reality, no such luck had befallen Octavia. She lay on her side, eyes wide open. Her core ached as Echo fidgeted only inches away from her.

A loud thud from the other side of the wall caused Octavia to flinch, while Echo closed her eyes in frustration. Clarke had passionately flung Lexa against the thin wall, causing Lexa to wrap her legs around Clarke’s hips as they collided. Echo was privy to hearing almost every detail of the coupling. Lexa called out to her Tri-Kru gods, and Clarke repeatedly chanted out how beautiful Lexa was.

Even Octavia could hear the shattered scream tear from Lexa’s lips as Clarke’s size entered her, yet again. Octavia swallowed hard at the memory of seeing the outline of Clarke's large penis, semi erect in her skinny jeans, only a couple hours previous. It was too hot in this room, and Echo’s bed was way too small.

Echo could no longer deny herself. She slipped a hand under the sheets, and trailed it down to her erection. Echo spied on the slumbering form of Octavia, assuming she was asleep, and then began massaging her knot. Echo took her member slowly in her hand and milked the shaft. She closed her eyes as Lexa’s scent and Clarke’s aggression bled through the walls. Echo was sure that she would make a mess of her own sleeping attire. She sped up her wrist action as Clarke sang out Lexa’s name. Echo bit her lip as her knot swelled dangerously close to popping, the head of her penis braced itself, yet there was no release.

Octavia listened to the tell-tale moist snapping of flesh. She was monitoring Echo’s change in breathing, and knew that the Alpha was getting close. Octavia needed to act now, or stay with the pretence that she was indeed asleep. Without another thought, she rolled over slowly to confront her friend.

Echo was so deeply absorbed in pleasing herself, she missed Octavia’s movement. As Echo’s eyes peeped open she was met with a lust-struck Octavia watching her masturbate. The Azgeda slowed her actions but could not stop.

“It’s ok.” Octavia whispered through the darkened room.

“Octavia I-” Echo almost stopped her actions.

“Struggling?” Octavia asked softly.
Echo could not answer, only nod. She was struggling. The challenging scent of Clarke next door, the mixed scent of Lexa, and now Octavia, it all confused her senses.

Octavia sat up in the bed and looked down at Echo. Echo’s face looked softer than usual, and her eyes were bright as the moonlight filtered into the room. Without a word uttered, Octavia removed her top. Echo groaned as Octavia’s large breasts were finally unveiled to her. They were nothing short of perfection. Octavia’s hair hung loosely down one shoulder.

“Will this help?” Octavia lightly fondled her own breasts.

Echo could only nod again. Octavia continued to massage her breasts with one hand, and tugged at the sheet with the other. Echo for a moment fought to keep her modesty, but Octavia won out. She slowly uncovered Echo’s slow moving hand and strained penis.

No other words were needed.

The sounds of Lexa and Clarke breaking glass and furniture continued next door.

Octavia moaned to herself as she heard Lexa beg Clarke for more force. Echo responded to Octavia’s moan and sped up her actions. She focused her eyes on Octavia’s breasts—a sheen of sweat decorated them. Echo felt her whole body tense, her release swiftly approaching. Octavia blinked as lashes of release suddenly shot from Echo’s penis and assaulted her thigh. Echo panted heavily before placing her face in her hands as she slumped back onto the mattress. Octavia remained topless and very wet. She crawled up the recovering Echo; the Azgeda girl flinched as the Skai-girl cuddled up to her.

“You feel better?” Octavia played with Echo’s necklace.

“Fuck yes.” Echo sighed.

“Can you go again?” Octavia hinted.

Guilt suddenly shot through Echo. She understood exactly what Octavia was asking.

Echo had about 10 years on the 19 year-old Octavia.

“I know you want me.” Octavia sat up, revealing her breasts again to Echo.

Echo’s gaze automatically focused on them.

“I do, it’s just...”

“Just what? Is it...Lexa?” Octavia said with a scowl

“What? No, it’s Lincoln.” Echo confessed.

Octavia laughed and smiled down at Echo.

“What about Lincoln?” She innocently inquired.

“You haven’t noticed, have you?” Echo narrowed her eyes.

Octavia stared back down into Echo’s wolf-like eyes in the moonlight.

“What the hell are you talking about?”
Echo was unsure if she should say anymore.

“Echo look, we don’t have to go steady. Are you worried you might fall in love?” Octavia winked.

Echo laughed out loud and sat up to face Octavia, she was very pretty, and Lincoln need not know. It was just one night with her friend.

“You’re sure you want this? I’m not entirely human, and I’m older than you.” Echo glanced down to Octavia’s breasts again.

“I had noticed, old dog.” Octavia brought a hand to her lips to stifle a laugh.

“Old dog?”

Octavia squealed as Echo topped her playfully. They stayed that way for a moment too long. Octavia breathed in heavily.

“Tell me you have skins.” Octavia willed the answer to be yes.

“Of course I do.” Echo reached over and took a condom from a box in her top drawer.

Octavia snatched it from her hand, much to Echo’s amusement.

Echo felt a pang of guilt fill her chest again. Was this really about to happen?

However, their act of free love did not go much further.

The front metal door boomed repeatedly from the bar below. Echo dived off the bed and searched for her jeans. Octavia automatically pulled the bed-sheets over her own topless form.

“Who the hell is that?” Octavia panicked.

“Who the hell do you think would knock like that at this time of night!”

Echo quickly headed for the door of her bedroom, pulling on a shirt as she went. As she ripped open her door she saw Clarke quickly exit the room adjacent. Both Alphas regarded each other knowingly.

“Whoever this is, they have really shitty timing.” Clarke grumbled.

Both Alphas ran down the stairs as the door boomed again.

Octavia slipped off the bed, taking a bed-sheet with her. As she leant on the doorframe looking down into the bar below, she saw Lexa out of the corner of her eye. Both women were covering their forms with identical white bed-sheets, it was almost comical.

Lexa resisted the urge to comment on the white stain splayed across Octavia’s thigh.

Lincoln appeared shirtless from Octavia’s room and jogged towards the stairs. As he passed his sister and Octavia on the mezzanine landing, he stumbled at seeing Octavia’s topless form draped in a bedsheets. Lexa’s heart cringed watching her brother, for Lincoln’s pain-due to his forbidden love of Octavia-sat plainly across his face. Lexa held her gaze on Octavia as Lincoln disappeared down the stairs.

“Like what you see Your Majesty?” Octavia dared.
Lexa’s stare matched Clarke’s own feral looking one earlier that night, as she refused to respond to Octavia.

Octavia gripped her sheet tighter.

As Lincoln reached the bottom of the stairs, he met up with the two Alphas.

“Let me deal with this Echo.” Lincoln warned.

“Who the hell is it?” Clarke asked.

“Guarda.” Echo stated flatly.

As Lincoln undid the final latch on the heavy metal door, a hand in a leather glove forced it open.

Kane, and five of his Guarda officers, entered the bar area. Kane locked eyes with Echo.

“Just the person I want.” Kane sauntered in.

Kane was dressed from head-to-toe in black. His Guarda officers flanked him, each wearing a military style black uniform—three wearing masks. All five were armed. All five were not happy to see Echo. Clarke recognised two of the unmasked officers as Miller and Murphy.

Clarke watched as the five guards took small steps closer to Echo.

“You’re under arrest Echo of the Ice Nation.”

“I’m busy with something right now.” Echo gave a toothy grin to Kane.

Lincoln interrupted.

“What are the charges Chief Constable?” Lincoln folded his arms.

All five Guarda officers were within a few short feet of Echo now. Clarke curled her lip and clenched her fists. She stood by Echo’s side and surveyed all the officers before eyeing Echo.

Echo shook her head at Clarke. Despite how quick Clarke and she could move, there was no way they could outrun bullets.

One of the Guarda officers removed his mask.

“Clarke?”

“Bellamy?”

“What the hell are you doing here in the middle of the night?”

Clarke did not respond.

“Where is Octavia?” He looked around the bar area, his gun still aimed at Echo.

“She’s putting her clothes back on.” Echo smiled evilly.

Bellamy surged forward, but Kane restrained him.

Kane then laid out the charges to Echo.
“I have three badly beaten Tri-Kru boys in my hospital.”

“Your hospital?” Clarke laughed.

“These young men claim you beat them here, last night, for no reason at all.” Kane pointed to the damaged bar and broken furniture.

Echo watched as Bellamy removed the handcuffs from his belt.

“Guess what? That makes strike three Azgada, you will serve time for this. I assure you.” Kane grinned.

“It was me!” Clarke chirped up.

Echo turned to face the other Alpha, wondering where this was going.

“I attacked those boys. Echo was working the bar.” Clarke nodded at Echo.

Kane stood unmoving, suspicious of the answer. He glared at Lincoln.

“Is this true?” Kane quizzed.

“He didn’t see anything.” Clarke added, continuing to take control of the situation.

Kane folded his arms and walked over to Clarke.

“You think I won’t arrest you because of whom your mother is?”

“I should certainly hope you do arrest me. I’ve set a terrible example for my people tonight.”

Octavia and Lexa secretly watched the conversation from above the bar area.

“Fine. Arrest Clarke Griffin under charges of grievous bodily harm.” Kane commanded.

Bellamy stepped forward and brought Clarke’s hands together behind her back. Clarke did not move to struggle.

Lexa headed for the stairs but Octavia chased her down, grabbing her arm.

“They can’t find you here!” Octavia reminded her.

The blood drained from Lexa’s face at Octavia’s remark.

“Look, Clarke will be ok. She will most likely get house arrest.” Octavia consoled Lexa.

“We cannot be apart...it’s not good for Clarkes mind.” Lexa worried.

Octavia did not understand.

Kane continued to swagger around the bar downstairs.

“You know, it’s been a while since we did a health and safety report on this place.”

“You need a warrant Kane, to search my premises.” Lincoln frowned.

“Hey, who said anything about a search? It’s just...procedure.”
Kane held his arms open and nodded to his men. Bellamy stood with the restrained Clarke and the other four prepared to search the bar.

“You can’t do this Kane!” Clarke snarled.

“Oh, yes I can.” Kane pointed to his men.

Octavia grabbed Lexa again, this time pulling her into Echo’s room. Until the group decided how to best approach Abby and Indra, Lexa could not be discovered by Kane.

“Get in Echo’s bed!” Octavia rushed Lexa.

“I will NOT.” Lexa stated.

“Oh God, get over your Tri-Kru crap for one second! Get in bed with me.”

Lexa eyes went wide clearly not used to being ordered about.

Octavia leapt onto the bed. She scurried upwards on her back, before holding out her arms for Lexa.

“What are you doing?” Lexa shook her head in confusion.

“We’re Echo’s bitches-get in!”

Lexa heard the loud metallic clang of a Guarda officer’s boots stomping up the stairs. They were on the walkway and headed straight for the living quarters. Lexa, against her will, joined Octavia in the bed. Octavia pulled the sheets up over them both and spooned Lexa.

Only moments later, the door flew open. Octavia sat up in staged surprise, while Lexa remained lay down with Octavia’s arm still around her. The Guarda officer froze.

“Octavia!” Miller was gobsmacked.

“Miller, thank God it’s you!” Octavia internally sighed in relief. It was not Bellamy at the door.

“What the hell are you doing! Who-who is that?” Miller stuttered.

“We’re waiting for Echo.” Octavia blushed.

“The Azgeda? You’re in her bed-with another girl!!”

Lexa rolled her eyes and cursed Octavia’s theatrics.

“Please don’t tell Bell, he’ll freak for sure!” Octavia mock pleaded.

“I don’t know O, he’s my superior.”

“Pretty please Miller” Octavia pouted.

“Alright, just be careful yeah?”

Miller stumbled backwards as he shuffled embarrassedly out of the room. As soon as the door closed behind him, Lexa sat up. There was an awkward silence as both girls sat half-naked in the bed together. Octavia’s eyes roamed Lexa’s form, noting that she was wearing Clarke’s red shirt partially undone. Lexa swallowed hard, sensing Octavia’s slight arousal.

“Damn. I hate you...you’re really beautiful...” Octavia pursed her lips.
After her declaration about the Omega’s good looks, Octavia quickly slid off the bed and to the bedroom door. Lexa breathed a sigh of relief. Her Omega sexuality seeped from her constantly; she couldn’t help it, and did not relish fighting off Octavia’s advances.

Lexa moved off the bed and walked over to the Beta waiting by the door. When she reached Octavia’s side, she saw Kane and his men leaving. Bellamy still had a tight hold on Clarke.

“Jackass!” Octavia looked down at her brother in disgust.

“Where will they take Clarke?”

“She will go to lock up first, and then they will call Abby I bet.” Octavia surmised.

Bellamy tugged Clarke forward, pulling the Alpha toward the exit. Echo stood in the way of the Guarda officer.

“Griffin, what the hell are you doing?” Echo whispered.

“I will be out by tomorrow, trust me.”

“They will place you under house arrest at the very least. You can’t be apart from your mate now.”

“I will be fine. I have dealt with frustrations all my life.”

“Not like this you haven’t...Griffin, listen to me, you must stay with Lexa.”

“I don’t want you going to prison.” Clarke whispered back.

“Why not?”

“Lincoln needs you, Octavia needs you, and this place needs you.”

At that, Bellamy marched Clarke away, but not before she stole a glance up to Lexa on the mezzanine. Their eyes locked, silently speaking a million words to one another before they were finally separated.

Lexa sank down to the floor.

“Hey, I told you, Clarke will be ok. She’s Clarke.” Octavia shrugged.

“No. No, she really won’t be.” Lexa sighed.

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Clarke sat uncomfortably in the back of Kane’s Guarda van. The Skai-Kru council had decided that the only fair way to elect a leader for the police force was by public vote. Each year, Kane managed to defy odds and win. His only real opposing candidates were Titus and Jaha.

The Guarda was meant to be composed of an even mix of both Tri-kru and Skai-Kru clan members. However, Clarke found the odds stacked firmly in favour of Skai-kru. All of the Guarda were also Betas, the excuse for this being that their moods were not altered by heats and seasons. Clarke saw it for what it was though, injustice, and it sprouted around every corner when it came to the Guarda set up.

Kane was a separatist. He longed for Skai-kru to become its own completely autonomous state, dissolving the close bonds with Tri-Kru. Clarke’s mother’s alliance with Indra, albeit patchy, kept
Kane shut out.

Tri and Skai were soldered together by their combined defeat of the Ice Queen generations ago. Both Clans worked well as a unified front. It made trade easier, and boosted their land mass and numbers in the face of neighbouring Azgeda.

Despite being arrested, Echo’s words from earlier that night kept ringing in Clarke’s ears. Could she have gotten Lexa pregnant? That prospect was frightening. If that happened, it would no doubt shatter the trust and respect between her mother and Indra. Kane would revel in the collapse of their partnership. Clarke feared he would step in, and sway a vote towards himself as potential Chancellor. The next election was not too far away.

The van rounded a corner and Bellamy gripped the overhead rail. He kept Clarke upright, as her hands were still restrained. Clarke frowned due to the Beta’s close proximity. The van stopped suddenly, and Clarke heard voices outside. As the back door opened three Guarda rushed in. Clarke was ripped from Bellamy’s grasp and dragged out of the van. She was hurled down to the ground only to be hauled back up to her feet. Bellamy protested, but was forced back down into his own seat.

“Where the hell is Kane?” Bellamy demanded.

The last Bellamy saw of Clarke, was a hood being pulled over her head as a Guarda officer shoved her violently toward the Guarda holding cells. Clarke struggled against the unnecessary use of force, only to be rewarded with a heavy blow to the head. She lost consciousness, going limp in the arms of her assailant.

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When Clarke finally came around, she found herself lay on her side. Two guarda officers opened up her cell door. They laughed together as they entered.

“Here you go mutt, bonne appetite!” They laughed again.

Clarke flinched as a bone was thrown at her face, along with a small leather ball. The guards also brought her food in a tin bowl with no cutlery. A second tin bowl contained water. After her rations were unceremoniously dumped onto the ground, they left. She listened to their conversation as they walked back down the hall. There was no love lost with the Guarda when it came to her kind; Clarke knew it to be nothing more than fear and jealousy.

Clarke sat up and gently rubbed the sore spot on her head. As she moved to stand, a voice came over the intercom in the cell.

“I wouldn’t if I were you, that was quite the blow!” Kane mocked.

“You should know, you probably hit me.” Clarke winced at the pain throbbing through her skull.

“It wasn’t me actually. I heard you didn’t come easy.”

Clarke bit her tongue.

“I want to see my mother.”

“We’re having some difficulty contacting her.” Kane lied.

“Yeah, not picking up the fucking radio will do that.” Clarke looked around the cell.
“Why don’t you come in here Marcus?”

“Oh, I’ve heard you’re a dangerous animal Clarke Griffin.” Kane teased.

“You coward! No wonder your kind are dying out.” Clarke laughed.

The intercom crackled, Kane falling silent.

“That’s what this is about, isn’t it? Useless little Beta males shooting blanks! How long has it been Kane? Why not send your women to us Alphas? We will populate this planet for decades after you have dwindled into nothing!”

Still Kane was silent, but Clarke knew he was on the other side of the door.

“You know, I bet there is nothing wrong with your Beta women. They would conceive a child with an Alpha I’m sure.”

“Don’t believe everything that Azgeda whore tells you Clarke.”

Clarke did not respond. What did Kane mean? Had Echo gotten a Beta girl pregnant? Was this why Kane had it in for the Azgeda Alpha?

“I want to see my mother now.” Clarke made her request again.

“In good time, I have questions first.” Kane’s voice grated against Clarke skin.

“Where is the Tri-Kru girl?” Kane demanded

“What Tri-Kru girl?” Clarke’s heart-rate picked up, but she schooled her features not giving anything away.

“The Queen-to-be, her Mother is looking for her. No doubt Indra has warriors heading for Trinity now. That girl has broken her curfew.” Kane tutted.

“So...really you came looking for her, not Echo.” Clarke placed her hands on her hips.

“What were you doing at Trinity in the middle of the night Clarke?” Kane sounded impatient.

“What can I say? I drank too much, slept it off upstairs.” Clarke sounded convincing.

“Did you see Indra’s daughter?”

“It was busy, crowded, I got into a fight. I don’t remember much.” Clarke sighed.

“Convenient that...” Kane doubted Clarke’s honesty.

“My mother, contact her now!” Clarke snarled.

“She’s on her way. Be a good girl and sit...it might be a while. I trust my men left you some entertainment.” Kane walked away from the door.

Clarke spied the bone and leather on the floor.

……………..

Abby arrived at the Guarda offices with Jake in tow. She stormed up to the front desk with fire in her eyes.
“Where’s my daughter.” Abby snapped.

Murphy pointed down the corridor to Kane’s office. Abby did not bother knocking; instead she flung the door open to a much amused Marcus Kane.

“Chancellor, I’m so pleased to see you. You look well.”

Kane got up out of his chair, walking over towards Abby with his arms open.

“Don’t! Clarke now!” Abby scolded Kane.

“She is out of control Abby. You sure those meds are working?” Kane knew how to push Abby’s buttons.

Jake stepped in.

“Chief Constable, we would like to talk with Clarke.” Jake remained polite.

“Oh, you can take her with you. I’m recommending house arrest for nine days...you just have to agree to that, and take it no further.” Kane smiled wickedly.

“You keep her here for all this time, just to let her go?” Abby raised her eyebrow.

“I kept her here to save her from herself, and in the process to protect others.” Kane held his hand over his heart.

“Take me to her now.” Abby ordered.

Abby reached Clarke’s cell. Kane opened the door and called out to Clarke. Clarke smiled at seeing her clearly irate mother and seemingly calm father. As Clarke approached Abby, the Chancellor spotted dried blood on her daughter’s temple.

“What the hell is this!” Abby spun round on Kane.

“Seems your daughter almost overpowered one of my officers, endangered his life. Don’t worry though...the officer in question will not be pressing charges.” Kane smiled sweetly.

“He won’t be pressing charges!” Abby almost screamed.

As Clarke passed by Kane to embrace her mother, she handed Kane the bone and leather ball.

Jake surged forward to grab Kane at the sight of the ‘dog toys’.

“You racist bastard!” Jake was incensed by the connotations both items had.

Clarke pulled her father away from Kane.

“I won’t let this go Kane.” Abby’s face was flushed with anger.

“Perhaps you should focus on bringing your den into order first, Chancellor...I see where Clarke gets the rage from.”

Abby got into Kane’s face.

“You have no idea.” Abby threatened.

Kane just smiled as both Abby and Jake escorted Clarke out of the building.
Jake and Abby had brought their daughter home.

Abby started the questions as soon as the door shut behind them.

“So, You’re fighting again?”

“Abby leave it. She’s been interrogated enough by Kane.” Jake defended Clarke.

Abby stood arms folded, waiting for Clarke to answer her.

“Mom, I don’t always have the best days. I just lost it for a moment, these guys were assholes.” Clarke hated lying to her mother.

“It’s a girl, isn’t it?” Abby pried.

Jake’s ears perked up at Abby’s remark. Could Clarke have met a girl?

Clarke secretly praised her mother’s gut instinct; mother really did know best. Despite that, Clarke continued to lie.

“There was no girl Mom, just too many Alphas and too much moonshine.” Clarke struggled to look at Abby directly. As a child, Abby always knew when Clarke was lying. Nothing got past her.

Abby’s arms remained folded. She did not challenge Clarke further though.

“Mom, I need to sleep.”

“Honey wait, we need to attach this first.” Jake appeared from the kitchen with a box marked with the Guarda symbol.

“What is it?” Clarke looked worried.

“It’s a proximity Tag. You can only go so far from the house, if you go too far it will alert Kane that you broke your house arrest.” Jake couldn’t keep the upset out of his voice.

“What’s the radius?”

“Not much...the house obviously-maybe part of the woods at the bottom of the yard. I reckon a mile’s radius at the most.”

Clarke felt her body and mind go numb at the words. Trinity was at least four miles from Clarke’s house. How would she see Lexa? The short answer was-she couldn’t.

“Baby, are you sure you’re ok?” Abby uncrossed her arms.

“I just need to sleep mom.”

“Ok, I just want to check a couple things first. You took quite the blow to your head.”

Clarke nodded at Abby. Jake waved the proximity tag in the air, reminding Clarke she still had to put that on as well.
“When will that thing come off?” Clarke glared at the offensive piece of kit.

“In nine days, just in time for Indra’s visit. She’s bringing her daughter.” Abby confirmed.

Clarke’s face went three shades whiter and she suddenly felt light-headed.

Abby picked up on Clarke’s changed appearance immediately.

“Right, that is it! What’s going on Clarke?”

Clarke quickly steadied herself.

*Lexa.*

Lexa would be in *this* house—with Clarke...and with Abby!

*Nine days.*

That would make for a very awkward dinner indeed, Clarke thought to herself.

*The First Night (16 hours post mating)*

Clarke tossed and turned in her bed. Her heart was racing impossibly fast, her skin was on fire. She felt like a swarm of insects had descended upon her body and were crawling all over. Since returning from the Guarda offices, Clarke was progressively feeling worse and worse.

Clarke closed her eyes and willed her body to sleep. The day had worn her down, but the herbal pain remedy Abby had given her earlier seemed to be offering some relief. Slowly, Clarke felt her mind grow heavy and sluggish before falling into a restless sleep.

*The Next Morning (24 hours post mating)*

In the morning, Clarke trialled the proximity tag. The device did indeed allow her to run a short circuit through the woods, but other than that...she was truly housebound.

Standing barefoot clad in a pair of shorts and short-sleeved shirt, Clarke surveyed the start of the woods at the far side of the backyard. She pressed her toes down into the moist grass, still covered with the early morning dew. The air was crisp, and spots of refreshing drizzle fell down from the sky.

Clarke set off at a light jog. She followed the perimeter markers her father had set out; her breathing was even, and her heart drummed a steady beat. As Clarke started her third lap around the circuit, she spotted a small herd of deer.

Jake watched from the back yard as Clarke jogged at least five laps around his makeshift circuit. Five laps meant five miles. It looked like she was done for now though, as Clarke started jogging towards
him.

“How’s it going champ?” Jake stood cradling his hot water-berry juice drink.

“Good, I just need to take a shower”. Clarke sniffed at herself.

Jake laughed watching as Clarke entered the house, most likely heading for the bathroom.

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As Clarke stood in the cold spray of the shower, she spied her reflection in the mirror. Her body looked strong, and her leg muscles were even more defined after her morning jog. Clarke focused on the feeling of the water raining down on her form, consciously trying to relax her mind. It was not to be however, she glanced down at her semi-hard member.

Lexa.

Clarke closed her eyes and remembered the feeling of Lexa. She growled at the recollection of Lexa’s soft skin and gentle touch; Lexa’s caramel voice whispering temptations in Trigedasleng into Clarke’s ear. But Lexa was not only soft and yielding—she could be rough as well. She had fought Clarke fervidly in the bedroom, and Clarke did not always come out on top. Lexa had claimed Clarke’s body and pulled every last drop of semen from her, draining her completely.

On autopilot, Clarke grabbed her penis and started to masturbate. She thought of Lexa’s twisting and turning body as it writhed under her. Clarke pulled at her shaft, running her fingers along the hard appendage at a quicker and quicker pace. When Clarke reached the point of ejaculation, she punched a hard fist heavily into the wall. The ceramic tile of the shower snapped and dislodged, leaving crumbling particles of plaster to fall onto the wet floor. Clarke looked down and watched her semen mix and flow with the water, it hurtled toward the riptide of the plug hole. Something in Clarke recoiled at watching her cum wash down the drain.

So completely engrossed in watching her cum wash down the drainpipe, Clarke did not realize that her knuckles had caught on the sharp edge of the broken tiles. The smell of blood hit her nose, triggering a violent burst of rage to consume Clarke. She punched the same bloody fist, into the same offending section of wall, for a second time.

Clarke’s fist penetrated through the plaster and hit solid concrete. Slowly, she retrieved her bloody hand, watching as the plaster debris cleared away under the chilly water. What was she doing? Clarke closed her eyes tightly, fighting off the anger that had possessed her after orgasm. Usually masturbation sated the wolf...today, it had infuriated it.

Clarke didn’t feel right. The wolf taken over her dreams last night, then thought of nothing but Lexa throughout the day.

Clarke wondered if Lexa was in any real trouble with Indra for breaking her curfew the night before last. Clarke certainly hoped not. If all went well, she would see Lexa again in eight days. Clarke could do this. She was not a pup anymore and had dealt with the addiction to all things wolf her entire life.

She would do this.

*Three Days In* *(72 hours post mating)*
Clarke’s ability to sleep had failed her completely.

Abby’s constant fussing had forced Clarke to stay hidden away in her room for most of the previous afternoon and evening. Clarke had thought calling it an early night would be a good way to pass some time. Alas, it was not to be. Slumber had completely eluded her. Clarke looked down at the proximity tag on her left ankle.

Six more days to go.

Clarke pushed herself off the bed. She might as well get up; sleep was not an option anymore.

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Abby and Jake watched from the yard as Clarke ran the circuit in the early morning chill.

“She’s getting faster.” Jake pointed out.

“You make that sound like a bad thing.” Abby nuzzled into Jake’s shoulder.

“It’s just odd. Three days ago she was trotting, now it’s like she’s trying to...”

“Win.” Abby added.

Jake looked down at his watch and furrowed his brow. Clarke should have been passing them again at the pace she was keeping.

Abby noticed Jake tense up.

“She will be ok, maybe just stopped for a breather...”

Both Abby and Jake looked at each other knowingly. Clarke rarely-if ever-needed a breather.

“Another minute and I’m going to see where she is.”

“I will come with you.” Abby went into the house for a coat.

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Twigs and branches snapped under Abby and Jake’s clumsy footing. Jake looked over to his wife.

“I’m forever thankful that the Tri-kru do the hunting for us.” Jake whispered.

“Agreed! We would starve otherwise.” Abby stepped awkwardly around a fallen log, almost taking a tumble.

“How does she run barefoot through this?” Jake wondered.

Abby surveyed the area, her eyes darting across grassy mounds and exposed tree roots. She narrowed her eyes, trying to sort through the densely packed trees.

“There!” Abby pointed towards what looked like Clarke’s blonde hair.

Jake held Abby’s hand as they traversed a steep embankment. As they approached Clarke, they saw that she was on her hands and knees-motionless. Abby started to worry about her daughter’s state; Clarke looked like she was in a trance.

“Hey honey, what you doing?” Jake tried to sound cheery.
Clarke did not acknowledge their presence.

Abby spoke softly.

“Baby what is it?”

Abby reached out to touch her daughter’s blonde hair, but Jake grabbed her wrist before she could make contact. Jake motioned for Abby to look down at Clarke’s hands in the dirt. Abby breathed in sharply seeing Clarke’s fingers elongated and curled over, her fingertips’ sharp and more claw than nail.

Abby followed Clarke’s intense stare.

“Jake, look.” Abby pointed towards a clearing.

Jake spied a lone deer, too small to be an adult and too large to be a fawn. The adolescents were spread further-a-field this time of year, and Jake searched desperately for the rest of its herd. He was relieved to spot three fully grown does grazing at the far edge of the clearing.

Abby looked upon her lost pup. Clarke was stalking.

“Baby, I thought you liked the deer? You remember...when you were a little girl, we would always come here and watch them get bigger.”

Abby’s attempt at reaching out to a child like Clarke failed. She still did not acknowledge her mother.

Abby looked up to Jake with a mother’s worried eyes.

“Clarke! Your mother is talking to you.” Jake tried a disciplinarian’s tone.

Still nothing.

Another deer joined the herd in the clearing, this one a stag—perhaps in its third year.

Clarke’s head tilted just once, as if sizing it up.

Abby felt tears welling in her eyes.

“Baby please, why are you like this?” Abby croaked.

Clarke gave a low growl.

“Right, that’s it!” Jake snapped.

Abby looked shocked as Jake foraged for a hand-sized stone. Finding one, his strong Alpha arm launched the rounded rock towards the herd of deer. Jake hit his target, striking one of the larger does. That set the herd into panic, and they all bounded off into the trees.

Clarke stood instantly, and Jake grabbed her from behind into a strong bear-hug.

“I don’t think so kid.” Jake held tight.

Clarke struggled in her father’s grip until she registered her mother gently stroking her hair. Clarke stopped her struggle and went ridged in Jake’s arms. She was back in control of her own body.
“Mom.” Clarke looked surprised.

Clarke looked down at her father’s hairy, muscled forearms wrapped around her chest—his watch ticking away.

“Dad, what are you doing?” Clarke’s mind was fuzzy.

“It’s ok now. We just need you to come back to the house.”

“Ok.” Clarke felt her father release his grip.

Back at the house Clarke lay on her bed. Her parents were doing their best to keep their voices low in the other room, but Clarke could still make out every word they said.

“No Abby.” Jake stood firm.

“I can’t remember the last time she was like that Jake!” Abby struggled not to take her frustrations out on her loyal husband.

“So, your only solution is suppressants, again!?” Jake left room, but Abby leapt of the couch and followed him.

“Fifteen. She was fifteen and hormonal the last time she lost it like that.” Abby informed Jake.

Silence fell between them.

“Has Kane done this?” Jake accused.

Abby looked towards Clarke’s room.

“No, I think it’s a girl.” Abby sighed.

Jake looked confused.

“Raven? Is she missing Raven?” Jake asked.

“No, don’t be ridiculous. They’re friends, and Raven is Beta. They can’t do this to Alphas, you should know that Jake.” Abby ran her hands through her hair.

“It’s an Omega Jake. I just know it.” Abby closed her eyes.

“She’s almost twenty-one...she needs to mate Abby, you can’t keep her from that.” Jake smiled.

“I know! It just needs to be the right sort of girl.” Abby paced the room.

Jake laughed.

“You can’t pick for her Abby.” Jake remarked, still smiling.

“I will know if a girl is right for my daughter Jake.” Abby stated arrogantly.

“Sounds like fighting talk.” Jake dropped the smile.

“Clarke is special.” Abby reached out for Jake, she was close to tears.
Jake held his wife as she sobbed into his warm chest, the events of the day catching up with her.

“It’s ok Ab, Clarke will always be ok.” Jake held his wife closer.

“Indra will be here for dinner in less than a week. I can’t be like this when she comes.”

“I know. We will deal with Indra together when she is here.” Jake kissed Abby’s forehead.

Clarke lay on her bed listening to her mother sob. She raised her hands in front of her face, they shook uncontrollably. Clarke felt the wolf seek out control again.

Echo was right. She had never dealt with anything like this in her entire life.

The Eighth Day (168 hours post mating)

Jake watched from his bedroom as Clarke swung punches at the workout bag. As usual, it started out as light sparring and ended with the bag ripped off the wall bracket. Jake left the house and went out into yard.

Clarke stood over the bag motionless.

“You want it to go back up again?” Jake asked.

Clarke did not respond.

“Clarke!” Jake raised his voice.

Clarke snapped her head towards him and nodded.

Jake dragged the heavy bag back towards the loosened bracket on the wall. Setting the bag down, he grabbed his tool kit out of the shed and re-tightened the bracket on the wall. Jake then manoeuvred the bag back into place, his old muscles aching with the effort of it all.

“You know, you could probably lift this easier than I can.” Jake caught his breath.

Clarke said nothing, only nodded again.

Jake looked Clarke up and down; she wore baggy shorts and a tight, grey hooded-top. In recent days, the hood was rarely pulled down.

Jake headed back to the house.

“Thank you.” Clarke managed to spit out.

Jake stopped and turned, smiling back at his daughter.

“No problem honey. You go ahead, and do your thing.”

Clarke turned back to the bag and proceeded to dish out more punishment.

“Did she speak to you?” Abby had been watching the pair from inside the house.

“Yeah, a little bit. It’s been on and off the last couple days.”

“Good, talking is good.” Abby smiled.
Little did Abby and Jake know, but things for Clarke were far from good.

Before going to bed, Clarke had started cuffing her right hand to the bed frame. In the mornings, she awoke off the bed, lay on the floor; her wrist bleeding from struggling to remove the cuff over the course of the night. Her wolf had started fully taking over the hours of darkness, constantly trying to seek Lexa out.

Masturbating continued to make matters worse, she couldn’t help herself though. Clarke’s room stank of her release. She hoped her mother respected her space enough to not wash her sheets.

Her father let her run again after the events of the third day, but only if he joined her. Clarke found Jake’s slow pace stifling.

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“Dad, tomorrow...can I run alone?”

Jake puffed and panted with his head down, hands on his knees.

Clarke had barely broken a sweat.

“I’m holding you up—I know. You’re fast kid.” Jake admitted.

“Please dad.” Clarke gave him her best puppy eyes.

“Ah, ok...but I will be watching from the yard.” Jake pointed to Clarke.

It was just what Clarke wanted to hear.

The Ninth Day, Early Hours of The Morning (189 hours post mating)

Clarke’s mind had completely deteriorated overnight. She dreamt of female forms; breasts covered in sweat, and legs spread with dripping centres. The women moaned constantly, they begged on all fours for violent penetration from Clarke. Their faces were hazy, but she could see every detail of their bodies. They belonged to the wolf.

Clarke looked down at her erection. Twice she had released herself, yet her body always wanted more. On the wall opposite the clock struck 3am. Clarke looked at her cuffed wrist. She shouldn’t...should she? No. She shouldn’t go out for a run without her father’s watchful eye.

Clarke reached down for her penis, and began to relieve her hard-on for a third time. She bit her lip as Lexa appeared in her mind, galloping hard on top of her Alpha body. Clarke held her breath as a stream of cum spurted from her cock and struck the end of her bed.

She desperately needed Lexa now.

Clarke reached for the keys to her cuffs. In her half wolf state, her mind was perfectly capable of making stupid decisions. Had she been in a fully wolfed state, there would be no chance to escape from her self-imposed bonds.

Clarke slipped out the back door and headed into the woods.

She ran easily in the dark. Her eyes reflected the moonlight, as her legs kept pumping out higher speeds with each completion of the circuit. Twice now, she picked up the scent of deer. Twice now,
she had ignored it. On the third passing, Clarke slowed to a trot. When she reached the embankment from days earlier, she stopped completely.

Clarke shut her eyes, clinging desperately to the final shreds of her humanity. She held her head in her hands, howling out for Lexa. Clarke paced the embankment in frustration, sniffing as a tear rolled down her cheek. She was losing control again. Clarke wrapped her arms around her upper chest, her heated lungs puffed out small clouds of breath into the air.

Slowly she sank down to the ground on all fours, her blonde hair hanging down and trailing in the dirt. Clarke pressed her knuckles and toes heavily into the soil. To an onlooker, Clarke looked as if she was situated in the starting blocks of a race. Her breathing started to turn erratic and her mouth drooled-the saliva hitting the earth below.

After a beat, Clarke set stealthily down the embankment.

Clarke slipped light-footed through the long grass of the clearing, spying the sleeping herd of deer. As she moved closer some started to stir. The deer eyed Clarke in a way they hadn’t before.

All awake now, they knelt up onto their cloven hooves. Silently they communicated to one another, regarding Clarke with caution. All at once, Clarke surged forward.

The deer bolted.

Clarke pursued.

She gained on a medium-sized deer, an adolescent of about a year-and-half, throwing herself onto its’ back end. The beast cried out as Clarke dragged it down into the dirt. Clarke quickly jumped to her feet. She raised a clawed hand up to the sky and swiped down with purpose. Everything for Clarke Griffin went black.

**The Dinner (revisited)**

Disembodied voices whispered to Clarke. Memories flashed, and she could almost feel her bare feet still running through the phantom grass. Suddenly, a glorious scent filled her lungs and the softest lips met with her own gently. A warm tongue entered Clarke’s mouth, as two warm hands guided her face.

Lexa!

Clarke returned the kiss. She felt her wolf roll over as Lexa lulled it into submission. Clarke’s brain was fuzzy. For the second time in a fortnight, she found herself in the arms of Lexa but was not entirely sure where they were. Clarke felt the loss of Lexa’s pillow lips as Indra’s irate voice rang sharply in her ears. She could not make out the words being spoken, everything sounding muddled as if she were being held underwater.

Lexa’s caramel tones filled the room. The Omega was gripping Clarke’s hand tightly.

Clarke vaguely heard Abby’s voice coming through in bits and pieces. Had she just spoken of Lexa carrying Clarke’s child?

Indra stormed off, heading for the door. She stabbed a furious glance at Lincoln before charging past him. Abby dashed after Indra. The Skai-Kru Chancellor ripped open the front door to confront the Tri-Kru First Minister.
Indra turned on her heels.

“What do you want Skai-Kru!” Indra shouted.

“Indra, please we have to stick together. Kane will be a problem if he-”

“Kane has not impregnated my only daughter!” Indra bit out, almost physically jumping on Abby.

Abby held her hands up.

“We don’t know for sure Indra. I need to run a test first-if you allow it.”

“Are you blind? Do you really think a test is needed!?” Indra continued shouting for all to hear.

“Indra, please calm down. I’m shocked by this too.” Abby gradually lowered her hands.

“Run your test. If Leksa carries Clarke’s child, do NOT think to send her back to Polis.”

“She’s your daughter Indra.” Abby frowned.

Indra fought to hold back her tears.

“She is not welcome in Polis if she carries Skai-Kru sired young.” Indra repeated.

With that last remark, Indra left.

Abby re-entered the house. She leant heavily against the door and closed her eyes. She felt exhausted. A strong hand gently touched her shoulder, startling Abby to open her eyes again.

“I will go after mother.” Lincoln smiled.

“I wouldn’t just yet...” Abby tiredly smiled back.

“Then I will carry Mr Griffin up to your chambers first.”

“Thank you Lincoln, you’re a good man.” Abby held his hand to her shoulder briefly before letting go.

Lincoln moved to go take care of Jake.

As Abby entered the common space, she saw that Lexa still embraced Clarke. Their bodies were snugly pressed together. Clarke had pulled Lexa impossibly closer and the two continued to kiss passionately. Lexa firmly wrapped her arms around Clarke’s neck as Clarke moved to pick the Tri-Kru girl up. Clarke wanted to carry Lexa off to...anywhere really.

Abby cleared her throat before addressing Lexa.

“Your Mother has left for Polis.”

Leka separated from Clarke’s hold, allowing Abby to get a good look at her daughter. Abby glanced to Clarke, she looked love drunk. Clarke’s pupils were dilated and her lips were bruised from kissing Lexa so much. Clarke was barely aware of Abby’s presence.

As Lexa started to respond to Abby’s statement, Clarke pulled at the Omega-attaching her mouth to Lexa’s throat. Lexa’s eyes rolled back. She pushed back at Clarke trying to resist the Alpha’s advances. Clarke’s hands drifted lower, roaming all over Lexa’s ass.
Abby looked at the ceiling, clearly uncomfortable with seeing her daughter so amorous.

“Klark! En pleni!”

Abby looked down from the ceiling realizing Clarke seemed to respond to Lexa’s command.

“I am taking Clarke.” Lexa confirmed.

“Oh, I know that.” Abby’s voice broke.

“We require...privacy.” Lexa breathed.

Lincoln appeared behind Abby.

“I will take them back to Trinity. Kane will not return there for now.” Lincoln reassured Abby.

As Lexa led Clarke away, she saw the hurt in Abby’s eyes. Clarke did not even bother to say goodbye to her own mother.

Lexa stopped in the doorway and turned to Abby.

“I will return with Clarke once I have...quenched her needs.”

Abby could not find words to adequately respond.

As Clarke trailed out the door behind Lexa, Abby sprinted after them.

“Lexa!” Abby called out.

Lexa turned. Her eyes were a vivid green in anticipation of dealing with Clarke’s pent up desire.

“Will you please come into my clinic as soon as possible?” Abby begged.

“Yes.” Lexa nodded.

Abby returned inside, and sat on the bottom step of the stairway. She glanced over at the broken china and torn table cloth in the common area.

“What a mess...” She held her head in her hands.

From the top of the stairs a voice startled her.

“Quench her needs! That’s one hell of a way to put it.” Jake grinned down at Abby.
Lincoln rounded the bend sharply. He was behind the wheel in his ‘custom Reyes motorized driving machine’. There were very few functioning motorized vehicles within the clans. That was Ravens next big project.

It was rare that he travelled at such a high speed. Endless lectures from Raven had installed how difficult viable fuel was to produce. Lincoln had his foot to the floor none-the-less.

As he reached the straight of the dirt road-closer to Trinity-he radioed Echo.

“Echo?”

“Echo here-how fast you going Bro?” Echo knew what irked Lincoln.

Lincoln looked into his rear view mirror; his sister was clambering all over a very erect Clarke. Lexa bit at her mate’s face and pulled at her clothes. Lincoln feared he would never get over the mental scars of seeing his sister nude with Clarke for a second time.

“Are they fucking on your back seat man?” Echo held back a laugh.

Octavia appeared, narrowing her eyes at Echo as she walked past.

Echo released the talk button, holding the radio against her chest.

“Lexa wants Clarke’s dick in the back of Lincolns ride.” Echo winked at Octavia.

Octavia laughed as she tied back her hair and walked past Echo again. Echo let her eyes linger on Octavia’s ass.

“Yes, they are indeed eager to be alone.” Lincoln said politely.

Echo laughed at Lincoln’s response.

“Ok man, we are outta her!” Echo replied.

“I think that is wise friend. Perhaps the three of us can take a long walk.”

Echo fumbled with the radio, her face now sullen. She glanced over to Octavia who was smiling at her, and leaning across the bar. Octavia’s top plunged dangerously low, her breasts on offer to Echo again. If anything, Echo praised Octavia’s persistence.

“Yeah…that sounds good.” Echo looked up to the ceiling, rolling her eyes.

“I am no more than two minutes away” Lincoln confirmed, cautiously peering into his rear view mirror again.

Lexa rubbed Clarke’s penis roughly through the denim. The Alpha snarled into her neck. Lexa’s shirt had been discarded, as well as Clarke’s hoodie. Lexa started to make a move on peeling off Clarke’s undershirt.
Echo turned to Octavia.

“Come on, we are leaving.” Echo ordered.

“What? Where?” Octavia followed Echo up the stairs.

Echo went into Lexa’s room—formerly Lincoln’s room—and grabbed a fur bed throw. It reeked of Lexa.

“Echo, what are you doing in there? Where are we going?”

Echo then moved to her own room, searching for her coat. She still clutched Lexa’s fur throw in her left hand.

“Echo! Why are we rushing?”

“Clarke and Lexa are due any second. Do you really think they’re gonna make it upstairs?”

After Echo grabbed her coat, they both descended the stairs. Echo tossed Lexa’s fur throw behind the bar counter.

“We have just spent nine days redecorating this club!” Octavia folded her arms.

“Griffin will find that throw, trust me. Now let’s go!” Echo rushed Octavia towards the door, just as it flung open in her face. Echo pulled Octavia out of the way.

Clarke and Lexa spun into the bar like a horny tornado. Lexa was half naked with her legs wrapped around Clarke. Clarke’s face was buried between Lexa’s breasts. Lincoln held the door open and ushered Echo and Octavia both out

“I swear Clarke Griffin! If you trash this bar, I will end you!” Octavia shouted out to the mated pair, shaking her fist in the air.

Echo burst out laughing.

Octavia looked back once more. She saw Clarke quickly find the fur and throw Lexa down onto it.

At that, the heavy metal doors of Trinity shut behind the three. Hastily, the Alpha and the two Beta friends walked away from the establishment.

………

Clarke pulled at Lexa’s jeans and rapidly removed her panties. Lexa lay open, wanting in front of her mate.

Clarke dropped her own jeans, her member bounced up eagerly into the air. Finally, it was free from the obstructive material. Lexa could feel her heart rate increase at the sight.

Almost instantly, Clarke was upon Lexa. The Alpha’s frame felt heavy on top despite there not being a huge difference in their stature. Lexa was visibly taller, but Clarke’s muscle mass was clearly causing a weight difference.

Lexa allowed her hands the pleasure of exploring the back of her Alpha’s hard body, Lexa’s frame now being fully covered by the blonde’s. The Alpha’s tongue lapped at Lexa’s neck, before dragging hot and fast kisses down between the Omega’s breasts. Lexa’s head lulled back, pointing her chin towards the ceiling. This gave Clarke all the access she desired.
Lexa squeezed at Clarke’s biceps and athletic shoulders. A frustrated snarl tore out of Clarke’s throat as Lexa attempted to push some of Clarke’s weight off her slighter frame.

Clarke pressed her upper body into Lexa’s body and her arm across Lexa’s chest, effectively pinning the Omega into place. Then, Clarke’s left knee prized Lexa’s legs further apart. Lexa’s sex was now completely open and vulnerable to intrusion.

Lexa’s breathing came out at a rapid rate. She felt herself growing more and more excited at Clarke taking what rightfully belonged to her.

Clarke harshly pushed her penis into Lexa, earning her moans of pleasure tinged with pain. Clarke’s muscular arm remained across Lexa’s chest, holding her in place.

Lexa looked up into perfect, blue eyes.

“I will not be without you again.” Clarke bit out, still pinning the Omega down.

Lexa saw a look of tenderness mixed-in with the anger on Clarke’s face.

“I will never let that happen again.” Lexa promised Clarke.

Gradually, Clarke released her hold on the Omega, pulling her arm to the side and bracing her hand against the floor. Lexa instantly wrapped her arms around the back of Clarke’s neck. Sitting herself up slightly, Lexa pressed a long hard kiss onto Clarke’s lips-taking the Alpha by surprise. Clarke grunted at Lexa. She pushed her forehead against the brunette’s, snarling into Lexa’s ear.

The stubborn Omega refused to lay flat on her back and take it from her Alpha. Lexa dared to stare back into her Alpha’s eyes, her emerald orbs burning with passion and lust. Once more Lexa planted a kiss onto Clarke’s mouth. To her surprise, the animal above her returned the kiss roughly.

Lexa had waited long enough.

Clarke started to pump at a faster pace, rutting rapidly into her mate; the sudden change in pace caused Lexa to sob loudly against Clarke’s kisses, as she felt the Alpha take her completely. Clarke sped up, faster and faster. She was unable to stop a glorious grin from tearing across her face. Lexa cursed uncontrollably beneath her mate.

With every hard, upward stroke, Clarke felt her movements becoming more restricted. Lexa was in orgasm. The sudden violent squeeze around her cock forced Clarke’s eyes to shut tightly. Lexa lashed her head back into the fur below.

Clarke refused to slow her punishing pace, and Lexa grappled at Clarke’s shoulders and arms again. Lexa was unable to control her legs from shaking, as Clarke’s large cock slid in and out repeatedly.

Clarke’s whole body tensed itself.

Within minutes of entering Lexa, Clarke’s knot had formed and was now popping inside.

Clarke’s wolf cried out in long awaited relief.

The sex had been desperate and quick. With her wolf finally in-check, Clarke collapsed on top of Lexa, fighting to control her emotions. Lexa seemed to read her mate’s upset, and soothingly ran a hand through Clarke’s golden hair.

“Hush, you have me now.” Lexa whispered.
Lincoln was lay a good few miles from his sister and her mate.

He had fled his bar-and home-with Echo and Octavia hours before. Now though, Lincoln stared up at the sky with a relaxed Echo at his side. They both lay with their jackets under their heads as pillows, the soft plush grass serving as a mattress. They had lay in silence for a good hour, but not uncomfortably so. Octavia stood nearby, skimming stones onto a large pond.

Echo watched the clouds morph and change into various beasts and creatures above.

“They will be at it for hours.” Echo shared her thoughts with Lincoln, sighing tiredly.

“Patience friend, it will do us good to relax this way.”

“You think we will go back to a structurally sound bar?”

“I am hopeful.” Lincoln convinced himself.

“Well, I have the radio with me. We will check in with them before trying to head back.” Echo winked.

The two friends went back to their cloud gazing. Echo allowed herself to shut her eyes, letting her guard down for once. Alphas rarely dropped their guard in any setting.

“Hey.”

Octavia startled the pair. She had appeared from seemingly nowhere, wedging herself in the narrow spot between Echo and Lincoln. Octavia linked arms with her two pack-members, and watched the sky above.

“I love you guys.” Octavia breathed a content sigh.

“The last few days have been…challenging.” Lincoln grimaced at the memory of seeing his naked sister.

“For you more than any of us!” Octavia laughed.

Echo smiled up at the sky.

“Your sister is something else man.” Echo whistled.

A jealous Octavia scowled up at the innocent clouds.

“I don’t know how she walks after Clarke-her dick is so big!”

Octavia knew how to rile her Alpha friend up, as Echo now scowled up at the sky.

“Since being a small child Leksa has been…unique.” Lincoln shared.

“They just better clear up after themselves.” Octavia grumbled.

Lincoln sat up.

“I shall return shortly, nature calls.” Standing up fully, Lincoln headed off looking for some privacy to pee.
As Lincoln walked away, Octavia rolled to her side, laying an arm over Echo’s torso. Echo looked down at the slender limb, and felt her breath catch in her throat. Echo tensed her stomach, trying to think nothing but pure thoughts. She willed her excitement over Octavia’s closeness to not become apparent in her pants.

Octavia propped herself up on one arm and looked down at Echo, her jet black hair partially falling over her face. She swiped it quickly out of the way, behind her ear. Before Echo could react, Octavia bobbed her head down and planted a quick kiss on the Azgeda’s lips.

Octavia smiled as Echo looked back up in surprise. After a beat, Octavia descended into a much more daring kiss. This time Echo was ready. On auto pilot, Echo found her hand in Octavia’s soft hair, pulling the Beta’s head down closer to her own. Their mouths opened and closed leisurely in perfect unison.

The Blake girl let her hand drop to Echo’s midriff. She hiked up Echo’s shirt, caressing the Alpha’s abdominal muscles softly. Echo gently bit Octavia’s lower lip, earning a moan from the younger girl.

Octavia’s fingers ambled further down Echo’s body. Echo grabbed at the curious hand.

“Don’t!” Echo panted.

Echo scanned the meadow, looking for Lincoln. Luckily, the man was nowhere to be seen.

“Why are you so concerned about Lincoln?” Octavia followed Echo’s gaze, searching the meadow herself.

Echo dared not answer. She desperately did not want to hurt either of her friends.

Octavia looked at Echo longingly.

“It’s just sex.” Octavia shrugged.

“Have you been with an Alpha before?” Echo wondered.

“No.” Octavia admitted.

“Have you had sex with a Beta or an Omega?”

“Just Betas.” Octavia fiddled with the grass.

“Did they make you come?” Echo whispered and brushed the hair from Octavia’s young face.

“No, they never do.” Octavia blushed.

“So, you want to be with one of my kind?” Echo brought her lips teasingly close to a horny Octavia.

Octavia did not answer. She was drawn to the animal in Echo-she was loath to admit that she was drawn to the animal in Lexa and Clarke as well. Something inside Octavia wanted to be part of their world.

All of a sudden-from beneath Echo-the radio crackled to life.

“Lincoln, are you receiving this?”

Octavia leant across Echo, and gathered up the radio excitedly.
“Omg, Reyes!” Octavia giggled as her weight pressed down into Echo, her breasts warm and soft against her trapped Alpha friend.

“Octavia, where you at?” Raven laughed.

“I’m with Echo and Lincoln at the clearings.”

Echo spied Lincoln walking back over.

“Well, I’m stood outside Trinity.” Raven’s voice crackled over the radio.

Echo bolted upright, pushing Octavia off of herself. She snatched the radio from her pretty friend.

“Echo here, DO NOT go inside that bar!” Echo warned.

There was no response.

“Raven, do you copy?” Echo pressed the talk button again.

Again, there was no response.

“Shit!” Echo gave up on the radio.

Lincoln hurried over to his friends, wondering why Echo had been yelling over the radio.

“What is wrong?”

“Reyes is at Trinity-she is about to gate crash the love birds!”

“Then we must return quickly!” Lincoln headed for his ride, Echo and Octavia in tow.

……….

Lexa and Clarke lay side by side behind the bar. They had just made love for the third time that night. Clarke fiddled nervously with the fur beneath her, as Lexa lay in silence. It seemed they could give their bodies to each other much more easily than they could words.

Lexa thought desperately for something to say. She wished she could devise some sort of conversation starter. The problem was that she didn’t really know anything about Clarke. Lexa knew Clarke’s mother was Abby Griffin, but it seemed somewhat inappropriate to discuss her lover’s mother while they lay naked and sweaty behind a nightclub bar.

Lexa continued to stare up at the ceiling listening to the sound of Clarke’s breathing.

Clarke felt Lexa fidgeting again. Twice she had gotten her hopes up that Lexa was poised to say something—but still, there was silence.

Clarke sighed. At the bar on the first night, Clarke had felt herself covet Lexa dangerously. She had felt Lexa’s soul set alight at her very presence. What was this physicality between them? They fit together so perfectly. Clarke seemed to instinctively know every sensitive patch of skin and every kink that Lexa needed itching. When they had sex, Clarke felt just as alive as when she ran barefoot in the woods. And when she came, Clarke felt infinitely at peace giving her seed to Lexa. But despite the perfection in their coupling, they could not talk to each other with any great ease. They had done all of this in the wrong order.

Clarke refused to lay in silence any longer though. She opened her mouth to speak, and Lexa braced
herself in anticipation of the meaningful thing Clarke was about to say.

“Have you ever had a grilled cheese sandwich?”

Lexa turned her head towards Clarke confused.

“I... I do not believe so.” Lexa was caught out by the odd question.

“OK!” Clarke leapt up off the fur throw.

Lexa sat up, naked.

“Where are you going?” Lexa watched Clarke disappear into the kitchen.

“Clarke, you have no clothes on!” Lexa shouted.

Clarke looked down at herself. She then appeared back in the doorway. Lexa looked up, her eyes lingering on Clarke’s fat penis. She licked her top lip briefly, feeling heat rise to her chest again. Clarke seemed to read Lexa’s mind, her penis awakening on sight of Lexa’s ‘fuck me eyes’.

Silence fell between them as they were both lured into the need to mate, yet again. Clarke clung to the door frame, her grip splintering the wood. Lexa’s breathing intensified, as her eyes roamed all over Clarke’s body. Clarke forced herself to resist the call. They both needed to get to know each other.

Clarke swallowed hard.

“Throw me my pants.” Clarke pointed to her jeans, a few feet away from the fur throw.

Lexa searched the surrounding area, discovering the denim nearby. She quickly tossed the jeans to Clarke. Lexa watched as Clarke slipped on the black pants, struggling to get her semi-erect penis inside. The sight of Clarke organizing her large penis into the tight denim prison caused Lexa to burst out laughing.

“Oh, you think this is funny?” The Alpha smiled back to her mate before retreating into the kitchen.

Clarke searched Lincoln’s cupboards for the supplies needed to make a grilled cheese sandwich. She found kindling, and griddle on a hot stone in a small fire pit. As Clarke lit the kindling with a custom made Reyes lighter, she saw Lexa come into view out of the corner of her eye. Clarke blew on the small flame, making sure it did not dwindle and die, before turning to see Lexa fully.

Lexa stood leaning against the door frame dressed in Clarke’s shirt. Clarke knew Lexa could have easily put on her own, but instead chose to wear her mate’s clothing. Lexa’s hair was wild and beautiful, and her long slender legs made the Omega look tall and elegant. Clarke saw that Lexa’s stomach still protruded. It had not really eased its swelling since they had first mated.

Lexa looked perfect to Clarke.

“I... I enjoy martial arts.” Lexa stammered nervously.

Clarke smiled at her mate. Now she knew two everyday things about the Tri-Kru girl-she loved hard sex and apparently martial arts as well.

“Oh, remind me to never upset you then.” Clarke grinned.

Lexa leaned further into the door frame, watching Clarke drop slices of Lincoln’s homemade loaf
onto the heated griddle below.

“Do you like martial arts Clarke?” Lexa fiddled with the cuff of Clarke’s shirt apprehensively.

Clarke looked over her shoulder as she dropped slices of cheese onto the bread below.

“Err, my dad was a pretty good boxer in his day. I’ve trained with him a lot. I’m not sure if that counts?”

“Maybe one day we could spar together?” Lexa smiled back.

“Yeah, I’d like that, as long you’re not…” Clarke looked down at Lexa’s swollen belly.

Lexa instinctively ran a hand over her abdomen. She waited a moment before responding to Clarke’s questioning eyes focused on her womb.

“My bleeding is late, my heat is… unusual.”

Surprised by Lexa’s words, Clarke dropped the knife in her hand onto the concrete floor below. Quickly, she retrieved the knife, and stared straight back at a very vulnerable looking Lexa.

“Will you go to my mother’s clinic?” Clarke’s eyes had a pleading look about them.

“Yes, I said I would.” Lexa tightened Clarke’s shirt around her body.

“My mother will help us Lexa.”

“My mother will not.” Lexa replied pointedly.

“No, I suspect she won’t.” Clarke gave her mate a sad smile.

Lexa turned and moved back to the throw behind the bar counter. Clarke’s eyes lingered on Lexa’s backside as it teased and peeped out from beneath the hem of her shirt.

Lexa lay back down on the fur, her hand resting lightly on the swell of her belly. For a moment, she allowed herself to contemplate her inevitable return to Polis…and her mother’s judgment. The Tri-Kru elders would not respond well to the news that Lexa was unmarried and carrying young by a foreign mate.

The metallic boom of the front doors opening snapped Lexa out of her daze. Lexa quickly wrapped Clarke’s shirt tighter around her lithe frame and sat up.

An unfamiliar voice filled the bar area.

“Hey Griffin, mama is home!” Raven sang out.

After making her way across the bar, Raven stopped dead in front of the half-naked Lexa.

“Oh! Wow, hello!” Raven smiled broadly at the sight of Clarke’s shirt on the girl.

Lexa gave up on all pretences of modesty under Raven’s curious gaze, it was clear she would not be leaving soon. Lexa couldn’t find the energy to warn Clarke of the new arrival.

“Right, here is to the world’s greatest grilled cheese san-” Clarke almost dropped the plate on-sight of a beaming Raven.
“Oh my God, Raven!” Clarke forgot that she was still topless.

“So, you have been busy Clarke…” Raven eyed Lexa on the fur throw.

Clarke was speechless.

“Why does your shirt look so much better on her?” Raven whispered comically to her flustered friend.

“Raven, this is Lexa.” Raven held out her hand, as Lexa rose to her feet.

“I believe that is all of Clarke’s friends that have now seen me naked.” Lexa shook Raven’s rough hand.

Lexa moved over to where Clarke stood motionless and took the grilled cheese sandwich off the plate. She spied its greasy appearance; Lexa never ate such things. Skai-kru food, it seemed, was nothing like a Tri-Kru balanced diet.

“I will leave you both to catch up.” Lexa gracefully nodded to Raven.

Clarke and Raven watched at Lexa swaggered off, up to her room.

“I love her!” Raven squealed.

Clarke looked back to Raven, jaw-dropped.

“I don’t think I’ve ever seen a person bow while holding a grilled cheese sandwich, and look that good!”

Clarke smiled.

“Who the hell is she?” Raven bounced up and down on the balls of her feet with excitement.

Clarke sighed.

“You better sit down Raven, it’s a long story…it’s so good to see you though.” Clarke offered Raven her half of the grilled cheese sandwich.
Congratulations.

Thirty minutes later…Raven still didn’t understand.

“So…you met her less than two weeks ago?”

Raven held her chin in her hands, elbows perched on the table, facing Clarke.

“Yes.” Clarke answered the same question for a third time.

“Now she’s your mate and were fairly certain, pending testing, she’s pregnant?”

“Yes.”

“She is a Tri-Kru Omega, with unusual super powers in all things baby making?”

“Err, I don’t remember saying any of that but, yes, I guess.” Clarke raised a brow.

“Huh.” Raven folded her arms.

“I hate it when you say that!” Clarke laid her head down on the table.

There was an awkward silence.

“Are you in love with her?” Raven studied Clarke’s face.

“I… I don’t think…look… I feel a connection to her I can’t explain.” Clarke stammered.

Raven pressed her tongue into her cheek.

“Huh.”

“Raven please, I don’t know what else to say!”

“Did your balls make these decisions for you?” Raven looked down towards Clarke’s crotch

“Yes and no.” Clarke folded her arms to mirror Raven’s posture.

“Huh.”

Standing up in frustration, Clarke quickly headed for the bar. She was in need of a strong drink.

Raven watched Clarke storm off.

“Do you want her to be pregnant?” Raven turned around on the chair in order to face Clarke standing at the bar.

“Yes.” Clarke answered without a pause.
“Oh wow!” Raven’s eyes were wide.

Clarke downed a full cup of moonshine in one go. She then filled up another.

“I want her to carry my seed every heat.” Clarke confessed.

“Ew…Gross, thanks for over-sharing Clarke” Raven rolled her eyes.

“You think I’m crazy?” Clarke downed the second cup of moonshine.

“No…it’s just, she seems to have a lot of control over you.” Raven frowned.

“She does.” Clarke admitted.

Raven allowed a worrying thought to cross her mind.

“Is this all because of… that day?” Raven hated reminding herself, and Clarke, of that particular moment in their friendship.

*That day* had become a secret code for one of Clarke’s lowest moments as a teenager.

Clarke had struggled for all of the time Raven had known the Alpha. Raven had seen Clarke’s rages, Clarke’s fighting, Clarke’s lack of trust with her self control around women...

Raven had seen both Clarke’s good side and her very bad side.

At fifteen, Clarke had gone missing. Abby had feared for her daughter’s safety and sanity. She, and a super smart teenage Raven, had devised a plan to get Clarke to return home. Omega pheromones were sprayed directly onto Raven in order to use the genius as bait. Then, Raven had walked the roads looking for her friend. Clarke was able to pick up the Omega scent, and found Raven.

The plan worked! The only problem was…Raven’s teenage Beta legs could not outrun a confused, pumped up Alpha Clarke. Clarke had cornered Raven and almost taken the girl against her will. Raven was Clarke’s best friend—the closest thing to a sister. Luckily though, Abby was not far behind and managed to sedate the powerful teenage Clarke using strong tranquilizers. Raven blamed Abby and herself for a lot of Clarke’s self-doubts after that.

In retrospect, it was an incredibly stupid and very damaging plan.

“It’s nothing to do with that.” Clarke poured drink number three.

Raven nodded.

“I feel balanced when I’m with her. I feel like I’m …me” Clarke shrugged.

Raven smiled beautifully at Clarke.

“Well, that’s got to be a good thing!”

Silence momentarily owned the room before Raven changed the topic of conversation.

“So…is Octavia fucking Echo?”

Clarke spat her drink out.

“What? No, I don’t think so?”
“They seem a little…shifty.”

Honestly, Clarke had not noticed. All of her focus at the moment was on reconnecting with Lexa.

“Clarke, I trust your judgment on this-with Lexa.”

“You do?”

“You know what? Yeah, I kind of do.” Raven smiled over at Clarke.

“She is fucking smoking hot Clarke! That ass! Those eyes!” Raven winked.

Clarke bit her lip.

“She is incredible.”

Raven grinned at her friend; a lust-filled look had taken hold of Clarke’s features.

“I would do anything she wanted.”

Raven lost her smile briefly.

“Anything?”

“Yes. Anything.” Clarke nodded adamantly.

Raven felt a bit of fear settle in her chest at Clarke’s conviction. Perhaps now, she was a little afraid of Lexa.

“When will she be seeing Abby at the Clinic?”

“I’m hoping tomorrow.” Clarke downed her fourth drink.

**24 hours later**

Clarke walked through the front doors of her mother’s clinic. While Lexa should have been the nervous one, it was actually Clarke that dreaded seeing Abby.

Lexa followed Clarke through the twisting and turning corridors of the clinic. Skai-Kru’s medical facility was ever growing. Lexa could admit that her people were light years behind Skai-kru when it came to medicine.

The whole place ran like a well oiled machine. Nurses in uniforms marched down long corridors with purpose. Doctors in white coats slid in and out of rooms clutching their clipboards.

Lexa had spied two Guarda officers slid in and out of rooms clutching their clipboards.

Abby Griffin deserved praise for starting such an establishment. Lexa could see why the woman was Chancellor. Lexa knew that Abby no longer managed the day-to-day running of the clinic. Instead, it was Jaha acting as the current head, and he had managed the Skai-kru medical clinic for some years now. Abby’s current role was sitting on the board-unfortunately, Kane was also on the board.

Walking down the hallways, Clarke and Lexa saw a mixture of clansmen. Many would travel great distances to be treated by Skai-kru. Everyone in the clans knew Skai-kru had superior treatments.
Lexa was distracted by the hustle and bustle of the clinic. She drifted down the corridors guided by Clarke’s hand. As they rounded another corner, a Tri-kru warrior stood up from his seat to pay his respects to Lexa. A Tri-Kru mother also stood, clutching her sick child. It seemed Lexa was attracting an audience.

“You’re to be our Queen. I am honored to meet you.”

Lexa took pity.

“Please, do not stand for me. You must care for your child, not my title.”

The woman stared at Lexa with stars in her eyes while Lexa smiled down at the woman’s sick child. Clarke was starting to feel like a celebrity’s minder.

The pair were stopped several more times before they reached the privacy of Abby’s consultation room. When they reached the door, Clarke held her breath at the threshold.

“Clarke, we must go inside quickly.” Lexa smiled toward the gathering crowd of Tri-Kru worshippers.

“I just need a moment.” Clarke breathed deeply.

“I was barely human the last time I saw my mother.”

“You have never been human!” Lexa stated, exasperated.

“It’s an expression.” Clarke rolled her eyes.

“Well it is an idiotic one.” Lexa was becoming impatient.

Clarke knocked on the door with her knuckles. She heard her mother call out to enter. Without further ado, Clarke pushed down on the large metallic handle of the door and walked into the room, closely followed by Lexa.

Abby rose up from her desk looking just as nervous as Clarke.

“Clarke!” Abby smiled happily.

Abby immediately noticed the difference in her daughter. It had been less than 48 hours, but she looked good. Better than good really. Clarke seemed strong and healthy; her features were softer, her eyes a perfectly clear blue and her posture much more relaxed. She looked like…Clarke.

“Hey Mom.” Clarke cringed.

“You look good baby.” Abby could not hold back a grin.

Abby eyed Lexa standing next to Clarke. Whether she liked it or not, Clarke was thriving after her care.

“How is your temperament?” Abby asked Clarke.

“Controlled.” Lexa butt in.

There was an awkward silence.

Abby struggled to glance at Lexa again. Whatever the Omega did to her daughter, it was far more
potent than any medical treatment. In mere hours, Lexa had returned her daughter to her-as promised-in the most balanced state Abby had seen Clarke in for some time.

“How’s Dad?” Clarke blushed.

“Sore, you should go see him.” Abby winked.

“Mom, I’m sorry.” Clarke lowered her head.

“Don’t be, you were protecting your mate.” Abby finally braved another look at the brunette.

Lexa held her usual, stoic poise.

Clarke smiled at her mother’s instant forgiveness and unyielding unconditional love.

“Shall we talk about the issue at-hand?”

Abby motioned for Lexa and Clarke to sit.

“How have you been, health-wise Lexa?” Abby swiftly morphed into Dr Griffin mode.

“I feel fine.” Lexa was too quick to respond.

Abby scrutinized the Tri-Kru girl. Lexa seemed pale compared to Clarke. She also seemed tired and worn.

“So, nothing unusual?” Abby looked at an overly protective Clarke leaning into Lexa’s space.

Abby did not believe for one second that Lexa was feeling herself. In retrospect, Abby realized she should have paid the pair a house visit.

“Clarke, would you do me a favor? Go see if you can go get us a drink. There is a water cooler by the triage stalls.”

Clarke looked to Lexa for instruction.

Abby raised an eyebrow to Lexa-Omega to Omega.

“Beja Klark.”

Clarke nodded once in affirmation. She looked between her mother and her lover before leaving for the water per Lexa’s request.

As the door shut, Abby leant forward on her desk, bravely locking eyes with the-much younger-Omega.

“You’re not being honest.” Abby stated.

Lexa glanced at the door Clarke had just left through.

“You’re looking after Clarke, I appreciate that. But, you need to let me look after you.”

“Why?” Lexa wondered.

“Because apparently, I’m your doctor.”

Lexa stared at Abby.
“Clarke will not let any other doctor near me.” Lexa agreed.

“I’m the best damn doctor within the clans.” Abby bragged.

“I do not doubt that Chancellor.”

“So, tell me the truth?”

Lexa did not respond.

“Let me guess, sick on sight of food, tired, hot no matter how cold it is...”

Lexa finally spoke.

“My heat is late. I do not bleed as I should at this time. My belly still swells, it has not settled in size since...” Lexa paused.

“Since Clarke.” Abby finished off Lexa’s sentence.

“I have craved awful foods.” Lexa grimaced.

“Like what?”

“Skai-Kru foods.”

Abby tried not to feel insulted.

Lexa’s brow wrinkled at the memory of devouring the grilled cheese sandwich…and then wanting another straight after.

“I would like to know for certain.” Lexa finally spoke.

“I can help you with that.”

Clarke walked back through the door carrying two cups of water.

“Thank you baby.” Abby took a cup of water from Clarke, handing it to Lexa.

“Lexa, would you lay on the bed over there?” Abby pointed.

“Shall I undress?” Lexa asked.

“No, just take off your coat and boots.” Abby smiled at Lexa.

“For comfort.” Abby added.

Lexa set her cup of water down before removing her jacket and hopping onto the bed.

Abby did a double take as she took in Lexa’s protruding belly. Clarke rapidly glanced to her mother before looking down at the floor, clearly embarrassed. Abby quickly washed and dried her hands before moving over to Lexa. The doctor wasted no time, pulling up Lexas sweater. She gently poked and prodded the swell, her deft hands feeling across Lexa’s abdomen.

“How long as your belly been like this?” Abby had never seen such a swift change.

“It has swelled more in recent days.” Lexa looked down at herself; her skin was littered with tiny veins that spread across the swell like tree roots.
“How do your people test for pregnancy?” Lexa questioned Abby.

“We can carry out most pregnancy tests from the first day of a missed bleeding. We can do a pregnancy test on a sample of urine collected at any point during the day, it doesn’t matter, but the urine must be fresh.”

Lexa looked to Clarke confusion written across her face. Clarke had no idea what the Trigedasleng word for urine was.

Abby continued.

“All pregnancy tests detect the hormone ‘human chorionic gonadotropin’, which starts to be produced around six days after fertilization. You urinate on a stick and the result appears on the stick after a few minutes.”

Lexa caressed her swell.

“To be honest Lexa, I actually want to jump ahead to an ultrasound.”

Clarke whipped her head up at the mention of an ultrasound.

“What is that?” Lexa seemed concerned.

Clarke stood and took Lexa’s hand.

“Early in pregnancy, ultrasounds are used to confirm the fetal heartbeat. It won’t hurt you.” Clarke brushed a stray lock of hair from Lexa’s face as Abby watched over pair.

“I will need my assistant though. He is trustworthy.” Abby promised.

Lexa nodded her permission.

Abby grabbed for the radio on her desk, pressing the talk button.

“Harper, are you there?”

A short delay…

“Harper here.”

“Harper, send Jackson over to my office.”

“Yes Dr Griffin.”

Once Dr Jackson entered the room, Lexa was prepped and they were all ready to begin.

Abby ran the machine over Lexa, while Jackson minded the monitor under the watchful gaze of Clarke. As the strange machine beeped and crackled, Lexa lay in silence unsure of what to expect. Abby hovered over three key areas of Lexa’s belly with the device. She scrunched up her face clearly perplexed, and then eyed Jackson.

“Clarke, come here.” Abby called her daughter over.

Jackson peered over the monitor at Abby with dismay in his eyes.

“Clarke, you’re certain your…union…was no more than two weeks ago?” Abby looked confused.
“Yes, of course.” Clarke frowned at her mother.

“Lexa, I have to ask you an awkward question.” Abby ushered Jackson out of the room with her eyes.

As he disappeared, Abby looked to Clarke.

“Lexa, are you happy for Clarke to stay in the room still?”

Clarke stepped toward Lexa and gripped her mate’s shoulder firmly. Abby saw the wolf emerge from her daughter, just as quickly as it had seemingly retreated-post Lexa’s love.

“Clarke! It is Lexa’s choice, you do not own her.” Abby scolded her daughter-annoyed with Clarke’s possessive stance.

Lexa also felt Clarke’s wolf rise at the prospect of being thrown out just like Jackson.

“It is alright, I am happy for Clarke to stay.”

Abby let her eyes linger on Clarke’s face, watching as her daughter’s eyes marbled into a blue-black shade instead of all black. While slightly better, the wolf in Clarke had in no way left.

“Have you had sex with anyone other than Clarke recently?”

Clarke held her breath, her claws were ready to expose through her fleshy fingertips depending on the answer.

Lexa’s intense gaze bore holes into Abby.

“I shared my bed with another Omega two weeks before Clarke. Clarke is the only Alpha I have taken inside my body. I do not give my body to Alphas freely.”

Abby swallowed hard. Lexa refused to break eye contact, and Abby found it impossible to look away.

Clarke was relieved to find out she had been Lexa’s first Alpha. She was more intrigued by the mention of another Omega rather than jealous. Clarke’s wolf settled back down.

“Why do you ask such personal facts from me?”

Abby stalled, she was unsure what to say.

“Lexa...you’re pregnant. I read three heartbeats.”

“What!?!” Clarke roughly grabbed for the monitor.

“Clarke! Be careful.” Abby chastised her daughter.

“Like hell I will! Three?”

Abby reran the scan.

“I have never seen a pregnancy develop this fast. It’s unheard of—even with our kind.” Abby was visibly flustered.

Clarke started at the monitor.
“Clarke, I was pregnant with you for three months before I looked like this.”

“So, you question my sexual activity? You doubt Clarke to be the sire?” Lexa bit out, struggling to control the animal within her own self.

“It was a fair and legitimate question given what I’m looking at!” Abby lost her professional cool.

“Clarke is the sire!” Lexa affirmed, the tone of her voice brooking no further argument.

Abby knew this to be true in her heart, no matter what her medical knowledge said otherwise. Lexa was freakishly far on in her pregnancy, it was not normal. Clarke was not normal though—neither was Lexa.

An Omega pregnancy usually lasted four months—twice that of the wolf gestation period and half of a human’s. At this rate, Clarke would have her hands full in less than 8 weeks.

“Is this something you have heard of before within Tri-Kru Lexa?” Abby was at a loss.

“No, and I doubt my mother would know either.” Lexa closed her eyes.

“Have you spoken to Indra since the ‘dinner incident’?”

The ‘dinner incident’ was what Abby and Jake had taken to calling that particularly horrendous evening two days previous.

“I have not.” Lexa admitted.

Abby picked up her radio.

“I need Jackson back in here, is that ok Lexa?”

“No!” Clarke butted in.

“Clarke, I need him. I trust him, and as I said, it is not your choice!” Abby glared into the eyes of her controlling daughter.

“Clarke, you told me to trust your mother. We must trust her judgment on her colleagues.” Lexa reached out for Clarke.

Clarke backed down, but it did not stop her from sending Jackson a warning look with her steely gaze when he reentered the room.

Abby motioned for Clarke to sit down. Lexa nodded to her mate, backing Abby’s dwindling parental authority over the quick-to-fire Clarke.

Abby stepped back from the bed, giving Lexa space to pull her jacket and boots back on. She moved back behind her desk, ready to set out a plan.

“I need to see you on a regular basis. I will come to you where I can.”

Lexa liked this idea.

“You will have to tell your mother Lexa.” Abby smiled sadly.

“I will, in good time.” Lexa looked down at her belly. She was rapidly running out of time.
Clarke sat with her arm around the back of Lexa’s chair. Abby watched as Clarke’s fingers flexed around the material of the chair tightly, while her blue eyes looked at Lexa intently.

“Well Clarke, you’re going to be a parent. Congratulations to you both.”
Raven’s boots stuck out from beneath Trinity’s busted generator.

She twisted and turned her body as she attempted to fix the machine. She cursed at the tight confines of her working area. The sound of feet bounding down the stairs took Ravens attention.

She slid out on her work trolley and stared up at a pissed Echo.

“How goes the repairs?” Echo was looking for a distraction.

“Slowly, my back hurts, and I’m sweating under my tits.” Raven readjusted her vest top.

Echo smiled down at Raven. She liked her. She always got straight to the point.

“I take it you’re hiding from Octavia?” Raven asked.

Echo was silent.

“Well, I’m kind of busy down here so…”

Echo placed her hands on her hips. She was unsure how to take the betas tone.

“You don’t like me do you?” Echo asked.

“Actually, I think your kind of cute, in an odd looking way.” Raven wiggled her finger at Echo’s facial features.

“Take a number Reyes, there’s a line for me right now.” Echo held back a coy smile.

“Oh suck my dick Azgeda.”

Echo laughed as she threw a towel over at a sweaty Raven.

“You into Octavia then?” Raven wanted gossip.

“She’s my friend.”

“That’s not what I asked” Raven opened a flask of moonshine.

“Lincoln is in love with her.”

“Again scar face, that’s not what I asked.”

Raven Reyes never pulled her punches and was sexy as hell. Echo looked Ravens body over.

“Don’t even think about it Alpha.” Raven caught Echo out.

“You’re missing out Reyes.” Echo grabbed her cock jovilely.

“Nah, I’m kind of hard to impress, I’ve seen Clarke naked don’t forget” Raven winked.
“Griffin is a freak.” Echo frowned.

“Yea, over 8 inches of freak by my estimate.”

Echo smiled at Raven, now she was just transparent in her teasing.

“Octavia is too young for me.”

“I call bullshit; you have feelings for her.”

Echo looked to the floor. She wondered how Raven was able to get away with so many personal questions towards her.

“Maybe I do; It’s never going to happen though.” Echo shrugged.

Raven weighed Echo up properly. She was a complicated sort.

“What’s your deal Echo?” Raven cleaned off her oily arms.

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“Roan says Kane hates you.”

Echo gritted her teeth together.

“The Prince has a big mouth.” Echo snarled.

“Whoa, calm down stud” Raven held up her hands.

“Don’t call me that!” Echo dropped her smile.

“I’m sorry, look I will drop it, it gets lonely down her in the basement is all.”

Echo had perhaps over reacted. Maybe it was time she revealed a glimmer of her past to someone. Raven was very easy to open up to.

“Kane hates all of my kind, I’m just the bulls eye on a much larger target.” Echo seemed nervy.

“Why you?” Raven threw her oily towel to her work bench.

“I slept with his wife.” Echo admitted.

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10 years earlier.

A nineteen-year-old Echo runs for the front door of Marcus Kane’s home. His beta wife Becca blocks her path.

“Get out of my way Becca, now!” Echo snarled.

“No! I don’t want you to leave.”
“Why the hell not?” A young Echo failed to stop her wolf from changing her features.

Becca stepped back. Echo looked on at her frightened expression.

“Do you forget what I am? What you go to bed with behind your husbands back.” Echo stood taller over the beta female.

“No, how could I forget.” Becca smiled sweetly.

The sultry scientist closed the gap on her secret younger lover. Silence fell between them.

“We have to stop doing this.” Echo turned for the door.

Becca pulled back on her arm forcefully.

“Echo please, stay with me.” Becca now smiled radiantly.

“He has nearly caught us twice this week.”

“I don’t care!” Becca wrapped her arms around Echo’s taller shoulders.

She dragged the teenage Echo into her embrace. She kissed her hotly, Echo was unable to resist.

Echo picked up Kane’s 28-year-old wife and headed for the living room. As Echo roughly threw her down, she pulled open at her belt. This woman would be the death of her.

As her jeans hung loosely open, Echo pulled a skin from her back pocket.

“Wait, you don’t need that.” Becca pointed to the skin.

“Yes, we do” Echo stood looking back at Becca.


“I make a mess remember” Echo fiddled with the tight condom like skin

‘I know; I love it.” Becca crawled towards Echo.

“Becca, he will find evidence, he is Guarda after all.”

“I know how to clean your evidence up pretty good.” Becca purred.

Echo started to doubt her better judgement.

“Come on, you know it feels better without it. Those things are so disgusting any way. You know its animal intestine don’t you?” Becca grimaced.

Becca removed her own underwear- under Echo’s lust struck teenage eyes.

Echo stood in front of the crouched beta female. Her cock twitching as she watched the Raven haired woman kneel up.

“Let me help you with that.” Becca smirked.

“Fuck!... you’re such a whore.” Echo let her cock slip into Becca’s warm mouth.
Marcus Kane stared down at a picture of his estranged wife.

Marcus believed in his heart that Skai-kru would fare better under his guidance. The elections for Chancellor were only weeks away. He had tried for almost 11 years to pry the mantle of chancellor from Abby Griffins popular hands. His need to take over the Skai clan had pre occupied Marcus Kane for too long now. He couldn’t beat her. Her unity with Indra had made them unbreakable. He could not find any path to victory over her.

Why would his people not vote for Abby? She ran top notch medical facility and everyday life was more than good for the people from the sky.

Indra was also highly popular. Her perfect manners, her perfect ideals and her perfect daughter.

Today, Kane was meeting with Gustus.

He turned in his seat as a knock came on his door.

“Gustus, my friend.” Kane took Gustus into a brief hold.

“Marcus, I trust you’re well old friend” Gustus could not help but notice Kane reminiscing over his abandoned wife.

“I am; we have much to discuss.” Marcus coughed.

Marcus knew Gustus wished to replace Indra. He knew the two Tri-Kru elders did not see eye to eye on many things. Indra had proven just as immoveable as Abby though. Gustus constantly looked for weakness to exploit. He had found none…up until recently.

“Indra returned from the Griffin home somewhat vexed recently.” Gustus fiddled with his beard.

“Really? Abby must be burning the cupcakes.” Marcus smiled devilishly.

“Alexandria has not returned to Polis either.”

That got Kane’s attention.

“Then where is she?”

“My loyal followers tell me she is with the Griffin girl; they were seen at the Skai-clinic.” Gustus held his hands behind his back.

Marcus Kane felt his mouth pool with saliva, his pulse quickened excitedly.

‘Now that is interesting” Kane’s mind ran with possibilities.

“Indra will not speak of Alexandria’s absence at court.”
“Is she not due to be coroneted soon?” Kane frowned.

“Yes, exactly my concerns.” Gustus breathed in.

“You’re concerned for her?” Marcus laughed.

“I have no quarrel with Leksa, she will make a fine Queen.” Gustus spoke proudly.

“But, what is she doing with Clarke?” Marcus pondered.

Gustus headed for Kane’s grand desk.

“I see you are reminiscing Marcus? Gustus pointed to the picture of his wife.

Marcus picked up the picture and scanned it once over.

“Not reminiscing, I’m reminding myself why Abby needs to go, and I need to lead my people.”

“Your people? Would that be Skai-kru? or the Betas?” Gustus was no fool.

Marcus scowled down at the picture of a smiling woman.

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Kane recalled 10 years previous.

Marcus picked up his wife and spun with her just once.

“Marcus put me down.” Becca laughed happily.

“You have made me the happiest man on this god forsaken planet.”

“It is early days Marcus.” Becca smiled.

“But you’re sure?... you’re pregnant?” Kane radiated pure joy.

“Yes, I am.”

Kane picked Becca up again.

“I knew you were the one!” Kane worshipped Becca.

Becca struggled to keep up her fake smile.

“Yes, still, it is early days.”

“We should go out to celebrate.”

“Marcus, no.” Becca walked away.

“Yes, please... I love you so much” Kane spoke the truth.

Becca faltered.

“Ok, but only to Jaha’s. I do not want to ride into Polis at this time.” Becca pointed at the clock

As Becca and Marcus left arm in arm down the street, a lonely Echo watched from the shadows. She
had heard every word from Becca’s lips.

Jaha welcomed Kane to his small community diner.

“Lieutenant Kane, what brings you out with your lovely wife?” Jaha took Becca’s hand.

“We are celebrating.”

“Marcus!” Becca pulled at his hand.

Jaha quirked a brow.

As time ticked on, Jaha’s diner filled up. It was the one spot in Skai-kru town Centre that mirrored the great social feel of Polis.

Echo stood outside the diner, wolf like eyes on Becca. Her hood was pulled up over her ever changing features- just as Clarke would learn to do a decade later.

Her emotions ran wild. As Marcus stood to go to the restroom, she took her chance.

Echo slipped silently through the distracted diners and sat in Kane’s seat next to a shocked Becca.

“What are you doing here?” Becca looked desperately for her husband.

“You used me!” Echo spat.

“Echo please, not in here.”

“Your beta husband couldn’t knock up a lame horse” Echo barked.

“Please go, I will find you and discuss this I promise.”

“Your promises mean fuck all!” Echo raised her voice.

Jaha spotted her.

“Everything ok Becca?” His eyes went to his bar staff, two beta males around 6 foot tall.

Echo smirked. She would like to see them try and remove her from her current spot.

“I will tear them in half.” She warned Jaha.

“I don’t want any trouble” Jaha pleaded.

Echo turned to Becca.

“Do you want trouble Becca, do you?” Echo smiled wildly.

“No, Please Echo.” Becca saw Kane returning from the restroom.

“Shit.” Becca looked to the ceiling.

“What’s going on” Kane spied a scruffy looking Echo.
“Do you know her?”

On closer inspection, Kane could tell instantly Echo was Alpha. Her face now bore the look of her wolf.

Kane pulled Becca up out of her chair.

“Get the hell away from her.” Kane looked to Jaha.

“You need a sign on the door.” Kane looked Echo up and down.

Jaha was not amused.

“I do not agree with segregation Kane, Alpha and Beta are welcome in here, I don’t ever plan on a sign saying otherwise on my door.”

Echo’s behavior was Jaha’s only real concern.

Echo stood, turning to Jaha.

“I’m leaving; I don’t want to catch anything from this impotent beta fuck.”

Kane reached out to grab at Echo, she evaded him easily, laughing as she weaved his weak hands.

“You really are pointless!” Echo snarled at Kane.

As Echo turned to leave, she heard Kane pull his firearm, much to Jaha and Becca’s shock.

Becca stood in front of Echo.

“Marcus no! she’s just a kid” Becca looked him in the eyes.

“Get out now!” Marcus willed Echo to leave.

Becca followed Echo outside. Her heels made a clinking sound on the Stoney ground as she caught Echo up.

“Echo Please.”

Echo turned on her heels at Kane’s cheating wife.

“Just a kid!... You didn’t say that when my dick was down your throat.”

Becca looked around for witnesses.

“You used me to get pregnant.” Echo croaked.

Becca had no response.

“That is not Kane’s child, beta males can’t breed, the radiation saw to that”

“It’s not that simple Echo. Genetic sequencing wise, Alpha DNA is phasi..”

“I don’t give a fuck!” Echo screamed at the top of her lungs cutting Becca off.
“You’re too clever for your own good Becca.” Echo tried to calm herself.

“That baby is mine.” Echo spoke with confidence.

“Of course it’s yours! beta men are useless.” Becca now raised her voice.

“Useless?... he loves you.” Echo felt a fleeting moment of empathy for Kane.

“That’s not my problem, I don’t love him, I never have”

Echo’s eyes went wide.

“You’re such a bitch Becca!” Echo looked disgusted.

“Well that would make sense, I spend most of my nights mounted by a glorified dog!”

Echo winced…that hurt.

“Echo, I’m sorry, I didn’t mean that.” Becca reached out for her wolf.

Echo allowed the contact.

“I love you, not him.” Becca melted into Echo’s arms.

“You just wanted my come inside you.” Echo snarled into Becca’s deceitful face.

“What the hell is this?” Kane looked on.

Becca had not known Kane was behind her, Echo did.

Becca stared back speechless at her confused husband.

“I will leave you both to finish your perfect evening” Echo turned to leave only to be blocked by two of Kane’s colleagues.

“Hey boys, how’s things?”

Echo backed up from both armed officers.

“Where do you think you’re running to Mutt!” Kane breathed fire at Echo.

“Kane let her go.” Becca begged.

“You think you can do whatever you like your kind.” Kane removed his jacket.

“Oh, are we gonna throw down Kane?, just me and you?” Echo removed her hood.

“Your kind disgust me, you’re unnatural, you’re freaks, nature will right itself soon enough.”

Echo laughed again.

“Come on Kane, show Becca you’re not the pathetic loser she thinks.”

Echo was shoved from behind into Kane by his buddies.

As they collided, his officers took aim on Echo’s back. They struggled to separate her body from Kane’s as they rolled in the dirt. Becca retreated back into Jaha’s.
As Kane scrambled up onto his feet he took a wild swing at a younger Echo. She dodged him easily then grabbed his throat, lifting him several inches. She seared her wolf eyes into his nightmares. It was a sight Kane would never forget.

“We’re not freaks!…we’re the future mother fucker!” She threw Kane to the ground.

Kane nodded to his men and they took aim on a laughing Echo, she stood with arms open wide ready to take the bullets.

The bell above the door to the diner rang out.

Jaha appeared armed with a shotgun. Becca was hiding behind him.

“I wouldn’t boys, don’t think our chancellor Griffin will look too kindly on murder.”

“It’s not murder when it’s one of them!” Kane’s buddies refused to budge.

“You can explain yourself to young Prince Roan then, you are about to gun down one of his people in Skai-Kru territory.”

Kane nodded, his men stood down.

“Echo, just go.” Becca looked away from her teenage lover.

“Whatever!”

Echo walked off into the night.

The walk back to the Kane homestead was not a fun one. As the front door closed, Kane let rip.

“Why were you holding her?” Kane tore off his coat.

“Where the hell do you know her from?”

Becca waited to get a word in edge ways.

“I know her from the clinic, she is one of Abby’s patients, she’s a runaway.”

“Why the hell were you holding her?”

Becca paused.

“She has a crush on me, it happens when you’re in my position.” Becca lied so easily.

“Is she part of your project.” Kane waited.

“Yes.” Becca did not lie about that.

For the last two generations, beta males had struggled more than they ever to impregnate beta females. Their sperm counts were low and their code degrading, yet Alpha Omega births were on the increase.

Abby and Becca set up a research department. Both women had failed to find an answer to the failings in the beta males reproductive abilities. Becca believed Alpha semen would successfully impregnate a beta egg. All lab experiments had proven fertilization was possible, but none of the
fetus came to term.

Abby had discontinued the project based on its moral complications rather than lack of success. Becca still would not let the idea go. Becca was obsessive, Abby feared what boundaries she would cross if left unsupervised.

Echo had indeed been a willing participant in the study. She was easily seduced by the attractive Dr. Kane.

Marcus wanted desperately to believe his wife.

“Look Marcus, she’s nineteen and I’m married to you.” Becca wrapped herself around a vulnerable Marcus.

“I just hated seeing that dog near you.” Marcus gave in to his convincing wife.

“I know sweetie, I understand why you don’t like them, she’s just a kid though, you’re my man.” Becca winked.

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Marcus Kane had grown up the only beta male in his small village.

He was never the fastest, never the strongest and rarely had good friends. The Alpha kids were cruel and mocked his lack of ability. The most painful fact for Marcus was, both his parents were Alpha and Omega.

Marcus was the only pup in the litter that came out Beta. This was rare, but not completely unheard of. Still to this day, nobody in the clans could explain the anomaly. Marcus Kane grew up every day having to prove himself. He had to work harder to earn his parents respect, more so than his siblings. He should have been born a wolf, he came out just a man.

Every weekend, his family would travel into Polis, Kane had made a friend in the shape of Gustus Tri-Kru. Their friendship enduring to this day.

Marcus hated the term Beta, he swore when he took Abby’s seat as chancellor, he would ban the word from use. Becca’s passion for curing the Beta infertility epidemic had plunged him deeply in love with her. She could do no wrong in his eyes. He had married her without question, he funded any project she wanted, he foolishly made use of his Guarda privileges to suit her.

Marcus was far from his father’s pride and joy. His father did not attend his youngest son’s wedding. When his father passed away, Kane’s siblings did tell him off his funeral. Marcus found out through Gustus that his father had died.

Hiding his father’s death and subsequent funeral, was more of an act of war than an insult. Kane had endured insults all his life. Kane swore to his siblings- he would never be second best again.

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**Back with Reyes in the basement.**

“Dude, that’s so shitty” Raven was spell bound by Echo’s tale.

“Yea, Marcus hated me before he even met me, he lives off his hate of my kind.”
“Becca, what a fucking bitch!” Raven looked to Echo.

“I was young, I had run from my homeland, I lived on the streets, she looked after me.”

“She used you!... I’d go as far as abused you!” Raven felt the need to hold Echo, she did not know how she would react though.

“What happened to her?” Please tell me someone is keeping an eye on that crazy bitch?

“Kane threw her out on her ass, she came running back to me. I took her back to Azgeda, Roan gave her sanctuary within the Ice Nation.”

“Kane figured out pretty quick the kid wasn’t quite human, it’s kind of hard to hide what we are.”

Echo’s eyes glowed in demonstration.

“So you have a kid?” Ravens heart hurt for Echo.

“Yea, she is Ten this year, her name is Ally.”

“Does she know who you are?”

“No.” Echo stared into space.

Raven for once, had nothing smart to say.

Echo ran her hands through her hair.

“Now do you see why I hide from Octavia.” Echo leant on the wall defeated.

You’re correct Raven… I do feel for her. She is safer with Lincoln though not me... I’m the big bad wolf.”
Injured Spirits

**Polis Exercise Yard**

Indra closed her eyes. She allowed herself to absorb the silence of the empty sparring pit. Her spirit had never felt as unsettled as it was currently.

The Tri-Kru First Minister sat cross-legged on the dusty earth, her back perfectly straight with her shoulders dropped back. She tilted her chin up to the dying light of day. The birds chirping in the trees served as ambient noise, aiding in her ability to meditate.

Indra aspired to soothe her troubled mind—to find some sort of inner peace. She would reach a point of quite reflection and contemplation, only to find her soul quake and fracture all over again. Every tiny crack that appeared weakened her overall state of being. Those cracks made it harder and harder to build herself back up.

Indra had not attended court since returning to Polis; she had not met with the elders. Instead, she thought only of her absconded daughter, preferring to spend her time in seclusion.

Indra loved Lexa with all of her heart. Lexa had been with Indra and Lincoln for eighteen of her nineteen and a half years. She was in effect, her child.

The First Minister would never forget the day she found Lexa: The color of the sky, the smell of the earth, the chill in the air. Everything was emblazed on her memory…

**18 Years Ago**

Indra had been out riding that day with a small escort. There was a dispute between two of the smaller outlier villages that needed to be settled that day. The dispute had been petty and barely worth her time—in fact, Indra had been inclined to leave the Tri-Kru villagers to their squabbling. In the end though, everything had been resolved rather quickly and amicably. Indra and her men were on their way back to Polis now. She had insisted on riding ahead while her warriors made lunch. She wanted to get back to Polis as soon as possible.

As she rode through the woods at a light trot, Indra spotted something rather curious…

A dirty pile of linen rags was tightly wedged between two large tree roots. The bundle would have looked out of place to the trained eye of any hunter or tracker, but not to the common observer. If Indra’s gaze had been less keen, she would have easily missed it.

Indra peered curiously at the small collection of rags. Upon closer inspection, wrapped within the dirty cloth was a bundle of vulnerable flesh and bones—a dirty face with perfect green eyes peeping out over the top of the dirty linen swathing. Clearly someone had meant to hide the child within the roots of the great old tree.

Indra dismounted her horse and pulled the blade from her belt. She stalked towards the infant, taking slow circles as she went. Was this a trap? Now mere inches from the bundle, Indra saw the baby in greater detail. It kicked its legs and flapped its arms, but seemingly refused to cry or make any sound for that matter. Indra thought the child must be hungry and cold.

The baby sat obstinate to the peril it was in. Indra smiled down at the little warrior.

“Can I help you little one?” Indra smiled to herself; this child exuded so much strength that she was
asking permission to aid it!

Indra picked up the little one and proceeded to search the surrounding area. The infant bubbled and squeaked out noises as Indra walked. Indra looked down, smiling again at the talkative young one.

Not too far away from the great tree, the pair encountered a small wooden house. The house was modest in size, but Indra could tell it was well loved and looked after. There were clothes hanging out to dry on lines to the side, and wooden tubs bearing freshly picked fruits and home grown vegetables out front.

The small front door was ajar.

Cautiously, Indra stepped through the doorway. She still hugged the infant to her chest with one arm, her dagger held firmly in the other hand. She kept her wits about her, her sharp eyes alert.

The wooden floorboards creaked as Indra made her way deeper into the dwelling. The baby against her chest stilled, surprising Indra. She looked down wondering if the child had found sleep. Green eyes were still popped open though, and impossibly tiny fingers clung to Indra’s coat lapel.

Indra looked into the baby’s wide eyes. Something dark and withering leaked through the walls of this family home. It was unsettling. There was a horrible energy emitting from the center of the residence. A sick, sinister sort of feeling that sought to extinguish any light that entered the building. This place was sinking—this place was slowly dying.

Indra did not think it was possible for a structure to feel alive. She did not think it possible for the air inside a building to be trapped in mourning over its impending fatality, gasping its last breath.

Instead of turning back, Indra continued to make her way through the house. The young one started to become even more distressed when Indra approached s second door. Not one to be cowed with fear, Indra pushed the door open with her booted foot.

She would come to wish that she had never entered that room.

Indra’s legs buckled, her heart pounding out an erratic, miss-timed beat. She clutched the bundle of innocence in her arms and forced herself to stay upright.

The baby’s father lay dead on the floor, his unblinking eyes staring up accusingly at Indra. Blood soaked deeply into the oaken floorboards beneath the corpse, forming a perfect circle on the wooden planks. The man’s limbs were twisted at unnatural angles.

The body had been discarded as if it had never meant anything at all.

Over the years, Indra heard many tales of death, war and destruction. Her people’s history was constructed upon the bones of battle. The truth was—for generations now, not many had seen its’ effects. Its’ helpless victims…

She had been lucky enough to not encounter death intimately…until now at least.

There was something about looking at the tangled wreck of this man that Indra could never erase.

This moment would forever change her.

Skin meant nothing. Flesh and bone meant nothing. To truly be alive, one needed to protect their spirit. It was the soul that gave life to the body. The battered form that lay before Indra had his soul ripped away against his will.
This would be the day that Indra set off on a path of devotion, committing her life to the faith of her people. She would now take those beliefs that she had learned growing up to heart. After all, a person’s spirit had to go somewhere.

Indra’s people believed that the soul went back into the forest-back into the trees and earth-but only if the person had lived a true and virtuous life. A life well lived was to be well rewarded in the afterlife. This was certain. To be pure of spirit guaranteed absorption into the bark of the trees and the grit of the land. An unclean spirit though…did they end up trapped in lifeless walls of wooden huts just like this one? Trapped in rusty blades and wooden floorboards?

Purity of spirit would become Indra’s mantra.

With that settled, Indra felt the overwhelming need to leave this tortured place. She stepped over the broken man’s body. Tears pricked at her eyes and a broken sob left her lips. The act of stepping over that man’s destroyed life was heart wrenching.

Indra exited through the rear door of the house. She tightened her grip on the little one in her arms. The baby had started to cry at Indra’s rapid change of pace. Indra felt like a coward for running, but she needed to get away. Being in that house had been too much.

Indra shot out from the tight copse of trees from behind the house and into a small meadow. The sunlight threw violent rays at her eyes and making it difficult to see. As her vision refocused, Indra spotted a trail of black tar slithering across the grass. The dark substance sparkled ominously in the midday sun. Indra’s sharp eyes followed the trail of tar, wanting to know where the strange substance ended. That was when she saw her.

Green eyes and endless trestles of dark hair lay defeated in a heap on the ground-another broken body at the end of its days. It was clear to Indra that the baby’s mother had dragged herself across the green field. Indra was unsure to what purpose the woman had dragged herself outside for, as there was no help for miles. She supposed that perhaps it was because the warm rays of the sun and the soft of the earth was a far better place to spend her last moments, rather than being entombed within the stifling house.

Indra dropped to her knees at the woman’s side. The black tar that ran tracks across the green grass and covered the beautiful woman’s body actually sprouted from the woman’s wounds! Indra had heard of natblida, but had never seen it personally. This woman was powerful…but even so, she was still dying at Indra’s feet.

With a gentle touch, Indra turned the woman over and presented the baby to her. The small child beamed down at the woman, a halo of sunlight surrounding her small form. The woman’s glazed green eyes looked upon her baby daughter for the last time; Indra knew there were only moments left for her to look upon child.

Indra refused to let the final words this woman heard to be as black as the blood seeping from her wounds.

“She will be loved.” Indra smiled and tenderly cupped a hand around the woman’s cheek.

The mother’s gaze remained fixed on the babe until Indra saw the last breath leave her broken body.

Indra heard the sound of horse hooves galloping up behind her. She closed the dead woman’s glassy eyes before standing up on shaky legs. The riders behind her dismounted their steeds, and moved to attend their leader.
“There is only death in this place.” Indra spoke to a young Gustus.

There was silence. Death in this way was not common on Tri-Kru lands; the sight of the dead woman startled the four warriors that rode with Indra.

“Indra, what shall we do with the bodies?” Gustus’ tone was solemn.

Indra gripped Gustus’ shoulder with her free hand, holding the baby in the other.

“They are Tri-Kru! Build a pyre and burn them so they may leave this place with dignity.”

Indra shoved Gustus back in anger at his ignorance. How could he even voice that question? Burning the dead was customary practice.

“Yes Indra, of course.” Gustus clenched his fist. He hated that Indra had scolded him like a child in front of his fellow warriors.

Indra’s eyes snapped open. She heard the sound of the earth behind her being disturbed by heavily booted feet.

Titus let his presence be known.

“First Minister, we require your presence in the Great Hall. Gustus has arrived and awaits you.”

Indra did not respond. She looked transfixed by the training area.

“Aleksandria will return. We are her people, her blood.” Titus spoke the thoughts on Indra’s mind.

Indra stared at the racks of training staffs and blades. She could still hear the ghostly echo of wooden poles vibrating as they clacked into each other. Lexa had spent most of her days in this sparring pit.

“This is where her heart belongs, Indra.” Titus placed his hand on Indra’s stiff shoulder.

The words forced Indra back into her memories again.

4 Years Ago

A fifteen year old Lexa tumbled down onto the hard packed dirt for the sixth time in a row.

“Again Aleksandria! You must keep your weight forward!” Titus’s voice boomed out as he placed his hands on his head in exasperation.

Lexa scrabbled up to her feet and spun around while Luna smirked victoriously at her sparring partner. Not one to give up, Lexa seized her quarterstaff from the ground and lunged forward at her cocky friend. She was quickly toppled by a counter from Luna…again. Titus sighed and glanced across the training ground to a disappointed looking Indra.

Luna had never been beaten in a sparring match.

“Come on little Leksa!” Luna taunted.

Lexa flipped herself up off the ground impressively. Luna clapped mockingly at the showy maneuver.
“Bravo! Clearly you have practiced getting up from the dirt many times!” Luna winked at her younger friend.

Spurred on by Luna’s sarcastic tone, Lexa charged her sparring partner down once more. The fluffy-haired girl easily evaded the charge and swept Lexa’s long legs out from under her...yet again.

Lexa lay in the dirt, staring up at the sky. She was panting hard. The sweeping maneuver Luna had performed had winded her.

“No more!” Titus stepped between the two girls.

“No!” Lexa was furious that Luna had gotten the better of her for the eighth time this session.

Luna laughed out loud, seeing Lexa’s face contorted in anger.

Lexa pushed her bruised body up from the ground. Titus shook his head, he had hoped Lexa would concede today’s bout.

“The little one wants more, Master Titus!” Luna sang out.

Titus sighed and looked to Indra for the command to restart the bout. Indra nodded at Titus.

“Very well. Begin!” Titus quickly stepped out of the sparring circle.

“You will learn the hard way my friend...as usual.” Luna whispered to Lexa before stepping back into a defensive stance.

Indra overheard Luna’s words. She was eager to see her daughter put Luna down.

Without further preamble, Lexa spun her quarterstaff once in her hands making as if she was about to charge. Instead she took a step back, focusing on Luna. She beckoned the other girl to advance with a quick motion of her fingers.

Luna stepped forward, gifting Lexa several powerful swings with her staff. Lexa blocked each one, but Luna was watching Lexa’s feet out of the corner of her eye. She was waiting for Lexa to misstep. Two more strikes, two more blocks. Luna saw her opening; Lexa had shifted too far forward. Luna quickly struck out with her staff at the back of Lexa’s leg.

As Lexa felt gravity drag her down to the earth once again, she grappled for Luna’s vest. Luna had not expected this turn of events, and Lexa was able to pull the darker skinned girl down on top of her.

Luna frowned at Lexa’s clumsiness.

On instinct, Lexa ran her fingertips across Luna’s toned forearm. Lexa’s eyes darkened considerably, her skin soaring in temperature.

Luna felt the change in Lexa’s body heat. She found herself unable to shift her gaze away from her friend’s eyes below. Lexa spoke softly, her voice several bars lower than usual.

“You do not want to beat me, Luna.” Lexa whispered as she continued to stroke Luna’s arm alluringly with her fingertips.

Indra took one step to the side in order to get a better look at the brief interaction between the two. Luna tried to shake Lexa’s caramel tones out of her head. It was as if Lexa’s voice had penetrated
through her ear drum, it spread like tentacles through Lunas brain.

All Luna could think was Lexa.

Now, Luna had experienced more than one bleeding-more than one heat. She understood their regularity and pattern. She was no longer a child, but a young woman after all! Whatever was happening right now, it had thrown her body into absolute chaos. Lexa’s hot skin and forest green eyes ignited heat-like symptoms within Luna’s body.

Luna stood quickly, instantly missing Lexa’s gentle caress. She looked down to the patch of skin on her forearm as it fizzled and burnt just below the surface. The sound of Lexa’s voice lulled and sedated Luna; she felt drunk, her mind fuzzy. She was so confused. Anything Lexa commanded, she would willingly obey.

Again, Luna shook her head. She pressed her forefingers to her temple painfully hard and gritted her teeth before stepping away from the fallen Lexa. She desperately tried to re-center herself, gripping the quarterstaff tightly in her hands.

Indra watched as Luna repositioned herself more than once while Lexa got up off the ground. The older girl seemed unsure of herself, her cocky swagger gone. Luna’s eyes looked like inky black pools-her pupils taking over the iris.

“Luna! Are you ready?” Titus frowned at her unusual posture.

“Yes.” Luna bit out, clearly frustrated.

Lexa mirrored Luna’s offensive stance, holding her staff at the ready.

The bout started up again, the pair swinging and twirling their staves in a well practiced dance-the sound of wooden cracks serenading the court yard. Lexa ducked and dodged Luna’s sluggish strikes. She had misstepped twice already without Luna taking advantage, much to Titus’ surprise.

At this point, Luna felt fully infected with Lexa. Luna’s skin boiled as her heat prematurely took hold of her body. She came face to face with Lexa, their staves pressed forcefully together. The smoldering look in Lexa’s eyes extinguished the fight from Luna’s. The older girl’s core was now painfully tight, her clit swelling painfully. Luna nearly tossed herself into Lexa’s arms right then and there.

“Command me.” Luna muttered mindlessly.

Lexa paused momentarily. She then fiercely shoved Luna away from her body with the staff.

“Command me, please!” Luna’s eyes were darker than black. She sounded desperate.

“Strike her down!” Titus’s hollered from across the sparring pit.

Luna’s mind felt torn in two. She raised her staff, but could not force her body to obey Titus’ command. Luna rarely-if ever-disobeyed her fight master, but now…Lexa seemingly out-ranked him!

Luna fought against her muddled mind and swung her quarterstaff down against lexas. The staves locked against each other, both girls pushing all their weight into one another.
With what remained of her own mind, Luna slurred to Lexa in a broken whisper.

“What have you done to me?”

Lexa looked at her friend, a guilty look splashed across her face.

Titus strained his ears in a desperate attempt to hear the words spoken between the pair.

In truth, Lexa had no idea what she had done—it just happened!

Lexa took a great step back from Luna and dropped her staff. It clacked against the hard-packed earth, spinning away from her. Indra watched as the abandoned quarterstaff as it slowly rolled over, stopping at the base of Luna’s boots.

“I will not beat you this way!” Lexa was almost in tears.

Lexa turned quickly on her toes, sprinting in the direction of the bathing hall. She refused to take advantage of her best friend.

Titus called after the retreating Tri-Kru girl.

“You will not leave this place of your own volition, young woman!”

Lexa ignored Titus’ demand, still bolting toward the exit.

Indra stepped towards Luna as Titus stormed after the retreating Lexa.

“Luna?” Indra held the girl’s face gently in her hands.

Indra inspected Luna’s inky black pupils; there was no hint of color—the iris completely taken over by black. Indra could feel the searing heat that threatened to set fire to Luna’s skin. The girl was like a furnace! Indra briefly looked away from Luna’s face, seeing Titus give up the chase for Lexa. Instead, he jogged back over Indra and the strung out looking Luna. The girl was slowly coming out of her hazy stupor; she managed to observe Lexa running into wash rooms.

“I will go after her.” Luna pulled out of Indra’s grasp.

“No! I will not have two of you disrespecting this learning environment!” Titus’s eyes were on fire as he tried to grab Luna.

Luna evaded his hold and set off after her upset friend. Titus went to follow after her.

“Leave them!” Indra commanded.

Luna jogged into the bathing rooms, searching for her friend. Her core was still pulsing, but her phantom heat was now starting to subside. She heard running water. Following the sound, Luna discovered Lexa’s location.

Luna sat fully clothed under a heavy fall of water, her head in her hands.

Lexa walked over to the one of the large turn wheels on the wall, rotating it a full 360 degrees. The gate allowing the hillside runoff to come out of the wall spout closed, the cold water cascade coming to a full stop. Lexa looked up. Her whole body was soaked; the training clothes clung to every curve of her body suggestively and her wet hair ran in treacle-like slivers down her pretty face.

Luna leant against the stone wall of the shower.
“You cheated.” Luna struggled to look at her friend.

“I know.” Lexa let her head tilt back, resting on the wall behind her.

“How did you do that to me?” Luna now felt enough control over her body to look Lexa in the eyes.

“I do not know.” Lexa responded truthfully.

“I would have done…done anything you said!” Luna grinned in amazement at her friend’s gift.

“Please do not tell my mother or Master Titus!” Lexa begged.

“Of course. I will not tell them, Leksa.” Luna reassured her friend with a kind smile.

Lexa let out a breath she did not realize she was holding.

“Thank you for not bringing me down.” Luna held her hand to her chest.

“I do not want to cheat.” Lexa stood up and faced her friend.

An uneasy silence fell between the pair. Lexa nervously picked at a small clump of moss growing on the shower wall. She was unsure of what else she could say. Lexa hoped that Luna did not think less of her. She had been honorable in not felling Luna while the girl was in a dazed and confused state. Lexa looked to her friend when she finally broke the quiet between them.

“I do not mind if you want to do that to me again.” Luna blushed, looking anywhere but at Lexa.

Lexa’s eyes widened in surprise, she had not expected that!

“I mean…maybe it is something you can learn to control? It is a potent weapon for combat.” Luna admitted.

“Did I hurt you? How did it feel?” Lexa was curious.

“It felt like you were inside me.” Luna blushed a deeper shade of red in the dim light of the bathing rooms.

Lexa stood up straighter, her regal poise returning.

“You cannot tell anyone if I do that to you again.”

“I can keep a secret.” Luna winked.

Lexa bit her lip.

“I have no idea what I am doing.” Lexa worried.

“I think…you forced my heat to come.” Luna mused.

“How is that possible?” Lexa frowned.

“I do not know. It felt damn good though.”

Both girls laughed.

As their combined laughter ricocheted throughout the stone structure, Indra stood in the shadows stealthy eavesdropping on the girls’ conversation. She hung back several feet from the entrance to the
shower room. Today, Indra had bore witness to Lexa hijacking Luna’s choices. How Lexa had managed to do so frightened Indra immensely.

**Back To Current Events.**

Indra walked into the Great Hall with Titus.

As the massive doors opened, Indra spied Gustus waiting patiently—his hands behind his back. He turned to Indra and gave a half hearted bow.

Titus frowned at Gustus, making note of the insincere show of respect. The Tri-Kru warrior believed an Omega was unfit to rule over their people, despite Tri-Kru having had female rulers and leaders for decades. Tri-Kru in his eyes—needed to be more ruthless. Their clan supplied meat and timber to most of the surrounding clans. Without Tri-Kru, many other clansmen would die of hunger or cold during the long, harsh winters. Indra refused to capitalize on this point.

To Gustus, Indra was far too charitable. She won many hearts and the confidence of their people by preaching that ‘no person should have more than another’. Gustus’ did not agree. Why should a less able clan be afforded the same lifestyle and comforts as a clan that worked harder and possessed more skill? Surely a less able clan deserved a lesser standing of living, while a more able clan deserved a greater one!

“First Minister, I wish I came with kinder news.”

“Speak plainly Gostos.” Indra looked bored by his presence.

“Very well. Aleksandria is with child, she has been violated by a Skai-Kru beast.”

Titus stepped forward, grabbing for the hilt of his dagger.

“Liar!” Titus bellowed.

Indra grabbed Titus’ arm.

“How exactly do you know this, Gostos?” Indra arched a brow.

For some time now, Indra had suspected Gustus to be an enemy of her regime. She knew that he crept around behind the scenes—behind her back. Gustus had his own spies and his bribed followers. He was also attached at the hip with the vile creature known as Marcus Kane. She would not give him the satisfaction of reacting outwardly. But inside, she was shaken to the bone by his words.

“I do this for you and our people. I seek a vote of no confidence in your leadership.”

“You do this for yourself and Marcus Kane!” Indra’s cool political mask slipped for a moment.

“I notice you do not deny the claims, Indra?” Gustus glanced at Titus. The mentor looked shell-shocked.

“I will seek evidence of this before I believe it.” Indra stalled.

“Do not bother.” Gustus grinned victoriously.
The giant man threw a bundle of papers and scruffily scribbled notes onto the table. In his hand, he held a video pod.

“This holds a conversation between our future Queen and her Doctor. Her pregnancy is unusual. She carries multiple young. The Skai-Kru girl’s seed already stretches out her womb.”

Indra felt her heart stop.

Titus shoved Gustus to the door.

“Leave us! How dare you speak in such a way! You are in the presence of a mother! You disgust me!”

Gustus briefly grappled with Titus as the smaller man tried to wrest the larger one out the door.

Indra found her voice.

“Enough!” She was seconds from tears.

“You cannot lead our people now! Your daughter is infected with foreign seed! Your values are nothing if you cannot instill them within your own child!” Gustus pontificated before turning sharply, leaving the Great Hall.

Titus closed the door behind Gustus and joined Indra standing at the windows. Indra stared out the tall glass panes and down onto the streets of Polis below.

“Who is this Skai-Kru beast?”

With the elections only weeks away, Indra could see no way forward. She would lose…surely? Gustus would now set out to tell any and all who would listen to him, of Lexa’s current predicament.

“We must bring Aleksandria home. We must invite a healer to the privacy of this court.” Titus paced the room, seeking to form some sort of plan to remedy this mess.

“She already has a healer.” Indra stared off into space.

“Then we must also bring the healer here.”

Indra tensed knowing exactly who the healer would be.

Abby Griffin.

Indra could feel her jaw lock and clench as her teeth ground together. Abby Griffin indeed! The thought of that woman made her seethe. If only Abby had done a better job! Abby should have muzzled her daughter from the outset. She should have taught her better.

This all felt like an impossible situation, and Abby Griffin was at the center of it all!

Kane’s closeness with Gustus made Indra’s alliance with Abby even more pivotal. It felt like everything was falling apart due to Abby’s failings as a parent. How could Indra work with the woman, when Abby’s animal of a daughter had planted seed into her own innocent Lexa! Indra’s selective memory would not allow her to accept Lexa’s part in the union with Clarke. Clarke was wild and dangerous the last time Indra saw her. The thought that such a beast had lain with her perfect daughter enraged the Tri-Kru woman.

“I will send word to Linkon that we wish for Aleksandria to return to Polis with her healer.” Indra
begrudgingly agreed.

“What about the sire?” Titus eyed Indra.

“No! I do not want her in my home!”

“As you wish, First Minister.” Titus bowed.
Lexa struggled to get down Trinity’s stairs; her bump had grown considerably over the last two weeks.

Clarke athletically vaulted over the bar to go assist her mate. Echo watched as Clarke bounded up the metal staircase and up to Lexa’s side. Lexa held on to Clarke as they, together, took the last few steps.

“You really should not be sleeping upstairs sister.” Lincoln pulled out a chair for the over-inflated Lexa.

“I am pregnant, not infirm brother.”

“Lincoln is right. We need to make some changes to this place.” Clarke glanced around the main bar area of Trinity.

Trinity had not been up and running as a club since the Amnesty Celebration, when Lexa first took Clarke to bed.

“I may discuss making some modification to this place with your father, Clarke.” Lincoln shared.

“Well, he was an engineer, I’m sure he can help.”

Echo looked around her home. The events of last month had completely changed the environment of Trinity. Echo wondered if the club would ever open its doors to the thirsty public again. The club’s main area looked more like a living room now than a dance floor: A soft couch had been brought down from upstairs and soft rugs covered the wooden floors.

Lexa had still not returned to Polis, she had yet to speak to her mother. Surely Indra knew by now? Surely Indra should have come to the aid of her only daughter?

Echo had no right to judge Indra. She had a daughter herself after all…one that she had never even spoken to, let alone kept safe and protected over the years. Instead, Echo filled the last ten years of her life with meaningless sexual encounters and liters of moonshine. The guilt of being an absentee parent haunted Echo.

The Azgeda Alpha leant against the bar, her eyes unfocused and lost in thought.

Raven appeared from the kitchen and joined the dazed looking Alpha.

“What are we looking at dog?”

Echo frowned at Raven’s choice of words.

“No offence.” Raven held up her hands.

Echo gave a small smile and pointed at Lexa; Clarke knelt in front of her mate making a fuss while Lincoln sat next to his sister, his arm protectively around the back of her chair.

“Wow, she’s huge now! It’s kind of intimidating.” Raven blew out.

Echo nodded in agreement.
“She smells different—it’s a more alluring scent…” Echo trailed off, still staring at Lexa.

“Oh, that’s so gross!” Raven stuck her tongue out.

“No…she smells really good.” Echo bit her bottom lip, her brow furrowing.

“Like baking cookies good?” Raven asked.

“I don’t know if you will understand?” Echo looked at Raven unsure of how to explain.

“Oh, you’re feeling all enthralled?” Raven laughed.

“She’s different…special.” Echo swallowed.

“I suppose she is.” Raven looked at the spaced out expression on Echo’s face. It was clear the mechanic did not understand the thrall Lexa seemed to exude.

“We need to decide where we’re going to live Lexa. We can’t stay here unless we modify the place.” Clarke continued to fuss over Lexa.

Lexa sighed.

“Hey, we need to discuss this…you won’t return to Polis. There is no way I’m living with my parents and three kids.”

Lexa snapped.

“Shof yu op, Klark!”

Echo’s head snapped up hearing the commanding tone in Lexa’s voice.

“I do not want to discuss this now.” Lexa’s tone softened.

“Ok.” Clarke bowed her head down, ashamed at frustrating her mate.

“I just want to relax today. Luna is due any moment.” Lexa smiled.

“I know. I want to meet her.” Clarke looked back up at Lexa and nodded slowly.

Despite Lexa’s softened tone, Clarke still felt the chastisement of her mate’s words telling her to shut up. Echo beckoned Clarke over to the bar, and Raven watched on as her best friend’s sulking form walked over to the counter.

“Hey Clarkey-pants, is your lady hormonal?” Raven patted Clarke’s back apologetically.

“Sh is being difficult about the living arrangements…” Clarke frowned.

“Maybe she wants to live here with her Brother?” Raven guessed.

“It’s not easy carrying a child, Clarke. I can’t imagine carrying one, let alone three.” Echo quickly glanced at Lexa’s swollen ankles.

“What the hell would you know about pregnant women?” Clarke dismissed Echo’s words.

Raven gave Echo a knowing, sad smile.

“So, who is this Luna person?” Raven asked.
“She’s an old friend of Lexa’s. They grew up together in Polis.” Clarke shared.

“You have no idea who she is, do you Clarke?” Raven laughed.

“Not really... Lexa is excited to see her so...” Clarke shrugged.

A loud clanging sound echoed from the large entry doors. Someone was knocking.

Lincoln rose up from his seat and headed for the doorway. As he got closer, he could hear two female voices giggling.

Was that Octavia?

Lincoln pulled open the one of the doors. He was met by the sight of Octavia carrying supplies for the bar.

Octavia met Lincoln with a brilliant smile. From behind her, Lincoln saw the trademark plume of Luna’s wild hair. Luna carried her belongings in a heavy-looking leather sack. Two Flou-Kru Alphas stood waiting further down the path.

Luna almost jumped onto Lincoln.

“How’s my favorite beta boy!” Luna flirted.

“I am happy to see you Luna.” Lincoln embraced his friend with a smile.

“Look what I found!” Luna pointed to Octavia.

Luna did not know Octavia, however, the two girls had quickly realized they shared a common destination when they happened upon each other in town. Luna had flirted wildly with the Beta girl on the entire way to Trinity.

“Where is Leksa?” Luna could not wait to see her other friend.

Lexa stood up from her chair and turned toward the entry doors. Luna spotted Lexa rising out of her seat and quickly pushed past Lincoln to get to her longtime friend. The Flou-Kru girl skidded to a halt as she got closer, taking in Lexa’s heavily pregnant belly.

“Oh my word!” Luna was slack jawed.

Lexa held out her arms in invitation and Luna pulled the other girl into a tight embrace—being careful of the bump.

“You look so beautiful!” Luna gave Lexa a quick kiss on the lips.

Raven whistled.

Echo moved closer to Clarke.

“You really don’t know who she is?” Echo murmured, her head was spinning with the newcomer’s bubbling energy.

Both Alphas were taken by the display of affection.

“She grew up in Tri-kru with Lexa—I told you.” Clarke whispered.
“But she’s now Flou-Kru?” Echo frowned.

“Well, you left Azgeda!” Raven butt in to the quite conversation between Clarke and Echo.

“She smells Omega.” Echo stated, her nose twitching.

“Do you ever stop with the smelling?” Raven shook her head at Echo.

Clarke watched as Lexa smiled, and ran her hands down Luna’s arms. The two Omegas giggled and laughed together.

“They have definitely slept together.” Echo whispered to Clarke.

Clarke took in Lexa’s body language with her sharp blue gaze. Lexa was extremely tactile with the Flou-Kru Omega.

Raven leant forward on the bar for a better look.

“You think they have, Clarke?” Raven smiled.

Echo and Clarke remained silent and entranced. Neither could stop staring at the pair of Omegas.

“That’s kind of hot if they have...” Raven smirked.

Echo and Clarke swallowed a hard lump in tandem. Raven easily read what was on their minds.

“Imagine what they do to each other, two Omegas!” Raven fanned herself comically.

Clarke turned to her friend, Raven bore a broad grin.

“You’re mocking us?” Clarke realized.

“Well...you both have your tongues hanging out over the bar.”

“I do not!” Clarke defended herself.

“I call bullshit Clarke!” Raven gave Clarke a bored, blank expression, clearly dismissing Clarke’s purist act.

Lexa tugged Luna towards Clarke. Luna looked the Skai-Kru Alpha up and down, her wandering gaze settling on the bulge between Clarke’s legs.

“Jok! Em aik bilaik biga java!” Luna’s eyes were wide.

Lexa held her head in her hands as Luna tickled her.

“Em laik ai biga java” Lexa winked.

“What did she say?” Clarke muttered to Echo.

Echo translated for Clarke.

“They’re basically talking about your girl down there.” Echo gestured to Clarke’s dick.

The pants Clarke had on were thin cotton, leaving little to the imagination.

“It’s kind of a thing now. We all talk about your junk, it’s like a person almost!” Raven spied
Clarke’s bulge.

Lexa composed herself.

“This is Echo…this is Raven.” Luna shook hands with Raven and winked at Echo, as Lexa introduced the two.

Luna slid off her coat revealing strong, muscular arms. The Flou-Kru Omega tossed the coat onto the nearest chair and leaned against the bar counter.

Luna was unlike any other Omega Echo had ever met.

“Ice Nation! Are you gonna just stand there, or serve a girl a drink?” Luna looked at the bottles of moonshine behind the bar.

“Yes Ma’am!” Echo grabbed a cup.

The day quickly turned into night.

Luna brought endless light and energy to Trinity. Raven could not remember the last time she laughed this much. The Flou-Kru Omega was witty and forthright, just like herself. The mechanic was shocked to see Lexa smile and laugh unabashedly; the Tri-Kru girl was always so serious.

Luna never strayed too far from Lexa’s side. The pair of Omegas were currently deep in conversation.

“So…Clarke?” Luna quizzed Lexa.

Lexa looked across the room at Clarke playing cards with Echo.

“She’s adorable!” Luna reached for Lexa’s hand.

Lexa smiled back at her friend. Adorable was not the usual way people described her dominant Alpha mate.

“You took her to your bed before marriage Leksa.” Luna tutted, then winked.

“Mother is a problem. I have avoided returning to Polis.” Lexa admitted.

“Leksa!” Luna scolded.

“She is obstructive and single minded, Luna.” Lexa sipped at her cup of water.

“So are you at times!” Luna laughed.

Lexa sulked at her friend’s words.

“You must return home.” Luna pointed at Lexa.

Luna was one of the few people who could get away with talking to Lexa in such a blunt manner.

The Flou-Kru Omega was rebellious and slightly anarchistic. Luna did not believe in Tri-Kru values. Years of teaching and training from Titus had pushed her away from her own people. Luna believed in free love. She believed in living in the moment. Lexa found her spirit energizing to be around.
Luna scanned the bar. The moonshine was starting to kick in. She pointed towards Octavia.

“Tell me about this girl.” Luna took another sip of her drink.

Lexa looked at Octavia; her legs were clad in tight leather leggings and her hair pulled back into braids. The Skai-girl was knocking back another drink.

“Her name is Octavia. She is a Beta. She is…hot headed.” Lexa poured more water into her glass as she spoke.

“Is she really?” Luna made eye contact with Octavia from across the room.

“She is curious of our kind.” Lexa quirked a brow.

“Your Brother has spent most of the night staring at her.” Luna chuckled.

“Yes, he is foolishly fond of her.” Lexa sighed.

“But he is Beta. She wants to be with an animal!” Luna grabbed Lexa’s knee and mock-snarled at her friend.

“You are incorrigible.” Lexa smiled.

“I do love an innocent Beta.” Luna winked and stood up, downing the rest of her drink.

“Where are you going?” Lexa asked.

“To get another bottle of this!” Luna held up an empty moonshine bottle.

Echo watched as Luna sauntered over to the bar. The Alpha placed down her playing cards and slid behind the counter to serve Luna. With Echo behind the bar, Clarke decided to take a break from the game as well. She stood up from the stool she was sitting on, and moved to join Lexa.

Luna stretched up onto her tip-toes to look at the bar’s top-shelf stock. Echo shuffled over to where Luna was standing, her eyes drifting over to Octavia laughing with Raven.

“Same again, Luna?” Echo muttered, not really paying attention to Flou-Kru Omega.

Luna followed Echo’s line of sight. The Azgeda’s focus was clearly placed elsewhere. The Ice Nation Alpha licked her lips surveying Octavia bending over in her tight leather leggings. The Beta had accidentally knocked over her own cup of liquor with an animated hand gesture, and was trying to retrieve the fallen container which had rolled under one of the long tables.

After a beat, Octavia popped back up victoriously, cup in hand. She then leaned over and whispered something into Raven’s ear. Whatever she said, it had Raven doubled over with laughter.

“She is hot, isn’t she?” Luna also licked her lips.

Echo ripped her eyes away from Octavia, turning her awareness to Luna. The Omega pointed to the bottle of liquor she wanted. Echo reached up and grabbed the unopened bottle, then pulled off the seal.

“She is young.” Echo handed Luna the full bottle of moonshine.

“She’s got great tits.” Luna grinned meeting Echo’s eyes.
Both the Flou-Kru and Azgeda turned their gaze back to the Skai-Kru girl wearing the tight leathers. Luna filled her empty cup to nearly overflowing, but did not spill a drop.

Echo held her tongue at the comment. It was hard not to notice Luna’s heated gaze roaming all over Octavia for most of the evening.

“She seems like a lot of fun.” Luna giggled, watching as Raven comically made herself comfortable on Octavia’s lap.

“She’s a pain in the ass most of the time. She has a smart mouth on her too.” Echo spat.

Luna leant over the bar to Echo, her voice dropping considerably.

“Maybe she needs something shoving in it then.” Luna growled.

“You’re very predatory for an Omega.” Echo narrowed her eyes unsure of what to make of Luna’s behavior—it was putting her on edge.

“And that bothers a lot of Alphas I meet. We don’t all pop out babies every heat.”

“Like Lexa will you mean?” Echo watched as Clarke poured Lexa another glass of water.

Luna lost her smile and jovial tone.

“Leksa is special. Soon you will all see what I have seen.” Luna warned.

“She is special.” Echo agreed. “Clarke is too.” She added.

“Do you feel Leksa in your blood Alpha?” Luna wondered.

Echo glanced over at Lexa. The Azgeda knew Luna’s question was rhetorical, they both knew the answer to her question.

“Do you find yourself wanting to serve her unquestionably?” Luna’s tone was serious.

“Yes.” Echo admitted.

“So do most of our kind…you think me predatory? You have no idea what she can do.”

Echo tried to read Luna’s expression. The Flou-Kru Omega had a fantastic poker-face and gave nothing away.

Without missing a beat, Luna smoothly changed the topic of conversation.

“Octavia’s friend looks like fun too.” Luna nodded towards Raven.

“And here I thought you were an Omega only sort.” Echo stated.

“I find lots of things sexy…” Luna smirked, looking the Azgeda Alpha up-and-down.

“That’s not very Tri-Kru of you.” Echo folded her arms.

“Must be the Flou-Kru then.” Luna toasted the better half of her pedigree.

Echo nodded back.

“Pass me another cup, would you?” Luna held out her hand.
Echo pulled a clean cup from under the bar counter. Luna took the proffered second glass, and swaggered off towards where Octavia sat.

Echo threw the bar towel into the sink sharply.

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“Your friend Luna certainly knows how to…relax.” Clarke mocked.

“She is free-spirited and passionate.” Lexa rubbed her bump.

“Is she the Omega that you slept with before having me?”

Lexa was taken by surprise with the question.

“Yes.” Lexa confessed.

Clarke looked over to Luna, who was now sitting between Octavia and Raven. The three girls looked to be in high spirits.

“What did she do to you?” Clarke’s face was unreadable.

“Clarke!” Lexa’s eyebrows shot up. She was unsure how to take Clarke’s question.

Clarke frowned.

“Does it arouse you to think of me with her?” Lexa asked curiously.

Clarke looked down at the floor, her cheeks slightly flushed.

“Luna is my dearest and closest friend. You have nothing to fear.”

Clarke again looked over to Luna. Raven had vacated the table. Luna sat alone with Octavia—her hand on Octavia’s thigh.

“Clarke, I wish to lie down for a while.” Lexa rubbed her bump again.

Clarke stood up and held out her hand for Lexa to take. She escorted her Omega to the stairs, and up to the bedroom.

Halfway up the steps, Clarke looked back to where Luna and Octavia were sitting. The Flou-Kru Omega’s hands were now playing with the Beta’s hair. Lexa followed Clarke’s gaze down onto her promiscuous friend. Lexa rolled her eyes.

Clarke turned her attentions back to her mate, and half carried a tiring Lexa the rest of the way to their bedroom.

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Echo spent her time behind the bar. She had rearranged the liquor bottles several times already and the wooden countertops were ridiculously clean now. Echo stood, arms crossed, frowning at the bottles of moonshine—maybe alphabetical order was better than arranging by type?

So lost in her thoughts, a loud clatter behind Echo caused the Azgeda Alpha to startle. Echo whirled around, looking for the source of the noise. Octavia had leapt up onto the bar; her legs now dangling over Echo’s side.
“Hey, you should come sit with us!” Octavia smiled, her skin was flushed.

Echo saw that Lincoln had joined the girls sitting on the other side of the club at some point. Raven was currently pulling at his shirt, trying to get him to remove it. Luna clapped and cheered Raven on.

“I’m busy.” Echo folded her arms.

“Doing what?” Octavia scoffed.

“Look Octavia, you should hang out with your friends, kid.” Echo turned her back to Octavia.

Octavia’s smile dropped.

“Kid? Is that what I am now?” Octavia slid off the bar, and moved to stand in front of Echo.

“I’ve said that I’m busy! Stop hassling me!” Echo spat.

The Skai-Kru Beta looked Echo up-and-down, a frown on her face. Luna called to Octavia from across the bar. Octavia shook her head at Echo before shouting over to the gang.

“I need some air!” Octavia pointed to the side door.

Octavia stepped away from Echo and left the building. She padded barefoot outside, finding herself in Trinity’s small garden. Lincoln liked to grow his own fruit and vegetables out there. Octavia wrapped her arms around her body and stared up at the night sky. The twinkling stars and moon shone beautifully, but it did little to ease her pain. She heard the door open from behind-her heart skipped a beat.

The Skai-girl closed her eyes briefly, and felt arms encircle her from behind. She leant back into the warmth behind her.

“You should have a jacket on.”

Octavia’s eyes shot open as the sound of Luna’s melodic voice filled the small courtyard.

Luna smoothly dropped her hands to Octavia’s hips. She pressed a light kiss onto the Beta’s bare shoulder. Octavia tipped her head to the side on instinct. The invitation was well received, and Luna kissed and suckled at the juncture between Octavia’s neck and shoulder. Octavia felt her knees tremble, her stomach doing summersaults. Octavia’s core tightened as Luna expertly brought goose pimples to her skin with the way the Omega’s lips ghosted up her neck.

Octavia knew that another beta could never turn her on like this.

It was exquisite.

The Beta leaned back further, melding herself against Luna’s body. The Flou-Kru leader felt Octavia give in. Luna ran her hands up Octavia’s sides, her hands racing dangerously close to the swell of Octavia’s full breasts. In that moment, something recoiled in Octavia. She grabbed Luna’s hands, cutting off their path to her breasts. She then turned to face the Omega. Octavia’s pupils were blown wide, her breaths ragged. Dropping one hand, Octavia held Luna’s other hand tightly.

Luna looked down to Octavia’s heaving chest; the top of her breasts were flushed. Luna knew the girl wanted sex desperately, arousal seeped from her. But despite her excitement, Octavia had panicked when Luna reached out to grab hold of her breasts.

“Oh-I see! You’re saving yourself for someone else.” Luna smiled and backed off respectfully.
Octavia remained silent. She was horribly aroused. She was ready for sex. There was not a doubt in her mind that Luna could make her feel everything that Beta could not. Still, she could not bring herself to give her body away to the Flou-Kru Omega.

“What fool would make you wait?” Luna turned her gaze away from Octavia and to the sky.

“I’m sorry Luna, I do want to...”

“I know that sweetheart.” Luna beamed at the Beta.

Octavia blushed at the notion that Luna could smell her.

“I hope this person is worth the wait.” Luna winked.

The Omega held out her arm to Octavia, beckoning her to come back inside.

The Skai-girl smiled, relieved that Luna had not taken offense at the rebuff. She was truly an amazing woman—full of life and positive vibes. Octavia questioned herself though, was it foolish to save her body for Echo? Or was it a wonderful statement of intent?

Both women stepped back through the side door and into the bar area. By this time, Raven had managed to strip Lincoln down to his jeans. The mechanic shouted over at the returning pair.

“Have you seen this guys rack!?” Raven pointed to Lincoln’s bulging pectoral muscles.

Lincoln was undoubtedly feeling the effects of the moonshine, having let Raven strip him of his clothes.

“I kind of want to cover you in engine oil...is that weird?” Raven slurred.

Lincoln looked down at his hard body, unsure of how to respond.

Echo—still behind the bar—watched as Luna walked over to where Raven and Lincoln sat, a frazzled looking Octavia beside her. The Alpha gripped the ceramic pot in her hand so hard it cracked into two. Feeling the shattered pieces of pottery in her palm, she looked down at the mess in her hand. A dark look crossed her features.

Meanwhile upstairs

Clarke sat with Lexa’s feet in her lap. Clarke ran her thumbs over Lexa’s taunt arches then kneaded her soles. Lexa sighed. Pregnancy was starting to take a toll this evening. Clarke smiled contently as Lexa moaned and sighed, Clarke’s hands releasing the tension in her feet.

However, the soft noises had the unintended effect of stirring Clarke’s libido.

Clarke stopped rubbing her mate’s feet, much to Lexa’s displeasure.

“What is wrong Clarke?”

“What did Luna do to you?”

Lexa laughed.

“Tell me.” Clarke frowned.
Lexa sat further up the bed, beckoning Clarke to her. Clarke slid up the bed, next to her mate. Lexa took Clarke’s fingers into her mouth and sucked on them, her warm tongue swirling around the digits. Lexa removed the fingers from her mouth, and guided them down to her naked core. She pressed Clarke’s fingertips into her center. Lexa then licked and nipped up Clarke’s neck gently, her tongue painting hot patterns onto Clarke’s skin. She was mimicking Luna’s love.

Clarke’s eyes darkened.

“I can do that to you too.” Clarke growled.

“I know.” Lexa smirked.

“I can do it better.”

Lexa looked at the challenge in Clarke’s eyes.

“Prove it then.” Lexa pushed Clarke’s head down past her bump, towards her aching core.

Octavia slipped away from the table that everyone, sans Echo, was seated at after announcing her need to pee.

Lincoln had found himself reminiscing with Luna, as Raven sat perched upon his lap.

“I love this guy!” Raven slurred hugging Lincoln, much to Luna’s amusement.

“Why is your Sister so damn hot Linc? Even I want to fuck her!” Raven proclaimed confusedly. She was starting to feel a bit woozy.

“I think it’s time you went to bed!” Luna laughed.

“That’s the best offer I’ve had all week!” Raven leaned over, and kissed Luna.

Lincoln blushed as the girls practically made out on top of him; one dangling off his lap into the arms of the other sitting beside him.

Octavia passed Echo on the way to the restroom.

“Luna is fun, hey.” Echo jested.

Octavia scowled, turning to face the Alpha.

“She’s a bit of a Beta chaser I see!”

Echo pointed to the heated kiss between Raven and Luna. Lincoln sat looking too wasted to enjoy the scene.

“Get out of my way Echo.” Octavia did not like the cutting tone in Echo’s voice.

“Didn’t take her long to catch you! She make you cum under the starlight, O?” Echo put her hand to her heart mockingly.

Octavia snapped. Using all of her strength, the Beta shoved Echo several steps back. Echo was
caught off guard and stumbled, her back biting into the bar counter.

“Fuck you Echo!” Octavia snarled.

The strength Octavia was able to summon up had surprised the Alpha. Echo was not one to be pushed around easily.

“I don’t have to explain anything to you!”

Echo folded her arms and pursed her lips. She moved into Octavia’s space.

Octavia laughed in Echo’s face.

“You know what? She knows how to touch a woman! Raven is gonna cum all night.” Octavia stated.

“She touched you?” Echo’s voice cracked ever so slightly at Octavia’s words.

“Wouldn’t you like to know!?” Octavia spat out, getting up in Echo’s face.

“You’re drunk.” Echo turned her head away from Octavia, more to hide the vulnerable look splashed across her features than anything else.

“I’m a kid remember? That’s what we do, have reckless fun!” Octavia scathingly repeated Echo’s insult from earlier.

Echo felt her fists clench, desperately trying to reel in her emotions.


When Octavia exited the restroom, she found that Raven, Lincoln, and Luna were no longer in the bar area. Echo was also missing. Not caring to search out her friends, Octavia ascended the stairs instead. She slipped into Echo and her shared bedroom and plonked down onto the bed. As she lay back, Octavia fought back tears. Echo was needlessly cruel in the bar, her tone biting and hurtful. Octavia did not want to admit it, but Echo’s insults and behavior sliced through her aching heart.

Was she falling in love with Echo?

To make matters worse, Octavia could hear Lexa cry out Clarke’s name repeatedly from next door. The Alpha’s tongue was lapping away at Lexa’s center. Octavia grabbed a pillow and buried her face into it. This was not how she thought her night would end.
“Abby? Are you ok?” For the third time, Jaha tried to bring the Chancellor out of her daze.

Finally, Abby snapped to awareness.

“I’m sorry Thelonious, what were you saying?”

“We were saying that we really need to start the campaign early this time. I hear Marcus Kane has already started promoting his manifesto.”

Jaha’s words brought Abby crashing down to Earth, pulling her back from the musings deep within her mind.

Abby sat at the head of a long wooden table in the Chancellor’s conference room. She and Thelonious were the only two in the room currently, Jaha sitting adjacent to her. Abby fully turned her attention to Jaha, as the man stared back at the Chancellor expectantly.

Jaha cocked a brow at Abby, clearly waiting for her reply. Abby trusted Jaha with these matters. Not only was he long-time a close family friend, but he was a well trusted member of the community.

The Skai-Kru Chancellor elections.

Abby sighed. She had survived fifteen years of being Chancellor already. Fifteen years of dedication to maintaining Skai-Kru’s individuality whilst in a partnership with the Tri-Kru. Fifteen years of landslide victories and posthumous praise... Despite this, Abby was not an egotistical woman; she never took the votes for granted and she believed strongly in representing her people’s real needs.

And then there was her own personal project, the Skai-Kru clinic, which helped her garner support among her people. The clinic—that Abby had poured her blood, sweat, and tears into—was something the Skai-Kru were endlessly proud of. Abby was sure her departed great-grandfather would have approved; it was his dream that there would be heath care for all.

Abby wanted Skai-Kru to flourish, it was the reason she first put her bid in to be Chancellor; it was the reason she worked so damn hard. Abby had hoped for some time that Clarke would eventually take an interest in the office. She wanted Clarke to have an easier ride at maintaining peace than she ever did, working every single day to keep Markus Kane and his backwards political agenda at bay.

“Have you seen Kane’s recent press? He has another prominent supporter.” Jaha picked up a paper that was lying on the conference table.

“His name Pike.” Jaha slid the paper over to Abby.

“A Guarda peer and self-professed Beta warrior, he shares Kane’s desire to leave the coalition. Pike has hit out at Alpha related crime being up. He claims, and I quote ... ‘The animals have plumbed to new depths and crossed the line of civilised discourse’.”

“This man has triggered controversy by claiming there are ‘very big cultural issues’ that could mean Beta women in the all clans could be endangered. The nuclear bomb this time, he says, is Azgeda. He referred to mass sexual attacks that were alleged to take place in the Ice Nation territory last winter.”
Abby rose up from her seat, incensed by Kane’s ignorance.

“The reference to a bomb suggests an indiscriminate act with scant regard for the impact on race relations. He is so hate filled it’s untrue.” Abby sighed.

“He is spreading lies and fears about Azgeda joining the partnership between Skai and Tri clans. It’s a cheap political tactic designed to cause maximum harm and convert fear into votes at whatever cost”.

Jaha shook his head.

“Veiled threats of sexual assault are straying too close for comfort; this is why we need to push through race-hate laws.” Abby ran her hands through her hair.

“I am trying to arrange a meeting with Roan.” Jaha took the newspaper back from Abby.

“You should run for Chancellor, Theo.” Abby sank back in her chair.

“Pardon me for saying so, but you don’t seem yourself today, Abby.”

Abby remained silent for a few moments.

“We need to talk Thelonious. You better stay seated.”

“I’m all ears.” Jaha smiled.

Abby sat forward on the edge of her seat. She clasped her hands together and leant toward Jaha.

“I may as well just come straight out with it.”

Jaha leant forward on the table, curious of what Abby would say.

“Clarke has taken a mate. Her name is Lexa...she is First Minister Indra’s daughter.”

Abby awaited Jaha’s reaction.

Jaha blew out a breath before bringing a hand to his chin, shaking his head in disbelief. He could only manage one word in return.

“Wow.”

“There is more, she is pregnant with Triplets. Clarke managed to impregnate Tri-Kru’s future Queen on their first meeting.”

Hearing herself say it all out loud was surreal for Abby. With the exception of Jake, Jaha was the only other person she had told of the news.

Jaha locked eyes with Abby.

“Well shit.” Jaha held his head in his hands.

“Things between Indra and I are somewhat strained now, as you can imagine.”

Jaha stood from his chair and paced the room.

“Kane will have a field day with this!” Jaha looked to the ceiling.
“Yes, yes he will.” Abby threw her pen across the table, frustrated.

“How is Clarke?” Jaha continued to pace.

“Over protective, aggressive, animalistic...she’s Clarke!” Abby rubbed her temples. This conversation was giving her a headache.

“Are they in love?” Jaha frowned.

“They have an incredibly strong bond already. I don’t think they really know that much about each other though.”

“What? But Clarke got her pregnant!” Jaha was shell-shocked by the information.

“They met, they made love.” Abby shrugged.

Jaha walked over to his desk within the conference room and opened up one of the drawers. He pulled out a half full bottle of moonshine and poured two cups. This discussion warranted drinks.

Abby got up and made her way over to Jaha, taking the proffered drink from his hand. She leant on the desk, staring into space for a moment before speaking slowly.

“Clarke is unlike any other Alpha, I have always known that. I don’t know exactly why she is so different...I wish I did.” Abby downed the moonshine in one go.

Jaha listened to the Chancellor intently.

“Lexa is...unique also. I can’t help but think there is something else at work here.” Abby handed the empty pot back to Jaha and he poured another for her.

“Lexa has something about her that terrifies me.” Abby admitted.

“Does the thought of the two of them together worry you?” Jaha wondered.

“Yes.” Abby felt awful for admitting that.

“In their own right they’re very powerful. Together...I think they have the potential to be very dangerous.”

Jaha laughed.

“Don’t you think you’re being a little melodramatic?”

“They unlike any other Alpha and Omega...I have no idea what they are, scientifically speaking of course.” Abby closed her eyes.

Jaha paused for a moment, second guessing his words before speaking.

“What is it?” Abby noticed the pause.

“Do you not wish that you had continued Becca Kane’s research?”

“No!” Abby was adamant.

“I wonder if she is still under Roan’s watchful eye...” Jaha trailed off.

“I hope to never clap eyes on that woman ever again.”
Jaha placed his hands on his hips.

“We will find a way to deal with Kane. We always do, and this time is no different.” Jaha gave Abby a weak smile.

“I really need to speak with Indra. Her position is more at risk than mine.”

**Back at Trinity**

Clarke lay on Lexa’s bed flat on her back, her arm casually behind her head. She propped herself up and watched Lexa stride about nude, attempting to find bed clothes that fit. Lexa’s toned body strained under the weight of her bump that seemed higher up than normal. Lexa breasts were fuller than usual and Clarke felt a strong pull to touch them.

“Echo says that means they’re all boys.” Clarke fiddled with the tog on her bed pants.

“Excuse me?” Lexa stopped what she was doing.

“Your bump...it’s sitting high.” Clarke pointed at Lexa’s belly.

“Echo now serves as midwife? I find that concept bizarre to say the least.” Lexa tossed another ill-fitting pair of pants to the ground.

Clarke chuckled and continued to watch Lexa fuss about with the clothes.

“Why don’t you just come lay down with me?” Clarke patted the bed.

Lexa looked back at her mate, arching a perfectly tweezed brow.

“You don’t need clothes.” Clarke grinned.

Lexa smiled back. To be honest, she was tired of looking for nightwear, and there was no doubt that any bed clothes would soon be discarded anyway. Giving in, Lexa padded over to the bed. Clarke scooched over and lifted the bed throw up. Lexa climbed in and lay on her side, her back to Clarke.

As the light faded outside, Clarke snuck in close behind her mate. She spooned Lexa, running a hand over her bump.

“My boys will be strong like me, and beautiful like you.” Clarke kissed Lexa’s back gently.

“We do not know that they are all boys, Clarke.” Lexa placed her hand on top of Clarke’s.

“You’re so damn beautiful.” Clarke kissed up towards Lexa’s shoulders and neck.

“Clarke!” Lexa gave a weak protest towards Clarke’s advances.

Clarke continued the soft kisses all over Lexa’s back and shoulder. She nipped at Lexa’s skin and eventually worked her way to the shell of Lexa’s ear, nibbling gently at the lobe and outer rim. Lexa’s eyes rolled back and her ass pushed back into Clarke’s crotch. Lexa bit her bottom lip as Clarke’s hard penis pressed up against her ass.

Clarke whispered into Lexa’s sensitive ear.

“Do you want my mouth or my cock?”
Lexa did not verbally respond—she didn’t need to. Instead, she rolled her hips backward into Clarke, pressing the Alpha’s penis flush up against her rounded behind.

“I want you to say it!” Clarke growled.

Lexa tilted her head back, her caramel tones slowly dripping with desire.

“Dison laik ain.” Lexa reached back for Clarke’s hard member.

Clarke closed her eyes slowly, her top lip curling. Lexa knew that her native tongue spoke strongly to Clarke’s wolf.

“I will be gentle.” Clarke promised.

Clarke maneuvered herself down the bed slightly. She then pulled her bed pants down, freeing her hard member from the soft cotton prison. Clarke directed the fat swollen head towards Lexa’s moist entrance and pushed herself inside. She kept a hand on Lexa’s hip as she got her pace just right.

Gently, Clarke rocked in and out of Lexa, sparing her Omega the intrusion of her full length; the Alpha resisted the temptation to plow all the way in. Clarke’s cock end dipped in and out, in and out, earning soft broken moans from Lexa each time. Lexa’s hips bucked faster, as Clarke felt her mate’s orgasm rapidly approach.

Clarke buried her face into Lexa’s sweet smelling hair. The Alpha clung to the Omega’s back, pulling herself impossibly closer; it was starting to become more and more difficult to restrain her self. Clarke’s knot had fully formed at the bottom of her length, she would come soon. Lightly, Clarke bit down on Lexa’s shoulder, she was so close…

Suddenly, the Omega took a sharp intake of breath. Lexa grabbed at Clarke’s hand on her hip, gripping her fingers tightly.

“Clarke stop!” Lexa eyes were wide with panic.

Clarke, so lost in her own pleasure as her knot prepared to launch its release inside the Queen-to-be, did not hear Lexa’s protest.

“Clarke! Stop now!” Lexa repeatedly hit on Clarkes hand.

Finally feeling the assault on her hand, Clarke stopped and steadied her movements. Her pupils were blown, and dark as coal.

“What is it…?” Clarke whispered into the candle light.

“I am in pain, something is wrong!”

………

Abby Griffin’s dreams were wild and vivid that night. As a doctor, she had seen it all, but tonight her dreams focused on a very specific point in her life. Tonight, Abby dreamt of Rebecca Kane.

It might have come from Jaha’s comment earlier that day, Abby wasn’t sure. All she knew was that it had been a very long time since she last thought about Becca. Abby had first met the woman during her medical training, and later at Skai-Kru’s fledgling hospital. Rebecca Kane was smart, scary smart. Abby felt in awe of the woman’s ability to absorb huge amounts of information, applying it to her trails and studies.
In the end though, Abby felt the lines blurred for Becca. At what point did research and experimentation become morally questionable? When did study become torture?

For Abby, the answer was simple: When another life suffered for the gain of other people. Abby felt it was at that point when academic, intelligent people like Becca and herself needed to take a step back and find another way. Rebecca Kane did not agree.

All of a sudden, Abby was jolted awake by the radio crackling loudly at the side of her bed.

“Abby, are you receiving this?” Jackson’s voice filled the room.

Abby wiped the sleep from her eyes and grabbed the radio. She was still reeling from her odd dreams.

“Jackson? I’m here.”

“Abby, I think you should come down to the clinic right away.”

“What’s happened?” Abby looked over to Jake who was now awake, blinking tiredly at his wife holding the radio.

“Clarke is here…with Lexa.”

“Is she ok?” Abby felt the stirrings of dread settle in her chest.

“Well, I’d love to tell you, but you know what Clarke is like. I can’t get in the room!” Abby could picture Jackson’s eye roll from here.

“Understood, I’m on my way.”

Abby reached the clinic at...she looked down at her watch.

“3:32am!”

The doctor shook her head in mild disbelief as she rounded the last corridor to her office. Upon arrival, she saw Jackson stood outside her consultation room. He stood holding his clipboard to his chest looking thoroughly frustrated. Through the frosted glass of the door, Abby saw Clarke’s trademark blonde hair. The Alpha paced on the other side of the doorway as if on guard.

Abby looked Jackson over, he didn’t seem injured. Clarke had done him no physical harm. Still though, he looked on edge.

“Thank you, I will take it from here Jackson. Go take a break.”

“Yes Dr Griffin.”

“Please, when will you start calling me Abby? It’s been 8 years, Jackson.” Abby smiled, trying to inject a bit of comic relief to lighten up the tense atmosphere.

After Jackson left the corridor, Abby knocked on the door. The doctor shook her head at how ridiculous it was to knock on her own office door.
“Baby, it’s mom, can I come in?” Abby looked up to the ceiling, exasperated by Clarke’s dominant conduct.

The door clicked open, now unlocked, and Abby pushed on the handle.

Right away, Abby took in Clarke’s state of dress; her daughter wore loose fitting cotton pants and a vest top. The Alpha was partially blocking Abby’s view of Lexa, but the doctor was able to see that the Omega sat in the leather chair behind her desk. Abby noticed Lexa wore a silk night dress under Clarke’s leather jacket. It was clear they had left Trinity in a hurry.

“Are you ok Lexa?” Abby noticed Lexa protectively holding her bump.

“I have experienced pain tonight.”

Abby walked over to the desk and pulled a chair up to Lexa. She sat opposite the Tri-Kru girl and took her pulse.

“I have never felt this sort of pain before.” Lexa admitted.

Abby found Lexa’s heartbeat raced ever so slightly, but it was nothing to be concerned over. She then took Lexa’s temperature, it was also perfectly normal.

Clarke continued to watch the corridors while her mother examined her mate. The clinic was quiet, but people still wondered past the room none-the-less. Clarke glared every time she saw the distorted form of someone walk by the frosted glass door.

Upon examination, Lexa’s throat bore bruises and teeth marks. Her pupils were dilated and her skin was clammy. Given the evidence, it dawned on Abby what the scare may have been down to.

“Lexa, you know how I love to ask you awkward questions in this room.” Abby half smiled.

Clarke turned around curious, hoping that her mother might allay any worries.

Lexa kept her focus on Abby, expression unreadable.

“Have you and Clarke been…making love tonight?”

Abby saw Clarke squirm from the corner of her eye. Guilty.

“Yes.” Lexa replied.

“Right, ok.” Abby pulled out a chair for her daughter, motioning for Clarke to come sit.

Although Abby had given the ‘sex whilst pregnant talk’ to many couples, She would not deny that this was somewhat more difficult to broach it being her own daughter.

“When you felt the pain, was it…post coital?” Abby briefly closed her eyes, swallowing hard. This was very awkward indeed.

Clarke sat heavily in the chair Abby had pulled out, covering her ears.

“It was during my union with Clarke.” Lexa was intrigued by the question.

Clarke coughed loudly. Despite covering her ears, her Alpha hearing allowed her to hear every word spoken. She stared desperately at Lexa, willing her to not be so...Lexa.
“Did you…reach completion?” Abby swallowed hard again.

Lexa remained fascinated as to where this conversation with Abby was going, while Clarke just wanted to die a thousand deaths. The Alpha was pleased that her mother had at least thought to turn away from her during this exchange.

“I found my pleasure, yes. I always enjoy Clarke.” Lexa watched Clarke shake her head in disbelief.

“We should have really discussed sexual activity whilst pregnant. It would have saved you a trip here in middle of the night, tonight.” Abby said.

The blonde Alpha stood from her chair abruptly, looking between her mother and her mate.

“You both realise that this is the weirdest conversation for me-” Clarke was cut off.

“Sit down, Clarke!” Both mother and mate commanded Clarke in stereo.

Clarke flinched. They had shot her down in tandem. Clarke sat back down slowly, covering her ears again. She had the strength and speed of a wolf, but cowered under the glare of the two Omegas. Desperately, she looked out of the windows despite the darkness outside. Any sort of distraction would do right now. Any chance to leave the room she would take.

Clearly, Lexa and Abby did not want her to leave the room.

“Clarke, you need to hear this too.” Abby pointed at Clarke.

“Is there no other Omega doctor in this place that we can have this talk with?” Clarke pleaded.

“I trust your Mother Clarke. I will not speak with another.”

Abby smiled and felt a warm glow inside. The barrier between Lexa and herself wobbled slightly. Perhaps they would become closer.

“Did we hurt our young?” Lexa sighed, worry evident in her voice.

Clarke perked her ears up with shared concern.

“No.” Abby smiled.

Clarke waited for the but.

“Should we avoid sexual intercourse?” Lexa asked formally.

Clarke’s eyes went wide at that question. She moved jerkily in her seat, finding the edge of the side table accidentally. She knocked its contents onto the floor; pens and paper slid across the shiny tile surface.

Both Lexa and Abby eyed the jumpy Clarke with distrust. Abby raised a perfectly arched eyebrow at her Alpha daughter.

Clarke’s head was a jumbled mess, her anxious thoughts racing through her mind. She could not forego sex with Lexa! She would wither and die, surely? She would lose it all over again!

Abby could plainly read her daughter’s sex addled fears from the expression on horror on Clarke’s face. The selfish reaction from most Alphas during their mate’s pregnancy never failed to infuriate the doctor. Abby folded her arms.
Clarke looked on in dismay as Lexa mirrored the older Omega’s posture.

Abby was tempted to leave Clarke hanging. For the benefit of Lexa though, she continued to pass on information.

“It's perfectly safe to have sex during pregnancy. An Alphas penis can't penetrate beyond your vagina, and the babies cannot tell what's going on. It is normal for your sex drive to increase during pregnancy as well. Don't worry about it too much.”

Clarke let out a relieved sigh.

Abby turned in her chair and narrowed her eyes at Clarke’s reaction.

“Later in pregnancy, an orgasm can set off contractions. When it happens, you'll feel the muscles of your womb go hard. This is perfectly normal and there's no need for alarm. If it feels uncomfortable, try some relaxation techniques or just lie quietly until the contractions pass.”

“That is what I felt tonight.” Lexa sighed in relief.

“As your doctor, I would probably advise you to avoid sex if you've had any heavy bleeding. Sex may increase the risk of further bleeding if the placenta is low or there is a haematoma.”

“There was no blood!” Clarke jumped in a little too loudly.

Abby was becoming increasingly annoyed with Clarke’s conduct. Surely, she raised her daughter to be a bit more considerate than this?

“You will probably need to find...different positions.” Abby could hear Clarke squirming in her seat as she spoke directly to Lexa. Clearly, her daughter was becoming uncomfortable again. Good.

“Sex with a partner on top can become uncomfortable quite early on in pregnancy, not just because of the bump, but because your breasts might be tender. It can also be uncomfortable if an Alpha penetrates too deeply. It may be better to lie on your sides, either facing each other or with Clarke behind.”

Clarke covered her eyes, looking to the heavens to save her from this torment. She couldn’t believe this was happening! Clarke slumped down into her seat, repeating to herself that it would be all over soon. Just as Clarke didn’t think her pain could get any worse, Lexa finished her off.

“Clarke’s penis is very large, her length is several inches when she is fully excited.”

“Omg! I’m so sorry...but I am out of here!”

Clarke bolted for the exit. In her mortified state of embarrassment, she pushed the door instead of pulling it. Why wasn’t the damn thing opening! She pushed the door again, her movements frantic. Realizing her mistake, she was finally able to pull the door open, nearly ripping it from its hinges.

Finally, with her battle to escape the room won, Clarke fled down the corridor.

Lexa and Abby turned to each other. The two burst out in the peals of laughter.

“Oh my word! She will sulk for a week.” Abby wiped the tears of mirth from her eyes.

“I suppose I should feel guilty.” Lexa held back a grin.

Abby smirked at Lexa.
“You said that last part on purpose.” Abby pointed at Lexa accusingly.

Lexa winked.

“Well, that was hilarious. I can’t wait to tell Jake.” Abby giggled.

Abby looked at Lexa properly. She was so young.

“Your mother should be here. She will regret missing out on this.” Abby sighed.

“My mother is...difficult.”

“I did my best with Clarke, you know?” Abby played with her pen nervously.

“There is nothing wrong with Clarke.” Lexa smirked.

“She was so angry for so long. She is very aggressive still.” Abby worried.

“Clarke has needs, as a mother, you cannot meet. I only wish I had met her sooner.” Lexa’s tone sounded regretful.

“I’m not so sure that would have been wise.” Abby looked at Lexa’s ever growing bump.

Lexa seemed lost in thought for a moment. Abruptly, she sat up straighter and raised her chin regally.

“I have decided not to deny Clarke sexual intercourse during the remainder of my pregnancy.”

Abby snapped her eyes up to Lexa’s in mild discomfort at the statement.

“I’m fairly certain my daughter will be most grateful to hear that Lexa.” Abby rubbed her temples. She felt a migraine rapidly approaching.

Abby jumped in her seat as the door clicked open behind her. A sheepish Clarke returned. Lexa smiled briefly at Abby.

“Clarke, your mother assures me our young are perfectly healthy.”

“I’m glad about that.” Clarke gave an apologetic look to Lexa.

“Still, I would advise care and consideration.” Abby grunted.

Abby ran threatening parental eyes all over her daughter.

The radio crackled into life by Lexa. She handed the tech over to Abby

“Abby? It’s Harper here.”

“Go ahead Harper.”

“A Tri-Kru rider has just visited us, he has left a message here for you.”

Lexa took in a deep breath.

“It will be from my mother.” Lexa went pale.

“Let’s go and find out.” Clarke stood quickly.
Abby guided Lexa and Clarke to the reception desk. Harper handed the leather envelope to her boss.

Abby scanned the writing. At least Indra had the sense to write in English not Trigedasleng.

“What does it say?”

“It’s a golden invitation to the great halls.” Abby scoffed.

“Then we will go.” Clarke was eager to face Indra.

“Baby, your name is not on it, it’s for me and Lexa.” Abby rubbed her daughters arm.

“I will not go without Clarke.” Lexa held Clarkes hand.

Abby thought on the best course of action.

“I think perhaps I should go alone, face Indra Mother to Mother.” Abby placed her hands on her hips.

Clarke and Lexa nodded.

Tomorrow, Abby Griffin would set off for Polis.
Calling Dr. Griffin (part two)

Abby was fairly certain that Titus had not blinked for at least ten minutes. He stood rigidly behind Indra’s overly- elaborate council seat, judgmentally looking down upon Abby. He kept his hands behind his back and his thoughts to himself…for now.

The Skai-Kru Chancellor turned her attention to Indra, who was lowering herself slowly onto the grand looking chair. The two leaders sat opposite one another at the table in Tri-Kru’s great hall, each focusing unwaveringly upon the other. The atmosphere was close, as if a storm waited on the horizon.

The negative energy directed towards Abby—from the two Tri-Kru—was absolutely stifling. The Chancellor prayed her words would serve as adequate weaponry, if need be. She was thankful Clarke had stayed away; Abby could only imagine how the tense environment would have affected her temperamental daughter.

Indra’s dark eyes bored holes into Abby…the eyes upon her were intense, as if she was about to stand trial for a crime. It made Abby feel as if she was the one completely responsible for the current predicament, as though it was her seed that had been sown into Lexa. Abby frowned. How could she be made to feel so guilty for something she had not done?

“How is Aleksandria?” Titus broke the heavy silence.

At Titus’ words, Abby felt renewed faith in the meeting. At least the first words uttered were spoken in concern, not judgment on Lexa or her mate. However, Abby felt a tinge of disappointment that it was not Indra who showed the concern for the Tri-Kru Omega.

“She is fatigued, anxious. She is healthy though, all things considered.” Abby kept her gaze on Indra.

Abby noted the First Minister fidget in her seat.

“Being pregnant is a strain, as you well know, First Minister.”

“The Skai-beast should have shown more restraint!” Titus stood taller as he spoke at Abby, his tone clear and sharp.

“That beast is my daughter.” Abby narrowed her eyes on Titus.

“Klark’s choices reflect strongly on her training throughout your time raising her!” Titus raised his voice.

“Well at least you just used the beast’s proper name!” Abby scoffed and shook her head.

Abby’s face flushed red with anger and embarrassment at the condemnation Titus threw her way.

“I have raised many children within the confines of these walls. Strong-minded children! It is your fault that -”

Titus’ rant was cut short by Indra.

“Titus, leave us.” Indra’s tone was hard, as she raised a commanding hand for the Master to leave the
room.

“First Minister, I…” Titus trailed off, reluctant to depart.

“You heard me. Leave us…now.” Indra growled impatiently.

Titus shook his head, clearly upset with the First Minister’s words. He paced quickly towards the exit. Titus glanced over his shoulder at the two seated Omegas before closing the great doors behind him.

With the Fight Master gone, Indra rose from her seat at the table and turned her back to Abby. Indra looked out the tall windows of the great hall. The day was sunny and bright and joyous, a complete antithesis to the mood inside.

“I will speak plainly to you, Chancellor.”

“Sounds perfect.” Abby folded her arms defensively.

“I blame you for Klark’s part in this…I blame myself for Aleksandria’s.”

Abby was shocked. She was not expecting a statement remotely like that to leave the First Minister’s lips.

“I see.” Abby cleared her throat, unsure of what else to say.

Once again, a deafening silence echoed throughout the room.

After a beat, Indra pushed herself away from the window frame.

“Follow me.” Indra commanded the other woman.

Abby remained seated, her arms still folded. She did not like Indra’s tone; they were equals.

“Please, follow me.” Indra rolled her eyes at the Skai-Kru Chancellor’s stubbornness.

Indra led Abby down a long, narrow corridor just off of the main hall. A gallery of windows flanked one side, the odd door on the other side. The pair remained silent, Abby curiously taking in the décor of the building. Eventually, they reached a large, beautifully-crafted, oaken door which Indra efficiently unlocked. A modest study was revealed after the door was opened.

“Take a seat Chancellor.” Indra motioned, her voice stern.

“Indra, I came here to discuss Lexa’s situation, not be taken on a silent tour.” Abby sighed as she took a seat at the small, round table in the center of the room.

The Chancellor was growing tired of Indra’s theatrics. Why did they need to move to this study? Was the hall not a perfectly acceptable place for their discussion?

“I am more than aware of her…situation, as you put it.”

Indra moved to the other side of the table where a bundle of papers had been neatly stacked. The First Minister slid the damning collection of Gustus’s evidence towards Abby.

The Skai-Kru Chancellor squint her eyes as she curiously glanced over the top page. How strange, it
all looked very familiar. Suddenly, Abby felt all of the blood drain from her face, her complexion turning ashen.

“These are my medical notes!”

Abby fingered through countless pages of her own handwriting, scans of Lexa’s womb, and then picked up the video pod.

“How the hell did you get this!?” Abby felt violated.

“Gustus, he presented this to me as evidence that I am no longer suitable to lead our people.”

Indra picked up a scan of Lexa’s womb, staring perfunctorily at the picture.

“What?” Abby was confused, how could this be?

“It seems you have a traitor amongst your ranks Chancellor.”

“Shit!” Abby threw the paperwork across the table angrily.

The doctor ran shaky fingers through her hair, as if to tie back the long tresses. She had her suspicions, but…Jackson! She had placed so much faith and trust in him. She felt like a fool.

“So, you know everything!” Abby stated angrily.

“I think so, yes.” Indra remained stoic, watching as Abby’s manner grew increasingly flustered.

“Then why the hell have you dragged me here?”

“Our children are unique, Leksa especially.”

Abby moved to collect the paperwork scattered across the table.

“I have never seen a pregnancy like it.” Abby confessed.

“Have you managed to draw blood from Leksa’s veins?” Indra inquired, watching on as Abby picked up the scattered papers.

“No, she has been unwilling.”

Finally finished gathering all of the stolen paperwork, Abby put all of the documents into a leather satchel that she had brought with her. She had hoped, if Indra was receptive, to share some documentation on Lexa’s pregnancy progress. However, it looked as if that would be completely unnecessary at this point.

“That is because her blood runs thick and black, like her mother’s did.” Indra sighed.

The First Minister produced a roll of parchment, tossing it over to Abby. As Abby unrolled the delicate papers, she was taken aback by a beautiful charcoal portrait. It featured an extremely attractive female face, and it was more than apparent who Abby was looking at.

“Lexa’s mother?” Abby was star struck.

“Yes.” Indra whispered.

“I have held onto that for many years. I took it from Lexa’s family home, along with various other
“My God! She was so beautiful.” Abby could not take her eyes off the image.

Eventually, Indra pulled the portrait away from Abby’s fingers. She glanced at the face that looked so familiar to Lexa’s own, before rolling the parchment back up.

“She must have been thought to be very dangerous as well…a threat perhaps.” Indra spoke slowly.

“Why do you think that?” Abby asked.

“She was brutally murdered in her own home. It is an image I am unable to remove from my nightmares.” Indra clutched at the Tri-Kru spirit charm she wore around her neck.

It was painful to speak of that event. For years, Indra meticulously searched for the killers that slaughtered Lexa’s parents. Indra hoped that by avenging Lexa’s parents, she might be able to lay the event to rest in her mind. Time and time again though, she was met with an uncooperative wall of silence from the villagers in near that family home. There was no conclusion, just dead ends.

“Lexa has a gift…I believe that her mother had the same abilities Lexa has demonstrated.”

“I have felt it. She can be…irresistible. It scares me, Indra.” Abby sat back down in her chair heavily.

Indra pulled out a chair next to Abby and sat down, her face unreadable.

“She has an ability to procure absolute servitude from our kind. I have seen it for myself.”

“Is it the blood?” The scientist in Abby was compelled to learn more.

“I should think so? Perhaps only the spirits know.” Indra looked to the heavens.

Abby rolled her eyes. Tri-Kru logic.

“What happened, Indra?” Abby placed a hand on Indra’s stiff shoulder.

The Skai-Kru Chancellor was curious about what Lexa might be capable of, and so Indra spoke to Abby about what had happened when Lexa first discovered her powers.

3 years previous

Trying to focus on her breathing, Lexa counted her rapid inhales and exhales. One, two, three, four… She needed to concentrate, she could not get distracted.

Lexa closed her eyes and zeroed-in on Luna’s scent and skin.

It would work, it had not failed yet.

In recent weeks, Lexa’s gifts had grown immensely…or perhaps it was just her ability to control those gifts which had gotten better. She had bested Luna often during their daily sparring matches, much to Titus’ confusion. Luna would be forced to misstep or stumble, and Lexa would be there to take the advantage.

However, it wasn’t only just during sparring that Lexa practiced with her newfound abilities. Luna helped Lexa practice in other ways. Only a few days prior, Lexa had Luna stand and face a stone wall for an entire sundown. No movement. No choice. Only obedience.
And then about a week and a half ago, Lexa managed to get Luna to cover herself in thick, grainy mud. Once Lexa had released the thrall and Luna returned to her senses, the fluffy-haired Omega got her revenge on her unique friend. Lexa had squealed as she was pushed down into swampy, black sediment. Both girls laughed heartedly as they walked back to the tower, arm in arm, dripping in black, watery earth.

Unknown to either Omega, Indra had watched Lexa systematically take over Luna’s mind and body from the shadows. The First Minister took note of Luna’s pupils, black as tar, expanding till there was next to no white left.

It had been so easy the last couple of weeks, but today…today it was hard.

Lexa’s bleeding stared just two days previous, along with her heat. The heat was making this all rather difficult…it was much harder to focus when Lexa’s skin burned and all she wanted to do was take her friend in the most intimate ways.

Titus called for Lexa and Luna to face off yet again. The two girls were sweating profusely, while their bodies ached from newly formed bruises. They had spent most of their day sparring, hand-to-hand combat, in the hot summer sun.

Luna’s body had pressed up against Lexa’s countless times already today. The future Flou-Kru leader had consistently brought Lexa down to the ground. Luna knew that Lexa’s heat was affecting her friend…in truth it was affecting her as well. Luna did not need to fall down upon her friend quite so many times-pressing her breasts down against Lexa’s, their legs tangled and tied together.

Titus was growing increasingly frustrated with the pair. He needed to repeat his instruction to ‘separate’ numerous times today.

Unarmed combat forced the two girls to grapple closely. It was perhaps a mistake for Titus to force hand-to-hand combat on the pair so early into Lexa’s heat. Luna and Lexa’s faces were often inches apart; Luna able to feel Lexa’s hot breath on her face as they locked arms and wrestled. Lexa’s gaze had dropped to Luna’s lips more than once during their bouts, her pupils swelling with desire. Luna found her center throbbing, she found it difficult to look away from her friend.

Truly, today had been torturous for them both.

“Stop it!” Luna whispered to Lexa as they fought up-close.

Lexa broke out of Luna’s hold and pushed the other girl away, taking a large step back.

“Again!” Titus ordered.

The two girls slowly circled each other before coming back together. Lexa grabbed at Luna’s tight vest and aggressively pulled her into a close body-lock.

“I am not doing anything to you!” Lexa snarled.

Luna twisted out of Lexa’s lock and rounded the other Omega. She pulled her arm across Lexa’s throat, effectively holding the taller girl in place.

“Liar!” She pressed her mouth up to Lexa’s ear.

Lexa gripped Luna’s arm and pitched her body forward, throwing Luna over her shoulder. Then, Lexa twisted the other girl’s arm and placed a foot on her chest. Lexa leaned down, staring at her friend.
“I am not controlling you, I swear!” Lexa panted heavily, her eyes wild and flashing emerald green in the afternoon light.

Realizing Lexa’s grip had grown lax, Luna spun on her side, taking Lexa’s legs out from under her. The taller girl landed heavily with a painful thud. Luna scrambled to her feet and topped the winded Lexa, pushing her down into the packed earth of the sparring area.

Luna pinned Lexa’s hands above her head, using the rest of her weight to hold Lexa’s hips and legs down. Lexa thrust her body upwards in an attempt to toss Luna aside, however, Luna proved to be too strong. Luna’s center sat flush against Lexa’s. Lexa swore she felt the girl’s pulse through her crotch.

Both girls panted heavily and struggled to control themselves.

It was too much.

Luna stilled, staring down at Lexa; her dark eyes roamed over the taller girl’s features before settling on her puffy lips. Lexa swallowed hard as she watched Luna slowly lower her face down to her own.

“Luna, do not!” Lexa whispered.

“I cannot help it…” Luna whispered back.

Despite her previous protest, Lexa captured Luna’s lips with her own. The pair kissed slowly and sensually. Luna moaned as Lexa’s tongue slipped into her mouth sneakily, rolling and dueling with Luna’s own.

Suddenly, Luna felt a strong hand on her back.

“Enough!” Titus peeled the two horny girls apart.

Lexa bolted up into a sitting position and witnessed Titus drag Luna away to the other side of the fight ring.

“You will control your urges! You are Tri-Kru warriors!” Titus pointed an angry finger at both girls.

Lexa sat panting, her chest rising and falling rapidly. She barely registered Titus’ words. Her brow teeming with sweat, and her clit aching and swollen, Lexa’s heat demanded she take Luna to bed. She desperately needed the other girl—now.

The two girls affixed their gazes upon one another from across the sparring area. Dark earthy eyes met deep forest green. Titus was just a distant, disembodied voice that seemed miles away.

In that moment, Luna realized just how much she wanted Lexa.

Weeks of allowing her friend to hone her abilities on Luna had forged a truly unbreakable bond. It was something special between them, and it would cement a life-long friendship. Of this, Luna was sure. The level of trust between the two was immeasurable. Luna had granted Lexa access to the deepest recesses of her mind, controlling her body and choices.

“Aleksandria! Return to your chambers!” Titus gestured angrily towards the exit.

Lexa rose to her feet, her eyes unfocused. She was so incredibly full of need. Lexa took an unsteady step towards Luna.
Luna frantically tried to pull out of Titus’ ironclad grip. She needed to get to Lexa.

“I will not tell you both again!” Titus roared.

Lexa and Luna continued to stare at each other dazedly, their breathing heavy.

Finally, Lexa was able to tear her gaze away from the other Omega. Collecting herself, she turned her gaze to Titus, looking upon him scornfully.

“Do not push me Master Titus, not in these matters.” Lexa spat a warning.

“Do not make Luna pay for your lack of control!” Titus warned Lexa.

At that, Lexa steadily walked backwards towards the exit. The Omega grit her teeth, her jaw flexing angrily as she took deep breaths in through her nose. Before leaving the area completely, her bright green eyes found Luna’s dark ones again. Lexa made a silent promise to her aroused friend, this was not over.

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The pair’s breathing increased rapidly as they explored each other mouths freely, their tongues sliding against one another in a leisurely dance. Lexa slowly pulled away as Luna reached for the hem of her night shirt. Luna pulled the garment over her head, presenting her nude form to Lexa. The taller girl looked down at her friend’s taught body and perfect breasts, her dark nipples erect. Lexa swallowed deeply, she had never seen Luna look so vulnerable so trusting so beautiful…

“I do not believe this to be valid practice for me, Luna…” Lexa husked, leaning over Luna.

“Why?” Luna bit her lip again. She desperately wanted Lexa to take her. The training sessions these past weeks had been torture! By the end of the day, Luna was usually left hot and bothered. Endlessly teased and never taken.

“You give yourself to me so willingly…” Lexa smiled.

“I do.” Luna smiled back at her friend, running a hand through Lexa’s soft tresses.

“Are you sure you wish to defy Master Titus?”

“Yes Leksa.” Luna ground her hips up against Lexa’s strong thigh.

“Ok.” Lexa smiled again down at her friend, noting her wetness.

Lexa leaned in kissing Luna’s mouth softly. The kiss was short, but full of promise. Swiftly, Lexa descended down her friend’s naked form, her lips leaving a heated trail. Luna closed her eyes as Lexa tasted her skin, supple lips covering every inch of her stomach and breasts.

Abruptly, from across the room, a voice called out.

“Leksa?” A novitiate stirred. Sleepy eyes peered over to the two older girls confusedly.

Lexa whipped her head round quickly, seeking out the voice. She locked eyes with her classmate from across the darkness.

“You will rest now!” Lexa ordered.

Luna took in a sharp breath as the younger girl instantly dropped back into her pillows, returning to the arms of sleep.

Luna looked up at the powerful Omega sitting up between her legs. Lexa’s eyes burnt a vivid green.

“I will have nothing disturb us, friend.” Lexa swallowed nervously.

Luna grinned as Lexa tugged off her own night shirt, abandoning it somewhere by the foot of the bed. The fluffy-haired girl pulled Lexa’s taller-and now naked-form on top of her own body. She wrapped her legs tightly around her friend’s hips.

Lexa leaned down, nestling her head just below Luna’s chin. After laying a gentle kiss at the side of her friend’s throat, Lexa bit down into the flesh just below the pulse point. Luna yelped as Lexa’s incisors painfully threatened to break through her skin. She brought her mouth to Luna’s ear, whispering into her receptive mind.

Luna felt a surge of heat rip through her body. Her heart was racing, thumping out from beneath her rib cage. As Luna opened her eyes and looked up to the ceiling, her pupils were dilated and black as Lexa’s blood.

Lexa allowed her fingers to snake down Luna’s body. Upon reaching Luna’s swollen sex, Lexa
stalled. She closed her eyes and basked in the feeling of the fine hairs standing-on-end over Luna’s heated skin; she absorbed every thud of Luna’s racing heart beat; she envisioned Luna’s red blood simmering in her veins as it rushed to the surface.

Luna was pulsing, the Omega’s forced heat raging wildly just below the surface of her skin.

Lexa’s finger tips found Luna’s soaked entrance–she pushed two long fingers inside. Luna gasped as Lexa entered her. The pleasure was unbelievably intense, Luna sobbed endlessly as Lexa repeatedly penetrated her with her long, elegant digits. The sound of Luna’s wet sex hitting Lexa’s palm noisily filled the darkened room.

The darker skinned girl willingly allowed Lexa to fill her most sensitive part, spurring Lexa on with breathless moans and pants. Luna grabbed at her friend on top of her; the quick pace was bringing her to the precipice. Lexa smiled victoriously as she felt the searing velvet of Luna’s insides clench and squeeze around her slender digits. The taller girl increased her pace ever so slightly and focused her fingertips on the responsive spots inside.

Luna’s core exploded.

Crying out sharply, Luna firmly clutched at her friend’s back as an intense orgasm crashed over her body. Lexa had forced a strong internal orgasm. Knowing any loud sounds could bring in unwanted guests, Lexa quickly threw her free hand over Luna’s mouth as she cried out. Lexa cursed herself for not anticipating Luna’s cries of pleasure in time.

Surely they had been overheard?

Luna’s body jerked vigorously under Lexa, riding out the powerful waves of pleasure. Lexa continued to gag her friend’s moans of satisfaction with her hand, as the orgasm subsided.

Lexa held her friend close, Lexa was her first.

Luna sobbed. She struggled to catch her breath as she clung to Lexa.

“Luna, hush now. It is alright.”

Lexa ran her fingertips across Luna’s cheeks and up through her wild mane in an effort to soothe her friend. Luna calmed instantly, leaning into Lexa’s touch.

“Come, lay with me.” Lexa rolled onto her back, offering Luna her chest as a pillow.

Luna rested her head on Lexa’s warm chest. She felt her friend continue to stroke her wild hair and drop soft kisses onto her forehead. For Luna, post coital with Lexa was akin to coming down from a potent drug.

Luna shifted onto her side and traced circles on Lexa’s sweaty skin.

“You’re magnificent. There is no other that could be our Queen.” Luna smiled.

“You are lust drunk.” Lexa laughed.

“Maybe…” Luna giggled back, hiding her face against Lexa’s shoulder.

“And you wonder why she beats you in combat so easily now!”

Both girls sat up, nearly jumping out of their skins, as Titus’ looming form appeared in the doorway.
“Master Titus!” Luna rapidly moved away from Lexa.

“Get dressed, Luna! You will face Indra and me over this! We have rules and order for a reason!” Titus’ voice boomed out, and down the corridors of the Great Tower.

“No!” Lexa raised her hand in command to Luna.

“You are not in charge Aleksandria!” Titus bellowed.

The other novitiates awoke to the commotion and sat up, watching Titus scold a very defiant, very naked, Lexa.

“Luna will not defy me! Not one of them will defy me!” Lexa yelled back at Titus, getting up off the bed.

“You will stop this foolishness right now, Aleksandria!” Titus snapped back.

“Luna is my subject! They are all my subjects!” Lexa pounded her fist onto her chest.

“You are not regent yet, child!” Titus pointed angrily at Lexa.

Unabashed by her own nudity, Lexa threateningly stepped towards Titus. The Fight Master remained defiant. Lexa brought her tone down several bars.

“I do not need a title to procure servitude and complete obedience, Master Titus.” Lexa snarled out at her teacher.

With that said, Luna and the novitiates rapidly surrounded Titus. The Fight Master remained defiant. Lexa brought her tone down several bars.

“I do not need a title to procure servitude and complete obedience, Master Titus.” Lexa snarled out at her teacher.

With that said, Luna and the novitiates rapidly surrounded Titus. The Fight Master took a step back, confused. He looked at the small group of girls; their eyes were black as coal.

“What is this Leksa?” Titus took a defensive stance.

“I warned you.” Lexa raised her hand.

The first blow took Titus by surprise. He fell forward and dropped to his knees. As he attempted to push himself up, he was drowned in heavy kicks and punches to his head and body. Luna swung down hard at Titus’ face, and for a moment, the large man’s vision blurred.

Lexa remained stoic, staring down unblinking at the struggling Fight Master.

A commotion down the corridor awoke Indra with a start. What could be happening at this hour?

Indra tossed off her bed covers and raced out of her room. She stuffed her arms into a dressing gown as she quickly paced towards the novitiates quarters. On her arrival, she slid into the room and skidded to a stop. Her eyes went wide with shock, as she took in the scene. Titus coughed and spluttered on the floor; he fought to stay conscious as the novitiates continued to obey Lexa’s will, punishing Titus for trying to remove Luna from her arms.

“Leksa, please stop this!” Indra begged her powerful daughter.

“I will not have this man tell us what we can, and cannot do with our bodies!” Lexa screamed at Indra.

“Very well! Just stop them-beja!” Indra winced, noticing Titus was lying in his own blood.

Lexa locked eyes with her mother then nodded once. As she raised her hand, the novitiates
immediately stepped back from Titus’ crumpled body.

“I believe Master Titus needs a healer, mother.” Lexa, furious, eyed the unconscious Titus on the
dorm room floor.

**Present Time**

Abby took in a deep breath. If Lexa was that powerful…how much had she evolved in the last three
years?

“I do not hate Klark, Abby.” The doctor smiled at the use of her daughter’s first name.

“If Leksa is unique, and Klark is unique, people will fear that automatically. Their young will also be
unique I would imagine.” Indra sighed heavily.

“And you’re worried that will make them targets?”

Indra remained quiet but nodded.

“I will not see Leksa suffer the fate of her Mother.” Indra held back her emotion, her tone
unwavering.

Abby rose to her feet. On instinct, she brought her arm around Indra. She pulled the fellow Omega
into her embrace. Indra allowed the contact. The First Minister felt a great weight had been lifted.
Keeping Lexa’s gifts to Titus and herself had been difficult.

Breaking from the embrace, Abby held Indra at arms-length, speaking confidently.

“Do you really think anybody will get past my Skai-Beast?”

Indra laughed and wiped at her eyes.

“Nobody will get within a mile of Lexa and her pups, I assure you. Clarke is her protector now.”

Indra prayed Abby was correct.
Raven rolled her eyes as she strolled down the Skai-Kru market with her companion. The mechanic witnessed countless Beta females stare a little too long and a little too hard at her friend. Their eyes lingering, bottom lips trapped gently between teeth; they drank in her companion as she sauntered by.

Echo was more than aware that she had charisma and a certain type of magnetism. She was tuned in to the fact that women usually wanted her. Raven noticed Clarke had the same sort of effect on most women; however, Clarke rarely took advantage of it. Despite the allure, Raven thought it unlikely that many Beta females would admit to their secret desire to experience an Alpha between their thighs.

It was an unspoken truth, that Beta men were becoming less and less appealing compared to a well endowed Alpha. But how many clans were ready to socially accept such a union openly? Skai-Kru usually lead the way for social change, being the youngest member to the clans, but Raven doubted even Skai-Kru would be accepting. In all honesty, Raven could only imagine Flou-Kru being laid back enough about Beta/Alpha unions.

Echo very rarely overdressed. She liked to keep it simple, like today for example: She wore a tight fitting black shirt-her wiry, well-sculpted muscles peeping out from the quarter sleeves; her long legs were clad in dark denim that Raven swore were a size too small; to complete the look, the jeans were topped by a thick leather belt. Affixed to the belt was a brass belt buckle in the shape of a wolf’s head; it sat as a warning above Echo’s crotch. Raven found that particular accessory to be most amusing.

As the pair made their way through the market, Echo’s hips twisted and turned in a hypnotic fashion as she walked. Raven thought the Azgeda Alpha swaggered particularly well. The size of Echo’s appendage was more than evident; the large flaccid member lay trapped in her size-to-small pants, waiting to be released.

“You walk like a rock star.” Raven chuckled.

“A what?” Echo winked at a passing Omega.

“Nevermind, it must be a Skai-Kru-ism.” Raven languidly gestured with her hand towards Echo.

What a fantastic day to be out! How freeing! Raven found it a great relief to finally be able to escape Trinity. Lexa was radiating a certain kind of energy lately…That was the only way Raven could describe the effect the Omega was having on her brethren. Lexa’s bump was so large now-Raven thought the woman was fit to burst! The mechanic looked up at the blue sky. The Tri-Kru Omega was due very soon; that event would change Clarke’s life forever, Raven was sure.

“It’s good to get out, yeah?” Raven slung a lazy arm around her new-found friend’s shoulder.

“Yeah, Clarke and my Queen will enjoy the privacy.”

Raven stopped dead.
“What did you just say?” Raven folded her arms.

“What?” Echo halted and looked around, wondering why they had stopped walking.

“Your Queen?” Raven’s eyes were wide, disbelieving. She was astonished that her Alpha friend would willingly allow herself to be subject to another person.

Echo turned pale… She had indeed said my Queen. Shit.

“I-I said Lexa…” Echo turned and quickly walked away from Raven.

“Noooo! You most definitely said Queen!” Raven jogged after the rapidly retreating Echo.

“She’s messing with y’all heads, isn’t she?” Raven smirked, having caught up to Echo.

“She is perhaps giving off certain…energies, yes.” Echo blushed slightly.

“Ha! I knew there was some crazy Lexa voodoo going on in that bar.” Raven mentally high-fived her detective skills, grinning with abandon.

“It is unintentional I think. Her hormones must be wild right now.” Instinctually, Echo defended Lexa.

Raven tutted, watching as a pretty Beta girl intentionally bumped into Echo, she dropped her bag. The contents spilled everywhere. Echo played the gallant hero, and helped the Beta pick up the fallen contents. Raven rolled her eyes, yet again, at the cheesy move.

“Hey…I’m Erin.” The young girl held out her hand to the Alpha.

Before Echo could take the proffered hand, Raven pushed Echo aside and shook the shocked girl’s hand instead.

“I’m thirsty! It was sooo nice meeting you.” Raven grinned widely, in mock politeness, and dragged Echo away.

“What the hell! You cock blocking me now?” Echo snapped.

“What about Octavia?” Raven poked her finger into Echo’s chest.

“What about Luna?” Echo folded her arms as they stopped again on the street.

Raven could feel heat rising to her cheeks. She was definitly blushing.

“What about Luna?” Raven shrugged.

“You stink of her still.” Echo made a show of sniffing at Raven.

“Damn it! I showered and everything!” Echo smirked at her friend before continuing to the trek to their destination. The pair were meters away from Café Jaha now.

“Seriously though, what about Octavia?” Raven questioned.

Echo carried on walking, ignoring Raven.

“Echo, you should tell her how you fee-” Raven was cut off.
“I won’t discuss Octavia!” Echo’s face morphed into wolf-like features as she snarled at her friend.

“Whoa! Ok, calm down.” Raven held up her hands.

“Can we please just go sit down?” Echo gestured to the entrance of Café Jaha.

As the two friends walked over the threshold, they were met by Jaha’s son who ran the place nowadays. Wells pointed toward an empty table in the corner, near the front windows. The two friends grabbed a seat and ordered their drinks.

Once Well’s returned with their drinks, Echo leant back in her chair and placed a toned arm behind her head. She blew errant strands of hair from her face. The Alpha absentmindedly ran the tip of her index finger over one of the tribal-like scars on her face. The table that Raven and she were sat at had a fantastic view of the entire café. Leisurely, Echo surveyed the restaurant from her vantage point. Suddenly, her heart began to race.

“You gotta be fuckin’ kidding me!” Echo hissed, shaking her head.

“What?” Raven turned around in her chair, scanning the restaurant. She quickly spotted who had set Echo on-edge.

Octavia was sat across the café. The Beta’s hair was down in soft, swirling, Lexa-like curls; her trademark leather pants replaced by a knee-length white sundress.

Echo was stunned. She had never seen Octavia look so girly and feminine. Echo could feel her heart beat faster and her member start to throb.

Octavia sat smiling and laughing freely. She was clearly engrossed in her date’s animated tale. The Beta twirled a long lock of hair with one hand, as her right foot tapped repeatedly on the floor. She was excited, she looked relaxed, she seemed…happy.

Raven felt her stomach tighten, her skin flush, and her nerves jangle. Octavia’s presumed date was Luna.

The mechanic felt a wave of jealousy flush through her system.

“You wanna get out of here?” Raven didn’t even bother to turn and face Echo.

“Not a chance. I’m here with my bro.” Echo picked up her hot lemon/honey drink.

15 minutes later...

Echo tried to keep her focus on Raven. She tried to listen to the details of the mechanic’s latest project plan, but Raven had the luxury of having her back to the giggling pair across the café. Echo’s gaze and attention kept straying over to Octavia. Her heart ached as Luna moved a rebellious strand of hair from Octavia’s face and caressed Octavia’s cheek with her thumb.

“So-I will be leaving for Roan’s castle in a couple days.”

That snapped Echo out of her trance.

“No-wait! What? You can’t leave!” Echo growled at Raven.
Raven laughed.

“I am halfway through re-wiring Roan’s entire fortress.” Raven smiled.

“I don’t want you to go, so, you stay!” Echo frowned at Raven.

“Chill there puppy! I ain’t your bitch!” Raven grinned at the panicked Alpha.

“I don’t have many friends. I like you Reyes…it’s not about my cock for once.”

Raven wasn’t sure if she should take that as a complement or not.

“You Alphas! You think you own everything, don’t you?” Raven winked.

“Hey, don’t make me piss around you.”

At that, Raven burst out into a loud fit of laughter. Echo quickly joined in, chuckling back at her friend. The sound got Octavia’s attention. She turned, her sharp gaze zeroing-in on Echo. In that moment, Echo felt that she was the only other person in the room. Echo’s smile subsided the more she stared back at the pretty Blake girl.

All of a sudden, the trance between Echo and Octavia broke. A commotion on the street outside pulled everyone’s attention. Kane had arrived with a Guarda escort.

The Chief of the Guarda walked down the center of the market street, with a large, muscular man Echo had never seen before. Kane’s aides distributed flyers to all people present. Two Guarda officers strolled inside the café and nailed up an oversized poster onto the wall.

“Hey! You can’t just do that!” Wells protested.

One of the Guarda officers pushed Wells back. Jaha’s son hit the table behind him hard, and then dropped to the floor. The second Guarda officer continued to nail up the poster.

Echo launched herself up from her seat, placing herself between Jaha’s son and the officer.

“Why don’t you pick on someone who can fight back, asshole!” Echo’s eyes morphed to a wolfish yellow.

Seeing Echo stand up, Octavia leapt out of her chair with Luna close behind.

The Guarda officer breathed heavily through his mask as he looked Echo up and down.

“Is there a problem, officer?” Raven cocked a brow. She now stood at Echo’s side.

Luna went to the aid of the fallen Wells. She helped him to his feet, before standing protectively in front of him, flanking Echo’s other side.

“You would see fit to strike a child.” Luna spat out, mirroring Echo’s predatory stance.

“Murphy, stand down!” The second Guarda officer removed his mask.

“Bellamy!” Octavia shook her head at her brother, pushing her way between Echo and Luna. She was shocked.

Bellamy looked between Octavia and Echo, who now stood side by side. He made note of Octavia’s dressed-up appearance.
“Where is Lincoln?” Bellamy frowned at Echo, unsure of what to make of the scene in front of him.

Octavia just laughed.

“You like Lincoln so much, why don’t you date him yourself Bellamy?”

“So you’re on a date?” Bellamy turned towards Echo, his brow furrowed.

Luna stepped forward in front of Octavia. Bellamy looked confused, his eyes darting from Luna to Echo. He searched Echo’s face, wondering if the Alpha had any answers for him.

Echo took a step closer to the armed Blake.

“Seems your sister likes to have options.” Echo whispered to Bellamy.

Echo sniggered at the officer, tossing him a condescending look. Bellamy shoved Echo back and drew his baton. Luna promptly stood between the two.

“I think you should leave.” Luna gestured with her eyes towards the exit of the café.

With so many witnesses and scared faces watching him, Bellamy backed down.

“Your day is coming, Azgeda.” Murphy spoke in a low voice.

“Aw! Now I just feel special.” Echo clutched at her heart mockingly.

Bellamy and Murphy walked out of Café Jaha, much to the relief of its clientele.

With the two Guarda gone, Octavia pushed past Echo. She clenched her fist as she spat her words out at the stubborn, older wolf.

“Why do you have to do that!”

“Do what?” Echo shouted back.

The pair stood face-to-face, a domestic row for all to see.

“Stir the Guarda up, that’s what!”

Echo held up her hands in apology.

“One day Echo, you’re gonna get yourself killed!” Octavia bit out before storming out onto the street.

Despite her date having stormed out of the café, Luna stood looking up at the flyer Bellamy had nailed to the wall. A giant portrait of Marcus Kane loomed over them all. Big, bolded words at the bottom proclaimed that Marcus Kane was going to give a speech later today in Skai-Kru’s town center.

“We should go to this.” Luna pointed at the poster.

“I have no interest in that man!” Echo scoffed.

“I’m inclined to agree, but he clearly has an agenda.” Luna stared down at Echo, willing her to agree.

“Fine.” Echo grit out through clenched teeth.
With that, the Alpha turned on her heel and headed for the exit.

Back at Trinity, Jake Griffin and Lincoln stood with their hands on their hips. The current task at hand, how best to remodel Trinity so it could serve as both a business and a home for a growing number of people.

To be honest, there was a fair bit of space to expand into. The original building had been large. Jake knew by the massive footprint and stone façade, that before ‘the great day of destruction’ the building had perhaps been the centerpiece of the area. It could have been a grand bank or even a small government building.

Trinity, at present, only used a portion of the original building’s footprint. There was also significant land around the building too. Jake’s engineering mind buzzed with options as he paced the main bar area.

Clarke approached her father. Jake placed his arm around his dominant daughter.

“She looks beautiful Clarke.” Jake smiled and gazed over at Lexa.

Lexa sat on one of Trinity’s leather sofas. Abby was at her side, giving the mother-to-be a checkup. Clarke smiled at Lexa. Her mate really did have a certain glow about her.

“You ready for three kids?” Jake sucked in a breath.

“I’m ready to give her a hundred.” Clarke kept her eyes on the beautiful Tri-Kru girl.

“Whoa, slow down there! I can only do so much with this place.” Jake patted Clarke’s back.

Unexpectedly, Abby’s radio crackled to life.

“Abby. It’s Raven.”

Abby picked up the radio, curious as to why Raven would be calling her at this time of day.

“Hey Raven, you ok?”

“If I were you, I would get to the center of town, pronto! Kane is about to stake his claim on your throne.”

“Understood.” Abby sighed wearily.

“I will stay with Lexa and Lincoln. Take Clarke with you, please.” Jake knew that Clarke would protect Abby.

Abby and Clarke could hear the commotion as they rushed, on foot, to Skai-Kru’s town center. Clarke shielded her eyes from the evening sun when they finally arrived at the town square. When her eyes finally focused, she saw the silhouette of Kane in the dying-light of day. He stood tall on a raised platform, several burly Guarda officers surrounding him and the stage. The same muscular man that Raven and company saw earlier, from the market, stood to the right of Kane a few paces
behind.

The atmosphere was tense, confusion littered the streets. Abby’s eyes darted around the crowd. It was as if all of Skai-Kru had come out to watch Kane’s theatrics.

Clarke spied the beefy man beside Kane.

“Who the hell is the muscle?” Clarke pointed at Pike, hoping her mother would know who he was.

“He is Kane’s latest lapdog. He is a Beta warrior.” Abby rolled her eyes.

“Come on, let’s get closer.” Clarke grabbed her mother’s hand, and tugged her towards the stage.

Clarke gently pushed her way towards the stage through the tightly packed crowd, her mother in tow. As Clarke eased her way through the throngs of people, the odd Alpha turned in protest but ultimately shifted for the blonde.

Abby and Clarke had almost reached the stage when a particularly tall Tri-Kru Alpha blocked their path and refused to move. Clarke locked eyes with the taller Alpha, snarling and baring her teeth. The blonde assertively butted her forehead into the obstruction, signaling to the other Alpha to move out of the way quickly. The Alpha was taken by surprise by the level of aggression bleeding off of Clarke’s aura. Before things escalated further, the Alpha lowered their head, focusing on the ground intently. Clarke refused to move on; the Alpha had taken too long to submit in her mind. She grabbed the Tri-Kru Alpha’s shirt, and then pulled the taller Alpha down to her eye-level. She continued to bare her teeth and growl lowly. Clarke was unable to put a lid on her rage.

The Tri-Kru Alpha swallowed thickly.

“Honey, that’s enough. You got your submission.” Abby squeezed Clarke’s hand firmly.

Abby’s words did the trick. Clarke pushed past the Alpha, he mother a step behind. Clarke afforded one last look over her shoulder, at the Alpha who dared to challenge her.

“Honey, leave it!” Abby continued to marshal Clarke’s natural instinct.

Clarke’s show of hostility seemed to ricochet through the crowd, causing a narrow path to manifest through the masses of people. No one else wanted to get in Clarke’s way. No one else wanted to face her aggression. Clarke took the path as an invitation, her mission not complete until she escorted her mother to the stage.

From his platform, Kane looked across the crowd. There seemed to be some sort of raucous activity amongst the people down the center. Curious, Kane narrowed his gaze. He was able to pick out Clarke’s mane of blonde hair at the center of the activity. Abby was not far from Clarke.

It pleased Kane greatly, that Abby had shown up to his little show.

The crowd continued to mumble as Kane took to the podium.

He addressed the current Skai-Kru Chancellor first.

“I’m so pleased you could make it, Chancellor Griffin!” Kane gave Abby a counterfeit grin.

“What is this Marcus?” Abby stood opposite of Marcus Kane, she on the ground while he stood elevated above her on the platform.

Kane ignored Abby’s query.
“I would like to thank you all for attending here today.” The PA system whistled as Kane spoke through the mic on the podium.

The crowd came to order at the sound of Kane’s voice.

“I stand here today, to give you a chance to free yourself from the shadow of the Alpha threat.”

Clarke’s senses lit up on high alert. She scanned the audience, scrutinizing the expressions of the crowd. Her gaze settled on a few familiar faces, spotting Echo and Luna push through the masses towards the front. Raven and Octavia were not far behind. Clearly they had seen Clarke and Abby, as they made their way up to the pair.

The four Trinity residents stood behind Abby, as if in support of the Skai-Kru Chancellor.

“We can no longer deny the danger this threat poses. I know many of you share my fear. Fear our culture will be eroded, our lifestyles forever altered and changed as the Alphas try to wipe us-Beta-out. I for one will not stand by and have that happen!” Kane continued his speech.

“What the hell are you talking about Kane? What threat?” Abby felt the eyes of the crowd near the stage bounce between Kane and her.

Suddenly, Pike stepped forward toward the podium.

“This is my good friend and trusted protector, Pike! This man has travelled all through the clans, and seen the truth of the Alpha agenda.” Kane gestured at Pike, introducing him to the crowd.

Kane then stepped away from the podium. It was Pike’s cue to take the stand.

Pike looked out over the crowd, his expression stony.

“Thank you, Chief Constable” Pike started his speech.

Clarke immediately felt the hairs on her arms stand-on-end. She glanced over at Echo who had picked up on the same vibe.

“A recent study on the living conditions, security, and health of women in our joined clans showed that 13% of Beta women have experienced some form of criminal, sexualized violence. The scandal is that only 5% of that group of Beta women filed a complaint with the Guarda. That means that an incredible 95% of Beta women who experience sexual violence, don't report it to the Guarda.”

Pike paused to let the crowd settle.

“Sexual assaults, and even rape, happen every day in our Clans. Even the short journey to the bathroom, for some Beta women on their own, is like running the gauntlet. Within 50 feet, you can be sure of two pats on the ass, someone looking up your dress, a hand purposely shoved right down your cleavage…An average of ten reported rapes take place each year in Azgeda; that’s only 5% of the actual number folks.”

The people in the crowd mumbled to one another at Pike’s words. The Alphas amongst the masses were becoming increasingly uncomfortable.

Abby moved in closer to the edge of the stage. She responded to Pike’s statement calmly and with authority.

“That's the sort of blind stat sharing that divided communities in the old world, you’re fear
mongering. The fact that our society and its institutions aren’t in any position to protect those affected by the violence and identify its culprits doesn’t—in any way—mean that there’s never been sexualized violence from Beta men, as well as Alpha’s!”

Pike continued, ignoring Abby’s words.

“The Alpha agenda is a self-centered set of beliefs and objectives designed to promote and even mandate approval of their animalistic ideology, along with the strategies used to implement such. The goals and means of this movement include indoctrinating followers in our schools, restricting the free speech of the opposition, obtaining special treatment for their kind, distorting our human teaching and science, and interfering with freedom of association. Advocates of the Alpha agenda seek special rights for their kind that other people don’t have, such as immunity from criticism. Chancellor Griffin will force a silence over all of us by calling it a hate crime. Such special rights will necessarily come at the expense of the rights of broader society. The Alpha agenda is the biggest threat to the right of free speech today.”

Abby shook her head.

“Look around this crowd! These people do not want segregation Kane.” Abby gestured to the crowd behind her, as she spoke to Kane on the platform.

“Kane! Most people-Alpha or not—want nothing more than to join society as fully integrated, socially responsible, clan-serving citizens. So why not welcome them in? Why not recruit them by the vanload to sweep in on heroic wings and save what’s left of this world and what ever time we have left on it.” Abby leaned forward against the stage.

Kane stepped beside Pike.

“While Chancellor Griffin paints a friendly and cheerful picture of her kind’s lifestyle, she fails to mention the serious health risks tied to Alpha/Omega behaviors. Their kind have an extreme risk of sexually transmitted diseases, physical injuries, mental disorders…I have more than enough evidence to prove that Chancellor Griffin can’t even control her own daughter.”

Abby held her tongue. She refused to let Kane bate her. Instead, she smiled at Pike and Kane, pulling Clarke to her side. Her daughter’s hand held tightly in her own.

"I think that we’re eventually going to age-out of hatred. In my lifetime, I’ve seen real change that has happened. I’m absolutely furious about these ideas that love is between one Beta man and one Beta woman—that is just horrendous and retrograde. It’s going to die out. In the next generation, we’re not going to have to mount these battles. It’ll be recognized as a basic right that two people who love each other, regardless of their genetics, should be able to be live together.” Abby spoke up to Kane and Pike.

Wanting the rest of the crowd to hear her, Abby stood up on the stage with Clarke’s help. She faced the audience and pointed accusingly at Pike.

“They’re trying to go out of their way to make amendments and segregate us! They’re threatened that they’re going to be eradicated. They’re paranoid that we have them cornered! That’s why they’re fighting so hard, because there has been a perspective shift!”

Kane scoffed, pushing Pike aside. He addressed the crowd.

“I know what their kind is capable of!” Kane’s face contorted in anger at Abby’s rousing speech. The crowd ate Abby’s words up, they loved her.
“I will tell you all a secret I have kept for many years.” Kane continued.

Echo held her breath, her heart trying to beat out of her chest cavity. She knew what Kane was about to reveal.

Instantly, Clarke and Luna turned to their pack mate; Echo called to them as if she were under attack. Raven stepped forward and placed a hand on her friend’s shoulder in concern. Octavia watched on, confused by the show of support to the clearly distressed Echo.

“My wife, Rebecca Kane, was forced to flee this clan. She gave up everything. She gave up her work. She gave up our love. It broke her heart.” Kane managed a fake sob.

The crowd fell silent.

“My wife was violated by an Alpha against her will. She was left and abandoned with its seed growing inside her.” Pike placed a strong arm around the distraught-looking Kane.

The crowd collectively gasped. It was unclear which point was more startling; the alleged rape or the admission that an Alpha could get a Beta woman pregnant.

Abby sighed. She knew this was all an act. All Abby could do was helplessly watch on as Kane played up to the masses’ sympathy. It looked like Kane was winning this round.

“That’s a fuckin’ lie you bastard!” Echo yelled at Kane.

Raven tried to calm her angry friend without much success. Octavia stared wide-eyed in shock, as Echo screamed and hollered out at Kane.

“He is a fuckin’ liar!” Echo was incensed.

The crowd started to notice the commotion Echo was causing. They turned away from Kane, their attentions now fully on the Alpha. Echo was behaving like wild animal.

Luna placed two strong arms around Echo’s chest. The Alpha bucked and writhed to get up onto the stage-to sink her claws into Marcus Kane.

“Get your hands off me!” Echo snarled.

“You are supplying all the evidence Kane needs right now! All these people are afraid of us-look!” Luna bit out to the Alpha struggling in her arms.

Echo momentarily stopped her struggle, taking note of all the Beta faces looking her up and down. They clung to each other in fear, as Echo’s face bore evidence of her inner wolf. It was evidence that she was not like them.

Echo shook her fist at Kane, her eyes burning into him from below the stage. She had to get at him!

Luna struggled to keep her hold on Echo. Realizing this, Clarke stepped in to restrain her friend. She was met with the back of Echo’s clawed hand cracking against her jaw. On instinct, Clarke swiped back. Luna battled bravely to separate the two pumped-up Alphas.

“Echo, please!” Octavia laid a gentle hand on the Alpha’s back.

Echo was lost in her rage, she couldn’t think clearly-everything was instinct. She struck out again. This time, she caught Octavia square in the face. The Beta girl dropped to the ground on first contact with Echo’s fist; she was out cold.
The crowd fell silent and still again.

This was too perfect! Kane shook his head in mock-disappointment at the display. Judgmentally, he pointed a finger down at Echo. The Alpha had taken the bait better than he could ever imagine. Every Beta in the crowd had given into fear, fear of the Alpha threat!

“You see, this is what they really are, animals! Animals that want your women and your land!” Kane smiled victoriously at Abby.

Abby refused to acknowledge Kane, instead she moved off the stage and down to Octavia. The girl was unconscious and bleeding from her nose and mouth.

Echo stared down at her blood-splattered hand as if in a trace. She cautiously peered down at Octavia’s broken face. The injuries were a stark reminder that the Beta girl was better off without Echo.

Without a word, Echo turned and fled back in the direction of Trinity. Raven left in hot pursuit.

“Help me get her up.” Abby gestured down at Octavia to Luna and Clarke.

At Abby’s order, Luna helped Clarke scoop up Octavia’s comatose form from the ground. Once she was up, Clarke nodded at Luna to step back. Gently, Clarke cradled Octavia in her sturdy arms, careful to not jostle the Beta girl.

“We need to get back to Trinity.” Abby knew this battle with Kane was lost.
We are family

Echo rattled through the doors of Trinity. The heavy doors bounced back violently, as the Azgeda wolf let her upset be known to everyone present.

Jake jumped as the highly strung Alpha shot past him.

Lincoln had spent most of the day inspecting Trinity’s rafters. He peered down from the top of his high ladder. Curious, Lincoln sought out what lay at the epicentre of aggression tearing through his club. He caught the tail end of a very stressed out Echo as she blasted through the bar area.

Lexa was perched regally on the edge of her seat, in the bar area lounge. She did not seem to react to Echo’s dramatic entrance. Her green eyes simply tracked Echo’s movements, as the Azgeda’s mood polluted the atmosphere within the walls of her brother’s home.

Echo’s intended destination was her bedroom.

Athletically, Lincoln slid down his ladder. As soon as his boots hit the floor, he started to pursue Echo. However, the sound of hurried footsteps from outside brought him to a halt.

Raven burst through the doors just as dramatically as Echo had. The mechanic almost fell over her own feet, as she desperately tried to catch up with the much fitter Alpha.

“I got this, big guy!” Raven panted with exhaustion as she picked up Echo’s trail again.

Lexa raised a brow towards her brother. This couldn’t be good.

Raven sank heavily into Echo’s bedroom’s door frame, her chest rapidly rising and falling, breaths uneven. The mechanic wore a disappointed expression, as she watched Echo bundle clothes into a leather pack.

The wolf huffed and she puffed, as she quickly assembled her belongings. Echo did not bother to acknowledge her recovering friend in the doorway.

Raven gently attempted to rub out the cramp in her side; her leg muscles ached from the rapid hike up the stairs as well. She had pretty much ran across town to intercept Echo. Raven shook her head sadly. She knew immediately what Echo was planning, her friend’s exit plan was transparent in the wake of Kane’s lies.

Raven felt anger stir in the pit of her stomach. It bubbled and swirled in her gut, as she watched the Azgeda plan a retreat.

“So, your plan is to run away. Again!” Raven sneered.

Echo heard her friend, but ignored her all the same. She continued to throw the last few items of clothing into her pack.

“Echo!” Raven snapped.
Echo let rage rip through her abdomen. She slung her bag across the room with all her strength. The half-sealed pack missed Raven by mere inches. Echo charged forward, in Raven’s direction.

“What the hell do you want from me?” Echo spat out.

“I want you to calm down and think!” Raven bravely shouted back.

Echo stormed over and ripped her pack up off the floor, glaring at Raven as she stooped down to retrieve the heavy bag.

Raven instinctively grabbed for the pack. This took the Alpha by surprise. The Beta easily won possession of the holdall. She quickly threw it out onto the mezzanine.

Echo offered a furious look towards her Beta friend. She paced swiftly towards the discarded bag, but found the stubborn brunette blocking her path. Raven spread her wings wide, denying Echo access to her belongings.

“Get out of my fucking way!” Echo ground her words out.

“Not happening, dude.” Raven lifted her chin defiantly.

Echo threw her hands up to her head. She tugged hard on her hair and yelled out in frustration. She wanted to go.

Echo moved into Raven’s personal space.

“I won’t ask you again, Reyes.” Echo gave one warning.

Raven lifted herself up onto her tiptoes, hoping to match Echo’s height as best she could.

“What you gonna do, Echo, if I don’t move?” Raven challenged the wolf.

Echo ran frantic eyes all over Raven’s face.

“Are you gonna hit me? Just like you hit Octavia?” Raven dared.

Echo’s face fell. An invisible blade sliced through her skin, penetrating into her bones. Echo could almost feel the blood curdle in her throat from the phantom injury. Her heart shattered into pieces inside her chest.

The mechanic swore she witnessed tears gather in the Alpha’s eyes at the memory of hurting Octavia.

Echo turned her back on Raven. Her shoulders sank, her spine seemed barely able to support her heavy head as it fell forward in shame.

“I...I didn’t mean to hit her.” Echo struggled to speak.

“But you did.” Raven stated.

“That’s why I have to go.”

“Err, no, that’s kind of why you have to stay!” Raven folded her arms.

“There are more than enough people here to make sure she is alright.” Echo breathed in deeply and sighed.
“Sure there are…problem is, Octavia isn’t in love with any of them is she?” Raven gave a weak smile.

Echo turned towards her smart friend.

“We’re not in love.” Echo faintly whispered.

“For fuck’s sake Echo! Look in a mirror.” Raven gestured toward the wall.

Echo gave a long pause.

“I hurt her. I will always hurt her.” Echo was only just audible.

“I don’t believe that.” Raven testified.

“She is better off with Linc, or Luna…not me.” Echo looked to the heavens.

“You’re such a jackass. She doesn’t want Lincoln or Luna, she wants you!”

Again, silence permeated throughout the small room.

“I just…need some time to think.” Echo sounded drained.

“Ok, just promise you will say goodbye to me…before you sneak off into the night.”

At that, Raven backed out of Echo’s room. She kicked the Azgeda’s belongings over to the Alpha as she withdrew from the space.

Echo looked down as the pack slid towards her.

Once out of Echo’s sight, Raven sank heavily against the wall out on the walkway. The brave Beta girl let out a breath. She glanced down at her shaking hands. That had been intense! Raven closed her eyes, hoping the tension would subside. Her eyes snapped open as commotion filled the air, yet again. Raven surged forward, gripping the balcony rail as she looked down into the bar area. She spotted Luna entering Trinity.

Luna shot a worried look at Lexa, the Tri-girl quickly rising to her feet. Luna cleared the couch of any debris and stepped back. Clarke kicked Trinity’s doors wide open; she heroically held Octavia close to her chest in her incredibly strong arms. The Blake girl was now semi-conscious.

“Lay her down, flat on her back.” Abby strode in behind Clarke.

“What has happened?” Lexa demanded answers.

“Somebody get me some fresh water!” Abby barked orders to anyone listening.

“I will retrieve it.” Luna responded.

Lincoln raced over to Octavia’s side.

“Octavia! …Who did this to her?” Lincoln showed a rare glimmer of anger.

Clarke did not answer. She understood rage. She understood losing it. Echo hadn’t directly meant to hurt Octavia; the Azgeda had no idea whom she was striking out at. Clarke looked up towards Echo’s room. The Alpha’s scent was strongest in that direction.
“Klark?” Lexa stood beside her emotional brother.

“It was Echo.” Clarke reluctantly confessed.

Lincoln breathed in sharply and clenched his fist. Lexa immediately picked up on the unusual show of hostility from her peace-loving brother.

“I don’t think she knew it was Octavia though.” Clarke defended her fellow Alpha.

“That is beside the point!” Lincoln snapped.

Lexa looked over as Abby tended to Octavia.

Abby knelt at Octavia’s side. The girl seemed groggy and confused.

“Octavia, I’m going to sit you up, ok?” Abby gave a maternal smile.

As Octavia was gently pulled up to a seated position, she groaned for all to hear. Abby held Octavia’s face in her hands and looked at her pupils.

“Honey, can you tell me where you are?” Abby continued to inspect Octavia.

“I’m tired.” That was all Octavia could mumble.

“Sweetheart, you need to stay awake for me.” Abby gestured to Luna.

Luna brought the fresh water over. She sat at Octavia’s right side.

Abby dipped a clean cloth into the water and ran it over Octavia’s brow. The doctor inspected the girl’s nose. Thankfully, it was not broken.

“Is she ok, Dr Griffin?”

Lincoln sat by Octavia’s left side. The Blake girl was now flanked by her two admirers. The two helped to keep Octavia upright.

“Octavia, do you feel sick at all?” Abby held Octavia’s hand.

The beta girl opened her eyes a little wider and breathed out slowly. She shook her head at Abby.

“Well, that’s one good sign.” Abby smiled.

Clarke hovered over her Mother.

“She has a concussion; it will take a bit to fade.” Abby reported back to Clarke.

“Her jaw took the brunt of it. She is gonna have one hell of a bruise, maybe lose that tooth at the bottom.” Abby squeezed Octavia’s hand gently.

Simultaneously, Luna and Lincoln each reached an arm out over Octavia’s back. Instantly, they both retracted their wandering limbs, realising their shared affection toward Octavia Blake. Both suitors looked away from each other in light of the awkward move.

Octavia stirred into life. She tried to speak clearly, the groggy state of mind still affecting her.

“What is it honey?”
Abby moved a lock of hair from Octavia’s pretty face. The doctor reached over for the wet cloth in the water bowl. She dabbed tenderly at Octavia’s bloody nose and mouth.

“What can I do, Octavia?” Lincoln leant in.

Octavia scrunched up her nose, tightly closing her eyes.

“Is Echo alright?” Octavia finally mumbled out her concern.

Luna laughed, just once, and shook her head. Octavia’s tone was laced with affection for her attacker.

“I’m sure Echo is just fine, Octavia.” Luna smiled at the young Beta.

“Not exactly.” Raven appeared at the top of the stairs.

As she descended, Clarke and Lexa met her at the foot of the stairwell.

“Echo and I need a little chat, I think.” Clarke went to pass Raven on the stairs.

Raven stood her ground.

“Clarke, just leave it for a bit yeah?” Raven whispered.

“Like hell I will.” Clarke, again, tried to move beyond Raven

“Please don’t make me chain myself to these stairs!” Raven threatened.

“What has happened, Klark?” Lexa rubbed her belly.

“I’m not quite sure, but you know something, don’t you Raven?” Clarke stared at her friend.

Raven held up her hands in surrender. She moved from the bottom of the stairs. Raven prayed Clarke would not take advantage, and bound up the metal staircase to get to Echo.

“Speak true, Raven.” Raven could feel Lexa’s eyes all over her.

“It’s...not my place to say.” Raven stuttered.

That got Abby’s attention.

“Kane and Echo are connected somehow? That all seemed very personal, what happened in town.” Abby now questioned Raven further.

Raven turned several shades whiter. Everyone’s eyes were now on her, including a weary Octavia’s. The mechanic felt very much in the spotlight.

Raven looked apprehensively between her small group of friends.

“I…I can’t.” Raven begged Clarke to drop it.

“Why the hell are you defending her?” Clarke’s temper began to heat up towards her childhood friend.

“Because she is a better person than I am.”

All eyes now swapped from Raven, to the wolf midway down the stairs.
Echo kept her eyes on Clarke as she descended the rest of the staircase. She was so transfixed by Clarke’s accusing blue eyes, she missed Lincoln in her peripheral. The large Beta man swung a fast fist at Echo. It landed perfectly on her temple. The Azgeda stumbled and fell into Lexa, rocking the pregnant woman slightly.

Clarke turned sharply and grabbed at Lincoln’s throat. Luna shot up, off the couch, on seeing Lexa wobble. She watched on as Clarke lifted Lincoln several inches, before tossing him away like he weighed nothing at all.

“Impressive.” Luna said under her breath.

“If either of you hurt Lexa, I will bury you in that courtyard!” Clarke pointed angrily towards Trinity’s gardens.

“Let him hit me again, I deserve it.” Echo knelt on the ground as she spoke.

“Shut up!” Clarke snarled down at Echo.

“Get up now!” Clarke’s voice ricochet off Trinity’s walls.

Abby visibly jumped. She watched on as her daughter commanded over her ever growing pack.

Lincoln rose to his feet.

“You! Sit there, and do not move a muscle!” Clarke directed Lincoln towards a stool at the bar.

“You have some explaining to do, Azgeda” Clarke pulled Echo up off the ground and shoved her a couple paces back.

Jake glanced at Abby. Clarke was very much on top here.

Lexa could not help but smile, as her confident mate took charge over the room. She ran a supportive hand up Clarke’s hot back as the Alpha bellowed her orders around the tense room. The beautiful Tri-girl’s body was in a simmering state of arousal in light of Clarke’s dominant display. The Alpha would be rewarded later for her demonstration of leadership.

“Are you ok?” Clarke held Lexa in a loose embrace.

All Lexa could do was nod.

The arousal burning across the Omega’s pretty face was not lost on the posturing Alpha.

Echo cleared her throat. She could not allow Raven to take the heat for her, not anymore. Echo placed a hand on Raven’s shoulder and squeezed it once. The Azgeda dog smiled a silent thank you. If not for Raven, she would have run away from her home...yet again.

Echo accepted Clarke’s authority, besides, it was time to tell the truth.

The blue eyed Alpha looked Echo up and down. This had better be damn good!

Echo held Clarke’s judgemental eyes as she spoke.

“I got Kane’s wife pregnant...Kane thought the baby was his.”

Abby’s head snapped round at Echo’s words.
“I have a ten-year-old daughter.” Echo waited for Clarke to chastise her.

The room fell into stunned silence.

Raven nodded at Echo, commending her bravery.

Echo locked eyes with Octavia, just for a moment. Her bravery did not extend to facing Octavia’s reaction for longer than a second.

“I swear to you Griffin; I did not force myself on her.” Echo prayed Clarke would believe her.

Abby felt instantly sick. Vomit lifted from her gut, tainting her throat in bitterness. Jake came over from around the bar and placed a supportive arm around his wife.

“Oh my God! You were just a teenager-a child!” Abby could not believe what she was hearing.

Abby sank down into a chair, her heart raced and her mind spun. Becca had left abruptly. Abby hadn’t given it a second thought. She was just relieved the maverick doctor had left. Abby had been desperate to dissociate herself from the mad scientist.

Jake also knew Becca Kane had zero morals, but this was unthinkable, unconscionable.

“I knew what I was doing. We were having an affair for months. At your clinic, in the woods, in Kane’s home; any place we could fuck, we fucked.” Echo lowered her head again.

“So it is possible then? For Beta females to carry our seed?” Clarke looked to her mother.

Abby didn’t want to answer her daughter’s question. Months of trying to impregnate Beta eggs with Alpha semen had failed in clinical trials and laboratory testing. What had Becca done? Was this natural? Was it just luck? Had something else been in play?

“I don’t care what you think happened Echo. She was in a position of trust over you, she took advantage of a vulnerable teenager. We have oaths for a damn good reason.” Abby felt light-headed, her mind was reeling.

Clarke’s posture changed completely towards Echo.

“Do you ever see your kid?” Clarke’s voice wilted.

Clarke genuinely felt for Echo, after all, she had her own children on the way. That fact filled Clarke with fear, but mostly endless excitement and anticipation. The thought of being separated from her pups for ten years was horrendous to Clarke to mull over. How had Echo endured this? The fighting and the heavy drinking suddenly made more sense.

“I see her... but only from a distance. Through bushes and trees, gaps in fences. Her face bares the mark of Azgeda. She looks just like me, it is unsettling.” Echo swallowed hard.

Lexa pushed gently past Clarke. Her growing maternal instincts kicking in, she placed her arm around Echo and pulled her close. Lexa gently pecked the second seeded Alpha on the cheek.

“I am so sorry Echo. Your heart must be as ice, after enduring such torment.”

Echo eyed Clarke worryingly as Lexa placed hands on her body, and lips on her skin.

Clarke did not seem angered. She wore a look of great sympathy on her face, rather than the usual dominant stance towards the other Alpha.
Echo had not expected such empathy from her friends. The Azgeda valiantly held back tears.

“I am sorry, my Queen.” Echo sank into Lexa’s soothing touch.

Abby narrowed her eyes at the display in front of her. Echo now called Lexa Queen freely in front of them all. Lexa’s soft touch immediately seemed to quell Echo’s nerves and upset.

“I will not have anyone pass judgement on you for this.” Lexa stood regally over the small pack.

Octavia went to stand. A still stunned Lincoln helped her up.

“I need some air.” Octavia tried desperately not to look at Echo.

Lincoln guided Octavia towards the courtyard. Luna glanced to Echo’s sallow complexion. The Flou-girl thought at any second, Echo would rip Octavia from Lincoln’s arms. Instead, Echo remained frozen to the spot.

Once outside in the courtyard, Octavia walked slowly around the small garden. Lincoln was never far from her side. He would catch her easily if she fell.

“How did everything get so complicated, Lincoln?”

The muscular man took a breath.

“Do you remember when it was just me, you and Echo? All we had to do was serve moonshine. We were a family.”

“We’re still a family, Octavia.” Lincoln whispered.

Octavia held a hand to her jaw. The cold water compress did not do much to ease the pain.

“Nothing has gone right since the amnesty night; I feel like we lost more than the bar that evening.” Octavia sighed.

“These bad vibes and upsets are not solely of our making. Kane wants blood.” Lincoln tried to reassure his friend.

Octavia looked back towards the inside bar area.

“The Alphas and Omegas, their shit is intense.” Octavia sighed again.

“Their world is not so different to ours. I hate that Kane is attacking my friends in our name!” Lincoln scowled.

“I just want life to be simple again, no drama.” Octavia pinched the bridge of her nose.

Octavia stumbled slightly, Lincoln speedily shot to her aid. Lincoln’s heart pounding as Octavia fell against his muscly chest, her hands looking doll-like in contrast to his large muscles. He brought a tree trunk-like arm around her narrow back.

Octavia looked into Lincoln’s soft eyes. His expression spoke of nothing but love for her. The Tri-Kru boy seemed enchanted by Octavia’s close proximity. The nineteen-year-old Octavia started to feel uncomfortable. She pulled out of his embrace.
“I’m ok now Lincoln, you can let go.”
Lincoln stalled, he did not want to free Octavia from his arms.

“Lincoln please, let go.” Octavia whispered.

“Octavia I…” Lincoln was cut off.

“I have feelings for someone else Lincoln. I’m sorry.”

Octavia pushed her hands slowly against Lincoln’s chest. Lincoln backed off immediately.

Silence fell. Only the amphibious croaks of frogs and creaking cricket’s legs sung out into the night air.

Lincoln finally spoke, he even managed a small smile.

“I know that, I am not as foolish as everyone thinks.”

Octavia smiled shyly back.

“We three, we will always be a family. Never forget that Skai-girl. We are currently going through a rough patch. I believe your people call it that, do they not?” Lincoln grinned.

Octavia burst into tears mixed with laughter. Lincoln held her again, instantly.

“We will not abandon Echo; I fear for her now, more than ever.” Lincoln did not need Octavia to tell him who her heart called out to.

“Echo is an asshole.” Octavia mumbled into Lincoln’s chest.

“Yes, yes she is.” Lincoln smiled.

“Lincoln, in another time, another place…” Octavia was cut off.

“Please, do not say anymore.” Lincoln held a hand up to silence Octavia’s apology for not wanting him.

Back inside the bar, Echo remained humbled by all her friend’s support.

Lexa continued to subtly draw Echo’s upset out from her skin under a powerful touch. Echo’s pupils slowly dilated as Lexa entered her system like a drug. The sensation felt highly addictive.

Footsteps from outside drew all eyes to Trinity’s main doorway. What now?

“Excuse me, it is not my intention to intrude.” Indra’s voice filled the room.

Reflexively, Lexa gripped Echo tighter. Echo responded by gently handing Lexa over to Clarke’s care. The two Alphas stood protectively beside their Queen.

“That is not necessary.” Indra noted the protective stance from the two Alpha animals by her daughter’s side.

Indra moved as close to her daughter as the Alpha guards would allow.
“Daughter, I have done you an injustice I fear.” Indra stood, arms open.

Indra looked on in amazement at Lexa’s appearance; her daughter’s belly swelled to a size Indra had never seen before on an Omega. Lexa managed to look even more radiant than ever though, she always owned the room.

“First Minister.” Abby stepped forward.

“I thought on your kind words, Chancellor. I am indeed missing out it seems.”

Abby smiled and took Indra’s hands into her own.

“I am afraid that you must no longer greet me as First Minister though.”

Abby went pale.

“That title now goes to Gustus; I have been removed, as expected.”

Lexa passed between her two bodyguards, moving closer to Indra.

“No!” Lexa blurted out.

Lexa stood feet away from her estranged mother.

“Yes daughter. I am only Indra now, and hopefully still Nomi to you?”

Lexa wanted desperately to fall into her mother’s arms. She should forgive her mother really, for her initial rejection of Clarke and the litter. Lexa knew it had been a shock for her mother, but she still felt great disappointment towards the woman. And perhaps, some residual anger.

Luna stood by Lexa’s side in a show solidarity with her childhood friend.

“I told you, Lexa, that she would return to you.” Luna linked her friend’s arm with her own.

Lexa managed a brief smile at her expectant mother.

A deep male voice cut through the air, causing Luna to wince immediately.

“I see the two of you are still never far apart.”

Titus loomed in the doorway, his large figure backlit by the moonlight outside.

Luna almost yelped at the sight.

“Master Titus!”

“It has been a long time Luna-kom-Trikru”

“It’s Flou-kru now.” Luna stammered.

“Nonsense! Your blood is still made of tree and earth. I know where you come from, girl.”

Lexa stood defensively with Luna.

Titus faltered at the sight of Lexa’s shimmering green eyes. He stepped back slightly as Lexa held Luna closer to her, pulling the discombobulated girl against her pregnant form.
“Who the hell is this shit-head?” Raven interrupted.

“Titus I would imagine” Clarke now placed herself dominantly in front Luna and Lexa.

“The Skai-beast I presume? Finally, we meet.” Titus narrowed his eyes on Clarke.

“Likewise.” Clarke smirked.

Titus looked suspiciously between Clarke and his grown up Omega novitiates.

“I see one of my students is not enough to sate your needs. Animal!” Titus scowled harshly at Clarke.

Clarke laughed condescendingly at the old fashioned Fight Master.

“Is that what you think?” Clarke smiled.

“It is what I see, monster!” Titus shook his head disapprovingly.

Lexa interrupted.

“If that were true, it would be none of your concern. Still, it seems you see fit to own our choices. Have you not learnt from that mistake, teacher?” Lexa voice spread like venom through Titus’s blood.

“She has corrupted your spirit I see.” Titus pointed at a now bored Clarke.

“Enough Titus. We come here in the spirit of unity, not division.”

Indra curbed Titus’s anger and assumptions.

Indra turned to Abby.

“I have some support and influence still. I may no longer be First Minister of Tri-Kru, but my alliance with you is still alive. I am willing to bring my supporters to your side. We must stand against Kane’s regime together. We cannot allow him take your seat as well.”

Abby nodded in agreement. Perhaps with more numbers from Tri-Kru they could bolster their ranks and demonstrate more unity.

“What say you, Master Titus?” Indra called to her colleague.

Titus held his hands behind his back.

“I agree. Kane must not become Chancellor. I will endure this current company if I must.”

Clarke winked coyly at Titus. The Fight Master’s lip curling at the taunt.

Luna turned Lexa to face her.

“Flou-Kru will always be at your disposal, my Queen.” Luna bowed to Lexa.

Titus watched on, bewildered by Luna’s undying loyalty to the other girl.

“That offer is extended to your cause also, Chancellor.” Luna smiled at Abby.

“We could do with the labourers. It looks like were gonna need a hell of lot more living space here.”
Abby looked to Jake.

“Trinity has the space; I have a plan. I just need the work force.” Jake nodded at Luna.

“Then you shall have it. I will summon my Kru over immediately.” Luna eyed Titus.
Break of dawn….

The skin of Luna’s strong hands creaked as she gripped the pull up bar above her head.

Lincoln’s workout area was basic compared Titus’ elaborate training grounds back in Polis, it did the job though. Luna lifted her weight off the ground using her powerful arms, her shoulder muscles visibly rippled and strained under her skin. The tough girl locked her feet together at her ankles, breathed in rhythmically, and puffed out a blast of air ever time her chin reached the bar above.

The Flou-Kru Omega loved to be up this early. As early as the starlings and the larks.

The one thing she did miss of Titus’s training arena, was the view. Being up high on that hillside in Polis, gave an almost panoramic view of the lands that stretched out around the capital. The mountain ranges in the distance called out to the free-spirited Luna. She wished in secret, that she were closer in kin to the bird rather than the wolf.

Luna dropped down from the bar and took a gulp from her water canteen. A sound from behind, startled her.

“Klark! How long have you been hiding there?” Luna continued to sip her drink.

Clarke stepped out from the shadows. She was dressed in shorts and a fitted top. Her hood was raised up, covering her altered features. She stood perfectly still, quietly staring Luna down. The Omega had not even realized that Clarke was stalking her. Luna prided herself on her sensory skills, she was not a woman to be caught off guard easily. Clarke though…was something else. Luna had never met an Alpha so close in nature to the Wolf. Luna would be a liar if she said that Clarke Griffin did not unnerve her.

Clarke did not respond to Luna. She remained motionless, her blue eyes intently staring directly at the Omega.

The silence was awkward. Luna allowed her eyes to scan over Clarke. The Skai-girl gave off natural leadership vibes. Her posture had an appealing air of arrogance to it. Luna could not imagine anyone besting the beast in combat. Quite simply, Clarke Griffin’s blood ran hot and fearless. Luna understood Lexa’s potent need for an Alpha like Clarke. She was so unusual, so unique, so dominant…

Luna’s eyes peered down at sharp claws peeping out from the cuffs of Clarke’s tight hoody, before lazily gazing at the rest of her form. Clarke’s muscles were defined to the point of perfection. Luna spent every day working and training her body to have it look just as virile as the Alpha’s, but Luna imagined Clarke to quite naturally have the body she did. Luna scoffed internally at Lexa. She should not be too surprised that her friend chose such a perfect specimen to impregnate her.

Luna grew tired of the unsettling body language from Clarke. She turned her back on the beast and reached up to start her pull-ups again. The tribal-styled girl quickly pumped out ten rapid jolts. When she dropped back down, she looked over her shoulder for Clarke. The Alpha was gone. The Omega shook her head. Clarke was so odd. As Luna turned back towards the bar, the stalking Alpha was
suddenly and silently in front of her.

Luna visibly jumped. Her heartbeat increased and her body began to perspire. How had she missed Clarke move?

Luna felt under threat. She stepped back from the primal creature in front of her. As she stepped back, she placed a hand on a short blade at her side, it was totally out of defensive instinct.

Clarke’s eyes dropped down to the blade. She stepped back from Luna, suddenly aware of how her posture was affecting the disconcerted Omega.

“What do you want, Klark?” Luna released the knife as Clarke stepped back.

Clarke removed her hood.

“Are you afraid of me, Luna?” Clarke asked.

Luna ran her eyes across Clarke’s features. She was fascinated. The Alpha’s eyes were deep ocean-like pools of cobalt blue, her cheek bones more pronounced, and her golden brow in a heavy frown.

The mistress of Flou-kru stepped bravely forward.

“May I?” Luna held her hand up.

Clarke allowed the contact.

Luna ran her fingertip across Clarke’s over-pronounced brow. She tenderly slid the back of her hand down Clarke’s animal-like features. She pressed her knuckles lightly against her raised cheekbones. Luna’s hand fell to Clarke’s jaw, she cradled it softly in her palm. Clarke absentmindedly opened her mouth wider, displaying to Luna blade-like teeth in the deep recesses of her mouth.

“You are extraordinary, Klark.” Luna finished her inspection.

Clarke pulled her hood back up.

“I do believe you were made for little Leksa.” Luna winked.

Clarke nodded.

Unexpectedly, Raven interrupted.

“Hey, you two are up early.” Raven took one look at Clarke’s face.

“Whoa! Dude, Lexa hasn’t tickled your dick this morning, has she?”

Luna snorted out a laugh.

“Will the breakable furniture be safe?” Raven stood protectively in front of a chair.

Clarke was not amused. She stared grumpily at the cocky Raven.

Luna smiled, the witty Beta girl complimented Clarke’s prickly demeanour well. The Flou-girl could see how they had become such close friends.

Luna cleared her throat with a light cough.

“Do you plan on a run today, Klark?” Luna tried to get Clarke’s focus off of the teasing Raven.
“Yes.” Clarke grumbled.

“Would you like some company? I expect my Kru will not arrive until late tomorrow.” Luna offered.

Clarke accepted.

“Ok, then lead the way, Alpha.” Luna gestured toward the exit.

Luna raised a thick dark eyebrow at the amused Raven. Clarke was intense. She affected the atmosphere of the courtyard, but Raven seemed unafraid of her friend’s animalistic tendencies. Little did Luna know, Raven had grown up around Clarke displaying much more terrifying moods than early morning grouchiness.

As Luna went to follow Clarke, Raven grabbed at her wrist softly.

“Hey.” That was all Raven could manage.

“Hey.” Luna repeated with a smile.

“You were gone from the bed this morning.” Raven blushed.

“I am an early bird.” Luna shrugged.

“We’re cool, aren’t we?” Raven blushed further.

Luna placed a soft kiss on Raven cheek.

“Oh course.” The Flou-Kru woman stroked the mechanic’s jaw with her thumb.

Raven watched as the Alpha and Omega exited Trinity’s courtyard.

Luna was far from an unfit woman, but what had started out as a gentle jog was rapidly turning into a chase. Luna was not able to keep up with the breakneck speed of the athlete ahead of her. Luna ducked branches, and leapt over logs as Clarke tore through the air at an impossible pace to match. Soon enough, the Alpha was completely gone from sight.

Luna pressed on.

As Luna reached a clearing, she spotted Clarke stood waiting. The moody Alpha was looking up into the trees at the birds. Luna jogged toward Clarke’s side.

The Omega was not a woman to let pride stand in the way of honesty.

“I cannot match your pace, Klark. You are exceptionally fit.” Luna panted.

“I’m actually going slower than usual, for you.” Clarke continued to look up into the trees.

Luna laughed through her exhausted panting.

“Of course you are!” Luna stretched her back out and twisted her hips from side to side.

The Omega felt the sun hit her face. The exotic-looking girl closed her eyes and bathed in the warm rays. She loved nature and all its daily gifts!

Clarke just had to ruin the moment though.
“You’ve had sex with Lexa.” Clarke focused he gaze upward still.

It seemed as-though every blowing branch in the breeze hushed itself at that moment.

Luna was not expecting the statement.

“Yes, for many years. It was what we both needed, desperately.” Luna lowered her voice.

Clarke turned to face Luna.

“Aleksandria told me how you devolved in her absence. That is not healthy, Alpha.” Luna shook her head.

Clarke eyed Luna with suspicion.

“Titus is the greatest Fight Master in all the clans. He taught me how to fight to the point of perfection. There were some things he could not teach his Omega novitiates to control though. We figured that out ourselves. Perhaps you should view my time in Lexa’s bed as training, rather than anything more. Perhaps you will not feel this envy, if you look at it that way.” Luna ran her eyes over Clarke.

“I am not envious of you!” Clarke spat back with certainty.

“Then what? You are aroused by the thought of Leksa and I together?” Luna glanced at Clarke’s crotch.

Clarke looked back up into the trees.

Luna groaned at Clarke’s refusal to answer her. Clarke was becoming frustrating to be around. Alphas were pig headed and obstructive at the best of times, in her experience. They constantly sought control and victory. Luna would usually tire quickly of their posturing. She found her fellow Omegas much easier to be around.

“I ask that you show me some level of respect either way, Klark. Run at my side, do not sate your ego by running a mile ahead.” Luna was firm.

Clarke internally praised Luna. She was very smart, very confident, and she usually spoke her mind.

“Leksa remained in-control of herself during your separation. With training, you too can learn to do the same. Or do you wish a future where Leksa has to keep you on a leash at all times?”

Clarke frowned. She did not want Lexa to feel like she could never leave her side.

“You should be grateful Leksa can control her needs. Trust me, you do not want to see what happens when she cannot.” Luna shivered.

“What does that mean?” Clarke stepped closer to Luna.

Luna swallowed once, her thoughts on an old memory. Clarke picked up on the scent of fear that rapidly permeated from Luna’s form.

Instead of answering, Luna avoided Clarke’s question.

“Shall we finish this run, Alpha? I have a little bird waiting for me back at Trinity.” Luna gave a shaky smile.
Clarke gestured for Luna to take point and set the pace.

**Back at Trinity**

Lexa stood on her tiptoes in Trinity’s kitchen. One last time, she tried valiantly to reach the higher shelves. Her bump was making it impossible to be flush with any sort of countertop. She begrudgingly gave up and shouted for her brother.

On the third attempt at calling to Lincoln, Lexa still got no response. The heavily pregnant Omega made her way out of the kitchen and into the living space, searching out her brother instead.

Lexa continued to call to Lincoln as she wandered around, barefoot, on the wooden floors. The bloated girl found herself at the bottom of the stairs. She placed one hand on the rail and lifted a sore, aching foot up onto the first step. This was perhaps not the best idea, alone.

“Leksa, stop!” Indra appeared from behind her stubborn daughter.

“What do you need? I will go for you.”

“I am looking for Linkon.” Lexa glanced up towards his room.

“Your brother is out getting supplies.” Indra informed Lexa.

“I see.” Lexa sighed.

Lexa regarded her mother with interest. It was odd to see her out of ceremonial clothing, and in brighter casual clothes. Lexa hated the fact that this version of her mother made her heart swell. Indra had been hard on Lexa in her teen years, but Lexa had memories of sweet, tender care from her Nomi as a young child. Lexa wanted to grab her mother and hold her close, to feel that sensation of home that only a mother’s hug can give. Lexa’s stubborn pride was very much inherited from Indra though; it currently stood as a great canyon between them.

“What is it you need, daughter?” Indra desperately wanted to reconnect with Lexa.

“I am hungry.” Lexa confessed.

Indra broke into a glorious smile.

“Then I can help. I will prepare the Elk meat I brought with me, it was always your favorite.” Indra softened her voice.

Lexa’s lips pursed together, her expression drawn in mistrust. She missed her homeland’s delicacies and her mother’s cooking.

“Beja Leksa.” Indra gave her daughter a pleading look.

“Very well.” Lexa sighed.

Indra almost catapulted herself into Trinity’s kitchen.

Luna and Clarke now jogged side by side, through the early morning streets of Skai-Kru town. Clarke mocked the campaign posters the Guarda had spread across the clan’s town walls, as she and
Luna passed them.

The election was almost here.

Kane’s stony face loomed over passers-by. He promised autonomy from Tri-ku. Pictures of the emboldened Beta male teased more benefits and freedoms for Skai-ku, providing they uncoupled themselves from the many laws that unity with their neighbors had brought them. He clearly wanted the alliance broken.

Luna slowed down to a light trot, as a particular poster caught her eye. The Omega separated from the Alpha, and slowed to a stop in front of the offensive propaganda.

Luna read the blood colored title: ‘in sheep’s clothing’

Kane’s campaign poster used threatening imagery. The low-key lighting helped to create a striking painting of a rampaging wolf.

The artist had brought moving contrast between light and shadow. The manic, slaughter-inspired scene was bathed in a dark atmosphere and harsh tones. What started out as a political message, quickly escalated to an intriguing scene straight out of a classic horror novel. The use of color and focus drew Luna to intense animal eyes, the low-key lighting adding suspense and drama. The array of black and white contrasted. It helped to draw onlookers eyes to eerie phantoms emerging from the shadows, while the subtle blurring and lighting effects help to tell a story of man pitted against beast.

Clarke joined Luna staring at the poster. She ran her eyes across the depiction on the paper.

Lexa’s current lover, and ex-lover stood shoulder to shoulder.

“It’s actually rather good, artistically speaking.” Luna mused.

Clarke ran her eyes over the artwork.

“It’s turning me on a great deal.” Luna purred.

Clarke looked across at Luna wearing a devilish smile.

“The big bad Wolf.” Clarke’s voice was deep and throaty.

“I fear this poster will not have the desired effect on Beta women that Kane hopes it will have.” Luna winked.

“Weak at the knees?” Clarke suggested.

“Dripping wet between their thighs?” Luna countered.

Clarke barked out a laugh. Luna was endlessly fun and flirtatious. Clarke quickly looked around.

“What are you doing?” Luna broke into a fit of giggles as Clarke started to remove the poster from the wall.

“I’m taking this for Lexa. I’m thinking she will appreciate the artwork.” Clarke wiggled her brow.

“Leksa’s libido needs no encouragement if I recall.” Luna said cheerily.

Clarke momentarily stalled as she rolled up the poster. Silence fell between the two.
Luna gave a nervous cough. She had not meant to celebrate her personal experience of Lexa’s limitless sex drive.

Clarke frowned, as if she was unsure she should ask her next question.

“When you said earlier, with training I could control my temperament. What did you have in mind?”

Luna smiled.

She walked with Clarke as she spoke. The stolen poster clutched in the Alpha’s hand.

“Titus was not all bad. He developed several training methods. We novitiates were taught many meditation techniques. They allow one to come into contact with their inner self. To add, to join, to unite one’s spirit with something greater.”

“That sounds so Tri-Kru.” Clarke snorted in laughter.

“Mock all you like, Alpha. I am not the one that is forced to cover my features on a daily basis. I am not the one that runs through the woods, then slaughters innocent animals.”

“Hey!” Clarke’s features morphed as she snapped.

“You see what I mean? Your emotions rule your body. Kane will take advantage of this.” Luna pointed at Clarke’s wolfish face.

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to mock you.” Clarke’s face slipped back into a more human visage.

“You’re an Alpha, and you’re Skai-kru, of course you meant to mock something you don’t understand.” Luna sighed.

Clarke bit her lip. Skai-Kru were perhaps guilty of not fully immersing themselves with Tri-kru culture, that was true. And Alphas were quite often rude and arrogant, that was also true.

“Luna, I didn’t mean any offence.” Now Clarke sounded apologetic.

Luna folded her arms.

“Do you know Leksa loves to eat meat, Klark? Do you know she mediates every day? Do you know she believes her spirit will return to the woods when she dies?”

“I have never seen her eat meat.” Clarke commented.

“Not Skai-Kru meat, you haven’t. You eat the flesh of animals that have suffered in death, their blood drained all wrong. Leksa would not allow herself to absorb such a thing.”

“Tri-kru send us that meat!” Clarke spat back.

“I would imagine they send you what you ask for.” Luna laughed.

“Where is this going, Luna?” Clarke faced the Omega.

“You have an opportunity to create something new, Klark; something unseen before in the clans. Your children are of Skai and Tri blood. You can beat Kane, if you learn to control yourself and channel the gift I know you possess.”

“My gift is strength and speed over everyone else, nobody can take me!” Clarke bragged.
“That is true, but there is something else. Something lay dormant.” Luna eyed Clarke.

“You have an effect on Echo. She accepts your authority based on more than just your physical prowess. I believe Leksa and yourself could rule over a new nation. A nation of Alphas and Omegas, with the Beta still protected.”

Clarke listened intently to the wise Luna.

“Leksa and I can teach you how to seek out your true self, what lies beneath flesh and bone. That is my offer to you.”

Clarke considered Luna’s proposal. She should learn more about Tri-Kru’s beliefs. After all, her children would be with them before she knew it, and they would be half Tri-Kru. Luna was also correct that Kane would take advantage over any display of violence, especially from her.

“Alright.” Clarke’s quick response surprised Luna.

“You wish to learn to fully control your Wolf?” Luna asked.

“I will try.” Clarke agreed.

“Very well, training starts at sunrise.” Luna held a hand out to Clarke.

Abby wandered through an unusually tranquil Trinity.

Lincoln sat playing cards with Raven. He stole glances at Echo as she stared intently up at Octavia’s room. Octavia had yet to look at Echo, let alone speak with her about her confession and the assault.

All of the young pack seemed occupied, that left the adults alone.

Abby entered the kitchen, watching as Indra cleaned a few pots and pans.

“Did she let you cook for her?” Abby whispered.

Indra stopped what she was doing.

“Yes. She said all but two words to me though, throughout the meal.”

“Were those words thank you at least?”

Indra smiled at the fellow Omega and mother.

“Yes.” Indra smiled.

“Well, I’d count that as progress.” Abby comforted Indra.

“Do you think she hates me?” Indra looked to the ceiling.

“I think she loves you Indra. You have hurt her though, but she will forgive you in time.” Abby believed this to be true.

Indra nodded in agreement.
In the bar area, Lexa approached a pining Echo.

The cosmically connected Queen felt every stumbling heartbeat from the second Alpha in her den. Lexa allowed herself to feel the chaotic butterflies that swooshed around in the Azgeda’s stomach. The commanding brunette knew Echo sought Octavia’s forgiveness desperately. She knew that Echo feared a growing desire to mount the younger woman. Lexa’s connection to the members of her ever-increasing pack grew stronger by the hour, it seemed.

“One should not dwell on the past Echo, go to her” Lexa whispered.

Echo sighed. She held her head in her hands as Lexa sat by her side.

“She welcomes our kind’s attention. She longs to be joined with the wolf in you.” Lexa had observed Octavia’s infatuation with her species’ for weeks now.

“She won’t see me, Leksa.” Echo gestured towards the locked door upstairs.

“Have you at least tried?” Lexa queried.

“No.” Echo admitted.

Lexa laughed. She shook her head at the cowering Alpha. The Queen placed a comforting hand on Echo’s knee, exposed through a rip in the Azgeda’s jeans. Lexa’s touch was hot against Echo’s skin.

“You should know by now; I can always force you go to her.” Lexa teased.

Echo felt the effects of Lexa’s touch instantly. Her blood rushed through her veins and her temperature soared. Echo felt Lexa’s will creep into her flesh. The sudden need to obey Lexa was unescapable.

Echo stood abruptly, severing Lexa’s link immediately. The Wolf’s voice was shaky.

“That won’t be necessary, Leksa. I need to do this by myself.” Echo walked away from Lexa quickly.

“As you wish.” Lexa smiled

Raven approached Lexa from behind. She had borne witness to the conversation between the Queen and the Ice Wolf.

“What the hell was that?” Raven watched Echo walk toward the stairs.

“I believe your people call it, a shot of liquid courage?” Lexa winked.

“You mean you gave her a kick up the ass!” Raven smiled at Lexa.

“Indeed.” Lexa watched Echo ascend the stairs.

The repenting Azgeda soul, finally, reached the alter that was Octavia’s bedroom door.

The dark, foreboding, wooden panel seemed taller and wider than the wolf ever recalled. The lifeless object challenged Echo mercilessly. It made her doubt her courage. It manipulated her senses into believing only rejection waited on the other side. The feisty Blake girl that called to her heart would harbor only disappointment towards her older friend. Perhaps Echo would have been better off
letting Lexa invade her mind and infect her blood. The Queen would have simply forced Echo’s knuckles to connect boldly with Octavia’s door.

Echo was unsure how much time had passed as she stared down the barrier. Seconds, minutes or even days would still have left her at a loss of what to say to Octavia. Surely this should be easier by now? Echo was almost thirty years old; if by this time she had not learnt how to offer her heart to a woman, she had clearly failed in this aspect of her life.

If Lexa was correct, and Octavia felt deeply connected to her kind, surely this reconciliation would be simple?

………..

On the other side of the door, Octavia lay staring up at the ceiling. Her jaw ached and her mouth tasted of copper. The wobbling tooth within her mouth battled to stay rooted in her gums. Octavia had never been hit so hard, not in all her days. It was certainly not an experience she hoped to repeat.

Suddenly, something fizzed and popped into life within. That was the only way Octavia could describe the knowing feeling that drew her eyes towards her bedroom door. She sat bolt up in bed, her eyes dropping to the gap at the bottom of her protective wooden barricade. A dark shadow broke the beam of light that ran across its bottom. Octavia had a visitor.

Echo raised her shaking hand up to the bullying door. She held her hand suspended in the air. The longer she waited, the more she doubted her actions were timely. Within the last 24 hours: she had struck the girl she was falling in love with; almost ran away; and confessed to all her friends that she had defied science, impregnating their enemy’s Beta bride.

Octavia slid, apprehensively, off the bed. She took the sheets with her as she floated to the door. The pretty young girl paused by the mirror as she passed; her jaw swelled horribly and turned purple, as a great bruise leaked across her perfect features.

Continuing on, Octavia padded, barefoot, towards her tall wooden guardian. She froze just feet away, briefly closing her eyes before completing the final few steps. Octavia leant into the warm wood, placing a flat hand onto the Oak panel. Her forehead caressed the grainy surface.

“Echo.” Octavia’s voice was quieter than a mouse’s whisper.

Echo’s wolf hearing snapped to attention. She clenched her fist tightly, smirking at the no longer intimidating wooden door. The Azgeda wrapped her knuckles out defiantly three times against the hard surface, requesting entry. Echo stood expectantly, waiting.

Octavia flinched as the door vibrated under Echo’s brave assault; her breathing quicker, her nerves on edge. She wanted desperately to let Echo know it was all ok, that she wanted her inside her still. That more than anything, she was in love with the lonely wolf.

Octavia stalled

Echo placed her palm flat against the door, her hand level with Octavia’s but separated by inches of solid oak.

“I’m sorry.” Echo whispered.

Octavia turned her back to the door, pressing her spine up against the wooden panel. Her heart ached at the thought of leaving Echo locked outside. The young Beta girl looked up to the ceiling. She allowed her back to slip further down the door, landing softly in a crumpled mess of sheets; her back
still flush against the grainy wood, her head in her hands, and her ass on the floor.

Echo’s eyes tracked the sound of movement from the other side, finally settling at the bottom of the door. She quickly dropped to the ground herself, and sat with her back flush to the door in the hallway.

Octavia and Echo now mirrored each other on opposite sides of the wooden barrier.

“Octavia?” Echo called out.

Octavia closed her eyes at the sound of Echo’s soft voice.

“I can’t let you in. I want to though, and I hate you for that.” Octavia sobbed.

“Why can’t you let me in, kid?” Echo asked.

“Don’t call me that.” Octavia wiped her snotty nose on the back of her hand.

“Aw, but you like it when I call you that.” Echo grinned up to the ceiling.

“I can’t let you in, because if I do…I will want to hold you-kiss you. I still want you inside me Echo, but you don’t deserve that right now.” Octavia was not over the shock of Echo hitting her. It would take time for that to happen.

Echo tightened her fist. She was furious with herself for letting Kane rule her emotions, effecting her relationship with Octavia.

“I always want you Octavia, always!” Echo’s head fell back and bumped lightly against the door behind her.

“I know that.” Octavia smiled.

“I’m sorry about what happened to you, with Kane’s wife. It’s shitty.”

“We don’t have to discuss that right now.” Echo closed her eyes, embarrassed still.

“Octavia, I will wait as long as it takes for you to be ready for me. I’m so sorry that I hurt you.” Echo’s voice broke.

“It’s ok, you hit like a Beta bitch anyway.” Octavia lied to lighten the mood.

Echo laughed out loud.

“Should I go back down to the bar? Let you rest?” Echo asked.

“No! Stay where you are. I don’t want you to go.” Octavia almost cried as she cuddled into her cloud of bedsheets.

“Then I will sit here until you fall asleep…kid.” Echo dared.

"Asshole!” ...Octavia smiled.
Clarke sat cross-legged on the ground in Trinity’s small courtyard.

Luna mirrored the Alpha’s seated posture, with her eyes closed. She slowed her breathing, as she felt her unconscious mind take over her senses.

“This isn’t working for me.” Clarke grumbled.

“Klark Griffin, my Kru arrives soon. We are short on time today, as it is.” Luna shot one eye open at Clarke, as she addressed the sulking blonde.

“You must focus, Alpha. Think of nothing, feel only the morning chill and the gentle air.”

“That makes no sense! How can I think of nothing and focus on something at the same time?” Clarke began to doubt if meditation was for her.

“May I offer some advice?” Titus slipped into the courtyard.

“No!” Clarke snarled.

“Master Titus, good morning.” Luna was respectful.

“It would serve you better to take the beast into the woods. Her spirit is better suited there, not in these tamed gardens.” Titus instructed.

“My name is Clarke!” Clarke stated, tired of Titus already.

“Do not deny the fact you feel more at peace with yourself when you run through the woodland! You are not human. You are an animal.” Titus placed his hands behind his broad back, his posture rigid.

“He makes a good point, Klark. This is not working, is it?” Luna nodded at Titus.

Clarke shook her head. Titus was condescending and laborious, but Luna trusted that he may be able to help. She needed to trust Luna’s judgement on this. Clarke had promised the Flou-Kru leader that she would try anything to control her wolf and inner demons.

“Fine, let’s all go for a picnic!” Clarke mocked.

Luna stood, grabbing her coat as Clarke unlocked Trinity’s side gate. She paused in front of Titus.

“Join us.” Luna offered half a smile to Titus.

Titus lost his brooding stance for a moment. He looked at Luna for any sign of deceit, but saw none.

“I find holding resentment towards you very bad for my chi. Help me with Klark, we might then repair our own connection, teacher.”

“Very well child.” Titus accepted Luna’s olive branch.
Once they were deep into the woods, Luna stopped.

“This is perfect.” Titus commented.

Clarke looked at her surroundings. The three had reached a small clearing. The great, tall trees all around them blocking out most of the light, but for the odd sliver of brilliant sunshine. The rustling sound of dying leaves under Clarke’s feet felt oddly soothing; they flicked up with every step she took. Titus had been correct, roaming through the woods was pure serenity for her.

When the three stopped moving, all they could hear was the nature that surrounded them: The swooshing of water serenaded them, as a nearby stream rolled over the rocks; The faint stirrings of fluttering wings in the trees above; The stealthy crawl of a creature in the bushes behind. Right now, in this spot, the Skai-beast felt drugged and under the influence of Mother Nature.

Titus sat on a log and emptied out the contents of his satchel. Three large stones rolled out.

“What the hell are those?” Clarke frowned.

“They’re spirit stones. They attract certain energies the naked eye cannot see.” Luna explained.

“They’re rocks.” Clarke scoffed.

“Klark, you said you be open minded!” Luna admonished.

The three sat in a circle. Clarke allowed herself one last peep at Titus before she closed her eyes. She remembered Luna’s words; think of nothing, feel the air and the chill around.

Titus allowed his mind to empty. He felt his connection to Luna immediately rekindle.

Clarke waited. She did start feel herself sink further into her own mind. Her ability to sneak peeks at Titus becoming more difficult as the need to sleep drowned her conscious mind. A deep, angry murmur suddenly filled the clearing. Clarke’s eyes snapped open.

“You guys hear that?” Clarke whispered over to Luna and Titus.

Neither responded.

Clarke stood. She crept through the clearing cautiously, the chilling murmur resonating as more of a growl than a murmur the closer she got to the source. Clarke called back to Luna and Titus one last time. There was no response. When she turned to warn them that they must flee, Clarke realized Titus and Luna were gone.

Clarke stepped back as a dark shadow emerged from the foliage.

Pointed black ears and a furry head emerged first; then, powerful broad shoulders and a solid chest broke through the bushes; finally, a long slick back and tail wriggled out though the remaining branches. The beast snarled at Clarke, its dagger-like teeth on show. Before Clarke could react, the animal leapt forward. Clarke held out her hands as if to catch the creature. The animal’s weight was too much though, and Clarke clattered to the ground with a giant Wolf on top of her. It smelt of the earth and sediment. Its fur was thick and its heartbeat strong.

Clarke felt smothered. The animal had pinned Clarke down. She bucked and writhed in hope of dislodging it. The wolf’s snout pressed into Clarke’s rosy cheek, its cobalt blue eyes reflecting Clarke’s panicked features back at her. The Skai-girl felt the beast’s saliva smear across her face, as its front teeth scraped across her skin.
Urgently, Clarke screamed out for help.

The wolf opened its giant jaw. Clarke looked down into the wolf’s gullet, at razer-sharp teeth, as it prepared to tear at her flesh. The blonde tried desperately, one last time, to escape her imminent mauling.

Suddenly, a voice in the distance called out to Clarke.

Titus stood over Clarke’s body with a wide-eyed Luna in the background.

"What do you see, Skai-girl?" Titus voice was excited.

Clarke writhed on the ground, fighting off an invisible assailant.

“She dreams still!” Luna shouted.

“We need to snap her out of it, now!” Luna ran her hands through her amazon-like locks.

Clarke abruptly forced herself upwards, but fell quickly to her knees.

Luna watched on as Clarke remained in a trance, crawling on all fours.

The Alpha started to cry out in agony. Clarke looked down at her hands. The phantom wolf was now gone, but it left nothing but absolute searing pain in her bones. Clarke watched as her hands stretched and morphed into more creature-like appendages. She felt her wrist strain under great force, and heard her bones snap out of alignment. Inside, Clarke’s organs felt on fire as they shifted position, and set alight inside her chest cavity. Clarke’s back arched, she sobbed out as she neared the pinnacle of excruciating pain.

“Titus, what is happening?” Luna panicked.

“This is her gift!” Titus watched awestruck, as Clarke’s features twisted and morphed.

“I cannot let her suffer like this!” Luna headed for the spirit stones.

“No! We must let this happen.”

Titus could not take his eyes of the transformation Clarke’s body was going through.

Ignoring Titus’ words, Luna moved swiftly. With a heavy boot she kicked the spirit stones across the earth, and out of formation. They flicked up sparks, as the energy stored within them surged to a great level. Luna felt her own spirit cry out as the cosmic connection was broken.

Clarke sank face down into the dirt, her painful transformation halted and now reversing. The Alpha’s breathing laboured, as her body knitted itself back together.

Luna raced to Clarke’s side, pushing an exhilarated Titus out of the way. She sank down to her knees next to Clarke, rolling the blonde over. Clarke’s face was decorated with mud and dried leaves. Luna spooned the Alpha from behind, she held Clarke close as the blonde allowed herself to cry. The intensity of her spiritual encounter had been too much.

“Hush Klark, it is ok now. You are safe.” Luna comforted the unusually vulnerable Alpha.

“You should not have prevented the spirits’ work Luna!” Titus lectured.

“I will not see my friend in such torment!” Luna shot back at her former teacher.
Clarke’s breathing now started to settle. She felt Luna’s arms around her body and Luna’s gentle hand combing through her hair. Clarke sat herself up.

Luna rose up with her, a hand still on Clarke’s back.

“Are you ok, Klark?” Luna asked.

“What did you see, Skai-girl?” Titus was intrigued.

“I think saw myself…and it was terrifying.” Clarke admitted.

“Your body, it does not wish to be in the form you hold it hostage to.” Titus had seen the wolf try to fully emerge from Clarke.

*Clarke sank into Luna’s comforting touch.*

“I have never felt that level of pain before. I have never shifted to that extreme before!” Clarke whimpered at the memory of the pain.

“Let us get you back to little Leksa. She will soothe your pain much better than I.” Luna smiled.

“No! I don’t want Lexa to know about this yet. We have enough to worry about right now.”

*Yet another Skai-Kru town rally…*

Kane’s dark eyes scanned the crowd for any sign of unrest.

“In my eyes, the people of Skai-Kru must be solely governed by an institution which lies in their own clan, and is run by their own people. If the people of Skai-Kru don’t like their council, they could vote them out and replace them with someone else. The people of Skai-Kru cannot do this with Tri-kru attached at their hip though. Not only do they have a large say in the make-up of our governing body, but they have a say in the future of the Guarda and our hospitals. Previous renegotiation has not given our Chancellor the ability to solely govern her own people!” Kane pontificated, as Pike stood at his side.

Abby shook her head, knowing that it was Kane who had his claws in the Guarda for too many years now, not the Tri-Kru.

“The alliance has helped secure peace among previously warring nations. It helped to consolidate democracy in Yujeda, Delfikru, Trishana, Podakru and even Azgeda. The alliance between Skaikru and Trikru now plays a leading role in conflict prevention, peacekeeping and democracy building.” Abby responded quickly.

Kane responded with a condescending laugh.

“My trusted comrade Pike has returned recently from the Ice Nation. Azgeda are looking at civil war right now. Roan’s own cousin stands against him; she musters more support every day.”

The crowd mumbled and groaned at the mention of Ontari. The woman was bloodthirsty and unstable, this was common knowledge among the clans.

“Roan has that situation under control, and you know that Kane. Fear mongering is your only political talent!” Abby could feel Kane’s comments slide beneath her skin, her agitation increasing.

“The alliance negotiates trade agreements with the rest of the clans. Outside the alliance with Azgeda and Tri-Kru, we would have to renegotiate our trade deals alone. Tri-Kru is the largest market in the
13 clans, a Skai-Kru outside the alliance would not be a high priority for the other clans to negotiate a trade deal with.” Abby pressed on.

Kane threw his hands up into the air.

“So, you’re saying after all these decades, we’re still nothing without Tri-Kru?”

The crowd hushed, all eyes on their current Chancellor.

“I am saying we’re stronger together, as we have been for generations, Chief Constable.”

Kane smiled. He would throw Abby a curve ball, and she wouldn’t know what hit her!

“Do you plan to allow breeding between Alphas and Beta females?” Kane folded his arms.

The crowd fell into total silence. Abby observed every held breath and every nervous twitch from her electorate. She stalled on answering, her usual confident poise faltering in public for all to see. The podium in front of her was the only defence to the prying eyes amongst the crowd.

The Beta males in the crowd started to become restless at Abby’s inability to offer an immediate response. Angry voices heckled Abby from within the crowd.

“Answer the question chancellor.” Kane gave a smarmy smile.

“We have no scientific evidence that breeding is even possible.” That was all Abby could come back with.

Kane lorded over the fearful crowd.

“Perhaps you would like these good people to hand over their daughters for your experiments, Dr Griffin?”

Kane’s remark was met with silence. The Chief Constable almost squealed, Abby’s delayed response was just what his campaign needed!

“You all work and live alongside each other. Kane wishes to cause divisions to serve his own prejudice!” Abby countered all too late.

“I think I’m done here.” Kane smiled as he stepped away from the podium.

Marcus Kane gave a wave to the crowd as he left the stage. A cheer sounded out from within the hoard, it was the most frightening sound Abby had ever heard.

Abby stepped down from the stage into her husband’s care.

“Shit!” Abby retreated from the area with Jake in tow.

“Yeah, that could have gone better.” Jake admitted.

“He got me on the ropes there! Damn it!” Abby lost her cool, kicking the wall.

“Hey! It’s just one debate.” Jake consoled his frustrated wife.

“He is on top Jake. We’re running out of time, and support…”

“Don’t be so defeatist! You need to let loose a bit.” Jake wiggled his brow.
“Jake, no. I’m not going to Trinity tonight.” Abby walked away from her husband.

“It’s just a few people. It’s Luna’s way of welcoming her Kru. Just one drink, then come back home?”

Abby sighed.

“We’re too old Jake. Clarke won’t want her folks spying on her.”

“Seriously, what can she be getting up to? Lexa is about ready to pop.”

“Good point.” Abby agreed.

*Later that night at Trinity…*

Luna’s Kru had arrived in Skai-Kru territory with greater numbers than she first thought. The living space now filled to capacity.

“There must be forty of them here!” Raven marvelled.

“And more on the way.” Lincoln added.

“I guess Jake needs the labour force though.” Raven concluded.

“Luna seems happy at their arrival.” Lincoln pointed out.

“Yes…yes she does.” Raven rolled her eyes.

Luna lounged on one of the couches in Trinity’s bar area. Her arms were draped over two other Flou-Kru Omegas, the two girls barely clothed and all over their leader. However, the vast majority of Luna’s recently arrived Kru were male. Derrick, her favoured Alpha, had his kids in tow. Derrick’s three children squealed like pigs as they ran through the bar. Luna peeled one of the girls off of her body, to move off of the couch. She rose to her feet and called out to the children.

“*il pleni!*” Luna raised her voice slightly.

The children stopped.

“To bed now little ones!” Luna pointed up to the mezzanine.

Currently, in the grounds around Trinity, many tents were pitched. Until the work was completed on the building, Trinity simply could not comfortably accommodate all of its guests indoors. Flou-Kru were more than capable of roughing it though. Luna had instilled an ethos of low maintenance. Life was always about love, not mortal possessions.

Echo helped Lincoln to keep the moonshine flowing. She tried not to stare as Luna’s girls endlessly made-out on the couch together. Echo had to confess, Luna had good taste.

Interestingly, many of the males of Flou-Kru were just as pretty as the females. Even still, the Boat People were made up of all different shapes and sizes, colour and creeds. Beta, Alpha and Omega alike wore Luna’s clan crest with pride.

Lincoln smirked, as Echo remained transfixed by the two Flou-girls as they continued to climb all over each other.

“My friend, you will go blind if you stare any harder!” Lincoln mocked.
Echo laughed.

“Just looking for distraction, man.” Echo took a swig of her moonshine.

“A distraction from what?” Octavia appeared from behind her two friends.

Echo blushed slightly as Octavia strolled over next to her. The Beta’s bruised face was still healing. Echo looked back over to the couch where Luna was now seated between her two female companions.

The Flou-Kru leader was kissing one of the girls and fondling the other girl’s recently freed breast. Luna’s day with Clarke had been most stressful. This was exactly what she needed to relax.

“That’s quite the distraction!” Octavia whistled.

“I’m gonna go collect some pots.” Echo walked away from Octavia’s teasing.

“I will help you out too!” Raven rolled up her sleeves.

“Don’t get lost, Echo.” Octavia continued to tease.

Raven and Echo slipped between the clustered bodies, as they cleared up after their new guests. As the two friends got closer to Luna and her bed mates, Echo let Raven take point. The Alpha floated around in the background as Raven picked up Luna’s discarded drinking pots and bottles.

“Raven, come lay with us.” Luna smiled at her Beta friend.

The mechanic watched on as Luna’s Omega girls cuddled up on their leader’s lap.

“We plan on retiring to my room for a while.” Luna took in Raven’s body.

“Nah, I’m kinda a duet sort of girl. Orchestral ensemble, not so much.” Raven wiggled her finger at the playful girls.

Luna smiled at Raven’s addictive wit and humour.

“They will bring you much pleasure. I want you to feel great pleasure little bird.”

Raven swallowed once. Her hands trembled as her promiscuous side called out at her to crawl into bed with Luna and her Flou-girls.

“I can’t Luna. It’s not my style, I’m a one Omega kinda Beta.” Raven gave a nervous wink.

“Very well. If you change your mind, the invitation is always open to you.” Luna kissed Raven lightly on the lips.

Echo kept her back to the conversation, but her ears were alert. Echo waited until Luna and her bed mates left the lounge area, and were well on their way up the stairs to the mezzanine, she then proceeded to whirl around and look at her friend. Raven flinched as the eaves dropping Alpha stood slack-jawed in front of her.

“What the hell is wrong with you?” Echo was flabbergasted.

“What? You spying on me now, freak!” Raven pointed at Echo.

“Luna is fucking hot. Those girls? Fucking hotter! You said no?” Echo comically looked between
Luna’s retreating behind and Raven’s blushing face.

“If you’re so into them, go join them yourself!” Raven spat.

“I would have! I’d have all three of them sit on my cock.” Echo expression was bemused.

“Is that before, or after, you sit crying while making a mix tape for Octavia?” Raven was full of sass.

“What the hell’s a mix tape?” Echo frowned.

“Oh my God! I have to get away from you.” Raven held her head in her hands.

Raven rapidly retreated from a frazzled Echo. The wolf was hot on the bird’s tail feathers though. The chase ended on the far side of the living space, where Abby and Jake sat talking with Lexa and their daughter.

Abby had needed the break from Kane, Jake had been right.

“Will someone please talk sense to this idiot!” Echo pointed at Raven

“Hey, jackass!” Raven quipped back at Echo.

“What’s going on?” Clarke sat forward on the couch and unravell herself from Lexa’s arms. Her body was still reeling from the events earlier that day in the woods, but being with Lexa certainly helped.

“She won an all-day ticket to wonderland with Luna and her Flou-girls! She passed on it!” Echo eyes were wide.

“Congratulations, Raven.” Jake said flatly.

Echo swirled on her heels to look Jake up and down.

“You have no idea what wonderland even means, do you?” Echo shook a frustrated head at Clarke’s father.

Clarke and Lexa understood what Echo was insinuating.

“Griffin! Back me up here, man!” Echo gestured to Clarke’s famous cock.

Lexa raised a dark eyebrow at her cornered mate.

“Yes Clarke. Do you think Raven is foolish to deny herself such pleasure?” Lexa smiled.

Echo waited impatiently for Clarke’s support.

Jake just realized what they were discussing.

“Oh, wonderland. I see.” He raised his brows appreciatively.

“Well done old man, finally in the room with us!” Echo gave Jake a thumbs up.

“Griffin! Don’t look at Lexa, look at me!” Echo clapped loudly, trying to get Clarke’s attention.

Echo knew Clarke’s cock enjoyed the ‘Luna show’ just as much as hers did.

Clarke tore her eyes away from Lexa’s questioning facial expression, and addressed Raven.
“Reyes, I know you. You did the right thing.” Clarke smiled.

Echo just laughed, she gave mock applause to Clarke for her safe answer.

“Bravo, Griffin.” Echo added.

“Oh my dear, sweet, Raven Reyes.” Abby suddenly spoke.

Clarke watched on with Echo as her mother added to the conversation.

“You’re an idiot.” Abby downed her drink in one go.

Lexa looked on at a baffled Clarke.

“Yes! That’s what I’m talking about.” Echo high-fived Abby.

Jake blushed at Abby’s comment. Clarke just shook her head at her wild mother.

“What? They’re all very attractive and seem...very willing.” Abby shrugged.

Lexa gave a mischievous look to Clarke.

“Your mother is most intriguing sexually, Klark.” Lexa giggled.

“Nice.” Echo snorted.

“I bet that’s just what you wanna think about, isn’t it Griffin?”

Clarke grimaced at the thought of her sexually active mother.

As the night went on, Lexa grew tired.

“Klark, I think it is best that I get some rest.” Lexa sighed.

Clarke stood to leave and say her goodbyes, but Lexa halted her.

“Klark, please stay with your parents. It is nice to see the three of you relaxing for once.”

“I’m not leaving you, no way.” Clarke postured.

“Klark, I will be fine.” Lexa laughed.

“I will drive Lexa to your Mom’s, Clarke. She can’t stay here with this racket.” Raven offered.

Clarke didn’t like the thought of Lexa being without her, especially so far away. She did trust Raven though.

“I will be no more than an hour, then I’m coming back to Mom’s as well. No arguments, Lexa.” Clarke was stern.

“Alright, I will be waiting for you.” Lexa kissed Clarke tenderly on the cheek.

As Lexa walked away with Raven at her side, Echo could not take her eyes off of Clarke. The Alpha focused on Lexa as if everything else in the room faded into nothing.
“You’re nuts about her, aren’t you, Griffin?” Echo observed.

On arrival at the Griffin homestead, Raven held the door open for Lexa. The pregnant girl hobbled in looking very unsteady. Raven reacted quickly as Lexa stumbled, she gripped the Queen’s forearms and held her at arms-length, stabilizing the Tri-Kru girl. Lexa’s breathing picked up and she grimaced in sudden pain.

The two girls looked at each other, panic mirroring in their eyes.

“No, no, no! Please don’t do this now!” The Beta went pale.

Raven looked downwards as Lexa’s water broke, flooding the floor around her.

“The babies…they come now.” Lexa’s whole body shuddered.

“No, no, no…I fix generators! I build cars! I wire shit up…I don’t do this!” Raven shook her head.

Lexa clung to Raven and screamed, as pain ripped through her body. Raven screamed back, louder, Lexa’s nails digging deeply into her forearms.

“Raven, please…!” Lexa squeaked.

“Ok, ok, ok! Just breath! That’s what they say…breath! Like this.”

Raven demonstrated breathing, her mouth opening and closing like a deranged goldfish.

Lexa shot Raven a furious look. The Tri-girl continued to yell as the three pups demanded exit from her body.

“I will kill you, Raven Reyes!” Lexa’s eyes turned black as Raven continued to blow air rapidly into her face.

“Ha! You cannot control me, witch!” Raven’s voice came out in a foolish accent. Her brain now in full panic mode.

“No, but I am a woman in labour with three children trying to push out of my body! I will find a way to kill! Perhaps with my bare hands if you do not stop being an idiot!”

Again, Lexa screamed in agony.

“A baby is coming!”

“No, no, no…think happy thoughts! Only happy thoughts!” Raven bounced up and down.

“How will that help me? You, moron!” Lexa clenched her teeth at Raven.

“I’m talking to myself, not you!” Raven almost cried.

“Go get Klark!” Lexa screamed in Raven’s face.
Lexa’s shattered cries rang out through the Griffin family home.

Raven’s whole body was perspiring profusely. The young Mechanic’s heart thundered inside her chest as Lexa hunched over the back of the couch. The bewildered Beta felt completely out of her depth, she was drowning in her own self-doubt; Unable to act, unable to move.

Raven remained motionless, her mouth hanging open as breath after breath of undiluted fear escaped her lungs. Lexa’s long body clung unceremoniously to the back of Abby’s couch, her hair cascading downwards like a dark swirling waterfall. The Tri-girl made an unnerving guttural sound as pain shot through her body again.

The paralyzed Beta winced as she heard Lexa’s sharp nails pierce the material of the couch. The Queen gave an alarming Clarke-like-snarl as she clawed and sliced open the fabric of the couch. The leather upholstery ripped open slowly-exposing the furniture’s fluffy white innards; It was if the covering was living skin wrapped around warm flesh. The furniture clearly served as prey to the much suffering queen of the den.

Lexa panted heavily. Her babies were eager to join the pack now, at the expense of their mother’s insides.

“Klark Griffin! ...You did this to me!” Lexa cried out.

Raven snapped out of her trance at the sound of her best friend’s name.

“Clarke! I need to get Clarke!” Raven mumbled.

“Emo komb’ir!” Lexa felt her young stir.

Raven stepped back as Lexa hissed words out in trigedasleng.

“Ai na frag yu op!” Lexa’s eyes were black and watering. Her makeup ran dark as tar down her beautiful face.

“Oh my god! Why do I feel like I need to call an exorcist?” Raven squealed.

Lexa wailed as another painful contraction ceased her inner muscles. Speaking in English always required more effort; Lexa’s instinct to use her native tongue currently reigned supreme.

She managed just one Skai word.

“Radio!” The word almost fell out of Lexa’s mouth.

Raven, for a moment, could not take her eyes off Lexa’s scowl and perspiring skin. The Omega’s hair clung to her reddening face, as her body temperature soared.

Lexa furrowed her brow further at the stupefied mechanic. If she had the ability to move, she would chase Raven to the edge of earth for her lack of action.
Raven was clearly on some sort of a delay. Suddenly though, she caught on to what Lexa was trying to communicate to her.

“Radio! Where the hell is the radio?” Raven’s hands shook as she padded herself down in search of the device.

No radio.

Raven cleared the wooden table in front of the couch of Abby’s many papers and assorted junk.

No radio on the table either.

Raven’s legs struggled to move as she strode quickly into the kitchen, continuing her frantic search for the much needed tech. Raven’s mind was running at a mile a minute.

This wasn’t happening, surely?

Raven ran her fingers though her hair, as Lexa continued to berate her in a language she did not fully understand. The young mechanic clenched her jaw before blowing out a long, shaky breath. Violently, Raven pulled open kitchen drawers. Cutlery flew through the air before clattering musically onto the ground behind her as the Beta desperately searched for the Radio.

No radio in the kitchen!

“Think, think, think!” Raven wrapped her knuckles against her forehead.

The Beta’s eyes went wide, as Lexa shrieked in agony again.

Raven made her way back into the living room, her coordination flickering on and off. As Raven stepped towards Lexa, she tripped and fell over the wooden table that she had searched over earlier.

Lexa’s head shot up at the sound of the tumbling idiot that was currently her only savior.

Raven rubbed her knee.

“Ouch! Fuck me, that hurt!” Raven grit her teeth.

Lexa’s unwavering gaze penetrated through Raven’s very being.

“Do NOT speak to me of pain, Beta!” Lexa pointed an angry finger at Raven.

Raven’s pain was obviously nothing in comparison to what Lexa was currently enduring, and the Omega Queen was certainly making it known. Raven had never heard Lexa swear-not ever, not once, not in the entire time she had known the Omega. Raven did not need a great grasp of Trigedasleng to realize that the words leaving Lexa’s lips were nothing but expletives right now.

As Raven brought a shaking, terrified hand up onto the couch to use as leverage to get up off the ground, she suddenly smiled gloriously. Like the Holy Grail, Abby’s Radio shone bright and heavenly from behind a cushion.

“Ha!” Raven scrambled across the couch on her front and snatched the radio up.

Lexa growled through heavy pants, she was not amused.

“You see? Always check the couch first!” Raven smiled at Lexa.
"Em pleni!" Lexa screamed in a pitch that could shatter glass.

Raven visibly jumped at the sound of Lexa’s voice. She almost dropped the radio as her butter fingers slid all over the plastic casing of the device. Raven, trying to ignore Lexa’s pained visage, fumbled haplessly with the buttons. The radio crackled into life as Raven’s clumsy thumb found the talk button.

“Hello…it’s me!” Raven stuttered.

Lexa groaned.

“I-I mean Raven, this is Raven! Anybody out there…please! …Help me!”

-----------------------------------------------

Echo lounged up against the bar. She watched as Octavia slowly built her confidence back up at serving a large number of people, it had been some time since they had last been serving drinks like this at Trinity. Her eyes travelled down Octavia’s skinny legs and up to the younger girl’s round ass. Echo had fantasized countless times about defiling the younger girl over the sturdy wooden counter top of the bar; The smell and taste of moonshine surrounding them as Octavia would reach her first ever climax. Echo licked her lips at the thought of sinking her teeth into Octavia’s young rump.

Octavia glanced over to Echo, having caught the Alpha staring at her ass.

The old wolf breathed in deeply, skin flushed. Echo pushed herself off the counter top, glancing away momentarily from the young woman. The cox wolf suddenly found herself growing nervous. Should she be looking at Octavia this way? So predatory? After everything that had happened recently? Echo felt very self-conscious, it was an odd feeling for her usually arrogant self.

“Your face is...less bruised.” Echo stumbled over her words.

The tough Azgeda fiddled with her bar towel as Octavia spat out a brief laugh.

“Like you ever look at my face, Echo.” Octavia managed a coy wink.

Echo let out the breath she was holding. She gifted Octavia a devilish smirk.

“Echo, just relax. I know things are strained between us, but just be your usual asshole self. Ok?” Octavia smiled reassuringly.

“Ok.” Echo tossed the radio back onto the counter as Octavia stepped into her personal space.
The rough and ready wolf felt her skin slowly roasting, as Octavia moved within her clutches.

“And for the record, I like it when you look at my ass.” Octavia teased.

Echo’s brain turned to mush as Octavia’s aroused scent filled her nose.

“I know you like these pants, don’t you, Echo?” Octavia’s voice was low.

The radio and Raven’s desperate voice now served as background noise to the two bartenders. Octavia gave Echo one last smile before continuing to serve another Flou-Kru Alpha.

Lincoln approached the pair from the kitchen behind.

“Are you losing your hearing, my friends?” Lincoln grabbed the radio.

Echo was still entranced by Octavia, as the young girl laughed with two of Luna’s clan members at the bar.

Lincoln fiddled with the radio frequency as Echo turned to face him.

“Sorry, I was distracted.” Echo attempted to shake the lust from her mind.

“Raven here! Anybody please!” Reyes’ voice was several octaves higher at this point.

“Lincoln here, are you ok, Raven?”

Back at the Griffin household, Raven sank down into an arm chair. Lexa’s eyes were on her as soon as she heard her brother’s voice.

“Lincoln! I need Clarke and Abby especially over at Casa Griffin, right now!”

Echo’s protective Alpha instinct went on high alert after hearing Raven’s panicked tone through the radio.

“What is wrong?” Lincoln worried.

“I-I think Lexa is having the pups!” Raven stuttered.

Echo responded instantly. She vaulted the bar, much to the astonishment of Octavia, who now shouted after her. Echo pushed desperately through the hot, sweaty Flou-kru bodies as they danced and drank in the bar area of Trinity. Echo was not kind or polite as she shoved her way through. Drunken hands pawed at her wiry body, as she slipped though the cluster of Luna’s loved up people. Echo’s heart raced and her wolf howled out internally for Clarke.

Clarke sat on the opposite side of Trinity in deep conversation with her Mother. The moonshine was starting to take effect. Abby tried hard to listen to her daughter over the party atmosphere.

“If I tell you something, Mom, do you promise not to laugh?” Clarke winced.

“Not a chance kid!” Jake smiled.

“Ignore your father, what is it?” Abby encouraged Clarke.

“I tried meditation out in the woods with Luna...and Titus.”

Jake barked out a laugh. Abby gripped his thigh under the table.
“Sorry, it’s just the thought of Titus in a sarong, meditating!” Jake bit his lip in mirth.

“I’m serious Dad! I need to not be so angry all the time.” Clarke blushed.

“You are very lucky Klark. Luna is highly skilled in meditation, you are in good hands.” Indra beamed with pride.

“Yeah, look at this lot—not an angry vibe amongst them.” Jake looked out over the super chilled out Flou-kru milling about Trinity.

“Is it working?” Abby asked.

“I’ve only tried once. It…it was intense.” Clarke swallowed.

“I’m proud of you baby. If it works, I think that will be wonderful for you!” Abby grabbed Clarke’s talon tipped fingers.

Suddenly, Clarke bolted upright to her feet.

“Clarke? What is it?” Abby shivered, still holding Clarke’s hand in her own.

Clarke searched the faces in the crowd of Flou-kru clans’ members.

“Something is wrong!” Clarke whispered to herself.

Echo’s skinny frame slid through the last of the Flou-kru. She stood several feet away from a frowning Clarke Griffin. Echo looked into Clarke’s striking blue eyes. She did not need to tell her what the emergency was.

“It’s time!” Clarke gasped.

“Yes!” Echo nodded.

“Mom, we need to get to Lexa right now.” Clarke pulled her tipsy mother up off the couch.

“Whoa! Clarke, what is it?” Jake looked confused.

“My pups! They’re coming!”

Abby and Indra shot up simultaneously, just like Clarke had moments ago.

Echo stood on pins and needles, her body rigid as she stood at attention, waiting further instruction from her prime.

“What can I do, Klark?” Echo could feel Clarke’s adrenaline rushing though her body.

“Stay here, you’re in charge in my absence.” Clarke grabbed Echo’s shoulders as she gave the other Alpha her command.

“Of course, whatever you need.” Echo felt pride at Clarke’s show of trust.

Clarke rapidly headed toward the exit with Abby in tow. She suddenly stopped in her tracks and doubled back.

“Shit! I have to tell Luna.” Clarke ran her eyes around the busy club.

Echo caught Clarke’s arm as she tried to search for Luna. Echo’s fingers curled tightly around
Clarke’s solid bicep. Clarke looked down at the older Alpha’s firm hold.

“I will tell Luna, just go Klark!” Echo smiled.

Clarke nodded.

Octavia watched on from the bar. She continued to serve the thirsty Flou-kru community. The Alpha’s within Luna’s tribe, one by one, started to pick up on Clarke’s distress. They were automatically ready to assist the prime of this ever changing pack without Clarke even uttering a word. Clarke’s dominance and leadership always shone through, brighter than anyone else’s.

Clarke set off for the exit again, Abby running after her.

“I will bring the vehicle around!” Lincoln sprang into action.

“Abby!” Jake called after his wife.

The doctor spun around and sought out her husband’s face in the crowd. She spotted his comforting eyes immediately.

“You got this Abs, you got this!” Jake gave her a thumbs-up.

Abby smiled back. She took much comfort in Jake’s trusting gaze and limitless belief in her.

Echo scaled Trinity’s stairs in seconds. She tracked Luna’s scent precisely to last door at the end of the mezzanine walkway. The ice wolf smiled mischievously to herself. Luna’s scent was laced with the two other Omegas from earlier. A brief knock on the door and a quick twist of the handle was all Echo thought appropriate—it was an emergency after all, wasn’t it?

Echo was met with the exact scene she anticipated. A very naked Luna stood by the bed, her fingers knitting and weaving through the hair of one of her Omegas; the girl on her knees in front of her leader, pleasing Luna with desperate need. Luna visibly jumped as Echo burst through the door, very much spoiling her moment. The young Flou-kru Omega fell onto her backside as Luna quickly released the hold on her hair.

Echo struggled to hide a wicked smile as Luna’s dark, pre-orgasm eyes met hers. The second Omega lay on the bed, waving back at a self-satisfied Echo.

“Sorry! Almost there were you?” Echo held up her hands, clearly not sorry at all.

Luna narrowed her eyes on the arrogant Alpha. She placed her hands on her hips, unabashed by the Alpha’s naturally wandering gaze.

“What do you want, fool?” Luna struggled to catch her breath.

Echo clutched at her heart mockingly, as if Luna’s insult had wounded her. The wolf enjoyed the view for several seconds longer before responding.

“It’s Leksa, she has gone into labor.” Echo spoke casually as she leant into the door frame.

Luna instantly dropped her sassy stance.

“Shit!” Luna shouted.
Luna hurriedly stepped over the fallen girl on the floor. She scanned the room for her discarded clothing. She quickly spotted her shirt. Picking it up, she threw her arms into the sleeves, her fluffy Amazon-like mane popping out from the collar. Luna’s hair was as wild and untamed as ever.

Now, where were her trousers?

Luna became even more flustered as her pants continued to elude her; the concern for Lexa almost making the Flou-kru leader blind.

Echo stood triumphantly in the doorway, Luna’s trousers over her wiry forearm.

Luna realized what Echo was holding, and strode up to the grinning Alpha. She snatched the pants from Echo. Luna ran her eyes disapprovingly all over the frustrating Alpha as she stepped into her pants.

“Asshole!” Luna snarled.

Echo appraised Luna’s curves as the flou-girl tugged her pants up quickly.

“Very nice.” Echo winked.

“I know.” Luna replied.

Echo glanced between the two abandoned Omegas as their leader bid them farewell.

“I swear I will do minimal damage to them in your absence.” Echo teased Luna.

Luna stopped in her tracks. She bit at her top lip to stop an amused smile, shaking her head at Echo’s juvenile ways.

“That, as always, is their prerogative. Damage them all night long Alpha. I am sure Octavia will be most accommodating.” Luna arched a brow.

Echo lost her cocky swagger and faltered, much to Luna’s joy.

“That is what I thought.” Luna smiled at Echo as she rushed past the Alpha.

“Touché, Flou-girl.” Echo shouted after a fleeing Luna.

Echo smiled. She did enjoy winding Luna up. The Flou-kruu leader was usually so calm and controlled. To throw Luna into chaos was most enjoyable to the pesky wolf. Echo took her attention back to the two Omegas.

“Shall we re-join the party girls?” Echo held open the door and bowed.

The girls leapt up and giggled at the handsome older wolf. Echo halted the girls in the doorway.

“Ladies, clothes please! Trinity is not that sort of club…unfortunately.” Echo sighed.
Birth (part two)

Indra felt as if her daughter were a million miles away. Her son could not drive fast enough. The roads were endless, as time seemed to stand still.

“What complications may we face upon arrival? Speak true.” Indra addressed Abby.

Abby kept her eyes locked on the road ahead as she answered.

“Triplet pregnancies always carry more risks than singleton pregnancies. One important risk is postpartum hemorrhage, which is extensive bleeding following the delivery. Normally, after a baby is born, the uterus begins to contract to help stop any bleeding. But, when a woman is carrying triplets, her uterus may not react normally after the babies are born. Lexa will most likely bleed.”

Clarke closed her eyes and banged her head back against the seat.

“We will be there soon, Klark. Remember, Leksa is special. She is not Beta. She is no normal Omega either.” Lincoln tried to reassure Clarke.

Abby interrupted.

“A C-section is always best…it’s not what Lexa wanted though. She was quite vocal about a natural birth. This is going to be about how the babies are positioned. Babies are usually born head first. It's sometimes safe for a baby to come buttocks first, too. But, some birth positions are very dangerous. If the baby is lying sideways, it may not be able to come out at all. With multiple babies, it's not uncommon for at least one of them to be in the wrong position.

Clarke turned in her seat, listening intently to her mother.

“Vaginal birth of triplets can be much more stressful than a singleton birth. I will want to monitor each baby individually. Usually there would be extra equipment in the room for a triplet birth; there will normally be more medical personnel on hand. I hate the fact that I will need Jackson.”

Indra rolled her eyes, Clarke quickly noticing the reaction.

“What’s Jackson done?” Clarke frowned.

“Nothing you need to worry about.” Abby lied to her daughter.

Abby clung on to the headrest in front of her with one hand, as Lincoln rounded a corner; the vehicle lifting almost onto two wheels.

Raven’s voice came over the radio again.

“Raven! Tell me exactly what's happened.” Abby tried to stay professional.

“We walked through your front door, she grabbed my arms-then her waters broke!”

“Her waters have broken? You’re sure?” Abby wiped sweat from her brow.
“Well…the rug in your hallway would say yes, I’m sure!” Raven looked to the evidence by the doorway.

“Abby! She sounds like she’s in so much pain!” Raven looked over at an extremely tormented looking Lexa.

“During the first stage of labor, contractions make an Omega’s cervix gradually open. This is usually the longest stage of labor. She can’t be that far ahead Raven, surely?” Abby frowned.

“Lexa says a baby is coming! Will it come before you get here?” Raven sounded worried.

“Don’t panic! At the start of labor, the cervix will soften so that it can continue to open. It’s called the latent phase; Lexa may feel irregular contractions. It can take many hours, or even days, before an Omega is in established labor.”

“Mrs. G, I’m telling you, this is not gonna take hours!” Raven sounded stressed.

“Ok, let’s figure this out together.” Abby needed Raven to stay calm.

Raven held the radio in her hot hand. She took peeping glances at Lexa from the kitchen area.

“Ok, what do you need me to do?” Raven gulped.

“I need to know how dilated she is.” Abby awaited Raven’s response.

“Dilated! Please tell me you mean her pupils!” Raven’s eyes were wide.

“Established labor is when the cervix has dilated to more than 3cm.” Abby spoke clearly.

“You want me to look…down there?” Raven stole another quick glance at a hunched over Lexa.

“Raven, where is Lexa now?” Abby started to lose her cool.

Clarke glanced at her mother in the back seat. Their eyes met briefly.

“She is hanging off the back of your couch.” Raven was blunt.

Abby punched the head rest in frustration.

“Get her the hell sat down! Or lay down!” Abby barked.

“Shit…ok, ok!” Raven shot to attention, quickly setting into action.

Raven let out a breath then moved toward Lexa, the closer she got the more nervous she became. Raven felt as though it had taken hours to get across the short distance from the kitchen to the living space.

Lexa’s face remained hidden as she buried it against the top cushioning of the couch. Her claws were out, her fingers gripping the material so tightly her knuckles turned white.

Raven would never admit to fearing Lexa. At the best of times there was something unsettling about the, stunningly beautiful woman. The brunette’s unrivalled bridling of Clarke, her puppeteer like control over her own kind made Lexa the most dangerous woman Raven had ever met. Echo seemed in awe of Lexa. Luna had the Queen’s imprint all over her, inside and out.
With Lexa’s body in the throes of agony, Raven worried for her own safety being in such close proximity to the Omega Queen. The mechanic approached Lexa as if the flooring around them were thin sheets of ice, tiptoeing warily within Lexa’s reach.

The Beta stalled. For a moment, she had forgotten the brunette’s name.

“Lexa. We need to get you sat down.” Raven stammered.

The Queen shakily agreed in the form of a compliant nod.

That was much easier than Raven thought it was going to be.

Raven reached an arm around Lexa’s back. On contact, Raven felt the sweat soaked material of Lexa’s clothes cling to the Queen’s skin. Her temperature was at a furious peak. The mechanic saw fear emanating from within Lexa’s eyes.

“It’s ok Lexa, it will be ok.” Raven whispered.

Lexa’s eyes remained focused on Raven as the mechanic helped lower her to the floor. Lexa’s back pressed into the couch’s sturdy base.

Raven felt Lexa’s hot hands grip her forearms, as another wave of pain began for the pregnant Omega.

“Please! Don’t use your voodoo shit on me!” Raven gulped.

Abby waited impatiently on the other end of the radio connection as Lincoln took another particularly sharp corner. The vehicle stalled out. Lincoln pressed desperately on the gas pedal as the engine coughed and spluttered, before finally coming to a wilted stop. Clarke reached across the central divider and turned the key in the ignition, desperately.

“What the fuck!” Clarke yelled.

“Baby, calm down, yelling won’t help.” Abby attempted to calm a sweating Clarke.

Lincoln popped the hood and leapt out of the vehicle.

“Right, Mrs. G, I sat her on the floor.” Raven’s voice came back over the radio.

“Ok good. Raven, we’re having car trouble here.” Abby sighed.

“Tell me you didn’t take the modified jeep!” Raven spat.

“We did, and it just died.” Abby pinched the bridge of her nose, clearly frustrated at the situation.

“Why do you people never listen to me! I told you the alternator need to be replaced!” Raven lectured.

In the background, Lexa wailed in excruciating pain; the cry echoed out inside the hulk of the disabled jeep for all to hear.

“I need to get to Lexa!” Clarke grabbed for the handle of the passenger door.

“Clarke, wait!” Abby called after her pumped up daughter.

Clarke didn’t even bother to shut the vehicle’s door as she escaped. The Alpha set off at speed,
discarding her leather jacket and its tight confines. A flash of blue shimmered in the moonlight, as Clarke’s heavy jacket spun in the air before hitting the dirt behind her.

Clarke’s arms were now free to chop through the air like rotary blades. The grit and sand from the dirt road churned up under her lightning-fast feet. The athletic Alpha blew out rapid short exhales as her lungs pumped out hot air; her heart blasted blood all around, to fuel her muscled physique. Clarke ran at a speed she had never obtained before. The late night dinners of Café Jaha watched on in amazement as a flash of blonde tore past like a locomotive through the town centre.

“Clarke!” Abby screamed down the street as her daughter disappeared into the unlit distance.

“Raven, listen to me very closely.” Abby pressed her lips as close to the radio as she could.

“I really need to know how dilated she is, one of your fingertips is equal to one centimeter.” Abby explained.

“My fingers!” Raven gave a pitchy squeal.

“Yes, unless you fancy using your toes!” Abby snapped back.

“Jesus!” Raven gulped.

“Ten centimeters means she is fully dilated. At that point, we have a problem!” Abby looked to the heavens, hoping it wasn’t so.

Raven looked at her fingers. She retracted them into the safeguard of her palms as if they were about to be severed. Raven held her hands close to her chest protectively.

“But…I only have eight fingers.” Raven whined comically.

Abby rolled her eyes in frustration.

“Raven! Focus.” Abby scolded.

“Oh my God, I can’t believe I’m doing this! What about Clarke? I’m gonna be touching Lexa’s lady wolf parts.” Raven slowly approached Lexa.

“You’re not an Alpha, something tells me she really won’t be threatened by you, Raven.” Abby rolled her eyes.

Raven placed her quivering hands on the Omega’s knees, and lifted the hem of her maternity style dress. Raven felt as though she were lifting up a vehicle hood, ready to inspect damage. The mechanic swallowed noisily as she dropped her head and examined Lexa’s privates.

“Ok, I can do this!” Raven gave herself a pep talk.

The mechanic shook her head, still slightly shocked as to where her digits needed to travel.

Lexa’s head fell back onto the couch cushion behind. She eyed Raven as the Beta’s hand travelled up between her thighs. The young Tri-kru girl looked exhausted and in agony.

Raven spoke softly to Lexa.

“Just so you know…we would be at least five dates in usually before I’d try a move like this.” Raven weakly smiled at the powerful Omega.
Lexa let out a brief pain filled laugh.

“And...I would totally have made you dinner first.” Raven winked, suddenly finding her nerve as Lexa sobbed again.

Abby waited impatiently on the other end of the radio. Suddenly, a vehicle screeched up to the incapacitated jeep, taking Abby’s attention off the radio. Luna shot out from the passenger side. Abby could see Jake at the wheel.

“Abby, Get in!” Luna held the back door open gesturing to the back seat.

Abby and Indra abandoned the jeep, scooting into the backseat of the working vehicle quickly. Abby held onto the radio tightly. Lincoln quickly abandoned fixing the Jeep, closing the hood of the useless vehicle.

“I will drive, Mr. Griffin.” Lincoln ordered.

“Not a chance, son! I gotta catch my little monster up.” Jake gripped the steering wheel, ready to go as Lincoln clambered into the crowded backseat.

Jake left rubber on the packed earth, as he hurtled down Skai-kru’s tight dirt roads.

Raven came back over the radio.

“Ten centimeters, Mrs. G.” Raven groaned.

“No! You have that wrong, it has to be wrong!” Abby shook her head in disbelief.

“Hey! I’m an engineer, we don’t get measurements wrong!” Raven defended.

“Shit!” Abby cursed.

“Is that your professional assessment?” Raven mocked.

“She needs to be at the clinic, not my liiving room Raven!”

“I don’t see her making it there.” Raven moved Lexa’s hair back from her face gently.

Raven watched as Lexa almost ground her teeth out of her own skull. The Omega released another violent wail as her body prepared to release her young.

Raven looked down at her own fingertips. Thick, black blood coated her digits. Raven wiped the blood into her palms as she would engine oil; she found the thick fluid sank deeply into her flesh, staining her hands oddly.

“Come on Clarke!” Raven wished Clarke a quick arrival to the Griffin abode.

Back on the roads, Jake’s headlights reflected on blonde hair ahead. Jake pressed his foot further into the floor in an attempt to catch up with his speeding daughter. Jake looked down at the speedometer of the car, then back to Clarke.

“She is incredible! How is she running this fast?” Jake marveled.

Luna watched on, a memory flashed of Clarke morphing in the woods, the animal inside almost emerging fully. If only Jake and Abby knew what they had spent too many years suppressing.
“She is like nothing on this earth.” Luna appraised Clarke.

Jake blasted the horn.

Clarke did not acknowledge it. The Alpha’s eyes were now a piercing bright blue, features changed more-so than ever, as her Wolf aided the breakneck pace Clarke was keeping. Clarke’s pumping thigh muscles threatened to rip through her denim clad legs. Her whole body was ready to tear into the form it truly belonged in; the anxiety and boiling anticipation of her pups arriving coupled with Lexa’s searing agony, fueled Clarke’s ever changing physical state.

Clarke slowed her pace as her family home came into sight, Lexa’s scent becoming stronger and stronger the closer she got. Clarke leapt the six-foot-tall fence effortlessly, her boots sinking into her mother’s flower beds as she landed stealthily on the other side of the barrier. Perfect boot imprints were left in the soil behind under the Alpha’s heavy weight, as she moved across the yard swiftly.

Clarke barged through the front door and skidded into the living room, she ducked quickly as Lexa launched the nearest thing to-hand at the Alpha.

“You did this to me!” Lexa screamed at her mate.

Lexa’s harmless missile hit Clarke in the stomach, as the Omega picked up another item to throw at the Alpha. Luna ducked when she entered the room not long after Clarke, watching as another object sailed by the blonde. The Flou-kru leader hastily moved out of harm’s way as Lexa kept throwing various bits and pieces at her mate, Clarke now holding a cushion up as protection from the projectiles.

“Lexa, calm down!” Clarke panted.

Abby and Indra snapped their gazes to Clarke as they entered the living room having heard Clarke’s words.

“Calm down! She is giving birth!” Indra admonished Clarke.

“It is way more fun for you Alphas to put these babies in, than it is for us Omegas to push them back out, honey.” Abby surmised.

“Oh, that so needs to go on a t-shirt.” Raven quipped.

After her remark to her daughter, Abby moved straight to Lexa lying by the couch. Indra held a hand out to a shell-shocked, exhausted Clarke.

“A woman in labor says many an odd thing Klark. Come, she needs you.”

“I’m so glad you’re all here!” Raven bounced up and down, clapping. Her behavior was becoming increasingly wired and excitable.

“Raven, you have done a great job here…but get out! “Abby pointed at the door.

Abby saw Jake and Lincoln enter the living room, Raven hadn’t budged from the spot where she stood. The Griffin house was by no means a small dwelling, but the space was starting to fill up rapidly.

“Actually, everybody out that isn’t directly going to help here!” Abby added.

“But we want to help!” Raven stated.
“I will not leave Aleksandria.” Indra’s voice wobbled.
Clarke looked up to the former First Minister, and emotional mother.

“Then stay! But my mother is in charge.” Clarke conceded.

Abby eyed her typically controlling dominant daughter, surprised at the concession.

“Tell us what to do, mom.” Clarke begged.

“She needs to be giving birth in a clinic, not my front room!” Abby repeated.

“I know that!” Clarke grimaced.

Abby looked to the ceiling and took a deep breath. There was no way Lexa could be moved now. The situation wasn’t ideal, but it would have to do. Wishful thinking wouldn’t change that.

“Lincoln, radio Jackson. Tell him to get here asap. He will know what to bring.”

Lincoln nodded, moving to the kitchen to radio Dr. Jackson.

“Indra. Upstairs, the front bedroom, there is a closet with towels. Get them all.”

“Yes Dr. Griffin.” Indra nodded.

“Raven…no more jokes…and stop bouncing.” Abby frowned.

Raven gave Abby a thumbs-up as she continued to bounce on her tip-toes madly.

“Luna. Top shelf, get me the surgical spirit and lots of hot water from the kitchen. There should be some left in the hot rock heater…and bring some moonshine.”

“You think it appropriate for Leksa to drink?” Luna queried the doctor.

Abby shook her head.

“I’m gonna be the one needing the damn drink!” Abby rolled up her sleeves, ready to get down to business.

“Klark!” Lexa yelped out.

“Yes Lexa!” Clarke was instantly at her mate’s side.

“Do not go, please!” Lexa cried.

“Of course not.” Clarke held Lexa’s hand, the tone of her voice soothing.

“Where is Luna?” Lexa asked.

“She is here.” Clarke looked across the room at a pale Luna, who had not yet gotten the supplies Abby had asked for.

“Her back needs to be supported.” Abby gestured to the couch.

Clarke quickly set to action; she held Lexa steady as she sat herself behind her mate. Clarke placed a kiss on Lexa’s shoulder from behind.
“I’m here...you can do this, Lexa.” Clarke smiled.

Lexa pushed her body back into Clarke and wailed as her insides shifted and jumbled around.

Luna rushed over to her distressed friend.

“I cannot do this Luna...it hurts so much.” Lexa breathed in sharply.

Luna glanced up at a worried Indra as the stoic woman returned with the towels.

“Yes, yes you can do this. We are Tri-kru women! We can do anything.” Luna grabbed Lexa’s hand in support of her closest friend.

Indra smiled at Luna, nodding proudly in agreement.

“I want to meet our babies, Lexa...please.” Again, Clarke kissed Lexa’s shoulder from behind in comfort to her mate.

Lexa hollered out as baby number one lined up for its escape.

“You’re so fucking beautiful and brave, Lexa.” Clarke kissed Lexa again, she could not help herself.

Luna felt herself filling up. Clarke was so tender, and Lexa was so vulnerable and in so much pain. Luna smiled broadly at Clarke as she watched the Alpha doting over Lexa.

“Clarke, make sure she stays conscious.” Abby warned.

“Raven, go help Luna get me some hot water-now!” Abby instructed.

Lexa grabbed at Luna’s hand as she felt her friend stand to leave.

“Du ste torch ai op.” Lexa grimaced.

“Ste yu j.” Luna whispered just before she let go of Lexa’s hand.

Raven rushed into the pantry with Luna. Both girls had panic settled into their eyes. Raven scanned the shelves for the earlier requested surgical spirit. Luna found a large pot to fill with the requested hot water.

“I got it!” Raven shouted in victory as she dusted off the bottle of isopropyl alcohol.

Raven rushed back into the living space, quickly passing the disinfectant to Abby. The Beta watched as Abby bathed her hands in the spirits. Only moments later, Luna carried a giant pot of hot water over the couch.

“I’m gonna need you to keep this coming.” Abby pointed at the hot water.

Abby frowned momentarily.

“And the moonshine?”

“I know where it is!” Raven raced back into the pantry, returning with the bottle that was quickly handed over to Abby.

The doctor uncorked the container, taking a swig before turning her attentions back to Lexa.

Raven panted. She held her hand up to high-five Luna. The mechanic’s mouth was running a mile a
“What a team, huh? Nice work, girl!” Raven awaited Luna to slap her hand.

Luna’s eyes went wide in fear. Aggressively, she snatched Raven’s blood stained hand out of the air. Luna turned Raven’s hand so it was palm up, inspecting the inky black substance covering the skin.

Raven winced in pain.

The Flou-kru Omega bit her lip; Raven’s fingers, palm, and forearm were stained with black plasma. Luna dragged Raven into the privacy of the kitchen.

“What is this?” Luna’s voice shook.

“It’s no biggy! I’m a mechanic, clean hands not really part of the job description.” Raven shrugged.

“Tell me this is not Leksa’s blood!” Luna was firm.

“Yeah, it’s gross I know…you would not believe where this hand has been!” Raven twitched at the memory.

Raven felt Luna’s grip on her hand tighten further before dragging the mechanic to the water fountain in the kitchen.

“Ouch! Luna, what the hell?” Raven snapped.

Luna tuned the faucet on to an extreme pressure that was also scorching hot. She then forced her occasional bedmate’s hand under the heated stream.

Raven yelled out as the hot water met her skin.

“Are you fucking crazy!” Raven snatched her arm out of Luna’s grasp.

Luna fought with Raven briefly to inspect the limb again. Still, the black stain remained.

“Fuck.” Luna whispered.

Luna grabbed at Raven’s face looking directly into the mechanic’s eyes. She tugged up Raven’s sleeve, hoping to not see the black stain travelling further up her Beta friend’s arm. Much to Luna’s relief—it was not.

“What are you on, Luna?” Raven shook her head.

“How do you feel, Raven?” Luna placed her hand up to Raven’s forehead.

“I feel amazing! Maybe a little nervy, you know? I think that’s pretty understandable though. She shouted at me in Trig! It actually wasn’t as sexy as I’ve always imagined it would be.” Raven twitched again, like she felt a cold shiver.

“Leksa’s blood, how long has it been on your skin?” Luna demanded an answer.

“I am fine, loony Luna!” Raven laughed and poked Luna’s chest.

Luna took in Raven’s giddy behavior; she spoke a mile a minute, and sweated constantly.

“You are high.” Luna stated.
“I do feel kinda wired to be honest. I’ve never felt so…alive!” Raven bounced.

“Wait for the comedown, believe me, I know.” Luna sighed.

Luna grabbed Raven’s wrists again.

“This is not good, little bird.” Luna shook her head.

“I’m fine, really! It was like an itty bitty bit of blood. Can we just get back out there, for Clarke?” Luna huffed.

“Ok, but as soon as you start to feel unwell, you must tell me.”

“Deal!” Raven smiled.

Luna and Raven reentered the living space just in time.

“Ok, Lexa. I can see a head, you push when you’re ready.” Abby beamed.

Clarke held Lexa tightly as she bore down. Lexa let out a long determined roar. Clarke’s heart skipped a beat as a noisy little voice suddenly let itself be known.

“A girl! It’s a girl, Clarke you have a daughter!” Abby laughed.

Clarke’s mind spun.

Lexa let her head fall back against Clarke as fatigue struck; the pain and the shock of giving birth starting to take its toll on the brave Tri-Queen.

Luna and Raven tried not to crowd Abby. The two girls momentarily held hands as they peered over Abby’s shoulder at the fat little baby now staring back up at them.

“Oh my God…it’s like a mini Lexa! A little, tiny, mini Lexa!” Raven giggled.

Clarke’s first-born was indeed the image of her mother. A dark tuft of hair, and Lexa’s captivating eyes left no doubt that Lexa’s genetics reigned supreme. The baby wriggled and kicked out as Abby gently cleaned it. The baby’s fist was clenched and lashing out with vigor.

“Looks like Lexa, acts like Clarke!” Raven teased.

Clarke was speechless hearing her pup’s cries filling the air. It was currently the only thing Clarke could focus on, Raven’s humor not really hitting home to the stunned Alpha.

“Oh my, she is beautiful!” Indra sobbed.

“Yes. Yes, she is.” Abby allowed herself to bare tears of joy with Indra.

Lexa let out groan and shoved herself back into Clarke.

“Whoa! Here we go again, second batter-up!” Raven quickly hid behind Luna.

Lexa clenched her teeth as baby number two readied itself to join the pack.

Indra carefully wrapped her first-born granddaughter in a loose swaddle. She held the baby close to
her chest as she watched on for Lexa’s second birth.

“Same again Lexa, you can do this!” Abby sweated as she struggled to control her emotions.

Jake stood by helplessly next to Lincoln. Both men were in awe of the powerful women that currently surrounded them.

The cries of Clarke’s second child made just as much of a racket as the first—if not more.

“Is it a girl? Is it a boy? ... What the hell is it?” Raven still hid behind Luna with fingers in her ears.

“I believe it is a little girl.” Luna smiled.

“What? Another one?” Raven peered through Luna’s Amazon-like locks of hair.

“Can you not tie this back?” Raven blew Luna’s hair out of the way.

“Guys! Some help here?” Abby shouted.

Jake stepped forward.

“Let me.” Jake helped Abby wrap the baby in a small towel.

“Girl number two, granddad!” Abby winked

Jake swallowed, unable to keep tears from falling.

“She is so perfect Clarke.” Jake showed the baby to his now sobbing daughter.

Clarke’s second-born seemed fairer in appearance to the first. She was much nosier than her minutes older sister. Already it seemed Clarke’s second daughter fought for her sire’s attention.

“Oh, you’re gonna be trouble young lady! Just like your sire.” Jake raised a brow at Clarke.

“Wait! Shouldn’t they all look the same?” Raven dared to peek at the small screeching baby.

“They’re fraternal triplets, so no.” Abby explained.

“Mom!” Clarke shouted.

Abby’s eyes shot up. Lexa was unconscious.

“Shit!” Abby sighed.

Indra shot over to Lexa, still clutching her first-born granddaughter to her chest.

“Aleksandria!” Indra cried out.

Luna launched forward, only to feel Lincoln hold her back.

“Leksa, please!” Luna allowed Lincoln to hold her close.

Lexa stirred back around.

“Good girl. Sweetheart, you have to stay with me. Please stay with me!” Abby begged.

“I have no idea how she is doing this. She shouldn’t be doing this. She is very special, Indra.” Abby
shook her head in disbelief.

“The spirits aid her.” Indra testified.

Luna nodded back at Indra in agreement.

Abby found that theory hard to dispute right now.

“She bleeds.” Lincoln noticed.

Abby’s eyes went wide.

“You said this might happen, did you not?” Indra’s voice trembled.

“Yes, but we still need baby number three outta there!” Abby went to touch Lexa’s blood.

“Do not!” Luna shouted at Abby.

Raven felt instantaneously drawn to the black substance.
A terrible intimacy (part one)

The wheels on Jackson’s medical trunk squeaked irritantly, as the young doctor grew ever closer to Abby’s front door. Jackson breathed in heavily as he dragged the aging, metallic hulk all the way up the dusty footpath. The Griffin garden path seemed long, winding and endless. Lexa’s torrid cries could be heard from as far as the front gate.

Upon reaching the front door, Jackson faltered for a moment. He took a deep breath and steadied himself before raising his hand to knock. As he raised his knuckles up towards the solid door, it was suddenly pulled wide open. Lincoln had seen Jackson’s approach and almost ripped the door off the hinges to greet the nervy doctor.

“Dr. Jackson, thank you for getting here so quickly!” Lincoln held the door wide open.

Jackson hauled the heavy trunk up and over the doorway step, Lincoln closing the door quickly behind them. Lexa’s emotional brother then turned away from the doctor and attempted to clear a path for Jackson and the heavy trunk.

Once Lincoln stepped away, Jackson was met with a scene of organized chaos. The living room was crammed full of people all focused on the trio by the couch. Clarke sat flush behind Lexa, Abby kneeling between Lexa’s legs. The senior doctor barked orders at Raven who was sweating profusely. Jackson noted the young mechanic’s blown pupils, as she dashed past him.

Clarke’s eyes met Jackson’s from across the room. She really didn’t like the guy; there was something shifty about him that Clarke just couldn’t put her finger on. Clarke knew he had recently displeased her mother, and that just added to her displeasure of the man’s presence. He seemed nervy, his eyes rarely holding anyone’s for longer than a second. He said very little, and to the best of Clarke’s knowledge he had no friends. Nevertheless, Lexa needed his skills desperately right now.

Gradually, Abby became aware of someone’s gaze on her. She looked over her shoulder spotting her protégé.

“Jackson!” Abby almost seemed pleased to see the man.

“Dr. Griffin, I grabbed what I could very quickly.” Jackson admitted.

Abby rose to her feet, heading for the metal trunk. The lid clinked open and Abby looked down into the case, only the most basic of medical instruments lay before her. She spotted a small amount of herbal pain relievers, but there was nothing electronic. There weren’t even any medical gloves.

“Looks like we’re doing this old school then!” Abby sighed.

“What do you need me to do?” Jackson stood to attention in Abby’s presence.

“Check on the girls.” Abby looked down at Clarke’s newborn daughters on the towels.

“NO!” Clarke roared.

Jackson flinched.
“Baby, he is the only experienced obstetrician I know. He is fantastic at his job.” Abby admitted.

Abby looked down at Clarke, her daughter had a strong dislike of Jackson. She rarely took her eyes off him at the best of times.

“How far apart were the births?” Jackson chose to not make any eye contact with Clarke.

“Twenty minutes ago. They were only minutes apart in delivery.” Abby explained.

Jackson shot a slightly startled look at Abby, then to Lexa.

“Twenty minutes ago? Yet we’re still waiting on number three?” Jackson tried to keep his tone flat.

“Yes.” Abby’s voice trembled.

Jackson knelt down in front of Clarke’s daughters. The Alpha stretched herself up as far as she could to keep her eyes tracked on Jackson.

“Baby! Let him do his job. The girls are gonna be fine.” Abby took Lexa’s pulse.

Clarke growled.

“I need you to do your job honey, keep Lexa awake.” Abby smiled.

Clarke tightened her hold around Lexa.

“Please don’t let anything happen to the baby, Mom.” Clarke croaked.

“I promise you, this baby is going to be just fine.” Abby gripped Clarke’s hand.

Jackson finished inspecting the two baby girls.

“Keep them warm, keep them covered.” Jackson instructed Lincoln.

“I will.” Lincoln nodded.

“We need to find out what’s going on in there, asap!” Jackson headed for the trunk.

Clarke watched on, as she clung to a semi-conscious Lexa.

“Lexa, please stay awake!” Clarke whispered to her mate.

“Where the hell is Raven with that hot water?” Abby scanned the living space.

In the kitchen, Luna searched for the missing Raven. She found the mechanic hunched over in the pantry.

“Little bird!” Luna dashed heroically over to the Beta.

“Fuuuck...I don’t feel so great.” Raven retched.

“No...I should imagine you do not.” Luna rolled her eyes.

“I need to lie down.” Raven admitted.
Luna assisted Raven as she stood upright and attempted to walk out of the pantry. Raven’s legs promptly buckled though, and gave out from under her weight. The mechanic panicked, her legs now feeling numb while her stomach still churned uneasily.

“Shit!” Luna managed to catch Raven before she fell.

Luna scooped the skinny girl up into her arms. She carried the Beta effortlessly into the living space. Luna laid her occasional bedmate on the floor a fair distance away from where Abby, Clarke and Lexa were.

“What the hell is wrong with her!” Abby snapped.

Luna stalled. Lexa’s rheumy eyes briefly opened and took Raven’s condition in.

“Leksa’s blood, it runs riot through her veins now.” Luna confessed.

Luna showed Abby Raven’s stained limb.

“I believe it was a small amount, but she is Beta.” Luna looked concerned.

Abby stepped away from her patient and into Luna’s personal space.

“Are you giving me an extra thing to worry about, Luna? Really?” Abby scowled.

“I am warning you to be mindful of Leksa’s blood. It can be a terrible intimacy.” Luna avoided Indra’s knowing, judgmental gaze.

“Jesus! I don’t need this, Luna.” Abby growled.

“Abby…we need to prep Lexa now.” Jackson interrupted.

Abby pulled Jackson to one side. She tried to keep her voice low, but this only served to put Clarke more on edge.

“I can hear you! What are you planning on doing?” Clarke worried.

“Ordinarily, an ultra sound is essential if not mandatory. We have no idea which way this baby is facing, Clarke.” Abby explained.

“Historically, accurate understanding of position was accomplished by feeling the fetal skull suture lines and fontanels.” Jackson explained.

“You mean, you may have to feel inside her?” Clarke swallowed.

“Yes.” Abby confirmed

“No! You must not! That is too much of Leksa’s blood on your skin, Abby.” Luna almost shouted.

Now, Abby started to feel the full seriousness of the situation. If Lexa’s blood was so dangerous, so potent, why was she only finding out about it now? Abby’s first instinct over Lexa’s potential threat when she first met the girl, seemed more and more warranted.

“You listen very carefully young lady, I am not letting anything happen to this baby! The longer this goes on…” Abby was cut off.

“I will do it. I will feel for the baby.” Luna offered.
Jackson shrugged as Abby looked to him for a reaction to the idea.

“I am no stranger to Leksa’s blood on my skin. I will endure its effects better than anyone here.” Luna begged Abby.

Abby looked to Indra as the former First Minister swore for all to hear.

Luna blushed with embarrassment. All eyes were on her, including an intrigued Clarke’s.

“Indra, Leksa and I…” Luna was silenced by a raised hand from the annoyed mother.

Indra simply walked away from Luna. The woman shook her head in frustration; she had not realized the full extent of Luna and her complicated daughter’s experiments together. Indra knew they had made love, she knew that Lexa had played with Luna’s mind. This was new information though. Had she failed as a mother, to be so unaware of her daughter’s childhood behavior with her best friend? Indra had long suspected Lexa’s inherited blood to be the source of her unique gifts, her daughter was so secretive about it though-so guarded.

“Mom, do something, please!” Clarke held Lexa impossibly close to her body.

Lexa struggled to stay conscious.

“Ok.” Abby was willing to try anything.

“You must follow our instruction exactly.” Jackson said to Luna.

Luna swapped places with Abby. She knelt in front of Lexa, noting Abby’s living room floor was now black and stained with Lexa’s blood. Luna rolled up her sleeves in preparation for the endeavor.

“The lateral fontanels are comprised of soft membranous gaps between cranial bones, be very gentle.” Abby instructed.

“I understand.” Luna nodded.

“Luna, what do we do for you after this?” Abby added.

“There is nothing you can do. Once Lexa’s blood infects your own, you must simply endure its presence.”

On the other side of the room, Raven still remained semi-conscious. The mechanic’s head was being cooled with a wet rag by Lincoln.

“Luna, thank you.” Clarke whispered.

“Do not thank me. I will not allow anything to happen to this stubborn little child of yours, Alpha.” Luna smiled.

Luna placed her hand at Lexa’s privates. Under Jackson’s guidance, she reached inside her childhood friend and lover. On first contact, Luna felt Lexa’s blood soak into her flesh immediately. It seemed as if the dark substance knew Luna, that it had missed Luna. An all too familiar sensation took hold of the brave Omega, a feeling that at one time, she could not resist.

Lexa’s potent ichor sent an addictive rush of pleasure through Luna’s whole body. Luna closed her eyes, fighting off the effects of Lexa rushing through her system. Instead, the loyal leader focused on describing what she felt to Jackson.
“I do not feel a head. I believe it is the feet I feel.” Luna seemed confused.

“I knew it! Breech birth.” Abby looked to Jackson.

“We can try an external cephalic version?” Jackson suggested to Abby.

“What is that?” Clarke asked, still cradling Lexa against herself.

“This is when gentle pressure is applied on an Omega’s abdomen. It helps the baby turn a somersault in the womb to lay head first.” Abby explained.

“Then try it, do it now!” Clarke demanded.

Jackson grabbed a hot towel. He cleared Lexa’s skin of any blood and sweat before tossing the towel towards his trunk.

“I will begin immediately, Abby, with your permission.” Jackson waited.

Abby sat by Lexa’s side, holding the Tri-girl’s pretty face in her hands.

“Sweetheart, can you hear me?”

Lexa grumbled back at Abby.

“We’re gonna try and turn the baby. You will feel hands on your stomach like a massage. It’s not going to be very comfortable, ok?”

Lexa faintly nodded.

Jackson raised a brow at Abby, waiting on her order to begin.

Clarke’s arms remained tightly around Lexa.

“Baby, we need you to let go, just whilst we do this.” Abby smiled unconvincingly.

“No, I can’t do that!” Clarke shook her head, gripping Lexa tighter.

“Baby please, you have to let go, just for now.” Abby stroked Clarke’s hair.

“No!...I won’t let her go.” Clarke frowned, her face morphing.

The Alpha let tears roll down her cheeks, visibly upset. All of Clarke’s instincts told her not to release her struggling mate from her hold.

Indra watched on as a variety of emotions played out across the sky beast’s inhuman face.

“Klark, she will be fine in your mother’s care.” Indra tried to convince Clarke.

Luna began to tremble as Lexa’s blood started to fully lay claim to her body. Luna’s eyes turned black, as deathly swollen-looking veins rose to the surface of her skin; the dark winding lines marking their infectious assent up Luna’s arm. Lexa’s blood spread rapidly, and with fury.

“Klark please! I cannot do this for much longer. I am struggling to stay in control.” Luna begged Clarke.

Jackson could no longer stand it. Months of fearing Clarke, months of seeing her stalk him through the glass of the clinic, up and down its long twisting corridors. Something broke inside him. He
would speak true to Clarke right now; someone had to get through to the Alpha.

“You’re putting both of them at risk! You’re not in charge here! If anything happens to them, it is on you Clarke!”

Clarke bore her angry gaze into Jackson; the doctor stood his ground though. Deep down, Clarke knew he was right. Off handily, she thought this might have been the first time Jackson had ever held her gaze. With a great sigh and clenched teeth, Clarke released her hold on Lexa. She gently helped her mother lay the semi-conscious Omega down flat on her back.

Without delay, Jackson immediately started to attempt to turn the baby. His hands worked diligently.

Lexa made sounds of great discomfort as the baby started to turn within her womb.

“I think that’s it!” Jackson wiped the sweat from his brow.

“Check again, Luna!” Abby instructed.

Luna was now staring into space, her breathing deep. She was fully submitting to Lexa’s euphoric blood. The Omega smiled gleefully as she took pleasure in Lexa’s black ichor taking over her body.

“Hey!” Abby slapped Luna.

That snapped the Flou-kru girl to attention.

“We must do this quickly! I am losing this battle.” Luna’s voice trembled.

Luna reached inside Lexa again; she then smiled up at Abby victoriously.

“I feel a head! You did it Dr. Jackson.” Luna laughed.

Abby glanced over at Lexa, there was no way the girl could deliver this awkward little baby alone.

“Let’s get this baby out, Jackson.” Abby smiled.

Abby and Jackson dashed around the tight confines of the living space together. The two doctors barked orders to one another across the room.

“The cervix must be fully dilated and the membranes ruptured.” Abby shouted over at Jackson.

“Is her urinary bladder empty? Perhaps we should use a catheter?” Jackson shot over to his trunk again.

“Mid forceps, Jackson, the station of the head must be at least in the lower birth canal.”

Abby gestured to Indra to come help.

“Keep her placed on her back. We usually have the aid of stirrups or assistants to support her legs. Keep her legs like this.” Abby gave a quick demonstration.

Indra placed her hands on Lexa’s knees.

“You are doing great. My wonderful, brave daughter.” Indra smiled at Lexa.

Jackson frowned as Abby took over. She clearly had the intention to guide the baby out herself.

“Ascertain the precise position of the fetal head is paramount.” Jackson commented.
“Do you really think I don’t know that?” Abby snapped.

“With all due respect ma’am, I am more experienced than you in obstetrics. Please, let me, Abby.” Jackson snapped back.

Abby sighed in defeat.

“Talk me through what you’re doing. I mean every step!” Abby stood aside for Jackson.

“At this point, I will insert the two blades of the forceps individually, the left blade first for the commonest occipital-anterior position. The fetal head is then rotated to the occiput anterior position, if it is not already aligned that way.”

At this moment, Clarke suddenly saw the merit in prayer. Nothing Jackson said made any sense to her. She felt completely helpless, and totally in his hands. She smelt fear permeating from her mother and Indra.

At the other end of the room, Raven lay on her side watching on. Lincoln sat by the mechanic, still caring for her, while he also watched the spectacle before them.

Luna laid herself flat on the floor away from Lexa. Her job was done. As Luna’s head hit the soft rug in Abby’s living room, her eyes rolled back. She managed to hold her hands up to her face before she was taken over completely by Lexa’s powerful blood. Both her hands shook violently, they were black as coal. Her veins rippled under her skin as Lexa’s blood sent wave after wave of pleasure through her whole body. Luna was now lost completely, her mind no longer coherent.

Clarke knelt at Lexa’s side. She picked up Lexa’s limp hand, and kissed the back of it.

“You can do this!” Clarke smiled down at Lexa.

With the last of her energy, Lexa did her damnedest to push. Jackson did his damnedest to be gentle and assist the little one out of its exhausted mother. Abby placed a supportive hand on Jackson’s back. With a damp cloth, she wiped his brow as sweat poured out. Jackson had never concentrated this intently in his entire life, as her guided the baby gently with the forceps. He could not afford to get this wrong.

Nervous, Lincoln picked up one of his nieces. He cradled the baby close to his chest as he prayed to the spirits for the safe delivery of baby number three.

Jake slid across the floor to Luna. The girl looked feverish and he was unsure whether he should move her or even touch her. The heat from Luna’s skin was more than apparent the closer Jake got. Luna arched her back and smiled to herself, marinating in the effects of Lexa’s blood.

“How ya doing Kid? Must be lots of fun where you are…” Jake inspected Luna who was clearly high.

Raven drowsily looked at her friend.

“She is gonna feel like shit soon enough, believe me.” Raven slurred.

Luna let out a satisfied moan.

“What the hell is this?” Jake asked Indra.

“I do not know.” Indra sighed as she glanced at Luna momentarily, the Flou-kru girl clearly lost in
“Here we go!” Jackson called for assistance.

Jake and Lincoln headed for Lexa as Indra kept hold of her daughter’s knees.

With a final gentle tug from Jackson, and push from Lexa, baby number three made its escape.

“Is she ok?” Clarke called out.

Abby paused, as did Jackson.

“He is fine, Clarke. You have a son!” Abby smiled.

Jackson grabbed a clean swaddle. He wrapped the much smaller baby up quickly and handed him over to Abby. Abby smiled, looking down at the blonde, blue eyed baby boy in her arms.

“Here you go, honey, you should take him.” Abby offered the bundle to Clarke.

Clarke stood shakily to her feet. Below her, Lexa let out an exhausted sob. Clarke took her son from her teary mother. She immediately went back to Lexa’s side. Clarke crouched down showing Lexa their third pup.

“We have a son, Lexa.” Clarke whispered to her drained mate.

Lexa managed a brief smile before she passed out.

“Mom!” Clarke panicked.

“She will be ok, honey. She just needs to rest.” Abby promised Clarke.

Lincoln approached Clarke, still holding the first born daughter. The two sat cross-legged on the floor, holding the newborns closely. Feeling left out, Clarke’s second born immediately kicked up a fuss on the mat with Jake.

“Ok, wow!” Jake picked up the noisiest of Clarke’s litter.

“I think she feels left out, kid.” Jake joined Lincoln and Clarke on the floor at Lexa’s side.

Abby looked around her living space. It was not unlike a scene from a horror movie: blood on her furs, two sick girls lay flat out on her floor, and various medical implements strewn across the place.

Raven groaned.

“We need to get those two upstairs.” Abby sighed.

“Hey. Come sit down first!” Jake playfully ordered his wife to enjoy the moment.

“Look what I got!” Jake lifted the noisiest little pup in the air.

Abby laughed.

“You have a favorite already, Grandpa?” Abby smiled.

Clarke’s eyes remained firmly on her son. He was so small, so vulnerable.

“He will be ok, honey.” Abby responded as if could read Clarke’s mind.
Two hours later

Once again, Raven reached over and grabbed for the sick bucket. After vomiting for the best part of thirty minutes, there really was nothing left in the mechanic’s stomach. Raven’s skin felt like ice one moment, then like fire the next. She glanced around at her surroundings. Raven recognized this room; it was Abby and Jake’s.

Raven was lay on top of a thick fur on the bedroom floor. Not more than a few feet away, Luna lay on a similar fur throw. The Flou-kru girl was passed out now, her skin visibly cooler and her veins settled. She seemed much more peaceful than Raven remembered just an hour previous.

In Abby and Jake’s large bed, Lexa lay fast asleep. Her dark hair flowing and pooling perfectly over one shoulder, her skin flawless, and her lips full; she looked beautiful. The mechanic was taken back to an image she once saw in an old fairy tale book. Lexa looked just like a sleeping princess from one of the pages. Raven let out a loud sigh as her head fell back onto the rug. Even after the trauma and pain of childbirth, Lexa still looked stunning.

“Son of a bitch!” The mechanic grumbled.

Raven shook her head in disbelief. She was fairly certain that she, herself, looked like shit right now. But not Lexa! The girl always managed to look effortlessly radiant.

A gentle cry alarmed Raven, she looked up to see three make shifts cribs. Someone had the idea to turn three drawers into cots as there were no cribs handy at the Griffin house. Raven approved of the amateur, yet practical, solution.

Unexpectedly, there was a sound at the bedroom door. Turning her attention away from the drawer-cribs, Raven’s gaze shot to the opening door, curious as to who was on the other side.

It was Jackson.

Raven closed her eyes quickly, and feigned sleep. She knew that Clarke was not fond of the man, and lately Abby had seemed a bit unsure about him as well.

Jackson peered over at Raven, he then looked to a slumbering Lexa, and then to a completely out of it Luna. Licking his lips and nervously and wringing his hands, Jackson turned and locked the door before he approached the three babies in their drawer-cribs.

The hair on Raven’s arm stood on end. What was he up to? Raven peeped one eye open, as she watched the nervy doctor.

From his pocket, Jackson produced three syringes. Raven watched as the doctor took samples of blood from each baby. Raven’s heart beat sped up. Was he meant to be doing this? Where the hell was Clarke or Abby?

As the doctor finished up, he placed the three vials of Clarke’s litter’s blood into a bag Raven didn’t realize he had on him. Jackson took one last look around before heading for the door. As he opened the door, Abby almost walked straight into him. She kept her voice low as to not wake the occupants of the room.

“Dr. Jackson.” Abby whispered.

Jackson’s eyes went wide.

“Abby, you startled me. I was just checking on Lexa.” Jackson lied.
“How is she?” Abby asked.

“She is fine, sleeping still.”

Abby nodded. There was an awkward silence.

“Well, I should be going. I need to get back to the clinic.” Jackson stated.

“Jackson, wait!” Abby called after the younger doctor.

Jackson went white.

“Yes, Abby?” He did not turn around to face her.

“Thank you. Thank you for all you have done today. You’re an excellent physician.”

Jackson looked to the ceiling. He closed his eyes to stop tears from falling, and gritted his teeth before he replied.

“Thank you, Abby. I learned from the best.”

Abby smiled.

“I will see you at the clinic, Dr. Griffin.” Jackson smiled and nodded at his former mentor.

As Abby closed the door behind her, Raven sat bolt up like a resurrecting corpse.

Abby visibly jumped at the sight of the mechanic.

“Jesus! Don’t do that to me, Raven.” Abby clutched her chest.

“Abby, go after him now!” Raven stammered.

“Raven, just lay back down. I think you’re still…Lexafied.” Abby frowned at herself. Surely there was a more scientific word for the effects of Lexa’s blood?

“I am not high. Not anymore anyway.” Raven half-heartedly defended herself.

Abby raised a brow at Raven.

“He took blood from the babies…was he meant to do that?” Raven asked.

“He did what?” Abby gasped.

Abby ran out the door, leaving Raven speaking to nothing but air and her incapacitated roommates. She ran down the stairs and shot past Clarke.

“Mom!” Clarke shouted.

Abby ripped open the front door, she spotted Jackson retreating from the Griffin house. He turned around halfway up the path to the front gate, clutching his bag. There was a pause, a fight or flight response from both doctors. Seconds later, Jackson bolted.

“Jackson, stop!” Abby yelled.

Abby set off after the young doctor. She called for Clarke. Jackson was quicker than she was.
Jackson made it to the end of the path and fought to open the front gate. If only he had Clarke’s ability to leap over the obstruction! Finally, the gate swung open and Jackson made his way further away from Abby. Suddenly, a strong forearm stopped Jackson in his tracks.

Jake close-lined the fleeing rat that was rapidly escaping from the Griffin home. Clarke arrived just in time to see her father take the doctor out.

“How did your old man do, kid?” Jake winked at his daughter.

“Well done, dad!” Clarke applauded her father.

Abby looked down at Jackson, he was unconscious.

“Get him back in my house, now!” Abby panted.
Jackson took longer to come around than Abby anticipated. She sat opposite the younger doctor, who was now restrained. Jackson sat slumped in a dining room chair; his arms behind his back, and his mouth gagged. The young man’s face was decorated with a large purpling bruise where Jake’s forearm had made contact with the bridge of his nose to his temple. Doctor Jackson almost looked pitiful as he sat helpless in front his mentor. Abby, herself, sat cross-legged and motionless on Clarke’s single bed; her face was unreadable, but for a slight frown.

Abby took no pleasure in seeing Jackson so vulnerable. She took no pleasure in seeing him in such discomfort. Clarke had tied the restraints. The bounds were very tight; Abby noticed the swelling that had started around Jackson’s wrists. Her daughter had no intention of letting Jackson scurry away.

Slowly, Jackson opened his eyes. Half lidded, he dozily took in his surroundings; the single bed, the weights in the corner of the room, and sketches of female forms all over the walls. These all told him, he was perhaps in Clarke’s childhood bedroom.

Jackson’s eyes suddenly blew wide open, his breathing labored as he attempted to free himself.

“My daughter is not here.” Abby’s voice was low.

That made Jackson settle down a bit; he winced and rolled his neck before letting his gaze meet Abby’s.

“Why?” Abby whispered.

The aging Omega leant forward and peered deeper into Jackson’s teary eyes.

“Eight years. Eight years of caring for people with you. I have spent eight years teaching you everything I know, everything my father taught me, and then you...” Abby had to stop for fear of bursting into tears.

Jackson had no fear of crying, he started to sob in the chair. Saliva was gathering around the gag and his nose ran with mucus. Abby momentarily took pity on Jackson. He was only four years older than Clarke. Abby was old enough to be his mother.

Abby reached over and pulled the gag from Jackson’s mouth. The young man licked his lips and swallowed instantly. Abby grabbed a cup of water and held it to Jackson’s lips. He drank the water hurriedly, before Abby took it away.

“Now, tell me what the hell you were doing Jackson, or I will leave you with Clarke.” Abby warned.

“I’m so sorry Abby…I-I can’t. They have my Mother.” Jackson sobbed.

Clarke sat hypnotized by the scene in front of her. Lexa sat upright in bed, breastfeeding her son. Lexa’s green eyes were now full of life and her fatigue was more-or-less gone. A variety of emotions swam through Clarke while she watched her son fed quietly, causing his mother no issues.
“He is much easier to feed than our daughters.” Lexa smiled faintly.

Clarke remained speechless and continued to stare at her son feeding.

“I think this little girl will be most difficult.” Indra spoke up from across the room, cradling the second born in her arms.

Lexa raised a brow, as Indra handed Clarke her second born, blonde daughter. The baby kicked out constantly and wriggled awkwardly in her sire’s arms.

“Her body will change, she will become Alpha.” Lexa groaned.

Indra laughed.

“You say this because?” Indra smiled.

“She is controlling and dominant already.” Lexa closed her eyes in frustration.

Indra laughed again.

“She is most definitely your child, Klark.” Indra looked down as the baby fought with the air around her.

Indra went back to caring for baby number one. She took in a breath as she gazed upon a perfect recreation of Lexa at that age. Lexa’s first born daughter lay peacefully, her green eyes scanning the makeshift crib walls around her. The little bundle gave off exactly the same air of authority as Lexa had as an infant.

“My goodness, you are just as beautiful as your mother.” Indra marveled.

“I want more.” Clarke suddenly spoke.

Lexa looked up from her feeding son.

“More?” Lexa frowned.

“More pups, I want to give you more pups.” Clarke was serious.

Lexa couldn’t help but laugh.

“Klark...we are yet to name the three we have!” Lexa stroked her son’s head affectionately as he fed.

“I want my seed growing in you, again and again.” Clarke was firm.

Lexa ran her eyes all over Clarke. To be honest, she was glad to have her body back. She had missed Clarke and their rough love-making. Lexa wanted nothing more than to run out into the woods with her mate, and feel Clarke inside her again; but to be pregnant again, so soon? Lexa was less thrilled by this idea. She had hoped for a gap between pregnancies. Still though, she would not allow a barrier. No skins, not ever, with Clarke.

Indra coughed loudly.

“I think I should give the two of you some privacy.” Indra’s skin flushed.
Indra lent back on the door as she closed the wooden barrier behind her. Surely, Clarke was not serious? Seeing her daughter go through such an agonizing delivery had almost made Indra wish for Lexa to not ever be pregnant again! Something told Indra that multiple pregnancies between Lexa and Clarke would not be unusual. It would happen again, she was sure.

The bedroom door across the landing opened slowly. Abby appeared in the doorway looking frustrated. She walked over to Indra.

“No progress with Dr. Jackson?” Indra asked.

“No.” Abby sighed.

“What exactly did he do?” Indra queried.

Abby reached into her pocket. She produced the three vials of blood, handing them to Indra.

Indra looked down at three small samples of her grandchildren’s blood. One stood out immediately. Indra selected the vial and held it up to the light; thick black blood swirled in front of Indra’s dark eyes.

“Do we know which baby this came from?” Indra kept her voice low.

“My guess? Little miss stoic.” Abby referred to Lexa’s first born.

The two grandmothers stood in silence for a moment. A sudden knocking at the front door startled both of them. Abby slowly descended the stairs, Indra trailing behind her. Abby crossed the small space to her front door. Upon opening it, she was met with the sight of Echo and Octavia.

“Upstairs, first door on the right.” Abby pointed.

Lexa took her eyes off Clarke as the bedroom door slowly opened, revealing Octavia standing patiently in the doorway.

“Come in.” Lexa instructed.

Octavia headed over to the three makeshift cribs. She spied down at Lexa’s first born.

“Oh wow, she’s so pretty!” Octavia looked over at Clarke.

Clarke headed over to the crib. She peered down at her first born daughter with Octavia. Clarke picked up the dark haired baby, to show Octavia her first born pup. Baby number two immediately let her upset be known from her mother’s arms.

“She is jealous! They’re fighting over you already, Clarke.” Octavia laughed.

Clarke blushed with embarrassment. She passed baby number one over to Octavia. The Beta cooed and smiled down at the puzzled looking baby; her little green eyes trying to focus on Octavia’s face.

“Why do I feel like your daughter is judging me already?” Octavia looked over at Lexa.

Lexa smiled back, but her focus remained on Echo. The Azgeda was yet to enter the room. Instead, she stood pensively in the doorway.

“Echo, you must come sit here.” Lexa patted the bed.
Echo took a breath before she entered the room. She slowly lowered herself onto the bed by Lexa. Clarke seemingly appeared from nowhere, and handed Echo her son to hold. Echo took the small bundle and sat awkwardly on the edge of the bed.

“He feeds well. Soon he will be much stronger.” Clarke felt the need to explain her son’s small size.

“He is perfect, Clarke. You and Lexa should be very proud.” Echo’s eyes remained on the baby.

“Where are Raven and Luna?” Octavia suddenly thought.

“They’re in the spare room…there were some…complications.” Clarke looked sheepishly to an unapologetic Lexa.

Octavia brought Clarke’s first born over to where Echo sat. The ice wolf was starting to feel uncomfortable. Lexa was lay with her noisy second born gurgling away in her arms.

“Have you thought of names yet?” Octavia asked.

“Not yet.” Lexa replied.

Lexa kept her eyes on Echo. The older wolf swallowed hard, as tears gathered in her eyes. Lexa made eye contact with Clarke; silently bringing Echo’s upset to the prime’s attention.

Clarke placed a hand on Echo’s shoulder.

“Are you ok, Echo?”

The older wolf did not respond at first.

“You should look after them, Clarke. You will regret it if you don’t.” Echo whispered.

The wolf felt a tear roll out from the corner of her eye; it trickled down her cheek, tickling her skin as it travelled. Echo wiped at her face immediately. She looked at her tear stained hand like it was the strangest thing she had ever seen.

Azgeda did not cry.

Echo stood, passing Clarke’s son back to Lexa.

“I’m sorry, I have to go.” Echo apologized to Lexa.

Before Clarke could respond, Echo was out the door.

“Shit.” Octavia whispered.

“Go after her.” Lexa advised.

Octavia caught up with Echo on the path to gate outside the Griffin family home. The Azgeda had not gone far however, she kept her back tuned to Octavia.

“Echo? I’m sorry. I dragged you here and didn’t even think.” Octavia kept her voice soft.

Echo let out a sigh. She looked up to the sky as more tears fell down her cheeks.

“It’s not your fault.” Echo sniffled.
“You’re crying.” Octavia whispered.

“I fucked up, Octavia. I should never have left my kid with Becca.”

There was a tense silence.

“Take me to Azgeda.” Octavia suddenly blurted out.

Echo spun around.

“What?”

“Take me to Azgeda!” Octavia repeated with even more conviction.

Echo was speechless.

“We can’t! I don’t speak to her…I-we can’t.” Echo was far from articulate.

“Take me to Azgeda.” Octavia smiled.

Echo shook her head in confusion.

“It’s called the Ice Nation for a reason you know?” Echo folded her arms at Octavia, wondering if the girl fully knew what she was asking.

“What? You saying you won’t keep me warm?” Octavia winked.

“That’s blackmail.” Echo half smiled.

The ice wolf felt her heart beat faster. This young Beta always managed to make her smile.

“You really want to go?” Echo wiped her face of the remaining tears.

“With you? Yes. Show me your little girl.” Octavia smiled beautifully.

Back in Clarke’s bedroom, Jackson struggled violently in the chair he was tied to. From across the hall, Clarke heard every move he made.

“I will go and talk to him.” Clarke suggested.

“Talk to him?” Lexa exclaimed.

“What should I do? He saved your life Lexa. He saved our son. I can’t make him talk with violence.”

Abby placed a hand on Clarke’s arm. She squeezed gently as a show of support to Clarke.

“Don’t get me wrong. I want to hurt him, I really do.” Clarke snarled.

“He took blood from our children!” Lexa was not pleased with Clarke’s sudden show of restraint.

“We will get the answers soon, Lexa. For now, we all need to rest.” Abby suggested, they could deal with Jackson tomorrow when they were all a bit more refreshed.

“Our pups matter right now, Lexa. That is more important to me, than beating up Jackson.” Clarke
hated to displease her mate.

The new mother sighed.

“You are right Clarke. I am sorry. Come rest with me.” Lexa patted the bed.

Clarke smiled.

“I will be downstairs if you need me, baby.” Abby kissed Clarke’s forehead.

Lexa lay silently in bed, as day turned into night. Her three pups lay cuddled up together in one cot, snorzing. Sleep had found Clarke as soon as her head hit the pillow.

Lexa looked over at the bedroom door, a small frown marring her face. The Tri-girl was unsure if her legs would even work after the exhausting day she had had. Steadily, she sat up and stealthily swung her legs around. Lexa sat on the edge of the bed, her toes tickling the hard wood floor below. She softly placed her feet fully on the wooden surface, and lifted her weight off the bed. With one last look at Clarke, she headed for the door; Jackson’s betrayal the only thing on her mind.

Jackson stirred as the bedroom door slowly creaked open and he was roused from his semi-asleep state. In that moment, he realized it was nighttime and everyone should be sleeping still. Abruptly, he bit down into his gag in fear. It was Clarke! It had to be! Surely by now, Clarke would be ready to tear him into pieces! Jackson visibly swallowed as tears pricked at his eyes.

Quickly, he realized it was not Clarke at the door. Jackson frowned. Instead, the young doctor was met with the tall, captivating Lexa slipping silently into the room. Jackson sat straighter in the chair, as Lexa’s green eyes turned black upon spotting him.

There was a terrifying silence as Lexa finally convinced herself that she was doing the right thing. Jackson looked down at Lexa’s bare feet as she inched closer to his chair.

“Remind me, Dr. Jackson. What is it that people refer to Clarke as?” Lexa kept her voice very low.

Jackson frowned in confusion. He racked his mind then gave a muffled reply through the bond in his mouth.

“Sky beast. That is it.” Lexa smiled devilishly.

The silence descended again. Jackson tried desperately to free himself, only to find Lexa hushing him.

“Clarke is not the monster, Dr. Jackson.” Lexa picked up the water pot that Abby had brought up earlier.

She held the pot in her hand and crushed it, the longest broken shard now the perfect blade.

Jackson continued to struggle in his chair. He paused for a moment, at the sight of the shard, and cried out. The gag muffled his desperate shrieking.

Lexa held out her hand, slicing through her own flesh slowly. Black ichor sprouted out from the wound, ready to serve its host’s desires.

“Is this what you were hoping to procure? Do you recall what this did to Luna, Dr. Jackson?” Lexa’s
face was deathly serious.

The doctor nodded, his eyes transfixed on the gaping wound across Lexa’s delicate hand.

“I am very fond of Luna.” Lexa smiled.

The doctor panted, squirming in his seat. He was unsure where this was all going, but he had no desire to find out.

“What on earth do you imagine this will do to lying vermin like you? Vermin whom I despise greatly?”

Jackson rocked back and forth in his seat, struggling for freedom. Suddenly, he felt Lexa’s hand in his hair.

“You will tell me everything.” Lexa’s voice was calming and irresistible.

Jackson begged and pleaded through the gag.

“You should have hoped for Clarke, Dr. Jackson. Not me.” Lexa stroked Jackson’s hair one last time.

Jackson screamed into the cloth bundle, as Lexa smeared her blood all over his face. She tore open his shirt and continued to spread her black ichor all over his chest.

The doctor began to convulse, Lexa’s blood happily soaking into his flesh.

“You will not threaten my children again.” Lexa looked into Jackson’s terrified eyes.

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Across the landing, Clarke bolted upright as Jackson’s petrified scent filled the air around her.

“Lexa, no!” Clarke leapt out of bed.
Clarke threw her left shoulder into the door for a second time. The wood splintered at the hinges, as the blonde’s heavy weight barreled into the only barrier between her and Jackson’s fate.

The scent of the doctor’s fear had ricochet all the way from her childhood bedroom, across the landing, then into her parents’ bedroom. Jackson’s anxiety and terror was so intense, it had woken Clarke from her deep slumber.

Clarke cursed her mother for the need of good quality furnishings in the Griffin house—the damn door was solid! Originally, the heavy barrier was put into place in order to keep a wayward teenage Clarke inside; now, ironically, it kept a grown up Clarke out of her own room when she desperately needed to be in. Clarke knew it would give though. The blonde was sure it would break open under one more strong assault from her powerful physique.

Clarke swayed backwards for a moment, counterpoising in order to get the momentum she needed to smash the door down. What was Lexa thinking? What was Lexa doing to Jackson in there? What could make a grown man squeal like a pig?

A split second before the wrecking ball that was Clarke Griffin prepared to launch, the Alpha suddenly stopped dead in her tracks. Silence echoed across the landing. Clarke quickly placed her ear against the thick wooden panel…there was nothing, no sound.

Clarke panicked. She jostled the door handle up and down and called out to Lexa again. The fear which-up until a few seconds ago—screamed out from Jackson, was no more. In fact, Clarke could barely pick up on Jackson at all; he was, for all intent and purpose, gone from Clarke’s radar!

Again, Clarke readied herself to break the door down. Something had happened behind there, something bad…she needed to get through. Suddenly, Clarke’s mother called out to her from halfway up the stairs.

“Baby, what’s going on?” Abby demanded to know.

Clarke swung her weight at the door once again, only to have Lexa rip it open from the other side. Clarke’s high level of fitness allowed her to stop herself mid swing to avoid colliding into the mother of her children.

The second the door opened, the smell of Lexa’s blood filled the air. Even Abby could distinctly smell the honey-like scent of Lexa’s black nectar. Abby shook her head; Lexa’s infectious ichor seemed just as potent whilst airborne.

“Mom, are you ok?” Clarke turned to see her mother fight Lexa’s thrall.

“Yes, I’m fine. I better stay here though.” Abby clung to the banister rail.

Clarke’s brows knit in confusion. She could smell the scent of Lexa’s blood, and yet...seemed unaffected by insidious black substance, unlike her mother. She could think about that later though.

Lexa stood aside as Clarke strode into the bedroom. The lack of affect her potent plasma seemed to
have on the unique Alpha was not lost on the Queen.

Clarke was fearful of what she might find as Jackson came into view. The doctor sat motionless. Clarke inched closer to the man and waved a hand in front of his face. She got nothing back, there was no response.

Jackson’s eyes were black and without life; his skin drained and a horrifying shade of white. But, his breathing was normal at least. Jackson’s mindless and unwavering stare was what unnerved Clarke the most. The doctor just focused straight ahead endlessly, not even blinking.

“What the hell have you done to him?” Clarke shuddered.

Lexa wrapped a strip of cloth around her sliced palm as she spoke to her mate.

“Doctor Jackson is now compliant.” Lexa said calmly.

Clarke looked between Jackson and Lexa in abject horror.

Lexa placed her hands behind her back and serenely drifted out the exit, leaving Clarke alone in the room with Jackson.

Clarke appeared nervous as she gawked at the catatonic Jackson. His mind was clearly gone, his choices taken from him. Clarke stepped back quickly as a thick, black, slug-like vein filled with dark blood and slid up Jackson’s jugular; the controlling ichor most likely on route to his brain.

“What the fuck?” Clarke continued to step back slowly from the toxified Jackson.

Lexa was halfway across the landing before Clarke came to her senses. The Alpha turned and stormed after her seemingly callous mate.

Abby was still waiting on the stairs.

“Clarke, what is going on?” Abby did not wish to be stranded on her own stairs for much longer.

“Mom, whatever you do, do not touch Jackson!” Clarke warned her mother as she shot past her rapidly.

Clarke grabbed at Lexa’s shoulder from behind, tugging the Omega around to face her.

“You could have killed him!” Clarke shouted.

Lexa did not reply. She simply looked Clarke up and down, no emotion reading across her face.

“What the hell is wrong with you? You can’t infect people you don’t trust!” Clarke was breathless.

“Yes I can.” Lexa’s quick response was abrupt and unwavering.

Clarke was taken aback by the unapologetic, ruthless tone in Lexa’s voice. In the moonlight that cascaded down through the landing window, Lexa looked nothing short of heaven sent. How were these words coming from the mouth of such an angelic looking creature?

“Well, I won’t let you.” Clarke folded her arms defiantly.

“You do not own me, Klark!” Lexa raised her voice.

Baby number one let her upset be known, having heard her parents arguing within earshot. Lexa
headed for the makeshift cribs in Abby’s bedroom. She picked up her first born pup. Clarke watched as the baby calmed instantly upon seeing her mother.

Lexa turned to converse with a red faced Clarke Griffin. The commanding Queen popped the buttons on her shirt to free her full breast. She sat on the edge of the bed as she brought her first born up to suckle on her. The baby made sounds of great satisfaction as she fed from her mother.

Clarke felt like her brain was about to split in two. Lexa had violated Jackson. No question. She had kept secrets in relation to the full extent of her abilities. What else did Clarke not know? The self-righteous Alpha could not help but soften her gaze though, watching as her pup fed happily from her entrancing mother. Lexa still managed to look beyond irresistible, even when she was cold and dark of heart.

“You’re right. I don’t own you, but they do” Clarke pointed at her newborn pups.

Lexa looked in the direction of the cribs and closed her eyes as she let out a breath.

“You can’t just do whatever you like to people Lexa, there are laws.” Clarke plonked herself down next to Lexa on the bed.

“Jackson is mine to release…or to dispose of as I see fit. He does not have the freedom to make choices any longer.” Lexa stated.

“And what will you do with him when you finally have the information you want?” Clarke waited for a reply.

Lexa stared down at her feeding pup. She huffed at Clarke’s interrogating questions. The Queen was unaccustomed to having to explain herself and her actions.

“You haven’t even thought this through, have you?” Clarke threw her hands into the air.

Lexa ran a hand through her thick locks. Clarke was right. She had acted solely on instinct.

“Lexa, I know what it’s like to lose control, to keep something locked up inside. Impulsive actions I understand, but this I-” Clarke was cut off by a raised hand from Lexa.

“Do not think to lecture me, Klark.” The Queen’s tone was full of hot temper.

Lexa neglected to re-button her shirt as her pup finished feeding. The thin white bed shirt made Lexa’s breasts look perfectly rounded, tempting and larger in size. Clarke began to feel horribly confused and aroused.

“Button up your shirt!” Clarke pointed angrily. She could feel her penis beginning to betray her righteous stance.

“I will not.” Lexa disobeyed the strong Alpha.

“Lexa please, I’m trying to help you!” Clarke struggled to keep her eyes off Lexa’s chest.

“I know you mean well Klark, but stop!” Lexa snapped.

Clarke knelt down on her knees in front of her mate. She did not want to fight like this with Lexa.

“What the hell did you do to him?” Clarke gently took Lexa’s wounded hand into her own.

Lexa sighed, looking down into the eyes of her noble mate.
“I will show you.” Lexa stood, softly tugging Clarke up with her.

In Clarke’s childhood bedroom, Abby sat staring at Jackson, not even bothering to turn when she heard someone else enter the room. It was Indra who had walked through the door, the commotion having woken her from sleep. On a medical level, Abby was at a loss as to what she was looking at as she stared at Jackson’s catatonic body. On a spiritual level, Indra was equally baffled. It was as if the man was now soulless, just an empty shell.

“Jackson!” Abby tried again to get a response from the entranced doctor.

“He will not respond to you.” Lexa appeared in the doorway.

“Lexa, what have you done?” Abby whispered.

Lexa glanced at Jackson. She did not want to admit to Clarke or Abby that she hadn’t actually infected a beta to this level before. She had no idea if he would even survive. Despite this though, Lexa stood confidently in front of Jackson. Her face did not betray her. She did not show any self-doubt. It was another, subtler, gift of hers.

“Stand now!” Lexa commanded.

Jackson took in a terrifying gasp of air and stood to his feet very unsteadily. It was not unlike a corpse reanimating, or a puppet being yanked up by strings aggressively.

Abby and Indra both grabbed for Clarke. The Alpha remained brave and protective, as the two older Omegas sought out her protection naturally. Clarke struggled as she watched Jackson’s actions though. Still, she stood defensively in front of the two older women. Clarke shared Lexa’s gift; her face never betraying or showing her fears when the situation demanded it.

“Speak true, who sends you to harm my children in this way?” Lexa held her hands behind her back, stoic.

Jackson attempted to speak, his voice stammering and his words jumbled and incoherent. Lexa narrowed her eyes as Jackson’s brain sparked on and off.

“Shit.” Lexa said under her breath.

“What? What is wrong with him?” Clarke worried.

Lexa held a hand out to silence Clarke. The Alpha pursed her lips. She hated it when Lexa shut her down like that, her mate could be infuriatingly rude.

“Sit.” Lexa ordered Jackson

The doctor immediately collapsed back down onto the chair.

Lexa gripped the arm rests of Jackson’s chair. She inspected him up close. The tempestuous queen brought her lips close to his ear. She spoke softly in Trigedasleng.

Indra tried desperately to listen in. The words were familiar, but seemingly of the old world. Lexa’s words were of the past most certainly.

Jackson seemed to respond to whatever Lexa had said to him. His eyes sparkled in the dimly lit room; his skin flushed a more human pink hue. His weak human form shuddering with every word
that dripped from Lexa’s full lips. His breathing became heavier and more noticeable. It was as if he was coming back to life before everyone’s very eyes.

Clarke watched on in amazement, Abby still clinging to her daughter from behind.

Lexa eventually turned to face her alarmed mate.

“See, nothing to worry about.” Lexa held out her hand, gesturing to a now responsive Jackson.

Clarke shook her head in disbelief.

Jackson continued to suck in air desperately, as if previously, he had been drowning in his own body. His eyes remained black though, Lexa’s blood still ruling his body.

“Doctor Jackson, you will answer any questions asked of you.” Lexa folded her arms and stood over Jackson triumphantly.

Jackson opened his mouth to speak. Abby held her breath. Would he manage to form words this time?

“Sha, Heda.” He responded

Immediately, Clarke frowned in confusion, as did Abby.

“What did he just call you?” Clarke looked to a dazed Lexa.

Lexa seemed startled by the response herself.

Indra felt fear shoot through her entire body. That word, that title…it was so old. She gripped Clarke tighter.

“Heda? What does that even mean?” Abby asked.

“How can he know this word? This word is sacred among our people.” Indra panicked.

“Wait, that’s what Lincoln called you. It threw you then too.” Clarke ran inquisitive blue eyes all over Lexa’s stunned form.

Lexa still looked back at Jackson, his response still roiling over her and having a great effect. Her eyes ran wildly around the room as she processed what Jackson had said. The word had taken away all of Lexa’s poise, momentarily of course.

Rapidly, Lexa regained her composure. Her rigid and formal posture returned as she headed for the exit.

“Where are you going?” Clarke freed herself from Indra’s and Abby’s grasp.

“I am going to care for our pups. This man will not harm them again.” Lexa stated with certainty, but her hands still shook by her sides.

“You know this was not the correct way to go about this, Lexa.” Clarke looked back at the zombie-like Jackson.

“I disagree, Klark. You and I lead very differently.” Lexa tilted her chin to the sky defiantly.

“I am a mother now. This and much worse will be the fate of any who think to hurt my children.”
Lexa’s tone left ice in Clarke’s veins.

Abby watched on. It was perhaps easier for her to understand Lexa at this moment than it was for Clarke. When Clarke was a pup, Abby would have also laid waste to any person who might have dared to hurt her little blonde baby. The severity of the punishment and the calm calculated response after the act was what concerned Abby greatly.

Lexa left Clarke, Abby and Indra to quiz an exceptionally obedient Jackson.

Instead, she wandered over to her pups. Lexa tugged at the bedding, straightening it out within the confines of the drawer. She stroked the thick dark hair of her first born. The small perfect replica of herself squeaked happily at the touch of her mother.

“They will never understand us.” Lexa twiddled the baby’s hair within her long delicate fingers.

Lexa did not need a syringe and vial to tell her that her first born shared her unique black blood. At least this child would benefit from Lexa’s guidance, guidance that Lexa needed and did not have while growing up. Only Luna served as confidant for Lexa. Without Luna’s moral guidance and affection, Lexa feared what she might be now.

Lexa’s second born kicked out in her sleep, her smaller brother taking the brunt of his sister’s violent tiny feet.

“Shall I free you from this torment?” Lexa smiled as she scooped her tiny son up into her arms.

“Come, we will visit your savior.” Lexa thought about how Luna had helped save her only son.

Lexa held her vulnerable pup close to her soft breasts. Her touch and hold was very gentle as she walked, it seemed as if she floated along. Her son snuggled into the gentle cloud-like embrace of his powerful mother.

Lexa looked down at her now wriggling pup. She cleared his face of the soft swaddle that he had burrowed deeply into. Blue eyes peeped out at her. Lexa sighed.

“Do not look upon me with your sire’s eyes, I do what I must.” Lexa felt the need to explain her actions to her son.

Luna stirred as the bedroom door opened. The leader was laid flat out on the floor of the Griffin spare bedroom, while Raven laid meters away in a deep sleep. Both girls were still recovering from the varied effect of Lexa.

Luna shuffled upwards and rested back on her elbows. She squinted as the silhouette in the doorway came more into focus. Luna padded at her fluffy wild hair, she felt as though an anvil had been dropped on her head from a great height; her temples throbbed and her stomach churned. This was the typical low after the phenomenal high of Lexa.

Lexa stood with perfect posture, as always, her tiny son sleeping in her arms. The Omega Queen bore a facial expression that, unfortunately, Luna had seen too many times before.

Luna sighed.
“What have you done, little Leksa?” Luna arched a brow.

“What name did Titus teach us that signifies unforgiveable betrayal?”

Luna pulled a confused face, unsure as to why Lexa was asking. She thought back to her days as a novitiate and was able to recall the name fairly quickly.

“A Judas.” Luna replied groggily.

“Doctor Jackson is a Judas.” Lexa snarled.

“And you have dealt with him accordingly?” Luna was afraid to hear Lexa’s response.

“Yes.”

“Have you taken his life Leksa?” Luna closed her eyes briefly.

“Not yet.” Lexa’s response was full of malice.

“Leksa!” Luna tutted as she waggled a finger at her friend.

Lexa held Luna’s eyes. Only Luna would get away with questioning Lexa’s choices without fear of reprisals.

“It is a slippery slope you stand upon, Leksa.” Luna shook her head at her friend.

Lexa briefly looked the other way, avoiding Luna’s eyes.

“What is Doctor Jackson’s fate then?” Luna pinched the skin between her eyes, her head booming with pain.

“I have taken Doctor Jackson’s mind, not his life.” Lexa turned back to Luna, staring at the other girl fiercely.

“Is that not the same thing?” Luna questioned.

There was a prolonged silence between the two.

“Who is this?” Luna pointed at the bundle in Lexa’s arms.

Lexa smiled and moved over to Luna.

“This is my son, my third born.”

“Ah...the upside down baby.” Luna smiled.

As Lexa sat at Luna’s side her third born stirred. He seemed fascinated by Luna’s wild hair. Luna played with the baby’s tiny feet affectionately. The last time Luna had touched those little soft toes, they were very much wedged inside Lexa.

Luna suddenly felt a wave of nausea flush through her system. She closed her eyes, her face screwed up in discomfort. Lexa noticed.

“My blood runs thinner through your system now.” Lexa noted.

“Yes...it is never a pleasant sensation.” Luna almost retched.
Lexa passed her son over to Luna. Luna gathered up the small bundle, confused by Lexa’s actions.

Lexa began to unravel the bandage on her hand.

Luna took a breath.

“Leksa, no…” Luna looked the other way.

“You should not go ‘cold turkey’, as Skai-kru would say.” Lexa smiled.

“No, I will recover through abstinence as I have before.” Luna continued to resist Lexa’s beguiling charm.

“I think you are being stubborn.” Lexa smirked.

“I think you are being a terrible influence, as usual!” Luna mocked.

Luna looked down at the small baby in her arms.

“He is very handsome.” Luna tickled the baby’s nose.

“I feel you and he will be great friends.” Lexa leant her head against Luna’s shoulder.

“Would you like to have children Luna?” Lexa asked curiously.

“Yes, as long as I do not have to keep the Alpha that seeds them.” Luna winked.

Lexa laughed and snuggled closer to her trusted Luna.

Luna sat that way with Lexa for several minutes. Luna focused on the baby to shut out the nausea and the temptation of Lexa’s blood.

Lexa suddenly spoke, breaking the tranquil silence.

“It bothers me.” Lexa whispered.

“What?” Luna whispered back as the baby slept.

“That I have upset Klark. I do not like this feeling.” Lexa frowned.

Luna laughed, almost waking the baby.

“It is not a bad thing, Leksa. It simply means you care for Klark.” Luna put her arm around her friend and pulled her close.

“I do not wish to be owned by Klark.” Lexa sighed.

“Do you feel that is what Klark wants, to own you?” Luna asked.

“I am not sure?” Lexa cuddled closer into Luna’s hold.

“So you judge her unfairly because she is Alpha?”

“She is not just any Alpha.” Lexa corrected.

“That did not seem to concern you when you were making these beautiful little babies.” Luna teased.
“Alphas are naturally dominant and controlling, life is much easier with an Omega.” Lexa yawned, fatigue setting in.

“That is not true and you know it. Besides, you like cock too much to give up on an Alpha like Klark.” Luna wiggled her eyebrows comically.

Lexa shoved her friend playfully as she blushed.

“I enjoy Alpha and Omega equally. You of all people should know this.” Lexa raised a brow.

Silence fell again.

“I like Klark, Leksa. She is good for you.” Luna stated.

“You need to be challenged in matters such as Doctor Jackson.” Luna spoke plainly to her friend.

Lexa’s whole manner changed with those words, her rigid regal side replacing the soft tactile Lexa. The Omega Queen moved away from Luna and stood.

Luna rolled her eyes at her prickly friend’s automated response to facts she knew to be true, but did not like.

“There was surely another way to procure the information you needed from our Judas.” Luna’s tone was firm.

“I will not hear this again!” Lexa’s tone was cold.

“Leksa, we cannot just do as we please in this world.”

“Stop! You sound like Klark. I will not have two of you question my decisions.” Lexa’s eyes burnt a bright emerald green in the soft candlelight.

Luna looked away, Lexa’s eyes too intense to hold with her own.

“May I ask you something?” Luna tried to remain brave.

There were lines, even between her and Lexa.

Lexa thought for a beat before agreeing to Luna’s request.

“Go ahead.” Lexa’s eyes fixed hypnotically onto Luna’s.

Luna’s bravery turned up a notch, she met Lexa’s bewitching glare.

“Did you enjoy infecting Doctor Jackson?”

Lexa shifted her stance stiffly, clearly not happy with the question. She cleared her throat.

“I have always enjoyed infecting you.” Lexa declared.

“That is a very different situation and not what I asked you, my friend.” Luna replied.

“Did you enjoy what you have done to Dr Jackson?” Luna asked again, her tone firm.

Lexa lifted her chin in her usual pretentious manner.

“Yes.” The Omega Queen replied bluntly.
Luna felt her heart sink.

“Do you feel any empathy for his suffering?” Luna prayed to the spirits Lexa would say yes.

“No... I do not.” Lexa folded her arms.

Luna swallowed hard.

“To lead is to make the choices that no one else will, that no one else has the stomach for.” Lexa defended herself.

“Leksa, I fear—” Luna was cut off.

“Doctor Jackson called me Heda.” Lexa suddenly confessed.

Luna’s eyes widened.

“I am Heda.” Lexa snarled.

“Leksa, Queens of our people have not ruled over the clans for over two centuries! The stories we read as children of Heda’s great victories were just fairy tales.” Luna laughed.

“I do not accept that.” Lexa rebelled.

“So... you wish to rule now? Over all of us?” Luna’s voice lifted an octave.

Lexa continued silently staring back at her bemused friend.

Luna laughed again, but much more nervously.

“You have just given birth to three children!” Luna exclaimed.

“Do you say a woman is not able to lead and be a mother?” Lexa scowled.

“Of course not!” Luna held up her hands.

“Would you defy me, Luna?” Lexa clenched her fists.

“Never, you know that.” Luna had never seen her friend so tense.

“Leksa, becoming a mother has emboldened your spirit. You have every right to be defensive of your pack, but I would urge caution. Your emotions run wild.” Luna whispered the last part.

“You think me unstable?” Lexa looked disapprovingly at Luna.

“Not unstable, just highly emotive.” Luna held out a hand.

Lexa took the hand and settled down to her knees in front of Luna.

Luna held Lexa’s hand in her own.

“As soon as I am well, we should mediate. That should help temper and ground your fire.” Luna smiled.

“You would become well much more quickly if you would take me into your system right now.” Lexa held out her injured hand.
“Do you force this onto me now, Leksa? Your blood?” Luna, again, tried to resist.

“No...I have never forced myself on you. Have I?” Lexa backed off, suddenly aware of her behavior and questioning the validity of her statement. Had she taken Luna over by force at some point?

Luna sighed heavily.

“No, you have not. Not once.” Luna held a hand up in apology.

“I am afraid of your current mood, my friend. I will speak true to you on this.” Luna continued.

Lexa still refused to show mercy to Jackson, she would never show him mercy.

“Will you mediate with me, Leksa?” Luna asked one last time.

“I will consider it.” Lexa stood to leave, taking her son from Luna’s hold.

Raven stirred.

Lexa looked over at the wincing mechanic.

“What of my little bird?” Luna queried.

“I am unsure how she will be affected by my blood, she is Beta also. We will have to see?” Lexa added.

Luna frowned.

“I will return later. I should leave the two of you to rest.” Lexa turned to leave the room.

“Aleksandria.” Luna called after her fleeing friend.

“Yes?” Lexa turned.

“Be kinder to your Skai-beast, there is more to her than meets the eye.”

Lexa nodded.

“There is much love for you in our growing pack, my friend. I beg you to remember that.” Luna smiled warmly.

“They do not know me as you do. Nobody does.” Lexa whispered.

“Well, perhaps it is time you started to give them the chance to know you as I do.” Luna winked.
Lexa paced Abby’s bedroom. In the flickering candlelight across the room, tall elongated shadows taunted her. They stretched and morphed ominously around the room. Lexa struggled to isolate her own shadow as the tree branches dipped and swayed outside, casting argumentative movements across the bedroom floor. The twig ends of the branches seemed to judge and point disappointed fingers at Lexa over her treatment of Jackson.

Lexa’s altercation with Clarke over the matter was still on her mind. She would not apologise for Jackson though...not ever. Lexa believed her actions warranted. How could she repent over an action she did not regret in any way?

Suddenly, Lexa stopped dead in her tracks. The colour drained from her face and she breathed in sharply, a very uncharacteristic mannerism from the usually stoic queen. Lexa’s heart raced and her mind spiralled as she peered intently at the unexpected visitor.

Staring back from Abby’s bedroom book cabinet, a thick green leather tome greeted Lexa from within the candlelight. It was an old friend. The oak tree embossed at the summit of its spine cast small undulating shadows in the candlelight; Lexa knew tucked away on the front cover was a matching motif. The gold letters of the book’s author lay fractured and worn, but Lexa knew its name all the same. It was her book.

Lexa could only imagine her mother must have brought it with her from Poils; a peace offering perhaps or just simply a comfort from home. It was that...or the spirits made it so. Many years ago, Indra told her it was retrieved from her family home, a home that now crumpled into dust along with her parent’s bones. Lexa had found solace in this book all her life. Now she found it on loan to Clarke’s mother.

"My goodness.” she whispered.

Lexa lay comfortably reading on Abby’s large bed. Her pups slept peacefully in the makeshift cribs across the room. Lexa’s posture was relaxed and at ease as she peeled through the pages of her musty old volume.

Unexpectedly, Clarke slipped into the room on light feet, as to not disturb the pups. Lexa looked up just once as the Alpha entered, before turning her attention back to her book. The tension in the room was not something either mate particularly enjoyed; their joint stubbornness currently stood in the way of breaking the ice and finding resolution.

Clarke ran her eyes over Lexa as she lay on her side reading by candlelight. Even with Clarke’s enhanced senses, it was still very difficult to make out what Lexa was reading.

Unperturbed, Lexa continued to read on as the athletic blonde stood silently by the doorway.

Clarke rolled her eyes. Clearly it would have to be her to make the first move. She cleared her throat.

“What are you reading?”

“It is a book on horticulture.” Lexa finally looked at Clarke, holding the Alpha’s gaze.
Clarke took the eye contact as a sign Lexa was open to conversation. She approached on tiptoes and sat softly on the bed next to her mate.

“It is very old and very delicate.” Lexa explained as she passed the heavy book to Clarke.

Clarke retracted her claws and lightly thumbed through the tired old pages.

“I believe it once belonged to my mother.” Lexa said faintly.

“Really? That’s amazing.” Clarke continued to flick through the pages.

“That book is pushing 250 years old.” Lexa said proudly.

Clarke saw alphabetized plants, flowers, and trees as she made her way through the book; each page giving a description of the origin, meaning, and history of the particular breed of plant.

“I enjoy reading about plant life.” Lexa added.

“I thought you liked martial arts.” Clarke recalled.

“I enjoy both fighting and flowers.” Lexa flirted.

“Why does that not surprise me?” Clarke shook her head.

“It should not.” Lexa smirked.

As Clarke went back to leafing through the pages, Lexa shuffled closer to her mate. The brunette let her fingers weave through Clarke’s blonde waves.

“Young son will most definitely have your fair hair and pretty face.” Lexa whispered.

“Young second born will have your body.” Lexa ran a hand across Clarke’s bicep, gripping it softly.

Clarke paused for a moment as she felt the contact. Lexa’s soft hands felt wonderful against her skin. The soft feminine touch was stark in contrast to Clarke’s solid, muscled body. The scent of Lexa filled Clarke’s nostrils teasingly.

“You want to mate.” Clarke’s eyes ran wildly all over her aroused mate.

“Yes.” Lexa admitted.

Clarke climbed swiftly on top of a willing Lexa. The Alpha slid her hands inside her Omega’s sheer bed shirt, palming Lexa’s enlarged breasts. As Clarke squeezed them gently, she felt herself become fully erect due the feel of Lexa’s soft, pliant skin. The alluring Omega moaned in appreciation of the beast’s touch.

“I told you to button this up.” Clarke snarled into Lexa’s ear as she pulled at her shirt.

Lexa bit at Clarke’s face gently, but without reservations.

“And I told you that you do not own me, Alpha.” Lexa snarled back.

“I want to be inside you all the time.” Clarke pressed her erection against Lexa’s center.

“We cannot, Klark. I am in no fit state to receive you.” Lexa looked frustrated.

“When will you be ready?” Clarke frowned.
“Soon. For now…we can do other things.” Lexa smiled.

“Like what?” Clarke’s eyes darkened.

“Like read this book together.” Lexa pushed Clarke up off her.

Clarke growled disapprovingly, but picked the book back up.

“These, these are my favorite.” Lexa pointed to one of the images in the book.

Clarke had to squint her eyes in order to make out the descriptive text beneath the image. The text was smudged and badly faded. Clearly Lexa frequented this page often.

Lexa noted Clarke struggling to read the text.

“This flower is named Dahlia. The Dahlia signifies dignity and elegance. Not only that, it also brings with it change. The flower also stands for diversity. Most flowers have two genes however, the Dahlia has eight.” Lexa taught Clarke.

The Queen seemed suddenly nervous.

“I was hoping you thought it an appropriate name for our first born?”

Clarke looked over to her sleeping pups.

“I think that’s perfect” Clarke beamed.

“It will put an end to your father referring to her as the fat one.” Lexa frowned.

Clarke burst out laughing, Lexa quickly hushing her as to not wake the babies.

“She is very chubby.” Clarke wiped her eyes.

“She will not stay that way. I was similar as a child.” Lexa sulked.

“So, you were the fat kid your majesty?” Clarke struggled not to giggle.

“Yes, this is why Luna calls me little Leksa. She was most cruel to me.” Lexa folded her arms.

“Well, I like Dahlia. It’s dark, but also majestic and intriguing-like you. This book was a great idea to pick names from.” Clarke smiled.

Lexa sat up, excited by Clarke’s interest in the book.

Clarke suddenly felt winded, watching Lexa’s whole countenance change completely. She smiled like Clarke had never seen before; her face full of joy and childlike giddiness. Lexa’s green eyes shimmered like a clear ocean surface in the dazzling sun; those vivid pools of green reflecting Clarke’s own image back at the Alpha.

Clarke was fixed to the spot. The wolf willed her lungs to function; she willed her hands to stop shaking; she willed her dropped jaw to close shut. Clarke thought of an expression she once learnt from Raven, Lexa was simply ‘traffic stopping’.

Lexa sat facing Clarke, kneeling up on the bed.

“Go to page thirty-two, Klark.” Lexa almost bounced.
The Queen got no response. Clarke was still, staring back at Lexa dumbstruck.

“Klark?” Lexa looked at her stunned mate.

“How are you so damn beautiful?” Clarke’s voice wobbled.

Lexa was now the one to blush. She spoke softly to Clarke.

“People are like stained-glass windows. They sparkle and shine when the sun is out, but when the darkness sets in their true beauty is revealed only if there is a light from within.” Lexa quoted.

Clarke’s heart raced in her body, booming like a whirling war hammer within her chest cavity. She could not think of a worthy reply.

“I like to read about many things, Klark. The great hall of Polis has a wide selection of old books that the cataclysm did not take from the earth. They are full of wonderful quotes and stories; their pages stained with other people’s souls. They have taught me that the old world was not much easier to live in than this one in many ways.” Lexa seemed sad and lost in her thoughts.

“There is so much i still don’t understand about you.” Clarke swallowed.

Lexa took Clarke’s face into her hands and gave a kiss as peace offering, but only for a moment. The Omega kept possession of the Alpha’s face in her hands, as she locked eyes with the strong blonde again.

“Page thirty-two.” Lexa gently commanded.

Clarke shook the haze from her brain and searched for the requested page. Immediately, Clarke realized what Lexa had in mind.

“Zinnia.” Clarke smiled.

“Yes!” Lexa clapped once.

Clarke read aloud.

“Some of the things that zinnias symbolize include absent friends, lasting affection, and goodness.”

“I like that, for our second child.” Clarke nodded.

“Again, it will stop your father referring to her as the prize fighter.” Lexa smiled.

Clarke, upon seeing Lexa radiate so much happiness, could not resist. She grabbed Lexa’s face and kissed her passionately. Lexa returned the kiss, climbing onto Clarke’s lap. Clarke looked up in wonder at the wild, dangerous Tri-girl straddling her. Clarke’s penis could not help but show its affection for Lexa through the material of her pants. Clarke closed her eyes as Lexa played with her wavy blonde hair again.

“We have been here before.” Lexa whispered, letting her forehead gently rest against Clarke’s.

“Excuse me?” Clarke could barely speak, her words coming out rough and raw.

“We made our children this way. You favor this position, Klark Griffin.” Lexa gently rolled her hips.

Clarke sucked in a breath, grabbing at Lexa’s tormenting hipbones.
“Don’t!” Clarke’s eyes went over to the pups.

Lexa smiled at Clarke’s concern for waking them.

“As I said, I am in no fit state to receive you anyway.” Lexa hooked her arms around Clarke’s neck loosely.

“So, you’re just teasing me?” Clarke smirked.

“But of course.” Lexa winked.

“I want to make more pups Lexa. It’s all I think about.” Clarke admitted.

“How many more?” Lexa arched a brow.

“There are not enough flowers in this book.” Clarke tapped the pages of the forgotten book beside them, perfectly serious.

“I cannot be pregnant all the time!” Lexa laughed.

“Why not!” Clarke snapped.

Lexa dismounted from Clarke’s lap.

“Is your desire to breed so strong Klark?” Lexa groped Clarke’s hard cock before heading over to the cribs.

“I…I feel this need. I can’t help it Lexa. It started when I was young. My seed, I have to release it at least twice a day or it effects my temperament.”

Lexa gave Clarke an understanding nod. Her third born now crying, distracting Lexa. His sisters snuggled into him, stealing his warmth.

“What about our son?” Lexa picked the tiny baby up as he stirred.

Clarke closed the book beside her.

“I do not want to name my boy after a flower.” Clarke stood from the bed.

Lexa met her mate half way across the room, both parents looking down at the little blonde bundle in Lexa’s arms.

“In Tri-tradition, the first born son is named after the sire.” Lexa explained.

“That’s just like Skai-tradition.” Clarke placed her hands on her hips.

There was a silence.

“I don’t want to name my son Clarke.” The Alpha grimaced.

“Why not?” Lexa seemed surprised.

“Honestly, I have never liked my name. It was my grandfather’s though.” Clarke shrugged.

Lexa passed the boy into his sire’s arms. As Clarke accepted her tiny son from his mother, she watched Lexa grab a piece of charcoal and a sheet of paper from Abby’s dresser. Clarke watched as she scribbled something down. Lexa quickly presented what she had written to Clarke.
Clarke tipped her head to the side in order to read the writing; Lexa’s handwriting was endlessly looping and artistic.

“Jago?” Clarke wondered if she pronounced the name correctly.

“No. Say it this way, Jay-go.” Lexa corrected.

“Jay-go.” Clarke repeated.

“Yes. It is Trigedasleng for Jake.” Lexa smiled

“I love that. My father will love it more and it’s better than slim Jim.” Clarke rolled her eyes at her father’s pet names for his grandkids.

“Then it is agreed, Dahlia, Zinnia, and Jago.” Lexa bit her lip.

“Agreed.” Clarke nodded placing her son back in his crib.

Lexa took Clarke by the hand and tugged her toward the bed. Clarke followed, allowing Lexa to lead her. Lexa gestured graciously for Clarke lay down. A mischievous smile lay across the Queens lips.

“What are you doing?” Clarke gulped.

“Other things…” Lexa purred.

Lexa crawled up Clarke’s body, her hand undoing Clarke’s belt slowly. Clarke smirked as she heard the leather slipping through the metal belt buckle.

“Will we not wake them?” Clarke glanced over to the cribs.

“They will sleep. You need to come, Klark.” Lexa whispered.

Clarke’s head hit the pillow hard as Lexa’s hand slipped inside her jeans to retrieve her semi erect penis.

“You produce a lot of seed” Lexa bit at Clarke’s throat.

Clarke felt herself submit to Lexa’s skilled hand.

“Yes, It’s not exactly something I can talk to my mother about. I don’t think it’s normal Lexa.” Clarke worried.

“You’re not a normal Alpha though.” Lexa intoned.

Lexa lay by Clarke’s side, propping her head up with her bloodied hand as the other massaged Clarke’s now hard, enlarged cock.

“You you’re so unpredictable.” Clarke struggled to speak.

Lexa continued to drip words softly and suggestively into Clarke’s ear, the Skai-girl understanding only the odd word. It didn’t matter though; Clarke was now at Lexa’s mercy. Her soft hand slipped from tip to base, gripping Clarke’s length tighter as her knot grew in size.

“You wish this tight grip were my insides, Alpha?” Lexa smirked.
“Yes.” Clarke growled, her face morphing.

“You will come for me, Klark Griffin…when I say. All over my hand and all over yourself.”

“Fuck, Lexa!” Clarke hid her face in her hands, as her knot prepared to launch her seed all over her mother’s bedroom rug.

The clicking sounds of wet flesh filled the room, Lexa enjoying the feel of Clarke’s member as it slipped through her hand. Lexa looked down at her Alpha as she began to bring Clarke painfully closer to release. She sped up her actions, smiling down at Clarke enticingly.

“Come for me, Skai-beast.” Lexa whispered.

Clarke hollered out as her knot exploded. Lexa threw her injured hand over Clarke’s mouth as she let her satisfaction be known. Clarke’s seed jetted across the room, staining both the rug and floor. Lexa continued to pump Clarke’s length as more seed spat out from the Alpha’s swollen end. Lexa’s elegant hand was now coated in Clarke’s pleasure.

Clarke grabbed for Lexa’s face to kiss her. The kiss was clumsy and desperate as Lexa continued to relieve her mate. Lexa was amazed to feel Clarke still hard and ready to ejaculate again. Lexa could feel how horribly wet she, herself, was too.

Clarke snarled into Lexa’s palm as another load left her cock violently.

“You are most impressive.” Lexa panted into Clarke’s ear.

“I can keep going all night for you.” Clarke stammered.

“You could give children to a room full of Omega.” Lexa sighed in arousal.

Clarke closed her eyes as her cock began to soften, her heart beating fast and her body exhilarated.

Lexa ran her fingertip across Clarke’s now flaccid penis, her head resting on Clarke’s shoulder. Lexa’s hair spilled out across the Alpha’s heaving chest.

Clarke lay flat on her back, stunned and even more compliant than Jackson.

Lexa broke the silence.

“You must never underestimate what I am capable of.” Lexa reminded Clarke. The Tri-Queen kept her head against Clarke as she gave her warning.

“No...After Jackson, I really won’t.” Clarke said bluntly, struggling to catch her breath.

“My blood...It does not affect you.” Lexa admitted.

“It would seem not.” Clarke looked down at Lexa’s bandaged hand.

“You are the only one that might stand a chance at stopping me, if I ever...” Lexa trailed off mid-sentence.

“I would stop you.” Clarke stated.

“I said you might stand a chance.” Lexa gave an icy warning.
Clarke could only close her eyes. Lexa was stunning. She was full of nothing but light under the dark controlled surface, Clarke trusted that to be true. But, the mother of her pups was also exceptionally dangerous. Clarke’s mind flashed to a nightmare image of a hoard of Jackson-like zombie warriors, submitting to the will of their vengeful Queen. Clarke’s friends, her family…They all remained vulnerable to Lexa’s potent blood even if Clarke herself did not.

“I think my mother was perhaps not a good woman.” Lexa suddenly confessed.

“What? Why would you say that?” Clarke held Lexa closer.

“You would not understand.” Lexa spoke faintly, as if a million miles away.

“Try me.” Clarke dared.

“When I go into a deep meditation, my mother’s spirit speaks to me.”

Clarke did not respond, she simply quirked a brow.

“I know Skai-krü do not believe in the spirit world, Klark.” Lexa sighed.

Clarke’s mouth went dry. This was the perfect opportunity to tell Lexa about all that had transpired in the woods! The day she came face to face with her own inner spirit. The day her body almost stretched and tore into the form of a giant wolf, only to rebuild itself perfectly into the form she now took.

“I-I know those spirit stones have some form of power.” Clarke had to acknowledge that.

Lexa barked out a laugh.

“The spirit stones!” Lexa smiled and shook her head.

“What?” Clarke was thrown by Lexa’s sarcastic tone.

“There is very little power in spirit stones.”

“But I…Titus showed me.” Clarke was confused.

“Titus is very knowledgeable, but power wise? He is impotent.” Lexa waved a disparaging hand at Clarke.

“Luna is the entity the Spirits are drawn to. Luna is the one with the power to summon them.” Lexa said with certainty.

Clarke continued to look confused.

“I believe this is Luna’s gift. Perhaps all Alphas and Omegas have a gift?” Lexa pondered.

“What does Luna have to say about that?” Clarke wondered.

“Luna is most humble. She refuses to see how powerful she could be.”

Clarke let that sink in. Luna had been the one to stop her transformation. Also, Luna had been the one to offer her comfort after the episode while Titus simply stared on, slack jawed.

“Luna is modest. It is the thing I love most about her. She is powerful, but does not shout it from the rooftops.” Lexa added.
“Agreed. I respect Luna, she is a good person. There are not many truly good people in this world or what’s left of it…” Clarke sighed.

“A strange occurrence, she said the same thing about you.” Lexa smiled.

The brunette sat up, pulling her hair behind her ears. There was a curious frown across her pretty face.

“Wait, how do you know of the spirit stones?” Lexa gave Clarke a questioning look.

“Lexa, I wanted to tell you but-” Clarke was interrupted by the bedroom door flinging open.

Abby stood in the doorway, her face pale and her lungs out of breath.

Clarke quickly pulled her jeans up realizing she was on display to her mother.

Abby at first seemed shocked. She made note of Lexa’s shirt hanging open and Clarke clearly tempered and perfectly subdued in the Queens arms. Abby’s first instinctual fears over Lexa’s effect on her animalistic daughter resurfaced.

“Jackson, I know who he is working for!” Abby stated.

Lexa sat up straighter.

“Speak the name now!” Lexa roared.

Abby took a breath

“He…he said Gustus Tri-Kru. He doesn’t know whom Gustus works for though. He said something about a medical facility in Azgeda. It isn’t Kane, but Kane provided the Guarda officers to take Jackson’s mother into custody.”

Lexa’s claws sliced though the bed sheets.

“I got a radio message from Jaha as well. The exit polls don’t look good for me at the election. Kane is going to win, Clarke.” Abby leant into the door frame heavily.
Lexa stormed past Abby.

Clarke quickly fastened her belt buckle under her mother’s judgmental gaze. The Alpha couldn’t believe this was all happening. Just a moment ago, she felt as if Lexa and she were getting somewhat closer, but now Lexa was filled with nothing but rage and contempt.

Lexa stormed quickly down the stairs, her hand squeaking on the railing as she tore over the steps. As soon as her feet hit the living space floor, she paced through toward the kitchen. Her intended destination was Abby’s backyard. Clarke bounded down the stairs after her mate with Abby and Indra not far behind.

Echo and Octavia woke with a start from the comfort of the couch. Octavia was lay happily in Echo’s arms up until the commotion.

“Lexa?” Octavia called after the seething mother.

Lexa ripped Abby’s back door open and ran out into the dark garden area. She did not care as she knocked over Abby’s garden chairs as she moved past. The wooden furniture clanked heavily onto the stone patio. Lexa strode barefoot through moist grass, making her way through the yard.

Grabbing a jacket off one of the kitchen stools, Clarke hopped out spritely from the back door and leapt over the fallen chairs in Lexa’s wake. The Alpha picked up the pace, jogging after Lexa as the Tri-girl’s form disappeared into the outer boundary of Abby’s garden. Having lost sight of her mate, Clarke sprinted forward. She did not have to run far.

Lexa stood eerily still on the crest of the steep bank at the end of the Griffin yard, the woodland forest just beyond. Her long dark tresses blew wildly in the wind, catching around one shoulder. The gust continued to pick up pace as the weather took a nasty turn. The Omega Queen remained unmoving though, her eyes fixed on the soft glowing lights and rooftops of Skai-Kru town. Off in the distance, the great mass of torch light that was the capital Polis could be made out. Lexa’s eyes focused on the hazy outline of the great tower; its beacon burning brightly in the gathering cloud.

Clarke reached out for her mate, placing a comforting hand on Lexa’s shoulder.

“Gustus… he will be found easily, Lexa.” Clarke’s tone was calm.

Lexa’s fists were clenched tightly by her sides, her brow furrowed, and her breathing heavy.

“Gostos-kom-Trikru will burn from the inside out!” Lexa snarled as she tore her shoulder out from Clarke’s grasp.

“Lexa, wait! You have just given birth within the last 48 hours!” Clarke easily outpaced Lexa, standing in her mate’s path before the Omega could escape.

The stormy night sky was bearing down over both of them, rain starting to fall.

“Please, put this on.” Clarke offered her jacket to Lexa.

As Clarke tried to talk sense into her mate, the rest of the pack quickly gathered in the backyard of
the Griffin homestead. They huddled together under the overhang of the patio area, watching on as Lexa turned volcanic.

“What the hell’s going on?” Jake yawned, stepping outside.

Lexa turned to face her pack. Her shirt was soaked through showing her graceful silhouette in the porch-light; her hair slicked back with the odd strand curling, plastered to the side of her face; and her eyes were on fire, flashing with a dangerous emerald glow. She looked something otherworldly, a vengeful vision in the midst of a storm.

Indra stepped forward.

“Daughter, please! Come back inside!” Indra pleaded.

“You! Why do you allow these old men in robes to control our people?” Lexa ran a trembling hand through her wet locks.

Indra tried to respond, but Lexa cut her off before she get a word out edgewise.

“I tire of this! I tire of small minded insecure males deciding that I am unfit because I lay with Skai-kru! I tire of them deciding that Echo should not be with Octavia because they are different!”

Echo pulled Octavia into her body as Lexa raged on.

“These same controlling dinosaurs drove my heart, and friend, away from her own people! They would not let her breath!” Lexa pounded her fist just above her breast bone as she shouted up to the night sky, her upset burning from the very depths of her soul.

“Lexa, your mother is in a position that-” Abby tried to calm Lexa down.

Lexa shut the Omega down, cutting Abby off as she had Indra.

“You are no better! Marcus Kane will take your seat very soon! Your own people will vote out tolerance, and usher in prejudice and hate upon us all! What will you do to stop this? Nothing!” Lexa pointed accusingly at Abby.

Abby was speechless, unable to rebut Lexa’s claims. Echo almost applauded her rising Queen. The ice wolf could feel the hairs on her arms standing on end, goose bumps pricking up her skin at Lexa’s rousing speech; her Queen’s energy called the warrior inside Echo to arms.

“If you do not destroy these men you are complicate in their actions! You are subservient to their backward manifesto!” Lexa continued to point at Abby, her tone harsh and authoritative.

“There are ways to defeat men like Marcus Kane! Your mother and I dealt with men like him before you were even born. We dealt with them in a way that did not involve violating them!” Abby screamed across her own backyard, preparing herself to march over to the much younger Omega.

Jake desperately tried to rein his wife in.

Lexa set upon Abby mercilessly.

“Violation? Do not speak to me of violation! Is it not a violation when I am told whom I can share my body with? Is it not a violation when Alphas are beaten in the street, then marked as rapists and monsters because some draconian bureaucrat does not understand what they are?” Lexa locked eyes with Abby. Her tone was mocking and laced with aggression, as she stalked closer to the older
woman. Her strides were quick and posture threatening.

Abby fought the urge to shy away from Lexa as the Omega Queen closed the space between them. Clarke was poised to step in, but hesitated.

“What will you do, Chancellor Griffin? Give a speech? Agree an attractive trade deal? Maybe give these men a title to appease their egos?” Lexa stopped in front of Abby, leaning into the woman’s personal space. Lexa’s proximity to Clarke’s mother was now bordering on intrusive.

Abby could feel Lexa’s spittle hit her face; the younger Omega standing only inches away from her person, screaming her down.

“I will have my blood burn like acid through the veins of any single person who thinks to hurt any of my pack—especially my children!” Lexa warned.

Clarke lowered her head. She let the rain punish and soothe her skin all in the same moment.

“I don’t want you to have to do that, Lexa, for your own sake!” Abby croaked.

“What do you want to do, little Leksa?” A dishevelled Luna appeared in the patio doorway.

“That tower is mine!” Lexa pointed defiantly in the direction of Polis.

“That throne…is mine! I will remove Gostos!” Lexa grit her teeth, biting out the words fiercely.

“How?” Clarke finally spoke.

Lexa turned, narrowing her vision on Clarke. After a beat, her burning emerald eyes morphed into terrifying black.

“No, Lexa! Not like that. We will try a less extreme response first.” Clarke sought to calm her mate.

“How exactly!” Lexa laughed condescendingly.

“We can prove that Gustus broke the law, Skai law and Tri law! He has kidnapped Jackson’s mother and Kane knew about it. Surely the elders in the great hall can’t support him after that?”

“They cannot.” Indra confirmed.

“So…we get Indra back in power.” Clarke nodded at the former First Minister.

“What about Marcus?” Abby asked.

“You haven’t lost the election yet, mom.” Clarke smiled.

“How do we get an audience with Gustus?” Jake spoke up.

“Jackson. Lexa, can you make him presentable?” Clarke asked.

“Yes.” Lexa hissed through clenched teeth.

“Then tomorrow we go to Polis, we confront Gustus, we get Indra back in power.” Clarke’s words were punctuated with a sense of finality.

Luna spied Lexa with suspicious eyes from afar. She had witnessed this defiant stance in her friend many times before. Lexa’s chin tilted to the heavens, her hands behind her back...black blood racing
around her powerful body. Luna was afraid Lexa had no intention of letting her mother or any other person rule over Polis ever again. She feared what thoughts ran wild through her friend’s mind. As if on cue, Lexa turned from her mate and locked eyes with Luna. The two girls stood staring intently at one another. Only Clarke and Echo picked up on the tension between the two Omegas.

Luna mouthed words to her seething friend across the cramped space of Abby’s patio.

“Beja, Leksa…” Luna’s eyes pleaded with Lexa to show some restraint.

Lexa stalked toward Luna, refusing to break eye contact with the Flou-kru leader. She was at boiling point, her temper redirected from Abby to her treasured childhood friend.

Clarke and Echo looked to one another. Both could easily tell that Lexa was clearly unhappy with the current plan. Clarke was unsure if she should intervene between the two Omegas; after all, Luna was still recovering. Echo shook her head at the Prime when Clarke made a move to follow Lexa.

Having reached the patio doorway, Lexa leaned into her friend’s personal space. Lexa’s soft words to Luna were only audible to the two Alpha present.

“My blood flows through you with every beat of your heart. You know it never really takes leave of your veins.” Lexa’s tone was dark.

Luna visibly swallowed. She stood her ground with a wicked Lexa though and refused to be put off by her childhood friend.

“If you do not find the constitution for conflict soon, you are useless to me, Luna.” Lexa snarled.

Luna’s face could not hide the hurt as the word ‘useless’ sliced through her heart.

Lexa’s eyes glazed over for a moment watching a wounded look cross Luna’s face. She regretted her words instantly.

Echo turned to Clarke, her face marked with concern as if a bomb were about to explode.

“I am useless, friend?” Luna’s eyes filled with angry tears, her brow furrowed.

“…” Lexa frowned, unable to find it within herself to lose face and apologise.

Luna waved a bored hand in Lexa’s face. She turned her back on her out-of-control friend, trying desperately to keep her composure. The Flou-leader never showed her anger or frustrations easily.

“Do not even think to walk away from me!” Lexa roared, making Abby and Jake jump.

“Joka…” Luna muttered just loud enough for Lexa to hear as she swaggered off into the backyard.

Echo’s eyes went wide, as did Clarke’s. Neither Alpha wanted to split the two Omegas up, but one of them might have to if things escalated much more.

Luna shook her head and clenched her fists, as she left her old friend staring at her backside.

“Stop now! I will not have you turn your back on me!” Lexa shouted.

Luna just kept walking.

“Do not force me to-!” Lexa became silent as Luna whirled around on her heels, her eyes burning fiercely at her friend.
Luna strode violently back towards Lexa, finally succumbing to her emotions.

“Force you to what? Turn me into a mindless drone like our Judas upstairs? Do it! Do it now, Leksa! Just get it over with!” Luna screeched wildly as she pulled open her collar, bearing her jugular for Lexa to claim.

From upstairs Lexa’s pups responded to Luna’s upset. They let their need for their mother be known. Lexa’s eyes softened immediately at the sound of their soft cries. She looked up to the darkened window of room they were meant to be asleep in.

After a brief glance to the upstairs window, Luna had turned and moved away from Lexa. The distraction of the pups had effectively ended the fight.

Lexa turned her gaze back to her childhood friend. She narrowed her eyes on Luna’s retreating form. Lexa’s breathing was still heavy and her hands shaking, but instead of reengaging with Luna, the Tri-girl headed for the house instead. Lexa’s heart raced and her mind whirled, Luna’s heartbroken eyes already haunting her.

Abby intercepted Lexa before she could step inside the house.

“Lexa, I need to trust you’re on board with this.”

“You have until sunrise to devise a satisfactory alternative to my methods. Then I suggest you pray to your old-world God for Gostos-kom-Trikru.”

Lexa headed for her pups.

“Lexa, please just give us a chance to sort this, ok?” Clarke added.

Lexa sighed heavily, her hand on the doorframe.

“As I said, you have until sunrise, Klark.”

**20 minutes later**

Luna and Echo wandered around the far corner of Abby’s dark garden despite the drizzle still erupting from the sky. Luna’s large, heavy military boots looked out of place when matched with the borrowed white linen nightdress she was currently wearing. Finding a secluded bench, Luna sat down on the sturdy wooden planks while Echo remained standing.

The smell of tobacco filled the damp air.

Clarke watched as Luna and Echo lit up another cigarette. Luna inhaled from the small smoking cig and blew out repeatedly, her hands constantly shaking. The Flou-leader completed this ritual in a pointless attempt at nourishing her *true* unending craving. Luna glanced over at Clarke as the Prime approached. It was clear to Clarke that Luna had been crying.

“Smoking, I find it the most ridiculous of human behaviours, and practically the only one that is entirely against nature! Can you imagine a cow, or any animal taking a mouthful of smouldering straw, then breathing in the smoke and blowing it out through its nostrils?” Luna laughed to herself.

“We’re not human, Luna.” Clarke said as she got closer.

“Ah...of course! How utterly foolish of me! We are just animals, I keep forgetting this. That must be why I currently sit crying over a girl, and talking to a cigarette.” Luna winked.
Clarke made brief eye contact with Echo; it was fleeting, but somehow communicated a thousand words. Luna bit her lip, watching. The unspoken instructions from the Prime were all there...if you knew what to look for. Luna wondered if Clarke had any idea how effortlessly authoritative she truly was.

“I will catch you later, Flou-girl!” Echo retreated back to the house.

Clarke stood over a teary Luna.

“I wonder...Klark, if your behaviour is purposeful and therefore your actions in turn? Is it your countenance? Perhaps your scent is what does it?” Luna blew out a flurry of smoke rings as she gazed off into the distance

“I don’t understand?” Clarke said.

“Oh, I think you do.” Luna inspected her cigarette with a wry smile.

“The tough, street-fighting Azgeda Alpha leaves as soon as the Prime arrives. Are all Omegas in the pack the responsibility of the prime first, then for others after she is done?”

Clarke looked back across the grassy distance to a swaggering Echo.

“You know, in the wild, Alpha dogs will fight to the death over the fertile Omegas in the pack. Clashing teeth and claw, blood and saliva dripping from their paws...” Luna seemed lost in image of this.

Clarke felt a tingle up her spine. She paused for a moment then shook the primal instinct from her mind.

“Where did you get those?” Clarke pointed at the hand rolled smokes in Luna’s hand.

“It appears the Azgeda asshole has a use after all.” Luna offered one to Clarke.

Clarke declined, politely. She looked Luna over. The Flou-leader shivered in the cold night air, her mood an unusual sombre for the often high spirited Omega. Clarke removed her jacket.

“Here, take this.” Clarke commanded.

Luna was about to refuse.

“Please, my Alpha pride won’t survive two Omegas resisting my chivalry in one night.”

Luna laughed. Holding the cigarette loosely between her lips, she pulled on Clarke’s padded military jacket.

“Is your pride sated now, beast?” Luna teased Clarke as she flicked ash onto the grass and blew out a cloud of smoke.

Luna’s eyes were red and swollen from crying. She sniffled as she took continuous gentle drags from her cigarette.

“Luna, Lexa didn’t mean what she said to you.” Clarke offered.

“I know that.” Luna smiled half-heartedly back at Clarke.

Clarke was silent, unsure what else to offer. All of her experiences dealing with an Omega’s
emotions were limited to watching Abby fall out with Jake.

“Klark, this is not the first time little Leksa has brought me to tears. It will most likely not be the last.” Luna weakly smiled again.

Clarke sat on the bench next to Luna.

“Will you tell me about her? Her abilities, I mean.” Clarke worried she was asking too much. Luna was extremely protective of Lexa’s secrets.

“I will tell you about the man in the water…” Luna stared into space.

“What?” Clarke frowned.

“When Leksa and I were little, we would often stray from the boundaries of the great tower. We would do all sorts to be very naughty little girls and disobey Master Titus.” Luna smiled devilishly.

Clarke rolled her eyes, suddenly feeling sympathy for Titus’ daily battle in controlling a house full of unruly, emotional Omegas.

“One day, we headed down to the great lake. It was far beyond where we had ventured before. Lexa said we should turn back, but I wanted to see the water.”

Clarke leant back on the bench as she listened intently to Luna.

“I must have been only ten, Lexa younger. A strange man appeared from the trees by the lakeside. His intentions towards us both were…unsavoury.”

Clarke gripped the seat of the bench, the wooden planks splintering beneath her fingertips. The mere thought of such a man around children filled her with rage.

“We tried to walk away but he grabbed me. I kicked out as Titus taught...but he was too strong. I thought I was doomed to suffer whatever torment he had planned. I called for Leksa to run, she would not. She was so brave, so young.” Luna smiled.

Clarke perched forward on her seat. She held Luna’s hand, the memory clearly distressing the Omega.

“For many years after, I convinced myself I did not see what I did that day. Leksa’s eyes turned deathly black. The man dropped me and began to choke as if something were trapped in his throat. Lexa said to him, ‘walk into the water and do not stop’ He did just that. I thought it the strangest thing, to see a person not remove their shoes, their coat or their bag...and just walk into open water. First to his ankles, then his knees, soon the water was to his waist, and then his head and shoulders just disappeared...he just disappeared.” Luna shrugged.

Clarke gripped Luna’s hand tighter. She was amazed that Luna had kept all this to herself as a child.

“I learnt many things that day. That Omegas can be strong too...you do not always need an Alpha to save you. I also learnt that little Leksa could very easily make me swoon.”

Clarke smiled at Luna’s cheeky grin.

“Omegas swoon over each other, really?” Clarke pulled a disbelieving face.

“Of course! Why would we not, Alpha?” Luna shoved Clarke playfully.
Clarke felt Luna’s unusual strength for an Omega as she dislodged the heavy Alpha from her seat. Repositioning herself on the bench, Clarke ended up sitting much closer to Luna. The Flou-kru leader’s scent suddenly invaded Clarke’s senses. It was unlike anything else she had smelt before, a pleasing sort of warmth but refreshing like a breeze coming off the sea. The Alpha frowned.

“Your scent is very different to Lexa’s.” Clarke commented.

“Oh my word! Are you turning into a sniffer dog, like the Azgeda Alpha?” Luna teased.

Clarke growled at Luna as the Omega continued to tease her.

“You have been around the Ice Nation asshole too much I fear!” Luna added.

“I will take that jacket back.” Clarke grumbled.

Luna continued to laugh as she stumped out her cigarette. She turned to Clarke.

“That day...I also learnt that Leksa is breath-takingly magnificent, but also extremely dangerous and volatile. Just like nature itself.” Luna sighed.

There was a pause.

“I do not know how Leksa’s blood works, Klark. I am not a scientist. I think perhaps it is a separate entity within itself. It obeys Leksa. It serves Leksa. It can bring great pleasure, or great pain.

As far as Leksa herself. I can tell you she is stubborn and hides her heart well from those she craves most. She is full of fire...I also know that she is full of love under the regal poise and needs only strong guidance. She is extremely intelligent.”

“Her blood, it doesn’t affect me.” Clarke looked over at the house, to the window at the second floor.

Luna smiled broadly. She took Clarke’s face into her hands.

“Like I have said before, you are perfect for little Leksa. You were meant to be.” Luna smiled happily.

“She said her mother was a bad woman.” Clarke shared.

“Yes, her mother’s spirit is tainted in a darker shade than most.” Luna explained.

Clarke paused.

“Lexa says you have power, power related to the spirits?” Clarke pushed.

Luna released Clarke’s face from her hands and lit another cigarette.

“Leksa exaggerates.” Luna waved a dismissive hand.

“You were there that day in the woods.” Clarke whispered.

“That was you. You connected with the spirits your own way. That is the art of meditation and spiritualism.” Luna explained.

“But you sent it away.” Clarke added.

“I did not like to see you in pain.” Luna recalled.
“It almost happened again...when I was running to the house for the birth. I felt my body shift.”

“Have you told Leksa?” Luna asked.

“No…not yet.” Clarke admitted

“So…I now serve as a keeper of secrets to the both of you.”

There was an awkward silence.

“Luna, were you and Lexa in love?” Clarke was bold.

Luna laughed out loud, her head thrown back as she chuckled to herself.

“Of course not! Like you said, we are only animals.” Luna winked, kissing Clarke on the cheek as she handed the Alpha’s jacket back to her.

“That was a smartass answer.” Clarke shouted after Luna.

“Perhaps I have also spent too much time around the Azgeda asshole and your Raven Reyes.” Luna bowed. Her cigarette still lighting up in the darkness as her heavy army boots trudged back to the house through the thick, slick, wet grass.

Clarke waited until Luna had gone back into the house before she glanced up at the window again. Lexa stood with the curtain in hand, looking down upon Luna and her interactions. Clarke kept her eyes on Lexa, as the brunette’s gaze drifted off into the darkness...to where the great tower stood in the distance. Clarke needed to come up with a plan before Lexa took matters into her own hands. That would surely mean the end for Gustos Trikru and Lexa’s spirit.

Suddenly, Raven appeared on the patio, her hair wild and her clothes bizarre. Raven wore a combination of Abby’s pink nightdress and Clarke’s military combat pants. Clarke couldn’t help but smile at her odd friend as she stumbled around the patio toward the bench.

“Have I missed shit going down again?” Raven scratched her head.
“There is no medical facility in Azgeda!” Echo repeated herself for the third time.

The pack stood gathered around Abby’s dining table, looking down upon a great map of the vast lands of Azgeda.

“Jackson says otherwise. He can’t exactly lie to Lexa, now can he?” Clarke stated, looking directly at Echo. There was a bit of an edge to her voice.

Echo shook her head in disagreement. The ice wolf tried to mind her tone in the presence of her Prime, she was certain though, that something as apparent as a medical facility could not hide well in Azgeda.

“You still need to do as I say and look for it, Echo!” Clarke placed her knuckles on the table as she leant forward, snarling at the other Alpha. Her patience had grown wafer thin and her mind kept drifting back to her mate upstairs. Lexa was still retreating up in the sanctuary of Abby’s room and they desperately needed this plan to work.

Echo raised her hands in apology.

“Ok! You’re the boss, Griffin.” Echo whispered.

“Damn right I am!” Clarke did not struggle to hear Echo’s comment.

Octavia stepped forward and gently took Echo’s hand in her own. It wasn’t that Echo didn’t want to obey Clarke...she just had more pressing matters on her mind - her daughter. Once in Azgeda, Echo had her own personal mission; locating her ten year old child.

Abby leant back against the wall of the living room, smiling at Jake sat at the dining table. Both parents watched on with pride, as Clarke mustered the troops. Their daughter had methodically put a plan in place that would give them back the upper hand in Polis, while preventing Lexa from having to resort to drastic measures. Despite that, Abby could see that Clarke still worried the toll would be too heavy a price for Lexa’s spirit to pay.

The Skai-kru Chancellor wrapped her arms around Jake from behind, taking her lips to his ear.

“I told you she was born for leadership and politics.” Abby beamed.

Jake kissed Abby on the cheek, as his wife gathered him up in her arms from behind.

“Yeah...she has done a great job here. Can she handle Lexa though?” Jake bit his lip, worried for his daughter.

“That is my biggest concern.” Abby sighed.

Clarke had indeed given a master-class in organisation and forward thought this night. She had planned and tried to anticipate every eventuality with how they would deal with Gustus of Trikru. If Gustus had any sense, he would see the case against him was ironclad. He would have no choice but to step down.

Echo and Octavia would leave for Azgeda at first light. Clarke and the rest of the pack, minus
Lincoln and Jake, would go to Polis to hold talks with Gustus. Lexa insisted on attending. Lexa’s plan for the pups was one Clarke was not best pleased with; they were only just born and needed their mother. But...there was no talking Lexa out of it.

To be honest, Lexa was Clarke’s biggest concern - a wildcard. The Alpha had hoped that between Luna and herself, they could marshal a certain level of restraint within the temperamental Tri-Queen. However, the tension between the two Omegas was still piercing through the air like a hot knife through cool butter. Clarke realized she might have to handle Lexa solo, if need be.

At least Lexa had agreed not to approach Gustus in the great hall first thing. She and Indra would stay put in the reading rooms until called upon. It would be Luna, Clarke, and Abby with a zombie-like Jackson in tow that would be dealing with Gustus initially upon arrival to Polis. This was for the best, and would hopefully keep the situation from spiralling out of control. Clarke had no idea what to expect on Gustus’ side though.

Lexa had effortlessly managed to puppet an epic performance from Jackson over the radio. Jackson informed Gustus that Clarke wanted to hold talks, talks that could very well benefit Gustus. The self-absorbed, false First Minister could not help but take the bait with the curious request of an audience from the Skai-beast. Clarke played to his ego and insecurities perfectly. Gustus’ interest peaked at the thought of Lexa also in attendance. The sudden change of mood when Lexa’s name was mentioned over the radio put Clarke on edge.

Echo took Clarke to one side, pulling her Prime away from the Azgeda map.

“Listen, Clarke, I’m gonna look for my kid whilst I’m in Azgeda. Is that ok?” Echo tightened her fist in anticipation of Clarke saying no.

“I think you should. Locating this alleged facility is the main objective though. Do not let me down.” Clarke held Echo’s eyes with her own piercing blue ones.

“Of course not.” Echo replied.

Echo paused for a moment. She gazed over at a grumpy looking Luna who was sulking on the couch.

“I see our Flou-girl hasn’t regained her mojo yet.”

Clarke looked over at Luna. The Flou-kru leader just stared into space blankly, no doubt thinking about Lexa upstairs.

“You got a full military plan to deal with those two, Griffin?” Echo grimaced.

“No, I don’t know what’s best...” Clarke glanced to the ceiling where Lexa resided directly above.

“Can I give you some advice?” Echo asked before trying to educate her Prime.

“Yes, but watch your tone.” Clarke folded her arms.

“When two Omegas lock horns, keep the hell outta the way, Griffin. Lexa was kinda harsh towards Luna. They’ll solve it between them though...eventually.” Echo folded her arms, mirroring her Prime’s stance.

“They both need to get a grip.” Clarke snarled, frustrated by the two Omegas. She needed them to solve this disagreement as soon as possible!
“Look, it’s like this. You and me have an issue, we go outside and roll around in the dirt, fight it out for a few minutes. Yeah?”

“You mean seconds.” Clarke frowned.

The mere idea that Echo thought she would stay on her feet longer than a minute going toe to toe with Clarke, was most irritating to the pumped up Prime.

Echo sighed.

“Ok…seconds it is…the point is though, it’s always more intense between Omegas. Their shit can last for years, man!”

Clarke held a puzzled look on her face as Echo spoke. Years? Really?

“Well, what would you do?” Clarke openly asked.

“Like I said, I’d stay the hell outta their way. There is an added problem with Luna right now as well…” Echo trailed off, raising her brow.

Clarke looked away from Echo for a moment, her skin flushed.

“So…you smell it too then.” Echo winked.

“Yes. I smell it.” Clarke whispered.

“Her heat is gonna descend on her like a fuckin’ desert storm, Griffin. If you think it’s tense now, just you wait.” Echo wolf whistled lowly.

Clarke ground her teeth together.

“I’m glad I’m getting outta town. I’m nuts about Octavia, but I don’t think my girl could stand being around a pissed off Luna in heat. Girl’s got one hell of a body and has the attitude to match. She needs a cock pounding it right outta her if you ask me!” Echo’s eyes darkened as she glanced back over to a brooding Luna.

“Watch your mouth!” Clarke grabbed at Echo’s shirt, pulling the other Alpha in closer rather aggressively before shoving her away just as violently.

Echo raised her hands in apology.

“You shouldn’t talk about my Omegas like they are only good for one thing!” Clarke bit out.

Echo ran her eyes over Clarke with interest. The Azgeda in her was at odds with Clarke’s Skai-kru political correctness, but there was one statement that Clarke had made which Echo focused in on rather keenly.

Clarke continued to talk at the Azgeda.

“My mom, an Omega, leads and runs an entire clinic. Luna, also an Omega, leads a whole clan! They deserve respect.” Clarke inched closer to Echo.

“You Omegas? “It was the only statement that Echo seemed to fully hear.

Clarke blushed, realising what she had just said.
Echo momentarily caught Luna’s eyes with her own. The Omega had become aware of the two Alphas arguing and staring over at her.

“Griffin, come out here.” Echo gestured to the backyard.

Once they were outside in the privacy of the patio, Echo closed the door.

“You haven’t been around Omegas in heat often, have you, Griffin?”

Clarke looked to the ground.

“Just Lexa…” Clarke whispered.

“Yeah! And look what happened. You didn’t even know her name, Griffin! And you pumped your seed in her all night long.”

“It’s more than just that with Lexa…I…told you before. I feel like I’m connected to her!”

“And that’s real sweet and romantic and all…but trust me, when an Omega is in heat and you’re around them, your girl is gonna take over your brain. They drain and squeeze every last drop out from us. They can’t help it. They take you in the dead of night…then want you again in the morning, Griffin. They are like fire.”

“Lexa was like that. I would have killed for her when she was taking my knot.”

“Yeah…I know how that goes.” Echo smiled.

Clarke looked back towards the house, a frown and furrowed brow donning her face.

“Luna prefers Omegas…she has plenty of options.” Clarke shrugged.

“Griffin, just leave them to sort it out themselves. Then give Luna a wide berth!”

“I can control myself, Echo. I’m not like you.” Clarke scoffed.

Echo laughed.

“Ok…ok…I guess you aren’t just any Alpha. Maybe you will fare a hell of a lot better than I would.”

Clarke unfolded her arms as Echo moved back toward the patio door.

“I’m gonna leave for Azgeda in the morning with Octavia. I will keep in touch.”

“Keep your radio on!” Clarke ordered.

“Sure thing, boss.” Echo winked.

Clarke nodded.

In the privacy of the bedroom, Lexa fed Zinnia in the relative silence. Muffled voices from downstairs told Lexa that her pack frantically tried to muster a course of action which would dispose of Gustus Trikru. A huge part of Lexa wished them every success. If they failed however…Lexa still believed her extreme measures warranted. She would destroy Gustus if forced to.
The bedroom door slowly opened. Lexa looked up to see Indra enter.

“Mother…it is late, you should be resting.”

“I see there is no rest for you, daughter.” Indra smiled as she pointed at a sucking Zinnia.

“She is most difficult. She feeds aggressively.” Lexa’s voice trailed off, her mood sombre.

“Clarke has devised a plan to approach Gustus, I have faith she will be successful.” Indra smiled.

“Then we leave at first light.” Lexa settled Zinnia as the babe finished feeding.

“How can you leave? Your pups will need to feed, Leksa.”

“There are two new mothers within Flou-kru. They will feed and care for them whilst I am in Polis.”

“You cannot be serious! They will want your milk. You must not-”

Lexa interrupted.

“If I do not attend Polis, there may not be a world I wish for them to grow into. It will pain me to leave them briefly, but I must. I will not have them grow up in a world that they must hide their love, or have to hide what they are.” Lexa looked down upon her pups, a serious expression on her pretty face.

“I assume Luna has made the arrangements with these mothers then?”

Lexa looked upon her own mother with a childlike visage, her eyes pleading wordlessly with Indra.

“I see. You wish for me to make arrangements with Luna.” Indra stated.

“Yes, I would prefer not to engage with her at this time.” Lexa replied.

“Leksa…your words to her must have been most cruel for her to lose herself to rage as she did.”

“I will not discuss Luna with you, mother.” Lexa walked toward the small sink in the ensuite bathroom.

“Your relationship with Luna is more complex than I thought, daughter.”

“Lexa gripped the sink and bowed her head, a great sigh leaving her lips.

“I knew that you had shared your bed with Luna, but you have shared your blood as well. Leksa, this is most intimate.” Indra’s tone was soft.

“As I said, mother, I will not discuss Luna with anyone.”

“Her mood is currently very dark, Leksa.”

Lexa stepped out of the ensuite.

“Mother, leave me now…I ask that you make the arrangement with Luna on my behalf. That is all I need you to do…please.” Lexa closed her eyes, hoping her mother would back down.

“Very well.” Indra nodded.

“Thank you.” Lexa drifted to the window, her eyes again on the great tower in the distance.
As the sun rose gallantly over the territories, Echo flung Octavia and her own packs into the back of Jake’s vehicle. Raven hovered in the doorway. Her skin was still sallow and her sickness not fully alleviated.

“Remember! Don’t keep it in the lower gears too long. Don’t labour the engine either! That thing has a particulate filter, they clog like fuck and you will end up pushing that thing to your motherland!” Raven fussed.

“Aw...are you worried about little ‘ole me?” Echo teased.

“Maybe.” Raven admitted.

Echo smiled warmly, in surprise at Raven’s response.

“Come here, Reyes.”

Raven looked at her friend suspiciously, before walking over to the Azgeda.

Echo pulled Raven into a hug. This was shocking! The Beta’s eyes went wide as Echo’s hard wiry form clung to her own. After a moment though, Raven settled in. She pulled Echo closer to her.

“I hope you find your kid, dude.”

“I will.” Echo sounded confident.

The ice wolf held Raven at arm’s length and inspected her.

“How you feeling, Reyes? You look like shit!”

“I feel like I wanna cover Lexa in hot sauce and chew on her royal arm. Girl is mega potent.” Raven ran a hand through her lanky hair.

“Well...you just take it easy. Coming down is rough.” Echo pointed at Raven.

Octavia appeared through the front door.

“You ready to go, kid?” Echo smiled cheekily at a frowning Octavia.

“Stay safe, both of you!” Abby walked through the doorway, putting an arm around a sickly Raven.

Echo nodded at Abby before climbing into the driver’s seat and closing the door to Jake’s car. Octavia did likewise, getting into the passenger side. Echo waved through the glass at Abby and Raven as she turned over the engine.

“Remember...don’t labour the engine! High ass gears as you get on that damn Ice Road to Azgeda though!”

“I got it, dad!” Echo teased.

Octavia laughed as Echo released the parking brake and set off towards her homeland. Within seconds Octavia’s seat belt was off and her head placed firmly on Echo’s shoulder. As they got out onto the dusty road, Echo managed to steer with one hand and drape her other arm over a comfy Octavia.
“It’s not gonna take that long to get to the Ice Road.” Echo confirmed.

“I know…I can’t wait. I really want to see Azgeda.” Octavia smiled.

“You’re crazy.” Echo laughed.

“Yeah…I must be.” Octavia looked Echo up and down with a grin.
The stone floor of Polis tower echoed out every footstep that the pack took. Abby stared up at faded, crumbling plaster and leaning, warped walls. It was a miracle that this tower was able to withstand the fallout of the nuclear strike that impacted these lands so long ago. It was, in many ways, the perfect symbol of humanity’s strength and resilience.

Abby looked ahead at her daughter, Clarke’s whole manner screamed of strength and resilience at this moment. Despite the severity of the situation, the doctor let a half smile grace her features. She was slightly amused that her thoughts and her daughter’s countenance seemed to mirror one another in an odd way.

The pack continued their way to the great hall, where the seat of Trikru’s power resided. Clarke strode in front of Abby and Luna, conviction in every step she took. The two Omegas flanked the Prime as they made their way towards Gustus, Jackson was in tow.

Clarke couldn’t help but think of a young Lexa getting lost in this great place. Doors lined the sides of the halls on each floor of the tower. Each room must have been filled with a different sort of mystery and wonderment to a miniature Lexa.

Luna’s face currently seemed to reflect those sorts of memories filling her head. Old, distant, playful giggles and excitable screaming stained this place wonderfully for the Flou-girl. Lexa and Luna were always up to something mischievous - always impossible for Titus and Indra to find.

There were also ghosts of tears in this place; a five-year-old Lexa telling a six-year-old Luna that she was no longer her friend. Such spats would never last long, as with all children. The tables were turned though when a 17-year-old Luna, told a heartbroken Lexa that she was running away from Polis…never to return. The duty-bound Lexa forced tears in Luna only moments later, as she said she would not run away with her lover. How could she? How could she do that to her mother and to Tri-Kru. Lexa was to be Queen after all.

Lexa’s blood ran weaker and less vivaciously in the Queen-to-be’s veins, pining for Luna months after her escape from the bonds of Polis. The Flou-girl had to escape Tri-Kru’s stifling etiquette and righteous morals, she could not stay. Luna would go on to form her own kru though; a kru where love was not labeled and feelings were not bottled up. An unorthodox, unconventional love, but still love all the same.

“A rose by any other name is still a rose.” Lexa would often quote to her friend.

Luna could not help but smile at Lexa’s endless need to bring everything back to her beloved books. Every book that she saw on the shelves here in the tower, were now like torturous eyes on Luna as she walked quickly past them. Luna quickly realized that the pack were meters from the throne room. Luna’s emotions were becoming more difficult to control, as her heat started to slyly take hold.

Abby picked up on Luna’s struggles.

“Are you ok, Luna?” Abby gave a kind smile.
“Yes, I am eager to leave this place. That is all.” Luna focused directly on the monolithic wooden doors of the great hall.

As the large wooden doors swung open, Clarke quickly counted the number of guards flanking the walls. Gustus had clearly heard of the Skai-beast’s prowess. There were ten in all, not counting the advisors to the First Minister in the room. Clarke sized up the heavily armed Alphas. No guns, but daggers and swords could just as easily pierce through her skin.

In the center of it all, Gustus sat prominently in view for the entire hall to see. Luna had to bite her tongue as Gustus lounged easily on Lexa’s throne; two scantily clad Omegas at either side. Gustus did not bother to stand and greet his visitors. Already, Clarke was feeling disrespected. She would stick to her plan for negotiation though.

As the tall doors closed behind the three visitors, Gustus looked Clarke over. His face was marked heavily with mirth for the beast that had, in his mind, violated a daughter of Tri-Kru.

“Where is Aleksandria!” His tone was demanding.

“She is with her mother. They await our return in the reading rooms, brother.” Luna spoke clearly.

“Do not call me brother, traitor! We are no longer your people. You are Flou-Kru, are you not?” Gustus tone was mocking.

Clarke restrained the animal within her.

“Why are you here? I am a very busy man.” Gustus ran his eyes over his two Omegas.

“Gustus Tri-Kru, it has come to our attention—” Gustus cut Clarke off.

“First Minister!” Gustus corrected Clarke.

It was now Abby’s turn to bite her tongue. Gustus had wrangled Indra’s seat from her via a coup, not democratic election. Still though, Abby would play along with this farce of government.

“First Minister, it has come to our attention that you hold this man’s mother in your custody.” Clarke struggled when using the term man when referring to Jackson. Clarke had no idea what Jackson was anymore. A zombie? A slave? An empty shell?

“What evidence do you have of this?” Gustus smirked.

Clarke let out a loud sigh. She had hoped that Gustus would be less obstructive. It was clear that this meeting would not go as planned.

Over in the reading room, Lexa paced impatiently up and down the carpet.

“Daughter…you will wear a great trail within the fibers. Please sit down.” Indra spoke softly to her daughter.

“I will not.” Lexa growled.

“What good will your pacing do?” Indra sounded exasperated.

“This is all taking too long!” Lexa snapped.
Indra took a moment to take her daughter in. The girl’s trademark posture was on display; her hands held behind her back and her shoulders rigid. Lexa’s chest puffed outwards, her chin tilted to the air and her jaw set. Lexa had a tendency to float, rather than walk. She swept along, her eyes running wildly across the reading room as if she were in conversation with an unseen adversary.

Lexa’s hair had grown considerably over the previous month. It now trailed down her back in long looping trestles. Indra noted Lexa blowing annoying, errant strands out of her face.

“Daughter, come sit down by my feet.”

“What on earth for?” Lexa raised a brow.

“I will braid those errant strands. Come, sit…please.” Indra motioned for Lexa to come over to where she was sitting.

Lexa let out an irritated sigh; she complied though, and sat at her mother’s feet. Indra scooped up Lexa’s soft hair and began to twist the locks into perfect warrior-like braids.

“I would always do this for you when you were a little girl.”

“I have not been a little girl for many years, mother.”

Indra nodded, continuing to twist and turn the tresses into intricate patterns. Once the few braids were complete, Lexa stood. With the soft spirals and waves tamed, Lexa’s face looked harder but still beautiful as ever. Indra thought Lexa looked odd wearing Clarke’s basic black shirt and jeans that were two inches too short.

As Lexa resumed her pacing, Indra watched her green eyes flicker in the morning sun. The older Lexa got, the more she started to look like her birth mother. Indra would never forget the face of the woman who gave birth to Lexa; it was not a face that many would forget easily. Lexa’s mother was captivating. Even in her last moment, she managed to still look stunning. Indra was certain Dalia would be blessed with her grandmother’s looks also - no doubt about that.

“Leksa, may I show you something?” Indra stood, clearing her throat as she spoke.

“Mother, please!” Lexa grew impatient with her mother’s fussing.

“It will only take a moment, Beja.” Indra smiled.

“Very well.” Lexa sighed.

Indra led her daughter through the twisting corridors of the back offices of the tower. Lexa knew these corridors well.

“Where are you taking me, mother?” Lexa groaned.

“You will see.”

Indra guided Lexa into the same small office as she had taken Abby into only weeks before. Lexa watched on as Indra unlocked the great thick wooden door.

“Gostos will not think to come in here.” Indra smiled mischievously.

As Lexa walked over the threshold, she was met with the sight of her parent’s belongings. Indra had taken as much as she and her warriors could carry on that one day; she did it so Lexa would have an idea, perhaps, of where she came from. Lexa found this room extremely difficult to be in.
“Mother, I have seen all of these items many times before.” Lexa sighed, picking up the charcoal drawing of her mother. Lexa ran her eyes over the artist’s impression.

“She was very entrancing.” Lexa murmured as she loosely held the drawing, before allowing it to lightly fall back onto the table.

“As are you, daughter.” Indra stated.

“It is, perhaps, what she has passed onto me on the inside that is more of a gift than the outer shell.” Lexa frowned down at the picture of her troubled mother.

Indra strode past the table of trinkets towards a large covered form at the far wall.

“What is that?” Lexa’s interest was now pricked.

“This…This was to be a gift on your coronation day. I thought you might prefer to wear this than a silk gown. I know the fairytales of our past commander Queens means much to you.” Indra lightly ran her fingertips over the white sheet covering the gift.

“They are not fairytales!” Lexa glared at her mother.

Indra shook her head, but made fast work of unveiling her gift to Lexa.

Lexa could feel her heart miss a beat, her skin flush, and tears welling to the point of brimming over.

“Where on earth did you get that?” Lexa’s voice trembled.

“It is very old. I found this in the bowels of this great tower. It has been hidden from the light for far too long. Titus believes it to be at least 150 years old. It is thought to have belonged to one of our first Queens.” Indra smiled as her daughter seemed deeply affected by what would have been her coronation attire.

Lexa held her breath, in awe.

“This is so beautiful…” Lexa whispered.

Lexa looked upon a long, black, fur-lined coat; a thick, black strap across the chest with an attached pauldron adorned one shoulder and a fascinating belt with three buckles across the waist. Peeking out from the top of the jacket were two intricate-looking sword handles; their sheathed, thin blades hidden behind the coat. However, a long, red sash that trailed down behind the authoritarian outfit was what transfixed Lexa the most.

Lexa reached out a shaking hand and caressed the striking silk mantle.

“This is an outfit fit for a true warrior queen.” Lexa felt tears brim in her eyes.

“Yes, it is. I believe it will fit you” Indra grinned.

“Would it sound completely absurd, if I said I feel a connection to these old pieces of cloth?” Lexa trailed off.

Gustus’ loud booming laugh could be heard distantly through the walls of the room. Lexa quickly looked over her shoulder towards the door and the offensive sound. A heavy frown donned Lexa’s radiant features.

“I have waited long enough, mother.” Lexa hissed through gritted teeth.
Indra swallowed as Lexa peeled off Clarke’s shirt.

“Will you help me dress? Today is the day that I take back my throne.”

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Clarke grew tired as Gustus continued to be obstructive.

“Surely you do not believe that segregation will benefit any of the clans? Alphas, in particular, fill certain roles that Betas simply cannot to the same efficiency! Hunting, construction, farming... There are not enough Beta men to fill out all of those roles anyway!” Clarke stated.

“I will support whatever Marcus Kane decides is an appropriate course of action.” Gustus smirked.

“Even if it’s forced migration?” Abby raised her voice.

“It is not forced migration.” Gustus spat out another laugh.

“Forced migration is the coerced movement of a person, or persons, away from their home or home region. Migrating within the same clan means the person is an internally displaced person, they lose everything; their home, their work…potentially even their family! That is what Marcus Kane wants to do!” Abby snapped.

“In the strictest sense migration can be considered to be involuntary only when a person is physically transported away from a clan and has no opportunity to escape from those transporting him. Movement under threat, even the immediate threat to life, contains a voluntary element as long as there is an option to escape to another clan, go into hiding, or to remain and hope to avoid persecution.” Gustus lectured Abby.

“Tell me you’re not serious!” Abby laughed out loud.

Abby turned to the scattered ambassadors and officers around the room. They remained silent as Gustus continued to lounge atop his pilfered throne.

“Why should these people have to leave their own homes due to the small mindedness of others? You are playing on people’s fears! It is cowardice. It is not the way of MY people.” Luna snarled.

“Are you still under the impression I am listening to you, traitor?” Gustus glared at Luna.

Luna surged forward, Clarke quickly holding her back. Gustus chuckled at Luna as she dared to step into his personal space.

Clarke spun Luna around to face her, her deep blue eyes pinning Luna’s.

“Go and find Indra!” Clarke whispered.

“This man needs to be taught some respect.” Luna tried surging forward a second time.

Finally, Gustus stood from his cheaply occupied throne. He strolled towards his ambassadors and guards. Abby saw fear in their eyes as the six-foot-nine Gustus loomed over them.

“Go!” Clarke ordered Luna.

“Do you imagine these men will stand against me?” Gustus gestured to his guards and ambassadors.

“Polis is now mine. I really should thank you, Skai-beast.” Gustus smiled.
“Is that so!” Clarke growled.

“If you had not ruined our Queen with your mongrel seed, she would be sat here, not I.” The room fell silent.

From the other side of the wall, Lexa heard every word spoken. Rage coiled and swirled in her veins.

Lexa stood before Indra; she was dressed from head to toe in her commanding attire. Indra swallowed as she watched Lexa finger one of the sword hilts behind her back, itching to pull out the blade and bury the steel deep within Gustus’ chest. Indra thought her daughter looked nothing short of magnificent.

They had made their way away from the reading room once Lexa had donned her new clothing, creeping along the corridors getting closer to the great hall and Gustus Trikru. Indra watched as a dark look crossed her daughter’s features. It was time now to act, listening would get them nowhere.

Luna darted out of the great hall and towards the reading room. Her heat was now becoming more apparent; her skin flushed and her mood was nothing short of tempestuous. She cursed again as she was forced into passing Lexa’s precious books. Going to search for Indra meant she would be expected to potentially speak to Lexa as well, and Luna was still at odds with her childhood sweetheart.

Unbeknownst to Luna, Lexa now paced quickly through the side corridor near the great hall. Both were unaware that they were on a collision course with one another. In a demonstration of perfect timing, Luna turned into a large alcove prepared to rip open one of the doors when Lexa yanked the large wooden barrier open from the opposite side. The two girls froze meeting face to face with one another.

Luna could hardly believe her eyes. Every image from every Tri-Kru legend and fairytale now stood materialized before Luna. She took a great step back away from the large doorway and dropped to her knees in front of a commanding-looking Lexa; the sight of a true, flesh and blood, forgotten Tri-Queen warrior too much to bear!

Lexa’s red sash trailed behind her as she crept towards Luna. Lexa’s eyes softened as she witnessed Luna overcome and sinking to her knees.

“Leksa?” For a moment Luna did not fully register the image in front of her as her childhood friend. Luna’s eyes filled with tears, the salty liquid brimming over and running down her cheeks. Lexa looked simply breathtaking…!

As Indra crossed into the alcove, she could not help but mirror Luna. The former First Minister sank to her knees herself, although her posture much cleaner and more controlled than Luna’s. Lexa’s regal posture demanded the respect.

Luna could not find words. All of her anger and frustrations with Lexa over the last 24 hours now dissipated into the air instantly. What stood before her was nothing short of a fable, a myth…a goddess!

The Flou-Kru leader’s breathing had turned ragged and uncontrolled. Her dark eyes ran wildly all over her friend, unable to look away.
Lexa stood hands behind her back, staring down at a completely overwhelmed Luna. Lexa nodded at Luna in silent command for her to stand, offering her childhood friend her hand.

“Rise, Luna.” Lexa whispered.

Luna obeyed immediately. As Luna stood, she could not take her eyes off the two great blades that slipped so sensually down Lexa’s back. Still, Luna could not find her words. Her mouth opening and closing but nothing would come out!

Lexa was now overcome herself. She took Luna’s other hand as well, clasping her friend’s fingers against her own.

“You…you must never bow to me. You are my soul! I would be lost in the darkness if it not for your light.” Lexa pulled Luna closer to her, her hands now reaching up and cupping her face.

Luna sobbed uncontrollably as her emotions got the better of her.

“I am so sorry that I hurt you.” Lexa whispered to Luna.

Lexa looked to her mother, still kneeling on the floor. She reached out a hand signaling for Indra to get up. Indra nodded to her daughter, gracefully rising her feet. Lexa took her mother’s hand and the three stood together holding on to one another in the alcove.

“This man is in our home! It is my intention, now, to remove him from it!” Lexa’s eyes turned black.

Luna was still stunned by Lexa’s appearance, the long red sash now hypnotizing her as it swished on the floor.

“Will either of you defy me?” Lexa asked one last time.

“No daughter, we will not.” Indra accepted that diplomacy was failing.

“What about Klark, Leksa? She is wonderfully gallant and noble. She will not let you use your methods on Gustus. She worries for your soul, as do I.” Luna worried her lip, her voice small in the presence of Lexa.

Lexa smiled at Luna.

“I will find a way to distract Klark. I will not hurt her…I could never hurt her.” In Lexa’s eyes, flashed endless affection for the righteous Skai-beast.

Luna nodded.

“Take me to Gostos-kom-Trikru!” Lexa ordered.

Clarke’s head shot around, as the doors to the great hall swung open with intent.

Lexa strode through the threshold, her eyes solely on Gustus as the deplorable man came into her line of sight.

“Aleksandria! You have grown more beautiful! You are now a woman.” Gustus straightened his posture, running a hand through his dark locks.

With those words spoken, Clarke suddenly realized that Gustus’ interest in Lexa was far from
parental.

“What a perfect bride you would have made!” Gustus lamented.

Barely paying attention to Gustus’ words, Clarke was far more interested in Lexa’s changed appearance. She looked sleek and dangerous, the wolf in Lexa now much closer to the surface. The young Queen’s eyes were a perfect forest green. Clarke could hear her heartbeat thumping in her chest as her skin flushed prettily. She could not look away, she was transfixed.

“You’re old enough to be her father!” Abby pulled a face at Gustus.

Lexa marched toward the bear of a man, stopping dead in front of him.

“I will only ask you once. Whom do you take your orders from? Where is the medical facility in Azgeda?” Lexa’s tone brooked no argument.

Gustus threw back his head, a loud guffaw escaping his mouth.

“Oh my dear Aleksandria, I see having a rabid beast as a mate has ruined your manners!”

“I said I would only ask you once.” After carefully rolling back her sleeve, Lexa reached back and slowly slid a sword out from its sheath.

“Lexa! What are you doing!” Clarke shook her head, breaking the spell Lexa seemed to have her ensnared in. She stepped forward, only to have Luna stand in her way.

Clarke’s gaze met Luna’s; she saw the steel in the Omega’s eyes.

“Don’t do this!” Clarke whispered to a protective Luna.

“Leksa is our Queen. This man must be removed.” Luna stared at Clarke with the same rebellion in her eyes, as the beast had seen before in her mate.

Gustus continued to laugh as Lexa held out her injured palm, the bandage had been removed and the light scabbing clear for all to see. The hilt of Lexa’s newly acquired blade resided in her other hand.

“Lexa don’t!” Clarke called out.

It was too little and too late, Lexa had already run the sharp blade across her palm. This wound cut much deeper than the one with which she had released her black nectar onto Jackson. Lexa raised her hand in the air. She watched as the thick, dark substance oozed down from her palm and trickled slowly around her forearm in a slowly circular manner.

Abby gasped. She stepped forward and watched the rivulets of black blood dance across Lexa’s pale skin, amazed. The blood flowed in alternate direction to gravity! Surely it should run downward? Lexa’s blood seemed angered, active, and very much alive!

Gustus stepped back, fear written plainly across his face.

“Natblida!” His arrogant tone gone had been replaced by the voice of a scared child.

Clarke rapidly scanned the room as Lexa’s regal appearance lulled the guards and advisors into servitude. Each falling to their knees, they were overcome with a similar feeling as Luna had experienced earlier. They were looking upon the image of their true Queen. They would not assist Gustus in any way.
Lexa displayed her hand one more time in the air for all to see, turning slowly before resuming her stance in front of Gustus once more. Gustus’ breathing became heavy as Lexa’s eyes rested on him again.

“I warned you!” Lexa snarled.

At that, Lexa flicked the rivulets of her blood that had gathered upon her hand directly onto Gustus’ face. It was a quick stinging strike; Clarke did not have the chance to prevent it.

Clarke pulled Abby farther away from Gustus as Lexa’s blood sank into the skin of his face. The blood that had caught in his beard, dripped steadily onto the stone floor below. The silence in the room was stark, deafening. The drip, drip, drip of Lexa’s blood was the only thing Clarke could now hear.

Gustus frantically wiped at his face, the blood on his beard coating his hands and sinking into his flesh. He started to feel sick. Gustus’ head spun and his heart raced, Lexa’s infectious ichor already rushing through his veins.

Lexa had learned from her experience with Jackson exactly how much of her plasma would give her the level of control she needed. It would take months for Jackson to recover from the effects of Lexa’s assault, if he ever would at all… Lexa watched as Gustus sunk down to his knees, his head lowered and his breathing erratic. Whatever she now asked, Gustus simply could not refuse to answer. Lexa’s questions were swift and to the point.

“Where is the medical facility in Azgeda.” Lexa’s eyes were now deathly black, her tone even but severe.

“Beneath the great ice ridge.” Gustus reply was quick.

“Whom do you work for.” Again Lexa stated rather than asked.

“Rebecca Kane.”

Abby felt her knees weaken. Clarke braced the older woman quickly to keep her mother upright.

“No!” Abby cried.

“The mother of Echo’s child?” Luna questioned Indra.

“Skai-Kru call her the mad scientist…” Indra whispered.

“Gostos-kom-Trikru, you have served your purpose.” Lexa’s expression was unreadable, bordering on indifferent.

Clarke’s eyes went wide in anticipation of what Lexa would do next.

“Leave this place, Gostos. You will never return.”

“Sha, Heda!” Gustus replied.

Gustus jerked to his feet before heading for the exit. Lexa’s eyes remained in the direction of the open window. Clarke’s senses told her that the danger had not yet passed.

“Gostos-kom-Trikru!” Lexa called out to a retreating Gustus.

The tall man stopped. Lexa kept her back to the large man. Looking away from the window, she
looked down at the swirling black blood still spiraling around her arm excitedly.

“I did not say you should leave via the door.” Lexa smirked evilly.

“Sha, Heda!” Gustus turned and quickly headed for the open window.

“What? Wait - no!” Clarke sprang into action. She leapt over the long meeting table and tackled the mindless Gustus to the floor. The large man wriggled out of her grasp, desperate to obey his Queen.

“That’s a two hundred foot drop!” Clarke screamed at Gustus.

“Sha, Heda!” That was all Gustus could repeat, continuously.

Lexa’s distraction for Clarke was now in place. Lexa knew very well that Clarke would not allow Gustus to throw himself out of the tower’s great window. Without glancing to her mate or Gustus, Lexa turned on her heel and strode towards Luna.

“We leave for Azgeda now, friend.” Lexa grabbed Luna’s hand and pulled her towards the exit.

“Leksa!” Indra shouted.

Lexa turned toward her mother.

“You are First Minister again, mother. You will rule, until I return.” Indra nodded.

Luna allowed Lexa to tug her along as they made their escape together.

Clarke grappled on the floor with a still suicidal Gustus. She grit her teeth, her face morphing as battling with Gustus required more and more strength. While Clarke was very strong for an Alpha, she was still nearly a foot and a half shorter than the bear of a man.

“Luna!” Clarke shouted after her newfound friend.

“I am so sorry, Klarke!” Luna’s eyes pleaded with Clarke to forgive her.

“Lexa! I will…not have the two of you…leave for Azgeda…alone!” Clarke bit out at the two rebellious Omegas, her speech disjointed as she tried to contain Gustus.

Lexa paused and looked over to her noble mate. Her black eyes morphed green and her heart skipped a beat. Clarke was nothing short of heroic and of truly good nature - all the way down to her bones. Lexa swallowed hard.

Clarke frowned. Lexa seemed to have her words trapped in her throat. Clarke’s grip on Gustus tightened as he continued trying to get to the open window.

“I…” Lexa trailed off and stopped again.

“Lexa! Please don’t run off!” Clarke begged.

Finally, Lexa found her words.

“My heart calls for you in a way I cannot fathom…” Lexa felt tears prick at the corners of her eyes.

“Lexa – please!” Clarke crumbled.

“I have to do this…and you have to let me. Our pups need you in my absence.” Lexa whispered,
sure that Clarke would hear her words.

Luna looked upon Clarke with sad eyes. She could not stand to see the beast look so broken.

“I will protect her with my life.” Luna promised Clarke as Lexa tugged her away again.

“No!” Clarke yelled.

Luna and Lexa ran for the exit hand in hand, just as they had done so many times before as children; impossible to stop, impossible to find, once they started an adventure together.

Abby remained rooted to the spot, the name Rebecca Kane still paralyzing her. What could be going on in a medical facility all of her own? Abby dreaded to think what madness took place within those private walls.

Clarke’s grip on Gustus loosened as Luna and Lexa disappeared from sight. Gustus took this as his chance and wriggled out from Clarke’s weakening hold. The beast’s heart shuddered at Lexa’s confession of caring for her so deeply.

“Klark!” Indra shouted.

Clarke looked up and saw that Gustus was almost at the window! The Alpha scrambled to her feet and leapt onto Gustus from behind, dragging him to the floor.

At that moment, something inside Clarke snapped.

Raising a hand in the air, Clarke curled her fingers into a fist. She brought down her arm with force and began to strike Gustus heavily in the face. Her punches landed over and over on the face of the giant man. Still, Gustus attempted to stand and reach the window. Clarke needed this to stop! Her swings grew faster and harder, her knuckles battering down against Gustus’ head. The man’s whole face was starting to swell horribly, as the brutal swipes knocked him even more senseless than Lexa’s blood had rendered him earlier.

As the minutes ticked by, Indra grimaced watching as bone cracked under the beast’s mighty blows.

“Abby, do something!” Indra shook her entranced friend, willing Abby to snap out of her comatose state; she could watch no more of Clarke’s brutalization of Gustus.

Abby soon came to her senses. She shook her head sluggishly before realizing the mess that Clarke was making. No one else in the room had dared move a muscle to try and stop the beast that was Clarke Griffin.

“Baby, stop!” Abby called out.

Clarke continued to assault Gustus.

“Baby, please! He isn’t even conscious anymore!” Abby moved over to her raging daughter and laid a soft maternal hand on Clarke’s back.

Upon feeling the contact, Clarke stopped. Her face was now splattered with Gustus’ blood and her hands coated with even more of the thick red fluid. Clarke’s face bore the look of her wolf in a way Abby had never seen before.

Clarke breathed in heavily as tears rolled down her face. She stepped back and let out an earthquake of a roar.
Luna and Lexa skidded to a stop as the roar vibrated throughout all of Polis. Both girls had made it out of the tower, and were almost out of the stables on horseback together; the fastest horse within all the clans now at their disposal. Lexa looked back up to the top of the tower as Clarke’s roar called out to the lands. Luna’s hands held onto Lexa from behind in preparation of the horse bolting.

“She will find us, Leksa.” Luna secretly hoped.

“I do not doubt it.” Lexa smiled up at the tower as she kicked the horse into action.
Welcome to Azgeda.

Octavia stepped out from Jake’s struggling vehicle and out onto thick glorious snow. Her foot sank deep down through the enchanting white blanket. Octavia smiled as she looked down to see the majority of her lower leg disappear in the white. Stepping out completely, the Blake girl giggled with delight as the next three steps she took caused a wondrous crunching sound under her heavy boots.

“We’re gonna have to walk the rest of the way.” Echo slammed the vehicle’s door in frustration.

Echo watched as Octavia jumped up and down, enjoying every second of stomping around in the frozen wonderland. She smiled at Echo, though it was barely visible through her layers of coat, scarf, and a thick woolen hat. The coat Octavia wore was oversized and bountifully stuffed with feathers. It would keep the Skai-girl warm. Echo looked nothing less than dapper in her long leather coat.

“I love it!” Octavia spun around.

“It’s minus twenty!” Echo said bluntly.

“And - I love it!” Octavia repeated cheerfully.

Echo looked on with a grumpy expression. Returning to her homeland was never a pleasant experience for the rough and ready Alpha.

“Try growing up here.” Echo grumbled.

With arms spread wide, Octavia fell back into the snow kicking out her legs and arms. She made fanciful shapes in the pliable drift.

“Come on. We need to keep moving, it will be dark soon and it’s not safe out here.”

Octavia clambered up to her feet and jumped through the snow towards the grouchy looking Ice wolf. She threw her arms around her grumpy Alpha.

“Why is it not safe? Will the big bad wolf gobble me all up?” Octavia wiggled her eyebrows suggestively.

“Actually, yes - not to mention the bears, the mountain lions, and the snow leopards.” Echo chided.

“For real?” Octavia suddenly looked concerned.

“My extended four-legged family may not be as fond of you as I am.” Echo gathered the small carry sacks from the back of the vehicle. Only the basics made it into the sacks on her road trip with Octavia: A radio, a knife, a makeshift tent, a Reyes custom lighter…that was pretty much all they packed, aside from food and of course, moonshine.

Octavia looked around her. They were at the edge of a large meadow, the forest just beyond. The small village that Echo knew her pup resided in was very close by foot. The Skai-girl ideally wondered if they’d be able to make it back to Jake’s vehicle after their business in Azgeda was concluded. Surely Raven would be pissed if they left the piece of machinery behind.

Echo took Octavia by the hand as they headed off into the woods. Echo knew these trees and packed earth well. As a child, she had run amuck around these woods with her pack of misfit Alpha kids. All of them had either been abandoned by their mothers and sires or had simply been runaways.
Echo’s people were harsh and brutal at times, their ways backward and their hearts made of steel.

As the pair moved further into the protection of the trees, the snow became much thinner on the ground. Suddenly, Octavia flinched back rather violently, grabbing for Echo. A large black bird had descended from a tall tree above, swooping mere inches above the Skai-girl’s head. Echo smiled to herself as Octavia cussed out at the feathered creature. The bird flew off and away over the trees, unbothered by the telling off it had just received.

“You might just make it in the outdoors after all.” Echo mocked.

“That thing scared the shit outta me!” Octavia squeaked.

Echo laughed at the girl’s antics as the pair plodded along through the trees.

“Why did you leave so young Echo? You have never said.” Octavia questioned.

“It’s…complicated.” Echo sighed.

Octavia looked at Echo’s sad face. She didn’t push her ice wolf to explain further.

“This is a good spot to set up a camp.” Echo stated when they reached a small clearing sandwiched between the trees and an outcrop of granite boulders.

5 minutes later

Octavia bit her lip as she watched Echo swing a club hammer down onto the tent’s wooden stake post over and over again.

Tap. Tap. Tap. The ice wolf had driven the stakes deeply into the solid, frozen earth. Octavia swallowed hard as she watched the thick broad pin penetrate through the tightly packed dirt. Echo was now down to a tight fitting shirt, her long leather coat deemed too restrictive when it came to manual labor. That was fine though, Echo was born onto the ice of Azgeda; the cold did not bother her as much as it did her Beta Skai-girl

“You know, you could help.” Echo gestured to the remaining stakes.

“Nah, I’m kinda enjoying the show.” Octavia winked.

“I see how it is.” Echo smiled.

Echo felt Octavia’s eyes roam all over her wiry, muscled body. The teenager’s lusty gaze seemed to focus on Echo’s long slender legs for a bit before lingering on her package. On more than one occasion, Echo had readjusted herself unnecessarily just to hear Octavia’s breath hitch in her throat. The ice wolf could see Octavia tense, as the monster between Echo’s toned legs rolled around under the denim.

Finally, with a resounding clack, Echo finished off the last stake post. The Alpha walked over to Octavia in her usual tempting swagger. She handed Octavia the hammer to be put back into the bag. The girl’s eyes had darkened considerably over the time it took Echo to set up the camp, her pupils blown wide watching the Azgeda’s every move. Echo smiled at her Beta, enjoying the attention. It was short lived however, Echo’s smile faded as an intense feeling of being watched came over her.

Back in the Griffin household
Abby sighed as Indra presented her case, once more. The tired, stressed out doctor bit her tongue as Indra repeated the same opinion yet again. The journey back from Polis to the streets of Skai-Kru had already been most difficult, and it looked like it would not get any easier now that she was back at home.

Zoning out briefly, Abby thought back to the time in the great hall of Polis. She had watched Clarke crumble to pieces in front of her. Abby was worried about her daughter’s mental state, but even more fearful of the information revealed during the meeting with Gutus. The name Rebecca Kane had smashed into Abby from the heavens like a great meteorite. It was enough to paralyze the good doctor as Lexa and Luna had disappeared into the deep, dense forest that separated Tri-territory from Azgeda. Abby could do no more than watch on and follow as an angry, confused Clarke had shot out of the throne room in pursuit of the unruly Omegas.

Abby’s heart sunk watching Clarke’s emotions get the better of her, morphing her daughter’s features into that of the wolf. Not one horse in the stable would allow Clarke within ten feet. They reared up, kicked out and bucked violently. Something primal and uncontrollable bled from Clarke that terrified every stead within the stable. Abby had not seen Clarke so close to her wolf since the previous separation from Lexa. Abby wondered what the horses saw in her daughter that she could not? After being unsuccessful to find a mount, Clarke had headed out into the forest on foot. She hadn’t even glanced back at Abby or Indra, such was her single-mindedness in finding Lexa and Luna.

“Polis is a much better place for the pups to be.” Indra’s tone snapped Abby from her thoughts.

Indra straightened her back and tilted her chin toward the heavens. Abby wondered if Lexa’s regal, condescending posture was genetic, or in fact copied directly from Indra.

“I disagree. Polis is in flux, Indra. You have no idea how many are in support of Lexa unseating Gustus. We have no idea how many are corrupt, and in Kane’s pocket! They should stay here.”

It looked like both grandmothers had reached a deadlock once again. Each had presented their arguments to one another numerous times already, as to the safest place for their shared grandchildren to be in the absence of both parents.

“Honestly, I can’t believe we’re in this position!” Abby sighed as she watched Zinnia feed from her Flou- Kru surrogate mother.

“No, it is a most concerning predicament.” Indra mirrored Abby’s weary posture.

“I’m too old for this shit, Indra!” Abby rubbed her temples, frustrated with their headstrong children.

“As am I.” Indra sighed, placing a comforting hand on Abby’s shoulder.

A loud crash from downstairs snapped both Omegas to attention. Abby charged down the stairs. Only she, Indra, and Raven were in the house...along with the pups and two Flou-Kru Omegas. As Abby landed in her sitting room, she sought out the origin of the crash. Indra immediately shot off into the kitchen once she reached the ground floor. It wasn’t long before she called out to Abby frantically.

“Doctor Griffin! Come quickly!”

Abby slid into her kitchen to find Raven shaking violently on the ground.

“What is happening to her?” Indra cried.
Abby ran a quick visual diagnosis. Raven’s body shook from head to toe. Her mouth caked in saliva.

“She is seizing!” Abby moved quickly.

The doctor dropped to her knees, placing her hand fully on Raven’s head. Abby held her down firmly on the floor.

“Do something!” Indra demanded.

“There is nothing I can do until it stops.” Abby explained.

“You are pressing the poor girl’s head into the floor!” Indra pointed out.

“Yes! I am!” Abby snapped. “I know what I’m doing, Indra.” Abby tried to calm herself.

Over three minutes had passed, and Raven showed no signs of her seizing coming to an end. Abby felt every spasm vibrating through her hand. The doctor locked eyes with Indra, worried.

“This should have stopped by now.” Abby looked frantically around the kitchen for any signs of what may have triggered Raven’s seizure.

“Look!” Indra pointed.

Abby looked to where Indra indicated. Black blood was now oozing from Raven’s nose and ear.

“What the hell is this?” Abby frowned, confused.

“Leksa’s blood leaves her body!” Indra stepped back.

“Yeah, and clearly her body is not happy about that!” Abby cursed Lexa’s insipid blood.

“Leksa would stop this!” Indra wished her daughter was present to end Raven’s torture.

Abby’s eyes suddenly lit up.

“Lexa would stop this, you’re right! I have an idea. It’s a possibly a bad one…” Abby grimaced.

“What?” At this point, Indra would try anything.

“Lexa isn’t here...but Dahlia is!” Abby swallowed.

“You cannot be serious?” Indra frowned.

“In my room - the dresser cabinet, the vial - get the vial of black blood!” Abby was breathless.

Indra nodded once and quickly ran for the stairs. Abby closed her eyes and prayed Indra to move swiftly as Raven continued to seize on her kitchen floor. Suddenly, Indra appeared almost as quickly as she had left. She presented the vial to Abby.

“Swap places with me!” Abby ordered.

“Why? This is my daughters doing, not yours. I should open this vial, not you.” Indra looked at Abby, confused.

“Really? You’re competing with me over who gets infected first?” Abby voice lifted an octave.

“I am protecting you!” Indra whispered fiercely.
“Indra! Swap places with me now!” Abby ordered.

Indra stepped back holding the vial close to her chest possessively.

“Indra, I promise I will be careful when opening that thing. I am more than accustomed to medical equipment. I assure you, I’ve opened many a vial in my time!” Abby looked up at Indra, exasperated by the woman’s actions.

Indra quirked a brow, silently challenging Abby.

“Swap! Now!” Abby repeated herself.

“You are a most stubborn old woman!” Indra growled.

“Right back at you, grandma!” Abby mocked.

Finally, Indra swapped places with the doctor and held Raven just as Abby had.

“Talk to her.” Abby suggested.

Abby carefully opened the vial; Dahlia’s young, black blood swirled hypnotically within the small glass tube. Abby prayed her idea would work. Tipping the contents of the vial onto Raven’s arm, Abby watched as Dahlia’s blood ran in opposite directions over Raven’s skin. The ichor defied gravity just like her mother’s did.

After what felt like hours but had in actuality only been mere seconds, the blood sank into Raven flesh. Indra felt Raven’s spasms ease. The mechanic’s body shook less and less until the tremors finished. Indra and Abby studied Raven, shocked, now laying perfectly still on Abby’s kitchen floor.

“How can this be so?” Indra looked down, amazed at Raven’s settled condition.

“I don’t know, but Raven needs Lexa’s blood. Any longer and that seizer would have seriously taken its toll.”

“Is she still herself now I wonder? She shook for so long, Abby” Indra worried.

Gradually, Raven stirred. Noticing the girl’s movements, Abby helped to sit Raven up. Raven squinted at Indra and groaned loudly.

“Motherfucker! I feel like I had really rough date with a Pauna…fuck!”

Abby smiled.

“I’d say she is still our Raven.”

“What the hell happened?” Raven held the back of her neck.

“Come on…let’s get you upstairs.”

**Back in Azgeda**

Octavia and Echo strode hand in hand through the woodland in relative silence, before the smell of burning wood caught Echo’s exceptional nose. As the pair reached the edge of the forest, Echo pointed to a small collection of huts not far in the distance. The huts were situated close together; smoke wafting through openings in the tops of thatched roofs from cook-fires within.
“So, this is where Ally lives?” Octavia questioned.

Not answering the question, Echo just stared at one hut in particular, transfixed. Octavia squeezed Echo’s hand, wanting to bring the ice wolf out of her stupor.

“Come on, Echo, just point her out to me. We don’t have to talk to her yet, not if you don’t want to.” Octavia smiled at her polar wolf.

Echo could only nod back, her expression unreadable. The pair continued making their way toward the village entrance. It didn’t take long.

As they passed the outermost huts of the village, Octavia peered curiously at them. They were much smaller than the houses of Skai-Kru, and nothing like she had seen before. The dwellings were triangular, long and narrow; the sides of the buildings hewn of thatch, from the top all the way to ground, with a front and back entry built from sturdy looking logs and heavy looking doors. Octavia was surprised to see the severely pitched roofs serving double duty as walls, they were very curious looking.

As soon as the pair walked into the village center, Octavia noticed many eyes upon Echo. The villagers dared not speak to the Alpha though. Instead, they kept their distance, faces clearly marked with distain towards the tough wolf. It was clear as day that they disproved of Echo’s presence, and to be frank, they did not look too kindly upon Octavia either.

“What’s their problem?” Octavia glared back at the villagers.

“You’re not Azgeda.” Echo said bluntly.

“But you are clearly!” Octavia pointed to the tribal pattern scaring across Echo’s face.

“I left. Now I wear Skai-kru clothes. I use Skai-Kru language and worst of all…drink their ale.”

Octavia smiled at the last part.

“My people don’t like anything that isn’t Azgeda.” Echo shrugged.

“No shit!” Octavia scoffed.

“Omegas and Beta females - they’re not quite treated the same here as in Skai-kru.” Echo grit her teeth at the thought, her jaw clenching harshly.

“Oh yeah?” Octavia raised a brow.

“My people are a bit…rough and ready. Equality isn’t even a word here.” Echo stated.

Octavia glanced about, taking in the Azgeda villagers.

The villagers all shared the same Cossack-cold look in their eyes. Their voices were flat and lifeless. Even when they smiled, their faces shone with brutality. Their callused, knotty fingers beckoned violence as they gestured within any kind of conversation. Their bulbous noses were mostly broken and unfixed to prove their bravery. The men’s facial hair looked as hard as a pigs bristles, sprouting from their faces. Their head hair was knotted and dry. Cauliflower ears erupted from the sides of their heads. Their jaws were swollen and raw from countless fights. The Azgeda Alphas and Omegas were not ashamed of what they were. Their skin was decorated with nicks and notches from fang and claw wounds. Their faces fixed as their wolf.
Echo picked up the pace as the hut that her daughter resided in came into view again. It seemed empty and without life.

“What the fuck?” Echo spat out.

Echo looked around swiftly as the many villagers looked away. Echo addressed one of them in her native tongue.

“Where is the child that resided here?” Echo growled.

Octavia looked upon Echo with fascination. Never before had she heard Echo speak so freely in her own language. The woman Echo had quizzed gave her an answer - however, Echo did not look any wiser for it.

“What did she say?” Octavia asked.

“Nothing useful.” Echo snapped, frustrated.

“Will she not be with her mom?” Octavia hated to think of Echo’s predatory ex.

Echo was distracted by a figure heading towards them, not hearing Octavia’s question at all. The Ice wolf sank down heavily against the pitched side of a hut.

“Oh no.” Echo sighed.

“What?” Octavia looked around.

“This prick!” Echo pointed as a large, fat man approached the pair.

The large Azgeda warrior sauntered aggressively toward Echo. Without invitation, he simply sat himself down right next to the ice wolf. Octavia felt great sympathy for the wall as it screamed under the man’s weight.

“Echo! I thought we had got rid of you for good the last time!” The man’s voice boomed.

“No Janus, you know what it will take to get rid of me…and you ain’t got big enough balls to do it!”

The large man paused, before bursting into rapturous applause.

“Oh, Echo, I’m glad to see living with the Skai-kru pussies has not made go soft!” The man patted Echo’s long back.

“I didn’t recognize you, Janus. You’re such a fat motherfucker now! When was the last time you saw your own cock?”

Again, the man laughed at Echo warmly.

Octavia viewed the man warily. His voice seemed to suit his beady eyes and scruffy beard; his lank, dark, greasy hair lay plastered over his pug nose; his teeth crooked and dented. Like all Azgeda there were the fierce tribal scars, and his skin was as pale as a winter’s moon - just like Echo’s.

“I have many a comely whore to look upon it for me, and clean it with their mouths when it suits me.” Janus grinned.

Octavia could feel the sensation of vomit rising to her throat at the thought of this man with anyone sexually.
“Speaking of whores - this one is magnificent!” Janus pointed directly at Octavia.

Octavia resisted the urge to bite off his grubby finger - it was that close to her face.

Echo simply nodded at the man. She noticed Janus had brought support in the form of a burly friend, who stood off to the side silent but imposing. Currently, the burly man smiled at Octavia, looking her up and down.

“Is it Beta?” The fat man asked, rudely.

Octavia tightened her fists and bit her tongue.

“Does it bleed yet, my friend? I bet it receives you well in all the right places!” The man bellowed with laughter over his own comments.

“I bet you spend many a long night, staring at the back of its head as it sweats and screams.”

Echo laughed.

“Oh yeah! Just like your daughter.”

Octavia spat out a laugh, covering her mouth quickly.

The man was clearly not amused by Echo’s comment. He frowned and instantly fell silent.

“You know, your youngest? I forget its name now…blonde…fuckin’ huge tits! She was also magnificent. No gag reflex, I swear I got my dick stuck down her throat so many times! She never spilt a drop.” Echo winked at Octavia casually.

At that, Janus dragged Echo off the wall.

“Animal!” He screamed in Echo’s face.

Echo wriggled free of Janus’ hold and head butted the man. She moved back towards Octavia, her boots scuffing against the hard packed earth. The man’s blood dripped down Echo’s face from the point her forehead had made contact with his nose. Suddenly, the man grabbed Echo from behind. Clearly this was the wrong move however, as Echo thrashed the back of her head against his nose. With a resounding, wet crunching sound, Janus released Echo.

“Welcome to Azgeda, Kid!” Echo smiled.

Before Echo could get away, Janus quickly yanked the Alpha away from a wide eyed Octavia. Echo was lifted and thrown across the frozen earth. She shot back up quickly and smiled at Octavia and Octavia couldn’t help but smile back. The fat man threw several powerful punches at Echo; the nimble wolf took great pleasure in dancing around his pathetic assault. She could do this in her sleep!

Janus’ friend was less than amused with Echo’s posturing for Octavia. He was clearly interested in the Skai-girl, and would make his claim known. Octavia shouted to Echo in warning as the burly man moved to quickly aid his comrade. Echo was too busy laughing at her fat friend to notice the pending threat. Thinking fast, Octavia stuck out a long slender leg, tripping the burly man to the ground. He noticed Octavia’s daring move and it enraged him – how dare a Beta female act against him!

“Whore!” The man bellowed. His eyes were terrine and glittering with hostility, they were as wild and fearsome as any wolf.
The village center was quickly turning into chaos with four participants in the fray.

Octavia shut her eyes as the Alpha bared down on her, only to have Echo heroically land in front of her like lightening. Echo delivered a solid punch to the burly man’s jaw, before jumping on top of him in a crumpled heap. The two of them rolled around on the cold ground, each trying to gain the upper hand. The burly man kicked out at Echo ferociously, landing a crushing blow to her ribs. Echo’s face morphed into her wolfish features, snarling at the burly man dangerously.

Octavia stood away from tussle, noticing the entire village hedging their bets on Echo’s victory.

Finally gaining the upper hand on the burly Azgeda, Echo pummeled the man beneath her with strong fists. His face was rapidly blooded and his teeth knocked clean out. The fat man, Janus, watched on as Echo landed a punishing elbow to his friend’s face, knocking the burly man out cold.

Echo slowly untangled herself from the conquered Azgeda warrior. She turned to Janus, sprinting in the fat man’s direction. She delivered a hard drop kick, knocking Janus to the ground. Echo stood with her boot victoriously pressing down into his chest. The ice wolf bore yellow eyes down at her fallen prey.

“A well-deserved victory, my friend.” Janus coughed as he congratulated Echo.

“Where is my pup, Janus?” Echo wiped blood from her face calmly with the back of her hand.

“Its mother sent it into the woods. It must learn to fend for itself, just like you and the rest of your mangy litter had to.” Janus smirked up at Echo.

Echo increased the pressure on the fat man’s chest in anger. He coughed and spluttered as the heel of Echo’s boot ground down against his ribs painfully hard. Octavia moved over toward Echo, wanting to hear the man’s words on Ally’s fate.

“The whores went into the woods to retrieve it, but it could not be found.” The man smiled through red teeth.

Echo glanced to Octavia.

“Let’s just get out of here.” Octavia smiled at Echo.

The ice wolf grunted her affirmation, moving away from Janus. It would be as good of an answer as they would get here.

With a painful wheeze, the fat man sat up and called after the limping ice wolf and her Beta.

“It seems history does repeat itself, my friend, abandonment is genetic as far as you are concerned! Perhaps it would have been kinder to have drowned you and Roan as pups! Neither you nor he are welcome in this village any longer! This village is in support of Ontari!” Janus voice was no longer strong and clear, it had a nasally sort of quality to it that probably had something to do with his twice broken nose.

Octavia looked to Echo suddenly.

Roan?

“I have heard that nobody has even seen Ontari for months! She has disappeared.” Echo spat blood at Janus.
“You should leave here, Echo, quickly. You’re not wanted. You never were!”

Octavia stormed over to the man as Echo stood unmoving, wounded by his words. With a swift kick, Octavia harshly launched her booted foot at Janus’ crotch. The steel-capped boot made contact with the man’s balls rather violently. Janus expression turned from gleeful to horrified pain in the blink of an eye. He toppled over onto his side like a great forest tree had been felled.

“Bitch!” Janus squealed.

“That’s Skai-bitch to you, jackass!” Octavia swaggered off, grabbing Echo’s hand and leading her out of the village.

As the pair stumbled out of the village and toward the forest, Echo suddenly stopped dead and threw her gaze up to the trees. She had the same sensation as earlier, of being watched. Octavia gripped Echo’s hand tighter, worry evident on her pretty face.

“Echo, what’s wrong?” Octavia questioned, concerned. Azgeda in the later hour was more sinister than the in day, setting the Skai-girl on edge.

“There is something…I feel like we’re being tracked.”

**Back in the Griffin household**

“So, you’re saying when Lexa dies…I might die?” Raven chewed the inside of her cheek.

“If there is no Natblida…then it’s a possibility, I won’t lie.” Abby sighed.

Raven placed her hands on her hips, frowning.

“Lexa needs to eat better.” Raven grumbled.

Indra raised her eyebrow.

“And going outside is very, very overrated.” Raven added.

“Do you not think my daughter is best exercising, if her life is all of a sudden so vital to your own?” Indra questioned.

“But there are sooooo many stairs in that tower of hers! She will get her sweat on there.” Raven shrugged.

“Excuse me? Get her sweat on? What does this mean?” Indra barely understood a word that left the mechanic’s lips most of the time.

Abby turned away from Indra and smiled to herself, desperately trying not to laugh. Indra folded her arms, a perplexed look across her face as Raven ranted on. The mechanic was undoubtedly feeling the buzz of Dahlia’s blood right now.

“And no more pups! Not after the last travesty. No more giving birth to Clarke’s giant sized, periodically upside down, babies - multiple babies at that! Girl’s more like a rabbit - not a wolf. She spreads her seed like an exploding party popper! There is no getting that glittery shit back in the bottle you know? It gets everywhere!” Raven was now gesticulating wildly as she continued her tirade.

“Clarke will not be very happy about a no-impregnating-Lexa rule.” Abby rolled her eyes at the thought of Clarke’s reaction to such an embargo.
“We can find her another Omega to mate with! We at least have a candidate profile now. There has to be more marginally insane brunettes within Flou-Kru…you know, a girl that screams, ‘I’m gonna fuck you, then eat you very slowly after wards’. You know, the praying mantas kinda girl? That’s like Clarke’s jam. Come on….I so don’t wanna die! As long as there is an element of homicidal tendency, Clarke’s heart is gonna go ka-boom – we all know this!”

“My daughter is not insane!” Indra stepped towards the wired mechanic.

“Oh Please! She rode off into the woods…on a giant ass horse…with her in heat, superhot ex-girlfriend, whist wearing a two-hundred-year-old Halloween costume! Really - hasn’t this girl heard of sweat pants?”

“How dare you! - ” Indra only got part way into her regal telling off of Raven before the mechanic interjected.

“Her royal highness needs a one-to-one sit down on a comfy couch! You know, a let’s start at the beginning kinda conversation…” Raven ranted on, unable to stop herself.

Indra leapt forward to grab at Raven, but Abby quickly blocked her path.

“Let me get my hands on her! I will make her addiction to my daughter’s blood less of an issue for us all!” Indra bit out furiously.

“Bring it, granny!” Raven held up her fists.

“That is enough!” Abby held out her hands between the two.

“You! You are the most infuriating little Beta I have ever met!” Indra was baffled by Raven’s guile.

“Hey…don’t be a Beta-phobe! Don’t even!” Raven pointed at Indra from behind her Abby-shaped shield.

“She makes words up! What nonsense she speaks!” Indra cursed.

With a loud crackle, the radio interrupted the clash between Raven and Indra. It was Jake with an update from Trinity. Raven and Indra continued to glare at each other as Jake conversed with Abby. The call was quick, and it wasn’t long before Abby was once again focused on Raven and Indra.

“Right! You two need to get over it. We’re moving these pups to Trinity. We’re all moving into Trinity.” Abby’s tone was firm.

Indra attempted to protest but was cut off by Abby instantly.

“I have an Election to win!” Abby winked.

-
The beta and the wolf.

As the night drew in, the gloomy sky grumbled with thunder. The heavens above stirred into a frenzy, pockets of grey and black clouds colliding. Safely enclosed within the tent at the campsite, Octavia wrung out a cool, wet cloth to run over Echo’s wounds. The wolf’s ribs were badly bruised and her fists bloody. The Skai-girl was unsure whose blood covered more of Echo’s dyed knuckles - was it the wolf’s or that of the Azgeda from the village?

After tenderly wiping the blood from the Alpha’s arm and wrist, Octavia took one of Echo’s hands in her own and began to clean it gently. Echo’s knuckles had taken the brunt of the abuse from the fight in the village. Echo winced as Octavia carefully coaxed the grit and stone that was imbedded under her skin. Octavia let the wash cloth sink back in the bowl of cool water beside her, in order to remove a particularly stubborn piece of gravel; she gripped Echo’s paw tightly as she attempted to pry the piece of rock out from under the Alpha’s flesh.

Echo hissed though gritted teeth as Octavia manoeuvred the rocky piece of shrapnel to the surface, sticky red leaking through broken skin. The wolf pressed her brow into the Beta’s; it was an instinctive reaction to the pain the girl was causing her paw. Octavia held Echo’s eyes, refusing to balk at the Alpha’s upset as she freed the gravel that had been imbedded in Echo’s palm.

“Have you finished?” Octavia stood her ground.

Echo ran her eyes over Octavia’s face. She relaxed her posture and allowed the Beta to continue.

Octavia picked the cloth back up, rinsing the red of it out in the cool water. She lifted the cloth to Echo’s face. The younger woman paused with the cloth as she took in Echo’s Ice Nation features; a deep swirling birthmark almost hypnotised the curious Beta. Octavia ran a shaky hand over Echo’s strong features.

The Alpha felt Octavia’s hand tremble through the cool wash cloth. Echo closed her eyes as Octavia’s familiar scent caressed the inside of her nose. The teenager’s breath hitched as Echo’s eyes opened again, burning with an amber glow. Their faces had slowly inched closer and closer without them realising over the course of Octavia’s care. For several seconds, neither of them moved. The still cloth in the Beta’s hand slowly dripped onto the tent floor below; if not for that, there would have been complete silence.

Echo took Octavia’s hand in her own. Breaking eye contact, she compared their differing features. Octavia’s skin was soft, her pigment an olive shade. The skin at the tips of her fingers had begun to wrinkle having been submerged in the water for too long. Echo gently rubbed the tips as if trying to smooth out the imperfections.

Octavia glanced down at her hand in Echo’s. She let the wolf continue to play with her skin unimpeded. Echo’s hands were rough. Her skin was a typical Azgeda pale, and her animal like claws still protruded; they would not retract until the rush from the earlier brawl had passed. Octavia ran the tips of her fingers across Echo’s open palm. They bravely travelled up to Echo’s pointed finger tips. Octavia gently touched at the sharp nail, feeling it almost pierce her soft human skin. Despite the danger though, Octavia’s hands felt perfectly safe held by Echo’s.

The Beta slowly pulled her hands away, instead cradling Echo’s face within her warm palms. Their foreheads melded together.
“You’re such a fucking asshole.” Octavia sighed.

Echo pressed her left cheek further into Octavia’s hand. They stayed soldered together, their breathing shallow and exasperated. Octavia pulled Echo’s face closer to her own, their lips almost touching. Perhaps unsurprisingly, Octavia found moisture flowing to her eyes freely.

Echo could do no more to resist the pull of the young Beta as she gave in, kissing Octavia softly. Octavia met each gentle press from the wolf’s lips with an even softer peck of her own.

After some time, Echo pulled back slowly. The pair stared back at one another - as if one was waiting for the other to speak. Octavia awaited the usual teasing, but instead she found Echo’s eyes serious - lingering on her breasts with a raw sort of intensity.

“You want these?” Octavia whispered, slowly clutching the front of her shirt.

Octavia kept her eyes on Echo as she slowly undid the fabric, Echo listening to each button pop free. The shirt was quickly undone, and Octavia pulled the dark coloured garment down her shoulders and let it drop to the bedroll. Her breasts were exposed to her Alpha.

Echo shuffled closer to Octavia. She lifted her hand towards Octavia’s pert young breasts and ran her damaged knuckles over a pliant nipple. It responded to her touch, hardening readily. Echo could not take her eyes off of the perfect flesh on display. Octavia’s breath shuddered at the strong gaze.

Moments later, Echo pulled back, dragging a shaky hand through her hair. Her mind was in overdrive. She doubted her intent toward Octavia was honourable. The thought upset her, made her pause. Without a word, Echo turned her back on Octavia and headed out of the tent. Octavia’s stomach sank at the action and her chest tightened painfully. She willed herself not to cry at Echo’s seeming rejection.

After her exit, Echo moved to the other side of the camp. Luckily, the stormy weather had not brought rain or hail with it. Echo turned out the weatherproof, battery-operated lantern sitting on a tree stump; it caused the campsite to darken considerably. The only source of light now emanated from the smouldering campfire.

With the battery-operated light switched off, Octavia lost sight of Echo. Only the elongated shadows on the dirt outside the tent’s opening told Octavia that Echo was still in the camp. Octavia could hear rustling and then footsteps heading back towards her. As her eyes adjusted to the dimmer lighting, she started to make out the form in front of her. Echo now stood naked in front of the Beta - almost as if she was presenting herself.

“This is what I am, Octavia.” Echo held her arms outward.

Octavia was thrown by what Echo was doing.

“I’m not a human…I’m not exactly a wolf either. I’m an animal though - trapped inside thick flesh and nailed together with hard bone. I am not like you, Octavia, we’re not the same.”

Octavia remained silent.

“Everything is changing in nature, don’t you see that?”

Octavia sat up and ran her curious gaze over Echo, she could see the wolf more clearly now – her eyes adjusted to the darkness. Echo’s body was long and slender. The wolf had very little curve; her body covered in Athletic icing. She was not soft and feminine like Octavia.
Echo watched Octavia examine her body. She watched as the Skai-girl’s eyes landed on her penis. Echo thought she saw hunger there, in Octavia’s wide brown eyes. There were no jokes, no innuendoes. Echo just stood on offer to Octavia. No games. No teasing. Just open honesty.

Octavia felt her face flush. Echo’s cock was only semi-erect and already looked too big for her body to accept.

Echo tried to read Octavia’s thoughts as the girl’s face flushed and her breathing changed.

“I don’t have any skins.” Echo stated to the night air.

Octavia gripped the discarded shirt at her side, her eyes still on Echo’s growing member. Should she put the shirt back on? She could just run from her friend, choose an easier path...

“I will only ask you once, is this really what you want?” Echo willed Octavia to leave the tent, but she also desperately wanted her to stay.

Octavia thought there might have been an edge of pleading to Echo’s rough voice. Unafraid, the Skai-girl shifted shyly and removed her pants - her only remaining item of clothing. She lay back against the bedroll, lifting the fur cover up. She held it suspended in the air, inviting the wolf in.

“Echo, I want you.” Octavia breathed.

Echo stood motionless. Tears forming in her eyes.

“Y-you do?” Echo had never looked so vulnerable.

“Yes, you idiot! I have always wanted just you…I love you, Echo.” Octavia confessed.

Echo fought the urge to run away, hearing Octavia’s words.

“Alphas and Betas are not the same, you’re right. But, if you get in this bed, we will be one.”

Echo swallowed hard and felt herself give in a little at Octavia’s sweet words.

“I want you Echo, and I need you inside me...right now.” Octavia blushed.

Echo’s body ached from her fight. Her form was littered with cuts and bruises and her ribs hurt whenever she breathed in. Despite that, nothing would keep her from Octavia anymore. Echo slid into the bedroll, under the furs, and settled herself onto a willing Octavia. She kissed Octavia’s face - passionate kisses trailing down her jaw. Her rough hands groped at Octavia’s breasts affectionately.

Octavia opened her legs wider as Echo slotted perfectly in-between her thighs. She looked up at Echo’s face. The Alpha looked…nervous. Octavia had never seen a nervous Echo before.

“I do trust you.” Octavia smiled up at Echo sweetly.

Echo had bedded countless women, Beta and Omega alike, but having Octavia naked under her now was alarming. She had never felt such tenderness and warmth surround her. Echo had never dared to dream that this would end up being her reality. To leave Octavia now or after would be unthinkable. To not please her, worshipping her body, was completely unacceptable.

Echo steadied herself, taking her cock in hand. She took one last lingering look at Octavia below her.

“It will hurt at first.” Echo whispered softly.
She placed the fat head of her member dangerously close to Octavia’s narrow entrance. The wolf closed her eyes and bathed in the anticipation of how tight Octavia was going to feel. Octavia moaned a contented sigh feeling the head press against her folds - Echo took that as an invitation to push all the way in.

Octavia gasped and clung onto Echo’s hard shoulders. She slid her hands down Echo’s wiry biceps and gripped her arms tightly. The Alpha had entered her deeply, but with much care. Once the wolf was all the way in, Echo pulled slightly out and back in again; testing Octavia’s ability to take her length. Echo’s cock pulsed, the hard knot forming slowly at her base.

Rapid breaths escaped Octavia’s lips as her whole body hummed with the excitement of being owned by Echo. Finally.

“You belong to me now.” Echo spoke tenderly into Octavia’s ear.

The Skai-girl felt completely ridiculous for wanting to cry. Still, she allowed tears to roll down her cheeks nonetheless.

“Just don’t stop. Please!” Octavia begged.

Echo brushed the hair away from Octavia’s face.

“I promise... you will come with me, Octavia.” Echo smiled.

“What? Just the once?” Octavia managed to tease her Alpha still.

Echo grinned down at the younger girl’s ability to make her laugh, no matter the complexity of the situation. The old wolf felt giddy. There was a heady sort of quality that came with being around Octavia, and it was multiplied ten-fold being with Octavia like this.

Without further prompting or teasing from the Skai-girl, Echo set about pleasuring her Beta. She pumped her hips with steady gentle thrusts into Octavia. The girl crumbled beneath her instantly.

As Octavia cried out for more, Echo began to focus fully. She quickened her thrusts, pushing into the girl harder with each meeting of their hips. Echo heard Octavia become more emotional as her release steadily built up. Echo felt her cock become more and more restricted, as Octavia let her pound her centre. The Beta’s whimpering became louder and more distraught. Echo ran a clawed fingertip down Octavia’s face; she couldn’t help but growl victoriously as Octavia lost herself beneath her.

“Shh...it’s ok, just let it happen.” Echo comforted Octavia.

Octavia wrapped her legs around Echo, her fingertips clambering at the wolf’s shoulders. She began to feel a sensation coming over her body which she had never experienced before. She cried out Echo’s name as the Alpha met her promise. Octavia screamed as the wolf sank her teeth deeply into Octavia’s throat with the girl’s climax. The teenager had experienced a strong internal orgasm. Echo held her mate down as her body instinctively fought against the overwhelming sensation of Octavia clenching around her tightly.

“I will make you come every night like this. I swear!” Echo kissed Octavia’s cheek delicately, the girl’s blood still coating her lips.

Echo felt Octavia’s first ever release fade, however, she had not stopped her own movements. Echo worked faster and harder to bring another peak to her mate, this time much quicker. Octavia’s clit sang out as Echo’s knot attacked it violently. Her second orgasm was less intense, but Octavia
understood the different type of pleasure she was feeling. Echo was older and knew exactly what she was doing to the younger woman.

Echo had held off her own pleasure for the sake of Octavia’s. She eventually pulled out slowly from her mate. The young girl protested immediately at the loss.

“Turn over, lay on your front.” Echo commanded.

Octavia obeyed Echo for the first time ever in their friendship. There were no arguments, no debates - just obedience. She rolled onto her stomach and felt Echo roughly handle her from behind.

Echo’s knot was ready to be eased. Octavia suddenly felt every inch of Echo enter her; the wolf was more than ready to pop. Echo growled and forced herself into the Beta, harder, from behind. Octavia grabbed at the bedroll frantically, scrambling for purchase. Echo pleased Octavia with a quick, rapid stabbing action; Octavia seemed to favour this more than any previous pace. Echo closed her eyes and held her breath - she could no longer hold back. Octavia sounded so intensely aroused and female!

The younger girl hollered out Echo’s name as the Alpha’s warm cum suddenly shot violently into her insides. Echo’s grip on the girl tightened as she groaned in satisfaction of her release. The old wolf felt nervousness roll off of Octavia in waves. Concerned, Echo consoled her young mate from behind; running her fingers gently over Octavia’s tense sides and back, reverently.

“I’m gonna make your belly swell...” Echo’s grunted out, as she filled Octavia’s womb with her seed.

Octavia continued to sob happily. It was so overwhelming. Nothing had ever felt so good – so right! All she could feel was Echo penetrating her.

“You want my baby Octavia? Do you?” Echo’s voice was gruff.

Octavia felt her legs shake. She desperately wanted Echo to shoot more seed inside her! She begged Echo to fill her up more, fill her up completely. As if hearing her words - Echo’s member twitched inside Octavia, pumping out all the seed Echo had to give. To the Alpha’s surprise, her knot sealed them both together. Echo felt as though she might pass out from losing so much come into her young mate.

“Oh Shit!” Echo grinned wildly as Octavia drained her cock totally.

“Come on…you want more Skai-ku?” Echo treated Octavia to a few more unforgiving thrusts before both mates tumbled onto their sides, exhausted.

Echo spooned a panting Octavia from behind as Echo’s member remained tightly trapped within the girl. Echo felt the familiar sensation of tying to a Beta female again; her seed seeking out a place in which to grow, and create life within.

Echo grabbed for the fur that was now twisted and ensnared around their feet. She quickly tossed it over herself and Octavia, the warmth from the pelt quickly enveloping them both. The last thing Echo remembered before falling into a deep slumber was gently licking at Octavia’s bite wound with unprecedented tenderness.
As dawn approached, Echo’s eyes shot open. Octavia’s black hair mixed with the white fur beneath them beautifully. Echo ran her hand from Octavia’s narrow shoulder, all the way down her side before resting her paw on the girl’s naked hip. Echo let her hand drop to Octavia’s stomach; it swelled still, and protruded more than Echo expected.

Echo gently pulled her semi-erect penis out from Octavia. Her mate stirred slightly, but did not awaken. Quietly, Echo slipped out of the tent, naked. She stretched out her back, wincing as she almost forgot about her damaged ribs. Echo’s bare feet trudged through slushy snow as she searched for her discarded pants. The icy chill did not bother a child of Azgeda. Echo located her pants, next to the battery-operated lantern, and whipped them on. From the back pocket, she retrieved her smokes and lighter. Echo pulled out a rolled cigarette, lit it, and sucked in drags of smoke as she bathed in the lingering euphoria of coming inside Octavia the night before.

The wolf stared up at the clear sky. Her pants were half undone, exposing her sculpted torso to the whole forest; the veins that fed her girl were still obvious, plummeting downwards into her pants. Echo’s body was littered with scars and deep gouges; some new and others old. A collection of Azgeda tattoos trailed up her back, adding to her fierce visage. The ice dog blew smoke up to the sky as she talked to herself.

“You have gone done it again, asshole.” Echo shook her head.

Octavia stirred inside the tent. Echo waited not more than a second before Octavia’s head popped out.

“Hey you...” Octavia smiled, her skin flushed.

“Hey, Octavia.”

“What? I’m Octavia now all of a sudden?” The Blake girl grinned.

Echo went to respond to her mate, but froze. The sound of a breaking twig echoed not metres from the tent. It raised the ice wolf’s hackles.

“Get back inside!” Echo pointed at Octavia.

Echo listened intently as something whistled though the air right by her face. Shit! In a flash, Echo snapped an arrow out of the air before it jammed in her shoulder. Echo ducked quickly as another arrow sliced through the air above her head.

A hooded form ran at Echo from the trees, forcing the Alpha off of her feet and down into the muddy earth. It grabbed their pack of supplies as it sprinted through the camp.

Echo scrabbled up to her feet just in time to see the hooded, short figure dash off into the woods. Echo sniffed the air as she ripped on her shirt, zipping and buckling her pants. Thankfully, Echo’s radio fell from the pack as the thief sprinted off. She quickly hooked the discarded radio to her belt and ran after the hooded thief, dread in her eyes.

“Echo! Where the hell are you going?” Octavia called her back.

“Get dressed, quick!” Echo ordered.

By the time Echo turned back around, their attacker had gotten a considerable head start. Echo held her hands around her mouth and bellowed off into the distance.

“Ally!” Echo screamed after her feral pup.
Echo caught glimpses of Ally as she sprinted through the trees. The Ice wolf stumbled, feeling a sharp sting lash across her face; an errant tree branch had struck her features sharply. Echo wiped at her face in reaction, a thin painful slice now marking her features. Still, Echo pressed on, her bare feet beating down upon the forest floor below.

Ally banked left sharply. Echo almost slipped as she adjusted her pursuit. The light made it difficult to locate Ally precisely; the trees had caused a strobe effect as Echo ran throughout the woods in the early morning sun. Echo felt the burn in her lungs as she picked up the pace - Ally was exceptionally fast.

Suddenly, Ally vanished from view. Echo came to a grinding halt as she entered a clearing. She quickly threw her frenzied gaze up to the trees, any slight movement taking her attention.

“Ally!” Echo called out frantically for her pup.

Echo almost made herself dizzy looking up into the foliage of the trees; her brow teemed with sweat and her chest heaved from running so damn fast. From behind, Echo heard Octavia’s pounding footsteps. The Beta breathed in heavily as she entered the clearing just behind Echo. The ice wolf held up her hand, signaling for Octavia to remain still. Echo jerked her head in the direction of even the smallest of sounds, desperately listening for movement. It was Octavia, however, who spotted Ally first.

“Echo, look!” Octavia pointed up to an outcropping of large boulders, it looked to be at least 40 feet tall.

Ally stood motionless, staring down at Echo. Her hood was up, her face filthy, and her eyes were covered with military grade goggles.

“Ally, please!” Echo shouted up to her wayward pup.

“We won’t hurt you!” Octavia added.

Echo held out her hand as if offering peace or a truce to her pup. She stepped carefully towards the rocky façade; her steps were light and cautious, almost as if she feared Ally might jump, or run off again.

“Just talk to me. Please, Kid!” Echo whispered fervently.

Ally stepped back as Echo dared to step closer.

“Echo, be careful!” Octavia called out from the edge of the clearing.

Ally’s attention was piqued by Octavia. The pup quirked her head in the Beta’s direction, ignoring her sire completely.

Echo, seeing her chance, moved forward with less watchful steps. That was it! Just a little farther and she would be at the outcrop! Feeling her victory ensured, the ice wolf took one step too far.
Octavia heard nothing but a rush of air as Echo was hoisted up off the ground violently. The Alpha had stepped right into her feral pup’s trap! Octavia stood wide eyed as Echo now hung precariously, upside down, dangling from her ankle. The Skai-Kru girl barely registered what had happened before Ally was off the rocky outcropping, and on the forest floor in front of Echo. The pup just watched her sire swing, a bored expression pulling at her mouth. The pup was more than smart enough to stay out of Echo’s reach.

Echo cursed out at her own stupidity. Ally’s trap should have been obvious!

Ally ducked and weaved around Echo’s outreached arms, almost tauntingly, and marched over to Octavia.

“Move!” Ally demanded.

Octavia could only stand and stare in mild shock, as Echo remained helpless to help her.

“Move now!” Ally pointed Echo’s knife at Octavia, motioning towards the trees and away from the clearing.

Octavia held up her hands slowly. The Beta remained stunned, not only by Echo’s current predicament, but also by being taken hostage by a child. It was absurd! The tone in Ally’s voice brooked no argument though; it indicated to the young Beta that Echo’s daughter was not joking when she demanded Octavia submit. Octavia took one last look at Echo struggling on the line, before Ally frog-marched her into the woods.

“I will track you! You can’t hide from me!” Echo yelled after her seemingly animalistic pup.

20 minutes later

Echo grumbled and attempted to grab at the line around her ankle again, it was useless though. There was no getting out of this. She closed her eyes heavily; the blood rushing to her head was making her temples throb painfully.

Unexpectedly, Echo’s forgotten radio crackled into life.

“Raven here.”

Echo swung helplessly from side to side as she grappled for the radio clipped to her belt.

“Echo receiving.” Echo held down the push-to-talk button gratefully.

Great, not only did she now have a killer headache, but Echo felt the beginnings of nausea come on as she swayed from side to side on the line.

“You find your kid, man?” Raven asked over the radio.

“Yeah…I definitely found her.” Echo grumbled.

“How did it go?” Raven voice fizzed with excitement.

“Well…I’m currently hanging upside down by my fuckin’ ankle…oh! And she has taken Octavia.”

“You’re shitting me!” Raven burst out laughing.
“I shit you not. Turns out my kid is a little…” Echo trailed off.

“Asshole?” Raven tried, grinning into the radio.

“Well, yeah. Lay that at my feet why don’t ya!” Echo sighed.

“How are you hanging upside down?” Raven frowned.

“She has been living in the woods…I have no idea how long for. She has set fuckin’ traps all over
the place! She led me right into this one, then took Octavia at knife point.” Echo bit out, her ego still
bruised over her current predicament.

“She has laid traps?” Raven’s interest was piqued.

“Yes!” Echo spat.

“Like what?” Raven’s engineer mind was intrigued.

“How the fuck should I know, Reyes! It’s fuckin’ rope!” Echo shouted. The ice wolf looked up to
the trees, squinting at the gear she had missed before. “There are pulleys and wheels and shit.”

“Wow, smart kid…you sure she isn’t mine?” Raven chuckled.

“Very fuckin’ funny!” Echo groaned.

“I’ve been trying to untie my fuckin’ ankle for fuckin’ twenty minutes now!” Frustration statured
Echo’s response.

“No, don’t do that! It will just make the knot tighter.” Raven thought on how best to get Echo down.

“I have figured that much out by myself!” Echo vented to the mechanic.

“Look up! Where does the rope go?”

“It’s up in the tree tops. I can’t see it real well.” Echo mumbled.

“Hmn, then look to the ground and sides. There has to be a support rope - a ground tie maybe?”
Echo swung herself gently on the line; she searched within the brambles and shrubs.

“Shit…there is another rope!” Echo almost sounded awed.

“Can you get to it? Cut through that and the whole thing will collapse!”

Echo swung herself side to side, building momentum.

“Damn it, my knife! She has my fuckin’ knife!” Echo snarled, realizing she still needed to cut the
rope once she got to it.

“Can’t you just chew through it? My mom had a dog that chewed through everything. We had this
really cool vintage leather.”

“Reyes!” Echo screamed down the radio, cutting the mechanic off.

“I’ve insulted you again, haven’t I?” Raven grimaced, but didn’t feel entirely bad about her
comments...
“What the hell is wrong with you?” Echo noted Raven’s rapid speech pattern.

Across the clans, back in Skai-Kru, Raven looked down at her arm; her veins were black and her skin itchy.

“Nothing! Nothing is wrong with me.” Raven scratched at her forearm idly. “You might want to make sure your hanging over something softer when you-”

It was too late. Raven winced as she heard Echo yell and hit the deck hard on the other side of the radio com.

Back in Azgeda, Echo covered her face as the remaining rope dropped quickly to the ground around her. Realizing she didn’t need a tool to cut through the twine, Echo had slashed through the anchor rope with her razor claws. However, she hadn’t expected to hit the ground quite so quickly or as hard.

“Oh shit!” Echo swiftly rolled out of the way as the tree branch, she had been stung up on, and attached heavy pulley clattered down to earth, missing her by inches.

“I’m gonna kill that little shit!” Echo snarled as she made short work of the rope around her ankle.

“My kid is a little maniac!” Echo barked into the radio.

“Oh course she is!” Raven laughed again.

Echo’s face suddenly fell.

“Echo, you still there?” Raven spoke into the radio.

“Yeah…I’m here, Reyes. How long has she been out here alone to learn how to do shit like this?” Echo questioned slowly. She wasn’t sure she wanted to know the answer.

“I don’t know, man? Too long probably.” Raven sighed.

“Tell Griffin that I’m slightly delayed in finding this medical facility.”

“Tell her yourself. She is on the way to Azgeda! Chasing after Luna and Lexa.” Raven scratched at her arm absentmindedly.

“What!” Echo momentarily forgot about pursuing Ally.

“Yeah! Lexa almost puppet mastered Gustus out of a window then made off after your ex with Luna in tow!” Raven spoke rapidly, without any breaks.

“So, the three of them are in the woods…together?”

“I would think Clarke has almost caught up with them by now, she’s Clarke!”

“I’m pretty sure I know how that perfect little camping trip will end…” Echo laughed to herself, shaking her head.

“What does that mean?” Raven frowned, confused.

“Griffin! In Azgeda woodland? With a hot blooded, in heat, Luna?” How could Reyes not put this all together?

“That’s not Clarke’s style. She is the domesticated bliss sort!” Raven defended Clarke.
“These woods bring out the dog in us all, Reyes. Luna and Clarke? They got energy. Lexa kinda does whatever suits Lexa as well…”

“Go find Ally, Echo, I have plans for that little budding engineer of yours!” Raven frowned at the wall opposite her, deep in thought.

“If I don’t kill her first! She took Octavia!” Echo’s face morphed as she bared her teeth with a low growl.

Octavia sat with her hands tightly bound. Her eyes blindfolded. Small hands on her back pushed her down onto the ground. Before she could complain, light invaded her eyes painfully as her blindfold was removed. Octavia squint her eyes as they adjusted to the sunlight. A skinny silhouette stood in front of her…if not for the height difference, Octavia would have sworn it to be Echo. A hand reached for her face, causing Octavia to instinctively pull away.

The hand only wished to remove her gag though, and did so easily. Octavia spat out fibers as the same small hand held a canister of water out to her mouth. Octavia drank down the water thirstily. Her young captor walked away after she felt Octavia had had enough.

“My name is Octavia.” The Beta kept her voice gentle and kind.

Octavia looked around, curious as to where she had been taken. It was a campsite. There was a tent, a stove, many books, a snuffed out fire…trinkets and assorted weaponry were scattered around the area as well. Octavia saw drying clothes, and several skinned animals ready for the pot.

“How long have you been out here?” Octavia’s heart sank for what she saw. Ally had certainly been out here for longer than a short camping excursion.

The tiny captor did not respond to Octavia.

“Your mom, she sent you out here?” Octavia struggled to keep anger from her tone.

“The Alpha will not find you easily.” Ally finally spoke.

Octavia’s heart raced as Ally’s tone was a perfect imitation of Echo’s, only younger.

“I don’t know, Echo is pretty good at tracking. It’s like a gift.” Octavia said offhandedly.

“The Alpha is old and slow, and easily tricked!” Ally spat out a laugh.

“That Alpha is your sire! We came looking for you.”

Ally did not respond. She paused though before sitting down to sharpen her knife with a whetstone.

“You smell just like the Alpha. Its scent is all over you!” Ally grumbled.

Octavia blushed.

“I…I also smell like the Alpha. It will make tracking most difficult.” Ally gripped the knife in her small hands, her knuckles white.

“Why won’t you show me your face?” Octavia whispered.

Ally pointed the knife at Octavia.
“Are you afraid to show me your face, Ally?” Octavia kept her voice low and soft.

“I am not afraid of anything!” Ally growled, standing suddenly.

“Then take off the hood. Take off the goggles…where did you get those anyway?” Octavia questioned. They looked exceptionally high tech for Azgeda.

Ally pouted. She knew Octavia was goading her; still, the need to prove herself unafraid was too great. Ally was just as easy to control as Echo for the street smart Octavia, their insecurities were almost identical. Ally reached up with her small gloved hands and removed her hood. Her fingers gripped the rim of her goggles as she lifted them, revealing her face to Octavia.

Octavia’s heart warmed as the mirror image of Echo stared back at her, all the way down to the grumpy scowl. Octavia loved the crease lines that sat between Echo’s eyebrows as she showed her annoyance; it appeared Ally’s face bore the same disgruntled look.

“Oh my God! You look just like-”

“Do not say I look like the idiot swinging from the trees!” Ally interrupted.

“Echo is not an idiot! Well…not always anyway.” Octavia rolled her eyes.

“It is an idiot, to be caught so easily!”

“She was distracted. She wanted to get to you!” Octavia beamed at the miniature version of Echo.

“I do not need the old Alpha! I do not need anybody!” Ally clenched her teeth, snapping again at Octavia.

“Then why am I here?” Octavia smiled sweetly. This miniature wolf was no more of a threat to her life than its sire.

Ally stepped back, unsure herself why exactly she had taken Octavia.

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Echo clambered up the rock façade. As she reached the top, she sniffed at the air trying to pick out Octavia’s unique scent. It was too dirtily mixed with her own, making it incredibly difficult to find. Climbing down from her high perch, Echo broke into a light jog as she noted the broken brambles and crushed earth. Octavia might not be easily sniffed out right now, but her clumsy Skai-Kru footprints were easy to spot. Ally was smarter and lighter on her feet than Octavia, but her Skai-Kru captive made that moot.

“Gotcha...daddy’s coming home!” Echo grumbled out into the open air.

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Octavia watched Ally intently as she skinned a rabbit as if it was the most normal action in the world for a child. Once the fur had been done away with, the pup proceeded to gut the dead woodland creature. Ally’s eyes morphed yellow as the rabbit’s blood coated her hands.

“Who taught you how to do that?” Octavia asked.

Ally only ran her eyes over Octavia, offering no words. The pup was just as cagey over her own past as Octavia knew her sire to be.
“My brother knows how to do that. We used to go hunting in the woods with some Tri-Kru kids.” Octavia spoke, trying to get Ally to open up.

Ally stood abruptly, letting out a sigh.

“My brother is a jackass!” Octavia added, grinning.

“And you talk too much!” Ally spat out.

“So I have been told.” Octavia smiled wistfully thinking about her mate.

Ally threw the skinned rabbit into a pot. She then sat back down, making quick work skinning another rabbit. Octavia wondered if Ally’s actions were intentional. Surely the pup realized that the scent of blood itself would be enough to lead Echo straight to this camp?

“Can you undo these?” Octavia presented her bound feet to Ally.

“No, you will attempt to run.” Ally scowled.

“Where?” Octavia laughed. “I’m pretty sure I’m safer with you anyway…I wouldn’t last five minutes without you, would I now?” Octavia continued.

Ally half smiled at Octavia’s compliment. She quickly schooled her features from Octavia though, when she realized the Beta smiling back at her.

“Please, untie me? I promise you I won’t leave you.” Octavia winked.

Ally’s face suddenly fell.

“You promise?” Ally whispered.

“Cross my heart.” Octavia smiled.

Ally frowned at the odd expression. After few more moments of indecision, she stood slowly, wiping her hands onto her pants. Ally slowly walked over toward where the Beta was tied up. The pup’s hands trembled as she untied Octavia’s feet.

“Thank you.” Octavia whispered.

Ally stepped back looking down at Octavia’s newly freed feet. She held her breath as she waited for Octavia to try and run. Instead, the Beta remained seated wiggling her feet to get the feeling back in her toes.

“What about my hands?” Octavia offered up her restrained wrists.

“No.” Ally scowled.

Octavia laughed again.

“Seriously, I think a ten-year-old Alpha might actually be stronger than a full grown Beta female judging by these knots, and how fast you run!” Octavia smiled charmingly.

Ally frowned, feeling her cheeks heat at the praise.

“I am almost eleven!” She was eager to correct Octavia.
“Untie me, and I will help you make us some food.” Octavia nodded over to the simmering pot.

“The idiot will find us then!” Ally snarled.

“Yes…the idiot will find us then.” Octavia smiled softly.

“I do not wish to talk to it!” Ally folded her arms.

“I know but…give her a chance? Just hear her out…for me?” Octavia dared.

“For you?” Ally tipped her head.

“Yes…for me.” Octavia gave the most maternal of looks she could muster.

“Ok…for Octavia only.” Ally agreed.

Echo made her way through the last of the heavy tree line, still following Octavia’s tracks. The Skai-girl’s scent now bled through somewhat clearer here. The Alpha could hear muffled voices. She must have reached what would be the edge of her pup’s campsite. Why had Becca done this? The Beta was far from maternal, but to send Ally out into the woods seemed cruel, even by her standards. Echo knew full well that Becca never loved her, but she was fairly confident that she loved Ally… right?

“No! You are doing it wrong!” Ally growled.

Octavia paused as she attempted to gut the rabbit.

“No, I’m not!” Octavia snapped back.

“Yes, you are!” Ally frowned.

“Trust me, I am not!” Octavia argued back.

Ally snatched the rabbit away from Octavia.

“My mother showed me how to do this, she is a surgeon!” Ally yelled at Octavia, her face morphing briefly.

Octavia held up her hands in surrender.

“Ok…ok. Show me then.” Octavia sat back and watched carefully as Ally set to work on the rabbit again. The pup had exploded in response to Becca’s teachings being questioned, arguing fiercely with Octavia.

“You must miss your mom.” Octavia pressed.

“She is very busy. She is working on a very important project.” Ally stated.

“So, she sent you out here, alone?” Octavia’s tone went icy cold as they spoke of the callous Rebecca Kane.

“I am…hard work.” Ally whispered.
“You’re amazing!” Octavia blurted out.

Ally’s eyes shot open. Clearly compliments were unusual.

“I think to live out here on your own, for a while, is very brave. I could not do it.” Octavia shrugged.

“For two years.” Ally stated as if they were speaking about the weather or some equally trivial matter.

“What?” Octavia was surprised. She suddenly felt equally as furious with Echo as she was with Rebecca Kane.

“For two years I have been coming out here. The last eighteen months I have been without anyone’s help. I do not need it!”

“No…but that doesn’t mean you don’t deserve it.” Octavia scowled, upset by what Ally must have gone through.

Ally bit her lip.

“Who looks after Octavia?” Ally pointed briefly at the Beta woman.

“I don’t need anyone to look after me either!” Octavia lifted her chin to the sky.

“Yes you do! You’re only a beta female.” Ally stated.

Octavia spun on her heels.

“Hey! Asshole!” Octavia threw Rabbit innards at Ally, clearly not happy with the sentiment that Beta’s were weak. She paused for a moment though, as she realized what she has called Ally instinctively.

Ally wiped the rabbit innards off her face.

“You’re at least a good shot!” Ally nodded with approval.

Suddenly, Ally looked back into the trees, startled.

“What is it?” Octavia stood behind Ally, somewhat afraid.

Ally pulled out her knife, affixed her goggles, and pulled up her hood. She stood defensively in front of Octavia, ready for battle.

“The idiot approaches!”

With a great crash, Echo burst through the bushes and undergrowth, and into the campsite. She was ready to heroically save Octavia, only to find the Beta standing behind Ally with her hands protectively on her daughter’s shoulders instead. Octavia gave Echo a disapproving scowl as the elder wolf made her way into the campsite.

“Why the hell has she been out here alone for almost two years, and you didn’t know!” Octavia folded her arms, her tone accusing.

Ally looked up at Octavia. She copied the Beta’s folded arm stance and scowl for Echo. Confused, Echo looked rapidly between the two; guilt suddenly wrapping itself around her.
“Ally, I won’t say I’m sorry because it isn’t enough…” Echo looked to the ground for a moment before continuing. “I was left in the woods even younger than you. I was tied to a tree like an unwanted pet. I wasn’t alone though. There were others just like me. One is now our Prince. We raised ourselves in the woods with no one to care for us. You don’t have to do that!”

“I am not alone, I have Octavia now!” Ally pointed her blade at Echo.

“Octavia doesn’t belong in the woods either, kiddo.” Echo knelt down in front of her pup.

Ally paused, looking Echo up and down.

“I do not trust you.” Ally’s voice trembled.

“I know…I have to earn that. Give me a chance though…I need your help.”

“With what?” Ally continued to point the blade at a submissive Echo.

“You know where Bec-your mother is? I need to find her, Ally, before my Queen does.” There was a sense of urgency to Echo’s voice.

“Your Queen plans to hurt my mother!” Ally snarled.

“Yes, Becca has hurt her pack. My Queen is a very powerful woman and your mom has done a very bad thing to her babies.”

“My mother does many bad things to lots of people! She is still my mother though.” Ally lifted the blade slightly.

“What has she been doing, Ally?” Octavia asked.

“It is best if i show you. You won’t believe me if I tell you now. You will have to see it with your own eyes.” Ally confessed.

Echo quickly looked up to Octavia, wide eyed.

“Do you know where the medical facility is? Where your mom works?” Echo pleaded.

“Of course I do!” Ally answered her sire as if it were the most ridiculous question she had ever heard. “I know where everything is in these woods!”

“I thought I did as well…” Echo mused

“You are old, and very stupid.” Ally looked down at Echo who was still kneeling down on the forest floor.

Octavia spat out a laugh at Ally’s comment, the pup was extremely blunt.

Echo sighed, lowering her head in defeat.

“Yes. I am old. Clearly, I am also very stupid…especially for leaving a smart ass like you.” Echo smiled weakly.

Ally tapped her foot, thinking.

“I will lead you to the facility. You will not take point though. You will stay behind me. These are my woods now!” Ally expected Echo’s obedience.
Echo smiled proudly at her territorial Alpha pup.

“Yea…you’re the boss, kid.” Echo winked at Octavia, before frowning. “Can I get up now?” Echo wondered as she was still submitted to her feisty pup.

“Yes. You may stand, old one.” Ally slipped Echo’s knife into her waistband before setting about grabbing supplies from her campsite.
The section of forest Lexa and Luna currently found themselves in, served as a perfect abode for those who worship in the dark rather than the light. This particular wooded area was nothing short of primordial. Lexa’s mood had grown darker in this place, her black blood rumbling around her veins in anticipation of a violent release onto Rebecca Kane. Despite her bloodlust for the mad scientist of Skai-Kru, Lexa also worried for Clarke. There was no way the dominant Alpha would allow Luna and herself to pursue their enemy alone. By now, Clarke was surely hot on the Omegas’ heels.

The camp fire crackled and popped between the two Omegas, as Luna threw more kindling and wood into the low flames.

Luna dared not utter a word to Lexa, but she believed it a lapse in judgement to leave Polis without Clarke. Luna’s belief that she could marshal any level of control over Lexa, whilst she herself endured the early days of her heat, was most foolish. Luna needed Clarke here. She needed the Alpha’s resilience and willpower when it came to challenging a mercurial Lexa. But leaving Polis as they had, together, that was pure instinct. Emotions had been running high, and Luna had been spurred on by the heat of Lexa’s gaze. She would do anything for her friend. However, that did not necessarily mean leaving as they did was the best tactical plan. Who knew what adversary the two of them would face once they located Rebecca Kane?

After coaxing the flames up with a firm stick of pine, the fluffy haired girl moved away from the fire. She busied herself in an attempt to ignore her own smoldering heat that burnt wildly within. Luna constructed two separate, equally sized piles of wood. She placed these not more than ten feet from the fire, hoping that the chunks might dry out. The further the girls ventured into Azgeda, the frostier the earth became.

Deep emerald eyes followed the movements of the Flou-Kru leader. Luna had traipsed past Lexa multiple times in the last several minutes of her task. Lexa was laid on a stolen bedroll, her back flush against a fallen log. The Queen kept her long black coat over herself for extra warmth, her twin swords not far from reach. Luna’s constant fussing was now a great annoyance to the frustrated Omega Queen.

“Will you not rest, Luna?” Lexa sighed.

“I am...on edge!” Luna pulled back her hair and let out a breath.

“I know, and I understand why. Please come sit with me.” Lexa requested.

Luna looked on as Lexa tapped the ground in front of her, lifting her coat as invitation for Luna to relax with her best friend.

“Such close proximity is not a good idea, and you know it!” Luna wagged a finger at Lexa.

“Neither is stirring up the great creatures in these foreign woods with your constant movement.” Lexa made a show of glancing around the darkened underbrush and the pale shadows of trees that surrounded their campfire.

Luna raised a brow at her enticing friend. She knew this side of Lexa all too well.

“Your eyes at times, they gleam with cunning. I fear you are much more of a threat than anything
crawling around these woods.” Luna pointed playfully at her brooding friend.

“I will not be inappropriate…if that concerns you.” Lexa promised.

Luna allowed a brief laugh to escape her lips.

“You will keep your hands to yourself?” Luna pursed her lips and placed her hands on her hips.

“Of course.” Lexa raised her hands.

Luna folded her arms and bit her lip as she ran her eyes all over her friend. She tapped her foot nervously as she weighed Lexa up. Lexa’s hands were still held in the air, as if demonstrating she was unarmed. The Omega Queen smiled wide and dangerous as she looked away from Luna, and into the forest. Luna froze. For a moment, Lexa was the spitting image of her enchanting mother from the charcoal drawing, hidden away in Polis.

“I will not lay hands on you, I swear it.” Lexa held a hand over her own heart.

Luna glanced up to the murky sky and struggling starlight above; it was hard to make out surrounded by the dense foliage. However dense the forest was though, it provided no insulation. The woods were still very cold at night.

“Alright, but I use you only for your warmth.” Luna pointed at Lexa again.

“And I you, friend.” Lexa nodded.

Luna dusted off her hands from any remaining woodchips and dirt, and sat with her back to Lexa. As she leant back, she felt Lexa’s warm skin immediately against her own. She had not quite realized how chilled her own flesh had become. Lexa kept her promise, leaving her hands free from Luna’s body, even though the Omega’s heat called to Lexa like an old acquaintance.

Lexa kept her eyes on the fire as it acted out Luna’s inner turmoil to perfection. Something sizzled and screamed from within the flames. Lexa watched as a white hot piece of wood twisted and writhed into a different shape entirely, offering itself to the fierce heat. It contorted and thrashed within the fire, baring its red hot inners for all to see. The fire’s willing victim finally reached its climax with a loud popping sound, exploding satisfyingly into ash.

Instead of looking into the flames, Luna kept her eyes to the sky as she felt Lexa’s hot breath against her neck. The sweet smell of honey was forever surrounding her appealing friend. It was further complimented by the smoky scent of the burning campfire.

Luna was grateful she had her back to the unpredictable Lexa. Luna’s inner wolf was now rising for its queen; the animal within colouring Luna’s irises with an ethereal amber glow. Luna’s lupine eyes, now bright and ravenous. She looked to her hands. Her finger nails had grown much more talon-like and sharp, her palms were sweating, and her pulse hammered away in her wrist.

Lexa smiled as Luna’s trademark hair cast wondrous, dancing shadows against the pale trees. The Queen reached out and filled her fingers with Luna’s soft wild locks.

“Your hair is a most marvelous thing. You have always remained so exotic, Luna.” Lexa commented.

“This would count as touching!” Luna tutted and sat further forward.
Lexa removed her hand slowly from the untamed locks and smiled halfheartedly up at the gloomy sky. The corners of Lexa’s lips soon pulled down into a frown. It had been too long since she had felt sexual pleasure. Lexa longed for Clarke inside her again; to feel her Alpha’s thick length deep inside, then enjoy the feeling of her seed releasing within.

“You like it when I play with your hair, it relaxes you greatly.” Lexa went back to caressing Luna’s wild locks.

“Leksa! Do you not belong to Klark?” Luna suddenly blurted out her words, her back still to Lexa as she pulled forward out of reach for the other Omega.

Silence fell between the two. Only the crackle of the fire served as a soundtrack to the current tension.

“Klark covets you, I have seen it.” Lexa whispered.

“I do not tempt such interest, not willfully. I swear it!” Luna’s voice suddenly trembled. She turned to face her friend, eager to show her sincerity.

Lexa faltered upon seeing Luna’s wolfish features. They spoke of the gnawing ferocity of her erupting heat.

“I do not doubt the lack of predatory intent from you. I understand the attraction on Klark’s part. You have always been ensnaring, Luna. If it were possible, I would have had my seed grow in you long before now. You would have already bared many of my children. Clearly, Klark also has good taste.” Lexa smiled.

“I do not bed Alpha often. You know this.” Luna had grown hot and flustered at Lexa’s words.

“I believe you would make an exception for my Skai-beast. Do you not think her face very female and pretty, for an Alpha?” Lexa defiantly ran her hand back through Luna’s hair.

“Klark Griffin is brave and noble. I see her spirit and it is pure. It is an appealing quality in anyone, Alpha or Omega.” Luna blushed.

Lexa smiled at the thought of Klark being so light, while Lexa herself was so dark.

Luna focused on the fire as she adjusted her position, turning her back to Lexa once again. She cleared her throat.

“Do you think the people of the old world appreciated what they had?”

Lexa laughed at Luna’s sudden, deep question. Luna was clearly desperate for a conversation that may distract from the pull they currently felt for one another. Lexa paused for thought before answering.

“I think the people of the old world took a lot of the things they had for granted. Do we not all hope that the things we love will always remain the same?” Lexa surmised.

Luna twisted back around, letting her eyes fall to Lexa’s lips. They were always her favourite feature on the canvas of her friend’s great beauty.

“We do not have the luxury to take things for granted. Nothing ever stays the same in this world. Many things that once were...they are now fading, Leksa.” Luna’s voice had a rasping aspect to it, as if stones were scraping together.
The Flou-girl’s skin was peppered with beads of sweat as her insides slowly roasted. She locked her flashing golden eyes onto Lexa’s deep green ones; Luna was never one to squander Lexa’s intense gaze. The older girl swallowed hard as the queen moistened her lips before replying.

“There are some things that never change or fade, no matter the passage of time.” Lexa’s voice dripped with caramel and something darker.

Hastily, Luna turned back around, attempting to swallow the painful lump in her throat. Lexa tended to speak in a fawning manner, as if trying to lure prey into her lair. Luna’s heat climbed frantically about her insides, clumsy and blind, it wished to be acknowledged – to be sated. She would not give into it though. Lexa was too much. Luna desperately needed her wits about her. She needed her mind, her self-control, and Lexa…Lexa stole such commodities quickly from Luna. It was most likely, that she always would.

Luna attempted to swallow again. She felt parched. Her throat stuck together and her mouth was dried out. She ran her errant tongue around her gums in order to moisturize the desert-like pallet. Luna paused as she felt her incisors changed, pointed within her mouth. It was much less pronounced than an Alpha’s fangs, but most definitely more than human in appearance. Luna’s body set about changing on her, completely against her will. This did not stop her though, from battling bravely with her animal instincts.

“The old world…it seems odd to think of people travelling in metal boxes in the sky.” Luna gazed back up to the heavens.

Lexa peered up towards the dark sky with Luna. It appeared that the weather was now starting to turn, as a virgin mist descended around the camp.

“Do you know? Some in the old world worshipped one God; a God that gave them a half finished Earth, yet pontificated that they spend an eternity on their knees, thanking him for such a creation.”

Luna sank back into Lexa, settling against her once more despite the danger. Her friend’s dark, brooding tone was beginning to seduce and tempt Luna’s animalistic side out further.

“I remember that book you would not put down - the Odyssey?” Luna queried the book’s title.

“Yes. The twelve Greek Gods.” Lexa opened her arms as Luna shifted upwards, trying to find a more comfortable position against her friend.

“How were these twelve any better than one?” Luna frowned as she settled back into Lexa comfortably.

“Because, these Gods did not pretend to be anything more than human in their appetites, in their capriciousness, in their unreasonableness. They did not present themselves as being all seeing, all wise, all beneficent. They did not make excuses for their wants and desires, or their utter failings in resisting temptation.”

Lexa breathed much more heavily now, the need to lay her hands on Luna becoming difficult to ignore. Lexa inhaled deeply, holding the oxygen down for a moment, as she clenched her fists by her sides. Luna’s scent was screaming at her, teasing her senses.

Luna sought out Lexa’s injured hand. She picked softly at the tight bandage wrapped around it. Lexa allowed Luna to inspect her paw tenderly. Lexa pulled at a loose corner of the wrap and felt the fabric barrier begin to fall away exposing the wound beneath. Luna studied the deep black gash across Lexa’s palm.
“Does it hurt?” Luna ghosted a finger across the healing lesion.

“Does it not.” Lexa closed her eyes as Luna fondled the gateway to the dark fluidic pleasure that was her blood.

“Do you think yourself a god, Leksa?” Luna’s sharp talon-like nail lightly grazed over the sealed cut. “No, no I do not. They would have most likely of thought our gifts god-like though, in the old world.” Lexa mused.

“Or thought us freaks, monsters, and devils...” Luna sighed heavily.

Lexa seemed deep in thought for several seconds.

“Do you think me the Devil, Luna?” Lexa whispered against the sensitive skin of Luna’s neck.

Luna arched her back in response to the tickle of Lexa’s breath against her vulnerable skin.

“Sometimes. It is most cruel though, that the Devil should be given such a perfect face.” Luna shuddered as she exposed more of her neck to Lexa.

“I curse your lips.” Luna whispered to herself, behind closed eyes.

Lexa felt her skin flush all over her body; her blood now an enticing solution to Luna’s torturous heat. Lexa brought her mouth to Luna’s neck and bit down softly, just once. Her irresistible, bass toned words were dropped temptingly into Luna’s receptive ear.

“Pierce the skin.” Lexa commanded. Her tone firm.

Luna swallowed deeply and closed her eyes tightly.

“I should not...if I partake of too much of this, I will most definitely be useless to you then.” Luna sighed regretfully.

Lexa winced at the word useless; a word she had so carelessly used as ammunition against her own friend.

“Forgive me.” Lexa’s lips caressed Luna’s ear with a soft whisper.

Luna seemed lust drunk and lost. She chastised herself for wanting Lexa so desperately now.

“I should not...I should not.” Luna repeated in a softly murmured chant, as if in private prayer.

Luna’s holy mumblings did not in any way represent her actions however. As if on autopilot, Luna’s sharp nail had already broken through Lexa’s healing skin. Lexa made short work of rolling up the hem of Luna’s shirt, the Queen’s thick, treacle-like blood spilling out in pursuit of its target. Luna flinched as Lexa’s blood dripped rapidly onto her exposed, taught stomach. The ichor travelled downward with a snake-like, sin-filled twisting motion. Luna looked down towards the aching apex between her legs as the dark plasma sank deeply into her skin just above her pubic area.

The effects were immediate, as Luna felt Lexa’s blood seek control of her center. Luna’s cervix pounded as Lexa’s blood flooded her pelvis area, crucifying her self-control.

“I do not need to lay hands on your body to satisfy you.” Lexa’s eyes now matched Luna’s wolfish glow.
“Trickster!” Luna smiled as she finally gave in to Lexa’s darker charms.

The Flou-girl let out an uncontrollable moan. Her inner thighs quivered as Lexa forced her core to tighten, the sensitive spots targeted and sparking to life.

“Leksa…what are you doing to me?” Luna weakly questioned.

Lexa’s eyes flashed darkly.

Luna arched her back higher as Lexa’s blood toyed with her insides unforgivingly, an agonizing pleasure.

“Leksa…beja!” Luna breathlessly begged Lexa to end her torture, taking her to the highest of highs.

“I do not broker mercy easily. All these years and you still do not understand that, friend.” Lexa breathed heavily into Luna’s ear, her voice all silk with an ominous undercurrent.

“I know that you can be truly good and light in spirit.” Luna panted out her words.

“Right now, I do not believe that is the Leksa you want!” Lexa’s top lip curled into a wicked smile.

At this point, the thick mist had fully settled around the campsite weaving between the pale trees leisurely. The whole atmosphere had taken on an unearthly aspect. It was like a demonic tattoo, designed to hide the forest’s beauty and the real world just beyond the slowly moving haze. A rapidly forming icicle was the first sign that the freezing mist, and the two friends, had now gone way too far.

Arrogantly refusing to retreat, Lexa turned up Luna’s heat quite literally. Luna’s booted feet kicked out erratically, angering the fire only a few paces away. Lexa grappled with her friend from behind as intense pleasure quickly incinerated Luna’s willpower and control. Luna’s body was now wrecked with a tantalizing rush of excitement. Lexa was now impossible to remove from her system, impossible to resist.

Lexa teased sensual words that slipped easily into Luna’s ear. She pressed her brow against the side of Luna’s head as the older Omega sobbed beautifully in surrender. Lexa felt Luna’s entire frame stiffen, as the Flou-girl’s body utterly betrayed her, allowing itself to come suddenly for Lexa. The queen’s black ichor was now a full on besiegement of Luna’s nerve endings. It sent the older girl into fits of glorified gratification. Lexa struggled to hold her friend down as Luna responded unrestrainedly to the intrusive blood cloying her into orgasm.

Luna called out Lexa’s name repeatedly for any witness within the woods to testify to. There was no mistaking the author of Luna’s pleasure this night. There was nothing alleged about their actions. The older girl began sucking in air desperately, as the she tried to regain some level of control. Luna was undone though, as usual, in Lexa’s arms.

Lexa could not help but reach down and slip a searching hand into Luna’s underwear. The evidence of Luna’s climax was thick and sticky within the crotch of her pants. Lexa removed her hand languidly, enjoying smearing Luna’s release all around her finger tips. It was slippery and warm against her long fingers.

As Luna’s release subsided, Lexa cradled her friend gently against her own body. Luna struggled to calm herself. No one else could make her feel this way; Lexa had mastered every twist and turn of her body - inside and out. Gradually, Luna’s self-control returned to her.

“I knew…it was a bad idea…to sit with you!” Luna panted.
“I did not lay my hands on you though.” Lexa attempted to keep her face full of stoic poise.

The two girls suddenly burst into laughter; the friends served as a great form of comfort and release to one another, as always. The bonds of trust were unbroken, even in light of their recent fall out only days before.

Luna settled back down against Lexa’s chest.

“Leksa...” Luna whispered.

“Sha?” Lexa quirked a brow.

“You are right. If it were possible, I would have carried your pups by now.” Luna held her friend’s hand tightly.

“I know. The spirits do not permit it though, because they are fools.” Lexa embraced Luna tenderly from behind.

Lexa continued to cradle Luna, the Flou-Kru leader starting to feel fatigue take its toll. Lexa rocked Luna gently; the action reminding the Omega Queen suddenly of her pups, and the great need to return to them. But she could not, not yet at least. Banishing any would-be thoughts of their mission from her mind, Lexa closed her eyes. She felt sleep rapidly call to her as well; her head falling steadily into the cushion of Luna’s soft hair.

Only moments passed before Lexa was quickly snatched from the jaws of sleep though. Luna had abruptly sat bolt upright with a scream. She grabbed for one of Lexa’s swords and pointed it at the cause of her terrified reaction. Lexa swiftly rose to her feet, facing a figure on the opposite side of the campfire. The figure stood solid and still, almost like a statue. Only the deep breathing movement told Lexa that this entity was alive, and not in fact inanimate. Lexa wondered how long it had shared the camp with the Omegas before being noticed.

Lexa took guarded steps toward the figure, careful of the fire as she squinted into the ever-changing patterns of light and shadow.

“Show yourself!” Lexa threw her commanding words into the darkness.
These chemicals between us

Chapter Notes

Some words of advice.

DO NOT read this whole bloody update in one night! Take your time. You know it will be at least 3 weeks before i update again. The next update after this batch of chapters will be the END, of this volume of The 14th clan at least. It is my intention to add a chapter after the finale that is a snippet as to where the hand-written work got up to. I don't know if i will get the chance to publish the whole saga guys but, enjoy what you have. Thanks for reading.

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“Leksa…be careful!” Luna whispered clumsily to her brave friend.

Luna was still feeling the effects of Lexa’s blood intensely; it coursed through her system like an amphetamine. The girl’s heat, even though subdued, was slowly coming back to the boil in a willful simmer.

She watched on in fear, as Lexa closed the gap between herself and the form beyond the fire. The Flou-girl squinted her eyes in an effort to make out the figure in the darkness, but her attention quickly snapped to the shadowed shrubbery as movement caught her eye. Luna gripped the hilt of Lexa’s blade tighter as multiple pairs of orange eyes glinted out from the blackness surrounding the camp.

“Leksa…Pakstoka!” Luna had counted at least eight adult wolves already.

Lexa held up a hand to silence Luna, refusing to be cowed in her own campsite. The Queen rebelliously edged closer, trying not to lose sight of the entity beyond the flames. It breathed in heavily, its fists clenched and its manner threatening. Shadows contorted and flickered across the woodland ground against the light of the fire, making monstrous silhouettes which surrounded and loomed over the two Omegas.

A chilling howl in the distance forced Luna to turn quickly and look off into the dark forest. She found herself startled by the cries of own kin; more lupine troops waited in reserve within the darkness. The girls horse, had already bolted!

As Lexa made her way around the fire, she heard a cracking sound under her boots; her thick rubber soles had broken something fragile below. She looked down to see the crushed remains of some woodland creature's abandoned meal. The bones of the kill now lay shattered under her weight.

Lexa laid her eyes upon the motionless creature beyond the flames; its hooded form waiting ominously for Lexa to come closer. Lexa felt the heat of the fire on her back as she now stood meters from the intruder. Plumes of frozen breath puffed out from the motionless beast as its chest settled and expanded rapidly.
Lexa’s face suddenly broke into a soft smile.

“Hello, Klark.”

Luna gasped at the revelation, though she was not surprised that Clarke had found them so quickly after their stunt in Polis. Clarke had a determined sort of stubbornness, and would have pursued Lexa and herself to the ends on the earth. Luna was certain of that.

Luna’s brow knit in worry. How long had Clarke stood there for? Surely, the Alpha had witnessed her closeness with Lexa only minutes before; had heard the pleasure Lexa had brought to the in-heat Omega. The thought made her shudder with a feeling that was decidedly not fear, but something else entirely. No, there was no doubt in Luna’s mind that Clarke had witnessed how much she had enjoyed each and every second of allowing Lexa to invade her senses so intimately.

Clarke continued to stand, unmoving. The Alpha’s feet bled from pursuing the two Omegas for hours within the forest. Lexa inspected her mate, Clarke’s body seemed changed. Her fingers were elongated and curled over. Her talons thick and her shoulders sat much more broadly. Lexa even swore Clarke was taller than normal.

“Your body has changed - how?” Lexa narrowed her eyes.

Lexa was briefly distracted, breaking eye contact with Clarke. A great grey wolf suddenly appeared from the undergrowth, laying in full view quite purposefully. The creature kept its eyes on Lexa as she stood facing off with the Prime.

“Did they lead you here?” Lexa asked softly.

Clarke simply shook her head, unable to speak.

“No...how foolish of me. You lead them, didn’t you?” Lexa reached out, lightly caressing Clarke’s strong jaw with a soft feminine touch. Clarke immediately smelt Luna’s release across her mates’ slender fingertips.

“Will you not speak?” Lexa smiled at Clarke sweetly.

Clarke let out a low grumble. Her body was still full of adrenaline after running so fast and so far through the forest. The Prime had easily picked up the scent of her pack members as she sprinted through Azgeda land. The Alpha was not best impressed with either Omega.

Lexa circled around Clarke, taking her in from top to bottom. Clarke growled quietly at Lexa’s daring dance. Luna held her head in her hands as Lexa had the audacity to strut around the angered Prime. She prayed Clarke did not morph any further. Luna knew that Clarke had the ability to do so, but had not yet changed fully.

The great grey wolf stood up to all fours. It amplified Clarke’s snarl at Lexa’s provocative maneuver. It lowered its head and set predatory eyes onto the regal brunette. The fierce wolf drooled and crouched down into an attack stance, ready to pounce; ready to take Lexa down. The animal let out a final warning to Lexa in the form of a raspy bark.

Lexa turned on her heels and pointed directly at the wolf. The Queen’s eyes were black and swirling. How dare it think to challenge her!

“You will sit, right now!” Lexa commanded, almost throwing a pointed finger at the wild beast.

Much to Luna’s surprise, the wolf complied. It lowered its head in shame as Lexa disciplined it for...
daring to interfere between the Queen and the Prime of the pack.

Clarke’s eyes darted from the rabid wolf intimidated into submission, to Lexa as she finished her circling. The Queen stood in front of her Skai-beast, her eyes now soft and green.

“Klark, I am not afraid of you.” Lexa stated softly in a gentle whisper.

Lexa captured Clarke’s hand in her own, tentatively pulling her away from the Azgeda wolf pack. The heavy Alpha refused to budge at first. She stood still and solid, making it impossible for Lexa to tow her towards the sanctuary and warmth of the fire. Realizing her mate would not move without further coaxing. Lexa smiled back over her shoulder at the stubborn Alpha as she felt her drop anchor.

“Look at your feet, you need care.” Lexa glanced down to Clarke’s blooded toes and bruised arches. Lexa considered the eyes of her tense mate, running a soothing thumb in perfect soft circles upon the Alpha’s rough hand.

“Are you afraid to get too close to us both, Klark?” Lexa was truly was curious.

Clarke instantly stepped forward to prove a point, uprooting herself from her line of protest. The Skai-beast thought this was the strangest of concepts. A Prime Alpha such as herself - with all her strength and speed - she would surely never be intimidated by two much weaker Omegas!

Nerves and unfiltered arrogance sat firmly upon Clarke’s chest. How dare these two girls leave without her protection!

Lexa again tugged at Clarke’s hand, she felt the Alpha give this time and allow Lexa to lead her to the fire.

Clarke’s face bore her wolf still. Her eyes were burning and her brow furrowed; her fangs were present and protruding for all to see. Clarke made eye contact with Luna as Lexa brought her to the bedroll. Clarke picked up the fresh scent of arousal still emanating from Luna.

“Fetch the canister of water, Luna.” Lexa commanded.

The Flou-girl continued to lock her dark eyes with Clarke’s wolfish ones. Luna’s mouth dropped open slightly, her hands sweating as she clasped them together in her lap tightly. Lexa’s voice was mere background noise.

“Luna!” Lexa raised her voice.

Luna startled, shaking her head and passing her gaze onto Lexa.

“You would have your Queen repeat herself?” Lexa lifted a brow.

Luna stood promptly. She let out a nervous breath as she felt Clarke’s eyes zero in on every move she made. The Omega searched the camp briefly, finding the canister of drinking water hastily before handing it over to her commanding Queen.

“Klark, lay down.” Lexa patted the bedroll. She then picked up a length of cloth near the furs, systematically tearing it down into strips.

The moody Alpha laid down flat on her back, subconsciously obeying her strong-minded mate. Clarke’s body began to let go of its wolfish form and take on a much more human guise, as she allowed herself to rest. The only evidence of her wolf being present now was the sharp talons and
sunburst orange eyes.

As Lexa began to gently clean the grit and blood from her mate’s sore feet, Clarke allowed her eyes to fall upon a tense Luna once more.

“The two of you should not have left without me!” The Prime finally seemed to find her voice.

“It was…an instinctive reaction.” Luna conceded.

“Yeah well, your Omega instincts will get you both killed!” Clarke snapped back at Luna.

The Omega felt her defensive side rise at Clarke’s words.

“We are not incapable without an Alpha, Klark!” Luna narrowed her eyes on the grumpy blonde, as she stood arms folded, looking down upon her.

Clarke suddenly clambered up to her feet, knocking the water canister from Lexa’s hands. The contents splashed across the bedroll as Clarke all but threw herself at Luna. She faced the Omega, moving into her personal space as she caught the Flou-leader rolling her eyes.

“Don’t even! You left with Lexa! The two of you heading off to do what, murder Rebecca Kane?” Clarke’s tone was incredulous.

Luna looked up to the sky, hiding her embarrassment and demonstrating her dislike of Clarke’s aggression. She turned on her heel, hoping to walk away. Luna’s heat had been rising dangerously since her coupling with Lexa and she could not afford an emotion-fueled outburst right now.

“Where do you think you’re going, Omega!” Clarke spat, grabbing at Luna’s arm and pulling the Flou-girl back to face her.

Luna shoved Clarke away from her forcibly.

“I do not need you to lecture me on why it was foolish to flee with Leksa. It is not your place to discipline me, Klark Griffin!”

Clarke huffed at the unruly woman in front of her. The fuming blonde could not decide which Omega more rebellious than the other. Clarke pounded a balled-up fist into her own chest.

“I am the Prime of this pack, Luna!”

“And Leksa is our Queen!” Luna shouted over Clarke.

Silence filled the forest, only Luna’s last words reverberated off the trees. Clarke’s face donned a heavy frown as Luna continued to push the Prime’s patience.

Lexa watched on from the bedroll. She looked between her mate and her lover as they both argued. A knowing smirk began to creep across Lexa’s face, as she watched Luna’s skin glisten, all over, beautifully.

“Lexa needs strong guidance - that is what you told me!” Clarke pointed back towards the bedroll at a cross legged, seated Lexa.

Luna held her breath, her lips becoming much thinner as she valiantly attempted to cork her bubbling emotions from Clarke.

“Why can’t you just fall in line, Luna?” Clarke snorted.
“Yes! *Lexa* needs your strong guidance. *I* do not, Alpha! I am not your fucking possession, Klark Griffin!” Luna’s voice lifted an octave as she shouted.

Clarke’s eyes went wide open. Never had she heard Luna curse, and with such potent crude belligerence!

Luna noticed Clarke’s shocked reaction.

“You choose the wrong time of the month to challenge me, Alpha!” Luna placed her hands on her hips as she stood up to Clarke.

Lexa shook her head in disbelief. The two discussed her as if she were not even present! In any other setting, Lexa would find this wholly intolerable and infinitely disrespectful. On this occasion however, she found it all wildly amusing.

Clarke stepped closer to Luna, her expression serious.

“Your scent, it’s all over her left hand!” Clarke’s whisper was flavored with a twist of arousal.

“You mean, my cum is all over her left hand!” Luna corrected Clarke.

Clarke blushed then frowned back at an unruly Luna.

“Her blood is also flowing through my veins. I am in heat, Klark!” Luna threw her hands in the air exasperated.

“So…you only want each other during your heats? Clarke looked puzzled.

Luna ran her eyes over Clarke as Lexa looked away into the forest. Luna was furious at Clarke for daring to speak to her as if she owned her. The beast was noble though, Luna could not bring herself to lie.

“No... that is not true.”

Clarke stepped back, although she was not entirely surprised by Luna’s honesty. Luna was not a liar and Clarke did not believe she wanted to be a cheat either. Clarke’s mind swirled furiously like a vast maelstrom, her eyes not able to focus on Luna, Lexa, or the any other part of the forest. Clarke remained stood in silence as she tried to sort through her feelings.

Luna saw the confusion etched across the Prime’s face. Silence seemed to strike her as well. She thought what on earth she could to say to the Alpha, how best to explain. Her heat stood firmly in the way of her being her usual articulate self, however. The gentle rustling of leaves from the agitated pack members hiding in the shrubbery was the only noise within the tense camp. The silence seemed to be lasting for an eternity. Somebody had to speak. Luna finally let her words spill over her lips.

“How do I begin to unstitch something that has been so tightly woven, for so long?” Luna held her hand over her heart.

That earned Lexa’s attention. From behind, Luna felt her Queen’s familiar gaze flutter towards her form, then land on her back softly.

Clarke paced up and down, the soft leafy earth rolling around beneath her bare feet. Luna’s heat was now constantly prodding at her libido with a giant stick. Clarke’s face was struggling to hold either a wolf or human glamour. She felt her canines shift and change uncomfortably in her mouth. She felt her claws retract and protrude repeatedly, her eyes shifting from blistering orange to cobalt blue.
curiously. The Prime was not jealous or angry at her Omegas for their deep bond, she was certain of that much. Clarke did not feel threatened by Luna either. What the hell was it then?

Suddenly, it dawned on Clarke.

It was clear, the realisation of truth as to what challenged her animal instincts and stung her human heart so deeply. Her Omegas had attempted to sate Luna’s heat together, when all of Clarke’s instincts told her that that was her role to fulfil!

Clarke had enjoyed watching from the cover of darkness, as Lexa decimated Luna’s self-control. It was beautiful - thrilling - sensual! It was kind of connection and intensity that could only breathe air amongst two Omegas.

“What can I do to help you understand a relationship I do not fully comprehend myself!” Luna looked upon Clarke with honesty in her eyes. There was nothing deceptive or predatory about the Flou-girl’s intentions.

Clarke kicked at a pine cone frustratingly. It left the earth and shot through the wooded trees like a missile. Lexa heard it strike the thick bark of a nearby great oak.

Luna felt her own need to throw something rise quickly. Should she launch her fantasy projectile at an agitated Clarke, or an infuriatingly sanguine Lexa? Luna’s emotion now paddled from calm controlled waters, to fast flowing irritated rapids.

“Tell me what to do then, Klark. Tell me to leave!” Luna’s voice shook with emotion, her control slipping away completely as Clarke’s pheromones reeled in the heated Luna.

Clarke watched a bead of sweat roll down Luna’s temple. The Flou-girl currently balled up her fists by her sides and clenched her jaw tightly. The blonde squished her lips together, as if in competition with Luna to see who could hold their breath the longest.

Luna’s posture mirrored the Alpha’s. They faced off for several seconds, the tension almost tearing a hole through the dark forest. Luna broke first, shoving Clarke and then slapping at her arms. Clarke grappled with Luna as she struck out half-heartedly at the much stronger beast.

“Why won’t you just break my bones as if I were Echo? She would be dead already for being intimate with Lexa!” Luna’s voice trembled, tears coming to her eyes as she struggled terribly with her arousal and emotions.

Clarke’s eyes morphed cobalt blue in response to Luna’s emotional upset. Luna panicked as softness filled Clarke’s face; the Alpha’s eyes now an irresistible shade. Clarke’s face flushed prettily in the firelight as she held Luna tightly in her arms.

All of a sudden, Luna paused her feeble assault. She took note of Clarke’s attractive, soft, suddenly perfectly female demeanor. The very human face of Clarke Griffin currently looked down upon her, their faces only inches apart. Clarke’s features changed so frequently it threw Luna. She tugged herself out of the Alpha’s grasp quickly, straightening her clothes as her breath labored and her brow teemed with sweat.

“I simply cannot remain here, in either of your company!” Luna stormed off.

Clarke had never seen Luna be so out of character and dramatic; her heat dictating her current choices and behavior. Lexa, however, was more than accustomed to Luna’s susceptibility to theatrics when her heats descended. The Natblida knew full well what Luna desperately needed right now. It most certainly was not words. Lexa rolled her eyes at Luna’s hormonal behavior, as if Lexa herself
were immune to such outbursts when her own heat arrived. Where on earth did Luna think she was storming off to within the wooded forest of Azgeda at night? Lexa could not help but smirk, the display tickling her greatly.

Clarke endured the antics with a panicked look on her face. Lexa found Clarke’s flapping around a heated Omega somewhat pitiful. Clarke was way out of her depth. Her experience of Omegas so limited.

“Oh no you don’t!” Clarke darted after Luna.

Wrong move! Lexa could only shake her head in slight sympathy as Clarke grabbed Luna from behind. Lexa winced internally for her inexperienced mate.

Luna bucked wildly to free herself from Clarke’s hold. She planted an elbow into Clarke’s side, earning a pain filled snarl from the Prime. Clarke tightened her hold further as Luna’s strength took her by surprise. The two battled together, Luna’s face morphing into her wolf, as did Clarke’s. The two bared their fangs to each other as they hissed and spat, in a giant ball of sexual tension.

Lexa’s breathing increased as she watched on voyeuristically from the bedroll.

With all the tussling and contact, Clarke couldn’t fight off her growing erection. It pressed solidly into Luna’s backside as she struggled to contain the fleeing Omega.

Luna could not help but take measurement of every inch of Clarke’s length, all the way down to its swollen tip. Luna instinctively presented herself to Clarke by pressing her backside into the Alpha’s bulge. She finally accepted defeat and relaxed in the Prime’s arms. Clarke had inevitably won this round, the blonde far more powerful than she. Luna was going nowhere. As the Alpha released her grip, Luna ripped herself out of Clarke’s hands again. Her skin was hot and her crotch soaked through. She glared back at the Prime of the pack.

“Why will you not allow me to leave?” Luna snapped.

Clarke admired Luna. She admired her bravery, her modesty, and her loyalty to Lexa no matter what version of Lexa surfaced. Luna accepted Lexa’s light and dark side, just as Clarke did.

“Because I don’t want you to go! Ok?” Clarke finally yelled.

Luna laughed, covering her face with her hands. Her scream was muffled by her hot palms. The girl turned away from Clarke as she ripped her hands through her hair. Luna’s heat now shot to volcanic levels at the ridiculousness of the situation.

“The two of you...I despair of the two of you!” Luna cursed her friends.

“I don’t know what to say. I don’t fucking know, alright! The way you smell, I just wanna stick my-!” Clarke punched out at a nearby tree trunk, cutting herself off before she said too much.

Lexa finally cleared her throat.

“May I not have you both?” The Queen suddenly interrupted from the bedroll.

Luna and Clarke quickly turned to Lexa with wide eyes.

“Tell me why I cannot?” Lexa shrugged as if she presented the simplest of solutions.

“Leks?” Luna was at a loss for words.
“Luna, I know you want pups. Your heats, they will only burn hotter and brighter the longer you ignore the fact that you are ready to carry children. You are twenty-one years old in three days. Your heats began when you were fourteen.”

“I am aware of that, Leksa.” Luna sighed, slightly embarrassed in front of Clarke.

“I know it is what you pray for my friend, but I cannot give you children.” Lexa whispered.

Clarke did Luna the courtesy of looking down at the ground, averting her eyes. An unexpected wave of empathy passed over her for Luna.

“Klark is more than capable of seeding you, she is very fertile. It is more than apparent that the two of you find each other attractive. You are both...most entertaining to watch.” Lexa smiled suggestively.

Luna’s skin flushed all over.

“You’re unbelievable, little Leksa!” Luna knew Lexa was right though. Clarke was the solution to ending her heat. Year after year, they became more difficult to control, more intrusive into her personality.

“Do you fear the opinion and judgment of others?” Lexa poised the question.

The Queen remained relaxed on the bedroll with her legs still crossed, as if meditating.

“What irks you, Luna? It most defiantly is not your Tri-Kru morals...in fact, I have found my own beliefs wavering of late.” Lexa looked up to the sky for a moment, as if seeking forgiveness. There was silence for a beat as Lexa processed her thoughts. “What business is it of another to tell us we should not lie down together in these woods?”

Clarke swallowed as her blood suddenly shot south.

“I am not a woman to rescind my desire or sacrifice my needs. Certainly not to please another’s idea of what is normal, what is functional in their prying eyes.” Lexa continued.

Clarke’s erection grew, and was now becoming most uncomfortable in her jeans.

“Luna, can you tell me that you do not wish to feel Klark move inside you?”

Both Clarke and Luna remained stunned by Lexa’s unapologetic words. Clarke’s breathing had increased steadily as Lexa essentially gave her the green light to smother Luna’s heat with her seed.

“I will not present myself as ashamed. I often find myself vying for the touch of you both, when I please myself.” Lexa whispered.

Luna felt sweat trickle down her back as her body prepared itself for mating. Lexa’s growing anarchy towards her Tri-Kru values almost as infectious as her royal blood. Luna and Clarke took a sideways glance at one another. Clarke looked so tender and gallant. The way her eyes held Luna’s in that moment made the Omega feel incredibly safe and protected, yet frighteningly aroused. No other Alpha had even come close to making Luna feel this way, it made her feel vulnerable. The Prime completely disarmed her. Luna didn’t have words to express the feeling that currently flowed through her body. It would simply be easier to give in to the moment, to wrap her thighs around Clarke and let more physical parts of her body speak.

Luna didn’t know what caused the shift to happen. She didn’t know the reasons for the change. But
looking at Clarke’s face...she felt herself grow even wetter. It came from deep inside and she could feel the muscles flowing, giving out that liquid arousal...and Clarke, she ran her eyes over Luna’s twisting curves and fit form. The Prime smelt Luna’s body readying for the Alpha to push deeply within and take her.
The Alpha could fight her nature no longer. Clarke moved within inches of a highly aroused Luna, under the watchful gaze of Lexa’s lust filled eyes. Clarke reached out assumingly, only to have the Flou-girl step out of reach.

“How long?” Luna abruptly asked Clarke.

The Omega’s rapid breathing forced her breasts to rise and fall frantically. The added temptation of the exposed flesh caused Clarke to lick her lips. Clarke shook her head, trying to regain some semblance of coherent thought. Luna’s heat was completely drugging her senses. She felt light headed.

“I…I don’t understand the question.” Clarke rubbed at her temples, her blood rapidly leaving her head to feed her girl below.

“How long did you stand in the shadows and watch as Leksa made me come?” Luna bit her lip as she observed Clarke’s slowly morphing features. The Alpha’s eyes darkened and her focus fixed on Luna’s chest intently.

“I saw everything.” Clarke swallowed. Luna’s heat had fully seduced her at this point.

Luna Inched closer to the dazzled Alpha, there was very little space between them now. Luna leant into Clarke, her soft lips ticking Alpha’s ear.

“Do you like to watch, Klark?” Luna grinned.

The Prime nodded automatically. Her need to have both Omegas was now more than frighteningly apparent.

“Shall I show you how to make a Queen beg?” Luna whispered softly.

Clarke glanced across to Lexa; the Queen’s green eyes shimmered in the firelight. Clarke could only nod again, her senses enveloped by the tickle of Luna’s lips and the raspy tone in her ear. The blonde stood, dumbfounded, mere feet from the bedroll as Luna crept towards a waiting Lexa.

Lexa raised a brow at Luna’s cocksure attitude. It was quite the change from earlier, when the younger Omega had gained victory over her friend without so much of the use of her fingertips. Lexa enjoyed the dangerous glint in Luna’s dark eyes and the sultry swagger of her hips. Luna was all woman. Lexa found just watching Luna walk, aroused her greatly; the twist and turn of her approaching form was always worth another rake over. Luna was the most sexually provocative of Omega Lexa had ever encountered. Without looking over at her mate, Lexa knew Clarke appraised Luna in the same way as she did.

Luna knelt in front a still seated Lexa. She refused to break eye contact with her sovereign as she crawled towards her.

“You are certain, this is what you want?” Luna brought her lips to Lexa’s neck, nipping at Lexa’s soft skin just below the pulse point before ghosting a small trail of feather light kisses up to her ear.

“Is this really how you plan to make me beg?” Lexa taunted. She didn’t struggle to hear her friends
previous boast.

Luna smiled to herself coyly, blowing a gentle breath to her friend’s ear.

“You know full well how I make you beg, Aleksandria.” Luna promptly ran the tip of her tongue along the shell of Lexa’s ear, nipping gently at the lobe before kissing the sensitive flesh just behind. It was a hint, a tease, a promise…

Lexa closed her eyes at the thought of what was to come, unable to stop a shudder down her spine.

Clarke could not take her eyes from the two Omegas - her Omegas. The less experienced Alpha could still feel the nervous grasp of self-conscious doubt though. She peeled up her hood. It hung over her features, making the Alpha look like a loitering delinquent.

Luna allowed herself to kiss Lexa. The never ending soft wet suckling sounds forced Clarke to release the metallic button at the top of her denim. Her length lifted, hoping for escape, desperately needing relief. The two girls looked so perfectly alluring together, seasoned in their love making and unabashed with Clarke there watching, learning, waiting…

Lexa broke the kiss, running her heated gaze over Luna’s face. Luna, herself, paused. She allowed her Queen to lie back, lounging lazily on her elbows with an expectant look on her face. Luna inhaled deeply as her dark eyes met Lexa’s emerald green ones. The corner of Lexa’s soft lips quirked up ever-so-slightly, as she lifted a brow. Clarke loved how so much instruction was given with just a look. This was by no means Luna and Lexa’s first dance.

Luna took Lexa’s belt buckle into her hands. She made short work of unclasping the metal clip, the leather slipping free from its holder easily. Still, the girls eyes remained locked. Clarke was unsure if they could even look away from each other. There was something entrancing and hypnotic between the two of them. Luna sought to free Lexa of her tight leather leggings. Lexa smirked as Luna swiftly pulled the material down, exposing Lexa’s sex and long slender legs to all around the campsite clearing.

Lexa could care less about the pack she knew still surrounded them in the shrubbery, watching. The only other creature Lexa cared for the attention of was Clarke. The Alpha’s breathing had grown erratic, her brow furrowed and raised, as her wolf clambered to attention. The sight of Lexa half naked magnetized Clarke closer to the bedroll. Lexa took a breath as Luna settled herself between Lexa’s legs.

The brunette’s green eyes found Clarke’s blue, speaking to her mate only once.

“Do not waste your seed by releasing it upon the dirt of Azgeda.” Lexa raised her chin with the haughty command and Clarke withdrew herself from her tight jeans.

Lexa tilted her head back as Luna’s mouth hovered dangerously over her center. Lexa’s kissable throat was now fully exposed to the night sky. Luna placed a simple kiss to Lexa’s most sensitive spot, forcing the Queen to lie back fully and await sweet torture from Luna.

Without further prompting, Luna gently struck out the flat of her tongue against her childhood friend’s heated center. Luna took on a languid pace, stroking Lexa from the tight bundle of nerves just under the top of her folds, down to the entrance of her core. Lexa’s soft, puffy lips separated under Luna’s ministrations, allowing Luna access to the sweet nectar spilling from her sex. Luna enjoyed the velvety feeling of Lexa surrounding her, invading all her senses so unreservedly.

Clarke continued to please her own length as Lexa’s back arched off the furs of the bedroll. Luna
ripped girlish cries from Lexa’s lungs, ones that Clarke had yet to procure from Lexa herself; their love making usually so hard and fast. Lexa voiced her satisfaction with Clarke in a totally different tone and manner. Luna brought Lexa to the pinnacle of release so tenderly, only to take it away the closer Lexa reached the edge, pulling her back from a certain plummet into ecstasy. Lexa now cursed Luna in a language Clarke did not fully understand.

The older Omega momentarily abandoned the younger’s sex to sink her teeth into the Queen’s inner thigh. Lexa began sobbing as Luna’s mouth diligently came back to her sex. Clarke frantically sped up the massaging of her length as Luna caused Lexa to wail pleasurably. The Flou-girl had forced her tongue deeply inside her friend. Lexa’s claws ripped through the loose dirt as Luna focused her attentions on the spot Lexa had been forcibly denied pleasure to.

The Queen finally begged, begged as Luna knew she would. Lexa buried her hand in Luna’s wild hair, clutching at the thick locks. It was as if Lexa had been struck by lightning; she promptly launched herself upwards, pulling Luna’s face closer to her sweetly aching core with her shaking fingertips. Luna eagerly complied with Lexa’s wishes nestling her tongue, lips, and chin with more force against the searing velvet of Lexa’s heated sex. Lexa’s back arched fully off the bedroll; a sharp gasp trapped in her throat, followed by a blissful silence.

Clarke wondered if Lexa was about to pass out as she watched her mate reach the highest of highs. Luna tasted nothing but Lexa as the Queen finally met her end intensely. Luna breathed in deeply as Lexa’s grip on her locks grew lax. Lexa’s excitement was intoxicating, coating the inside of Luna’s mouth.

The Queen’s hips gyrated as she gave the last of her release to a hungry Luna. Lexa being Lexa of course could not help but hang onto a fleeting thread of authority over her childhood friend.

“Make sure you taste all of me!” Lexa commanded, breathlessly.

Luna obeyed her Queen, lapping up and swallowing all the evidence of Lexa’s climax. It smeared across Luna’s chin and lips, while the sweet taste coated the back of her throat pleasantly. Lexa collapsed back onto the bedroll, her arm instantly covering her face as she struggled to bring her breathing back to a normal rate. Her body was still quaking from Luna’s skilled display.

Luna kissed Lexa again softly, her body now hovering directly above her friend’s. Lexa tasted herself upon Luna’s moist lips. Luna suddenly startled, as she felt Clarke clamber onto her back end. The Flou-Kru leader looked back over her shoulder at the wound up Alpha. So lost in the aftermath of Lexa, Luna was caught by surprise by a wild Clarke!

Clarke growled, unable to hold onto her seed for much longer. She tore at Luna’s shirt, exposing the Flou-girl’s toned back. Clarke ran a hand up the girl’s scorching skin, from the base of her spine to the top of her shoulder. She trapped the Omega between her hard-Alpha frame and Lexa’s softer body beneath. Luna felt Clarke’s strong hand grip firmly at the back of her neck. Clarke was now holding her possessively in a position of submission; Luna’s ass now perfectly level with Clarke’s hips.

Clarke went to remove her hood as she readied herself to take Luna.

“Wait!” The Omega yelled.

Clarke froze.

“Keep the hood up.” Luna husked. Lexa smiled wildly below at her friend’s promiscuous nature.
Luna felt her belt buckle undone fully by Clarke’s hand, her tight oilskin pants pulled down swiftly exposing her softly curving thighs to the cool night air. She heard Clarke’s zipper release and the shuffle of denim falling and crumpling onto the earth below. This was happening. Clarke Griffin was about to impale her most private area.

Luna bit her lip and closed her eyes tightly as she held back a moan of anticipation. A part of Luna’s stubbornness remained, refusing to allow the blonde to know just how good it felt as she entered her throbbing core. It was almost impossible though. Clarke moved so deeply within Luna that a girlish groan escaped her lips, the mere girth of Clarke procuring a gratifying sob from the cocky Omega.

Clarke wasted no time. After she was sure Luna could accommodate her entire length, Clarke ploughed herself in and out of the Omega with long, powerful strokes; the thickness of her cock being enveloped by Luna’s warmth over and over again. She rutted into Luna quickly, Luna making no effort to hide her pleasure. The Flou-girl called out to Clarke as her size utterly ruined Luna’s calm.

The Queen remained under Luna, the Flou-girl pushed up on all fours above her friend. Lexa reached upward and ran kisses down Luna’s throat. She then sharply sank her short Omega fangs into Luna’s flesh, marking Flou-Kru Omega on behalf of both Queen and Prime. Luna sucked in a rapid breath; the strangest sensation overcoming her as Lexa’s pointed teeth broke the plane of her skin. It was like nothing Luna had ever felt before, a different method of delivering a dizzying infection from Lexa.

Lexa would not have Luna be disappointed by her mate. She looked for any changes in expression on Luna’s face. The way her brows knitted together as Clarke pounded into her, the way her mouth dropped open suddenly as Clarke hit the right spot. It was a riveting sight to behold, and the Queen could not stop her lips from parting with a sharp intake of breath.

Luna’s face twisted into a satisfied glamour as Clarke continued to hit something inside that Luna enjoyed immensely. The Omega rammed herself back into the Alpha now. Clarke Griffin was a quick study. Luna’s needs were not the same as Lexa’s, her appetites and pleasures clearly different from the Queen’s. Luna seemed to enjoy the brutishness of an Alpha. Perhaps in comparison to the subtle touch of an Omega.

Clarke enjoyed the dominant position over her new Omega greatly, it was a heady feeling. Luna, she enjoyed Lexa’s tongue in her mouth and Clarke’s length moving inside her center, the sensations almost overloading her system completely. Lexa nestled under Luna excitedly, her eyes nearly dark with lust as she traced her fingertips over Luna’s breasts and over the curve of her hips.

Luna cried out in her native tongue, gaining Lexa’s caring attention. Clarke watched on as the two girls whispered privately, in their own language, together beneath Clarke’s quickening thrusts.

“What is she saying?” Clarke grunted out. She gripped the back of Luna’s neck tighter as she felt her knot swell further.

Lexa smiled at Luna’s defeated form before looking up to Clarke.

“She said, ‘come inside me.’” Lexa communicated Luna’s final surrender to Clarke.

Luna felt her release build rapidly, her insides gripping at Clarke’s length. The Alpha howled only seconds after feeling the tightening around her cock. Lexa’s soft lips and sharp tongue made short work of pleasing Luna’s breasts, which hung temptingly near Lexa’s face below. The two differing touches drove Luna to the brink. Clarke felt Luna take possession of her length, dragging her in deeper, the hold much tighter. Clarke’s knot slipped easily inside Luna, as if she were cut to her size
purposefully. Clarke’s knot was large though; the only similar experience Luna could recall feeling, was Lexa’s fist pushing inside her during their shared heats.

Luna was desperate to feel filled up inside and Clarke would ensure that the Omega received a fair share of her seed. The Flou-Kru leader sighed contentedly as the Prime gave her what she desired. Luna called out for Lexa as Clarke’s seed continued to pump into her womb. The feeling was immense, overwhelming even. Luna clutched at Lexa, the normally stoic brunette soothed Luna with gentle kisses to her face in return. Lexa knew how Clarke’s size and ejaculation rate was somewhat startling for a girl - the first time around at least.

Clarke felt herself tie with Luna. There was no escape from this point. The Prime’s eyes firmly fixed on Lexa as she slid a bloodied fingertip down Luna’s body, between the Flou-Kru leader’s breasts and across her shoulders and back. Clarke watched on in awe as Lexa’s black blood vanished below Luna’s skin, soaking into her warm flesh. Luna’s eyes rolled back at the added high. Clarke watched in fascination as Luna’s veins turned dark, spanning out like a network of interlinking asphalt roads and freeways of a city as seen from above, in the old world.

Unable to hold herself up any longer, Luna lowered herself down onto Lexa completely. She took Clarke with her, the Alpha very much attached to her back end. Clarke’s head nestled against Luna’s back. The Prime could hear every beat of Luna’s heart as she rested against her satisfied Omega. Feeling the combined weight of her lovers was too much for Lexa and she slowly squirmed out from under the tied pair. Neither Clarke nor Luna protested at the slender Queen’s movements. Luna felt Clarke’s solid weight on top of her though, as she lay trapped happily beneath her Prime.

As comforting as it would have been to fall asleep like this, Clarke did not want to harm Luna in the night. The Prime shifted, rolling Luna and herself to the side, still tied. Lexa was much more pleased with the new position of the lovers and wrapped herself in Luna’s arms opposite. The Flou-girl was spooned from either side by the mated pair. The Queen peppered soft kisses all over Luna’s face. She then reached across Luna to lock fingers with Clarke, the Prime and the Queen protectively encasing Luna between their powerful bodies.

Lexa suddenly felt deeply moved. How was this possible? How could she feel so much for two differing souls? Lexa wondered if it would ever truly end. This feeling, the three of them so tightly fused in unrivalled synergy.
State of the union

“I will be at the town hall later.” Jaha assured Abby.

“Thanks, Jaha, I need all the support I can muster right now.”

“Hey, I will always stand by you, Abby.” Jaha smiled into the radio.

“Thanks for just listening, Thelonious.” Abby noded.

“No problem, see you later, Chancellor.”

Abby placed the radio down on the table in her new quarters at Trinity, Raven hovering just out of sight.

“We believe in you, Mrs. G!” Raven smiled, Jago sleeping soundly in her arms.

It was early morning and Jake and Abby were preparing to head into Skai-Kru town center.

Election Day…. 

Lincoln smiled down at his nieces in his arms. While the Flou-Kru Omegas had effortlessly handled the newborn pups on most occasions, Raven and he were taking care of the triplets today while their grandparents were out. Lincoln especially had a soft spot for Dahlia whom reminded him so much his adopted sister; the first-born pup already had an air of regality about her. Dahlia favored being in Lincoln’s company over that of the Flou-Kru wet nurses; the first born often looking up at the stand-in Omegas with disdain. Lincoln thought perhaps she was more than aware that, quite simply, neither of these women were Lexa and therefore, inadequate. The big man grinned at the thought; yes, Dahila was simply just a tiny version of Lexa.

All was peaceful at the half modified Trinity this morning. Jake and Lincoln had been working and supervising the new additions and modifications to the club from sun up to sun down most days. The building now boasted a newly added residential wing with new quarters for the three owners and their extended family; it was farther away from the main space of the club, as Jake had intended the new wing to be family friendly. Work on a second wing for other guests had been started, but would not be completed for another few weeks yet. The main bar area had been expanded; it still contained the original bar, kitchen and club area, but now boasted two extra lounges that could be partitioned off with movable walls. There was still much decorating going on in the newly renovated spaces. Raven, especially, had been hard at work on the lighting systems and expanded sound system for the club. The genius mechanic had also tweaked the generators; there was more juice, more energy, and more life.

Jake had ensured he got to know every single Flou-Kru clansmen. He was impressed with their
commitment and he found their efforts humbling to watch; Trinity’s expansion would not have been possible without them. They had stripped the club back to the concrete and rebar walls, following Jake’s plans for the new additions and remodel with care and respect.

Trinity was set up as more than just a bar. It was a home, it was a symbol, and it was a sanctuary yet again for all. Jake had been befuddled as to why would Luna’s Kru had helped them do this. Luna had not ordered them to, the Flou-Kru leader was not like that. Of course, they kept the Kru fed and sheltered these last weeks at Trinity, but they could offer no substantial payment. Help for no reward…why would they do something solely for the gain of others? The response from Luna’s Kru was simple though.

“It is good for the soul.”

Abby felt as though she needed tethering down. The strangest feeling of being at risk of floating away came over her. What a three months it had been! What an emotional roller coaster she had endured. Her daughter mated to a volatile Tri-Kru Queen; three grandchildren born, with a very complicated delivery; her position as Chancellor seriously under threat from Marcus Kane, who was a bigot, a fascist, and a misogynist. The list just seemed to go on and on.

In all honestly, Abby marveled at her own ability to clamber over these psychological obstacles. Three months ago, Abby simply looked forward to retirement. To taking a step back and preparing Clarke to be the leader Abby still believed her to be.

The Chancellor sighed. Retirement was not to be, at least not this day. Abby’s great grandfather had brought Skai-Kru down to the ground. He brought Skai-Kru away from the stars and back to the mountains and valleys of the Earth, forever changed by nuclear fallout. Skai-Kru had built and flourished, and Abby would not let Kane tear that all down today.

In a matter of hours, the constituents of Skai-Kru would find themselves having to make a choice. They would stand in a booth with an exceptionally powerful lever in their hand. Would the people of Skai-kru trust in Abby’s previous excellent record as leader, or had they bowed to fear and were set to usher in Kane and his intolerant rhetoric, just as Lexa predicted?

Markus Kane. It was the smile that got Abby the most. The way Kane flashed his teeth while he eroded and corrupted the undecided, fear filled voter. He made promises he could not keep. He put expectations on Skai-kru that could never be lived up to. Abby would not abandon her people to the venomous jaws of that man. She still shone with a heartfelt desire in continuing her family’s legacy of leadership within this clan. And it was not as if her position had weakened, in fact, recently, it had been strengthened! Her bond with Indra was much stronger now, than it ever had been before. Tri-Kru, with Gustus gone, was set to become a stronger partner to Skai-Kru. Abby was also sure that Clarke’s first born children would undoubtedly play a role in the future bridging the two clans.

The only loose cannon in all of this was the Tri-Queen. What did Lexa want? That was Abby’s biggest personnel fear.

2 hours later

With fate being the fickle creature it is…Abby and Kane found themselves arriving at the foot of Skai-Kru’s town hall at exactly the same moment. It was picture perfect almost…if picture perfect translated into painfully awkward, and most unfortunate. Abby respectfully nodded at her opposition though. Kane returned the gesture with a sickening grin, like a smiling assassin. Abby’s stomach churned at Kane’s false nature showing through. She really did not like this man.

Abby looked up as the late morning sun created an almost heavenly guise to the building’s entrance.
This was her moment, her time to bring Kane down. Abby observed the chiseled stone testimony to what the town hall once was; the word BANK loomed over her head ominously, carved deeply into the stone facade. She made her way up the stone steps and strode through the grand doorway.

It was a strange sort of irony, this past symbol of ‘normal everyday life’. The building was a place that people visited on a regular basis, never imaging that Armageddon awaited just upon the horizon for them. Everything had changed in an instant back then, just like today everything could change once the last vote was cast.

Saying the building was large was an understatement. Abby always marveled a little as she stepped over the threshold into the town hall. The entrance emptied into a large cavernous space, which must have been the lobby where the tills had resided in the past. The ceiling was high, at least two stories tall and vaulted with moldings that had been painted and leafed in gold at one point; two lines of columns flanked the edges of the space, between them large openings for glass windows that stretched almost from the floor to the ceiling. The original glass had obviously not survived the Armageddon; they had been added by Skai-Kru craftsmen years after the Ark crash landed onto the Earth. A few of the windows were done in colored glass, depicting stories of the Skai-Kru people.

Abby was pleased to see almost all of Skai-Kru turn out on Election Day, the main space of town hall was certainly more than large enough to accommodate them all. The current Chancellor closed her eyes and took a deep breath. She and Kane had one final opportunity to sway the electorate to choose between their differing positions. Voting began at noon.

“You got this!” Jake smiled as he walked Abby to the stage at the far side of the hall.

“I know…I just wish Clarke was here.” Abby sadly smiled.

Unequivocally, Dr. Griffin missed the presence of her commanding daughter. Clarke’s mere stance was enough to make Abby feel as if she could climb mountains. Surely, this was Clarke Griffin’s true gift…resilience. Nevertheless, Clarke was undoubtedly deep within Azgeda territory by now; far, far to the northwest and nowhere near Skai-Kru lands currently.

Kane approached the stage flanked by two Garda officers. Oddly, the Chief Constable was missing the presence of the thick-necked, overly-built Pike. Abby could not recall the last time she had laid eyes on Kane’s right-hand man. As the trio reached the stage, Kane continued on alone, his face drawn in a color Abby could only describe as determined. It was more than clear he wanted this; wanted Abby’s seat, Abby’s crown, Abby’s legacy…

It would be a tough duel of words today as neither she, nor Kane intended to lose. Abby surveyed the crowd. The people of Skai-Kru looked unmoved, their faces blank and their voices silent. Abby felt as if the strangest of moods had settled over the hall. It made her uneasy and on edge. Abby glanced over to Kane; the slight furrow of his brow indicated that he too, had picked up on the same vibe coming from the electorate. The constituents reeked of indecision - of mistrust. Abby frowned. This could go either way.

Perhaps the only saving grace, for her at least, was that Jaha took up front row and center, willing Abby on with a face full of pure belief and undying support. The fierce twinkle in his eyes made Abby smile, bolstering her confidence. She also thought of the First Minister, and her undying support of Abby’s place as Chancellor of Skai-Kru. Indra had sent well wishes from Polis in the form of a simple hand written note which had arrived earlier that morning.

“The best revenge is to be unlike him who performed the injury.”

After speaking out a few words, the adjudicator left the stage. Kane set out his bid first.
“People who fail to learn from the lessons of history are condemned to repeat it.” Kane’s voice echoed and bounced off the stone walls and marbled flooring.

Abby cringed as Kane could not even be bothered to deliver the quote correctly. She bit her lip though, holding her need to interrupt at bay.

“History tells us that to ignore a threat, no matter its distance, leaves us vulnerable to attack on our own soil. A reactive way of thinking leads us into saying, ‘if only…what if?’” Kane stood with perfect regal posture.

“Will you wait for your place in this world to be taken from you? Or will you fight for it? They are faster than you, they are stronger than you, they will soon be in much greater number than you! Make no bones about it; they want your land, they want your women, and they want us gone! Before you know it, your Culture will be eroded. They will take from you everything it means to be human, or as they would dare call us…Beta!” Kane’s voice rang out strongly.

Abby rolled her eyes. The gall of this man to be so openly bigoted and for nobody to say a word was simply astounding!

Kane noted Abby’s reaction.

“Why are you rolling your eyes, Chancellor?” Kane turned to face Abby fully, taking the crowd’s focus to her instantly.

“You! Why do you assume you have the right to talk about another living soul as if they’re less than you?” Abby scoffed.

“Why do you wish to take my right to be fearful away? My right to say I dislike a person because of where they are from and for what they are? I tire of not being able to express my own opinion - what you so easily call prejudice!” Kane shot back.

“You can have your own opinion, but you can’t make up your own facts!” Abby smiled.

“I appeal to the notion of law and order.” Kane stepped in.

“You appeal to the notion of fictitious fact wrangling.” Abby countered.

Kane laughed.

“Kane, there have been over fifty recorded incursions into Azgeda territory over the last 12 months. Roan has been gracious enough to not retaliate when you send Garda officers and Pike into their land to spy on them. There are procedures for entering Azgeda, you know this. You only serve to goad them into some form of conflict…why?” Abby questioned.

“There are procedures for entering into Azgeda territory, you’re right. So, I can only assume your daughter and the self-proclaimed Tri-Queen sought permission to enter Azgeda also?” Kane grinned toothily.

Abby froze. How did Kane know where Clarke was? The Chancellor’s fear over a leak in the great hall of Polis, beyond Gustus, seemed even more valid now. Abby looked to the electorate. Their faces were still blank, their lips still sealed tight. Kane turned away from Abby and surveyed the crowd. He looked mildly confused that his shock tactics seemed to fall on deaf ears. Abby was surprised to find that Kane did not look any more confident than she did. The electorate continued to sit back as if statues, their faces pale and unmoving.
Abby carried on warily.

“A recent episode resulted in representatives from Polis having to persuade Roan that Skai-kru was not becoming a rogue state. Is that what you want, Kane? Skai-kru pitted against Azgeda?” Abby threw her hands in the air.

“I want to be in control of my own destiny. I want to give the Beta Nation a chance to flourish and not have the Alpha Nation block out our sunlight, making it so Beta cannot repair and grow.” Kane shot back to Abby.

Abby could only laugh at Kane’s absurdness.

“The Beta Nation? The Alpha nation? Your language is separatist - it is divisive! There is no Alpha or Beta nation!” Abby spoke with conviction.

“I have proof that Alpha crime rates are on the rise - sexual assault, violent attacks!” Kane gestured wildly with his hands, spreading them wide and throwing them up into the air.

“How is it fair, that you - as the head of our police force - oversee collating such facts?” Abby shook her head.

“I can bring victims of Alpha crime up to this stage! Beta woman with no chance of ever-” Kane was unceremoniously cut off.

“You paint the picture well, Kane. I will give you that!” Abby jeered.

“A lone Beta female walks down the empty streets of Skai-Kru at night, clutching her purse. It is pitch black - and the only sound that can be heard is the clicking of her sensible heels, the sound of implied danger, and an Alpha’s snarl around the next corner. You, Kane, deliver terrifying false crime stats and a call to action. This woman, ‘her body and her virtue are under threat,’ you say!” Kane frowned at Abby’s mocking tone.

“The truth is, Kane, Beta and Alpha crime rates do not matter at this point! What matters is you choose to ignore how many times an Alpha has stopped and picked up the contents of a scattered purse, held open a door for a Beta female, or walked her to her own front door in the late hours of night! How dare you tar the many with the filthy brush of the few? You act as if all Beta males are angels!” Abby felt a great wave of gratification swell in her chest as Kane was unable to respond. But still, the electorate seemed unmoved.

“Freedom from fear is the basic right of every Beta female sat in this room.” Kane spat out.

“So is respect! Every Alpha in this room deserves it, Kane. Respect is a right as well as freedom from fear.” Abby nodded.

“Beta females-” Kane was cut off again.

“What about Beta females!? Since when has a Beta female become the symbol for virtue and morality? You of all people should know that some of them embody the exact opposite!” Abby pointed at Kane accusingly.

Kane’s dark gaze burned through Abby. The Chancellor swore that she heard his lower jaw snap, grinding his teeth painfully against one another. Becca…that was a low blow. Abby was sure Kane would applaud her for the sudden step towards his own political style, if the blow had not stung him so greatly. Abby hated resorting to punches below the belt. Becca had fooled Kane just as perfectly as she had Abby. The Chancellor would not waiver though, she would finish Kane off. Finish him
off in the presence of nearly all of Skai-Kru.

“Your vote strategy is weak minded. You are a child of the Ark, Kane. You know earth history! Look up the term ‘silent majority’. That is what you are playing up to, the idea that those who once had everything are at risk of losing it all and having nothing. The fear of being redundant, powerless and less than your neighbor.” Abby chided.

Kane lost his cool.

“Decades ago now, we the Beta people voted to give Alphas their civil rights and not treat them as animals! So they could own land and vote, like today! How were we repaid back then? Riots! Aggressive posturing, nothing put ungratefulness!” Kane slammed a clenched fist down upon his podium, as if punctuating his statement.

Kane’s words infuriated Abby, and she quickly snapped back.

“So, we should be grateful for civil rights? We should be grateful that your supposed ‘Beta Nation’ predecessors did us a favor by offering freedom as a gift? I thought you just said freedom was a right! Let me just nip out and grab a thank you card and some flowers for my right to be treated equally!” Abby couldn’t help but smile haughtily at her own sarcasm.

“I see, finally, you use the term we! You are one of them!” Kane snarled, struggling to keep the hatred from his tone.

“Yes. I am one of them! So is my husband and so is my daughter. So are a fair few of the people in this room Kane!” Abby gestured to the crowd.

“I want to contain the threat of overpopulation to my clan! To give Betas a chance to grow in number!” Kane bit out angrily.

“What are you going to do then, Kane? Build a god damn wall to keep the Alphas away from your precious Beta females?” Abby laughed at the idea.

“If that is what it takes, then yes, I will build a fucking wall!” Kane was now losing himself to anger and resentment completely.

Abby paused, truly looking at Kane in the eyes for once.

“You know what makes me sick to my stomach, Kane? The fact that this planet has endured the worst possible of scenarios; a massive nuclear war, of nation against nation, that decimated this planet and reduced its population by over 92%. Do you hear that number, Kane? Ninety-two percent - billions of people incinerated! The oceans and rivers boiling, and the earth scorched and diseased; beautiful animals mutated and morphed into something unrecognizable! We came back down here, and someone like you still wishes to build walls! Wishes to make us hate each other! Wishes to tear us apart!” Kane straightened his back and lifted his chin defiantly as Abby attacked him directly with her rhetoric.

“How many people are even left on this planet, Kane? What if we are the only ones left? What if the Ark, by some bizarre stroke of luck, landed on the only bit of earth that would give us even the slimmest of chances to start again? Have we not lost enough already, Marcus?” Abby appealed desperately to the man in front of her.

“I just want my kind to survive.” Kane’s voice was low.

“So do I!” Abby whispered back.
At that moment, Abby saw a flicker of something in Kane. Perhaps the closest flash of anything that ever came close to good intent. It did not last long though. The mask Kane strapped so tightly to his face covered any evidence of noble cause, instead replacing it with his usual scheming malicious intent. Abby’s momentary glimmer of hope at reconciliation quickly dried up like a droplet of water under a midday’s summer sun.

So locked into battle with each other, so intent on scoring points over one another…Abby and Kane had perhaps not realized that their voters still seemed unmoved by either side’s argument. The silence was deafening now, however. Both Abby and Kane frowned at each other as they shared the same thought. What the hell was wrong with the electorate?

Abruptly, the mediator cleared his throat. Standing, his chair creaked loudly; the only sound in the hall filled with a crushing silence.

“Your candidates will take your questions now.” He slowly sat back down.

Abby straightened her posture, as did Kane. Both giving each other a sideways glance as they awaited a flurry of well thought out questions from their voters. Smart questions, direct questions; the people of Skai-Kru were always forthright. Instead, Abby and Kane were met with more silence.

Jake frowned and looked over his fellow Skai-kru residents from the side of the stage, fear in his eyes. Something was horribly wrong.

It was too much. Abby could stand the silence no longer.

“What’s wrong? Speak to us? There is no love lost between myself and Chief Constable Kane. Surely you have questions for us though…?” Abby’s voice trailed off.

From the back of the room, a tall grey-haired man stood to his feet. There was a hat in his hand and his eyes were glued to the floor. An old woman by his side desperately tried to make him sit back down. Kane swallowed. He could not help but look to Abby for a moment; the two candidates sharing mirrored perplexed expressions. The man shook visibly. Every other Skai-Kru resident seemed fearful to hear him ask the one question they all desperately wanted an answer to.

“What will-” The man halted as his companion desperately tried to drag him back down to his seat. He fought her off though, and continued.

“What…what will you do about the blood queen?” The man nervously asked. His female companion - Abby could only assume to be his wife - covered her mouth instantly, stopping a shrill noise from escaping her lips.

The room fell into an even more stifling atmosphere. It was easy to see now; the electorate was petrified with fear. They watched the shadows for any sign of movement, afraid that the blood queen was lay waiting to doom them all.

“What the blood queen?” Abby looked to Jake, confused.

Kane seemed just as taken back as Abby was at the question.

“Is it true? Her blood, is her blood black? She is-is she a…Natblida? Do they…they truly exist?” The man’s voice trembled greatly as he spoke.

Abby remained stunned. Lexa. Their only concern was Lexa! The whole room seemed to take a collective gasp as this brave, aging man dared to utter the word Natblida.
“Word…it travels fast, Chancellor. Is it true that just looking at her turns your blood as black as her own? That…that she makes puppets of men twice her size? She takes your choices with even just a drop of her blood?” The man continued.

Taken aback by the man’s words, Abby was absolutely staggered. All of her speeches, all of her debate with Kane…it was all pointless!

“Chancellor Griffin, what is she?” The man questioned.

Abby tried to think of what to say to her constituents.

“Do you at least court her favor, Chancellor Griffin? We have heard she has taken Clarke as her mate…” The man pressed on.

Kane realized in that moment, with those words, that this election was lost for him. His campaign was now over.

‘Taken Clarke.’

‘She has taken Clarke.’

‘Taken Clarke as her mate.’

The statement echoed through Abby’s head, over and over again. The way that it had been worded sliced straight through the protective mother in Abby. She needed to respond. How long she had stood frozen and nonresponsive? She had no idea. She needed to give an answer though. Abby felt like she had been gripping the sides of her podium for days. These people, quite simply, were terrified of Lexa.

The crowd waited for the Chancellor’s response with collective baited breaths.

Abby attempted to clear her throat; it felt as if her mouth had been stuffed with cotton, her throat was dry and the sensation was uncomfortable. Trying to wet her lips, Abby found her lips were cracked; any moisture that had resided within her body seemed to have quickly drained away. What was Lexa? Did Abby trust her? What did she have in store for Skai-Kru? What did she have in store for all the clans? How should Abby respond, when she - herself - was also fearful of her daughter’s mate. She had always been afraid of Lexa, since the day the Tri-girl arrived at her home’s doorstep. Lexa had removed that red shawl from her other-worldly features, and stung Abby and Jake with her beauty.

Abby opened her mouth to speak.

“The Queen is…” The mic whistled out as Abby trailed off, dazed. “I mean, she is not human or…” Abby was dying on her feet.

“Leksa-Kom-Trikru is a monster!” Kane interjected.

Abby turned to rip into him. She stopped herself though, as Kane held the same terrified look on his face as everyone else. Abby turned back to face the nervy crowd. She twisted the mic back towards her pale lips.

“Lexa is mated to Clarke. They have three-” Abby was cut off.

“Abby, no!” Jake interrupted.
Abby’s eyes widened in sudden realization of what she was about to say. Should she mention the pups? Not in this climate. Not with this level of fear.

“Who rules Tri-Kru now?” A woman not far from the grey-haired man stood to aid her fellow citizen.

Who did rule Tri-Kru now? Lexa had indeed proclaimed herself Queen, but Indra was still First Minister.

“Indra. Indra has been reinstated as First minister.” Abby stated, her voice ringing out more strongly than she internally felt about the answer.

“And when the blood queen returns?” The woman asked.

Abby had no answer.

“Is it true? Is it true she made Gustus Tri-Kru throw himself from the great tower of Polis?” Another voice now piped up from a different part of the hall.

“What? No!” Abby was baffled by the question.

“Is it true that she has infected all of Flou-Kru? They serve only her will? Why would she not do the same to Skai-kru?” Another concerned citizen spoke out.

More voices threw Lexa related inquiries at Abby. The Chancellor stood behind her podium dumbstruck as question after question was shot, rapid-fire, at her. Jake jumped up onto the stage. The crowd had now descended into full-blown crazed rumors, each becoming more absurd than the next. Abby thought by the end of this, Lexa would be a hundred feet tall and breathing fire. The fear of the electorate had fully erupted within the bank walls and was quickly reaching fever pitch.

“Whoa! Everybody just relax!” Jake piped up into the mic on Abby’s podium.

“Don’t tell us to relax! We just need to know which one of you will best deal with the threat from Tri-Kru!” A voice spoke out from the front of the room this time.

Abby gently took the mic from her husband. This needed to stop now before it got completely out of hand.

“There is no threat from Tri-Kru! They are our allies!” Abby shouted over the noise.

Kane stepped back from his podium. He looked to Abby once before shaking his head, turning on his heels and abandoning the stage with his two Garda officers. There was no chance for victory. Not for him, not anymore.

“We need to get off this stage as well, Abby!” Jake grabbed his wife tightly by the hand.

In the crescendo of noise that now exploded throughout the hall, Jaha appeared from the edge of the stage. He tried shouting over the crowd as they argued with each other over the threat posed by Lexa. Alpha against Alpha, Beta against Beta. There was something rather fascinating watching them all rally behind a single focal point. Unable to be heard over the electorate, Jaha resorted to extreme measures. Raising his firearm into the air, he fired out three deafening rounds.

Abby ducked as Jake pulled her away from the podium. The husband and wife pair made their way to the edge of the stage as Jaha took residence behind Abby’s podium.
A great hush fell across the room, the constituents finally silent.

“Alright! I’m sorry to have to do this folks, but in one hour you need to choose a candidate. In one hour, you decide who leads us, who will deal with the blood queen best.” Jaha’s eyes met Abby’s as the Chancellor was led toward the back offices of the town hall. Abby could only stare at Jaha in shock, a frown suddenly settling on her face.

10 minutes later

Abby charged through the corridors of the former bank’s back offices. She found Jaha waiting in a large conference room. Jake desperately struggled to keep up with his Omega.

“Tell me this wasn’t you!” Abby threw the double doors wide open.

“Abby…all the polls said he was going to win by a huge majority!” Jaha held out his hands defensively.

“I told you those things in confidence, Thelonious!” Abby yelled.

“I know…I know…” Jaha sank down in a chair at the long conference table.

“If I can’t trust you…who can I trust in this arena?” Abby almost cried.

“Lexa…Lexa’s unpredictability is how we move forward, Abby.” Jaha stood from his chair.

“No! You have made me just as guilty as Kane for trying to gain victory through fear, Thelonious!” Abby’s face was red with anger. She could not believe this was happening; she was now on the same level as Marcus Kane!

“But Lexa is on our side.” Jaha smiled.

Abby laughed. It sounded crazed, hysterical. She laughed so much that Jake worried for her mental state.

“Lexa is more than capable of being a much greater villain than Kane ever could be, Jaha. Do you think I made those things up when we spoke on my return from Polis? I have no idea what she is! I have no idea what she plans to do next!” Abby gestured madly, throwing her hands up in the air.

Jaha folded his arms.

“Abby, you have a right to be wary of her, but I think you’re too close to this - to Clarke.” Jaha’s tone was cautious.

Abby almost jumped on her well-meaning friend, however she restrained her instincts, opting to clench her fists till her knuckles turned white instead.

“So…you think I’m just an overbearing mother? A controlling mother that can’t let her baby go?” Abby cried out, angry.

Jaha let out a sigh.

“Raven is addicted to her blood. She has destroyed Jackson. He is currently lay in a hospital bed staring at the fucking ceiling! I can’t even induce a coma. ‘Heda, Heda, Heda,’ that’s all he says. His mother…he has no idea who she even is!” Abby ranted.

Jaha looked to the ground.
“She made a 6 foot 9 inch man cower in fear! And then very nearly had him throw himself from a 200-foot-high window! If Clarke hadn’t-” Abby stopped as emotion got the better of her.

“Abby, I thought you just didn’t trust her. I didn’t realize you’re frightened of her as well.” Jaha whispered.

“Frightened of her? I am petrified of her, Jaha! You should be too.” Abby pointed at her friend, angrily.

Jake placed his hand on Abby’s shoulder. Abby refused the comfort and pulled away, cradling herself in her own arms.

“You know…I stood on my own stairs, her blood nowhere near my skin. It was in the air though. I felt it, Jaha. I felt this need to serve, to obey her without question. This need to do anything she asked. In my own home, Jaha. She made me feel that weak in my own home!” Abby kicked out at a nearby chair.

“At least Clarke is immune though, Abby.” Jake butted in.

“Clarke is in love with her! There is no cure for that either, Jake.” Abby turned to face her husband.

“Yes, she is in love. I believe that is what will win out in the end. Lexa will make the right choices, Clarke will be her moral compass. They were meant to meet as they did, when they did. There is an element of destiny about that, Abby.” Jake grabbed his wife’s hands.

“That sounds wonderfully romantic, but I haven’t seen any evidence as of yet. She could surprise us all; make Jacksons out of us all. Don’t you both see that?” Abby felt like she was talking to a wall.

“Abby, I’m sorry. I couldn’t see you lose.” Jaha sat with his head in his hands.
Clarke awoke to the soothing sound of water; the sound of water being displaced and moved, taken then carelessly returned to the stream it belonged to. Clarke’s body was strangely warm and at ease considering she currently lay upon the cold hard earth of Azgeda. Her whole body was in a perfect state of contentment; a wonderful sense of something being right, being as it should be. There was an injection of self-satisfaction and ego within the mix as well. Quite simply, Clarke Griffin was most proud of herself.

Glancing across the camp towards the source of the soothing splash, Clarke’s eyes settled upon Lexa’s beautifully tattooed back. The Queen sat by a nearby brook, just beyond the edge of the campsite, washing her body in the cool icy waters of Azgeda. Lexa glanced over her shoulder, suddenly becoming aware of Clarke’s eyes on her naked form. Lexa smiled radiantly at Clarke then she turned and went back to her bath.

Clarke smiled as Lexa turned her attention back to the water; the Prime then shifted her awareness to the bedmate that remained with her on the furs. The Flou-girl lay in Clarke’s arms, the Alpha taking up residence as a big spoon behind the free spirited smaller one. Luna’s body was warm and soft, and completely at ease against the Prime.

There was a slight rustling of the fur that covered the pair. Clarke quickly realized that Luna was awakening. The Alpha propped her head up with a strong hand, smiling shyly at the Omega with the wild hair, as Luna turned to face her Prime.

“Good morning.” Clarke’s voice was raspy.

Luna laughed.

“Good morning, Alpha.” Luna stretched and then glanced over to Lexa, whom was still bathing. She then turned back to Clark; the Alpha was obviously trying to hold back an enormous smile.

“Oh my goodness! I see you are most pleased with yourself, Klark Griffin.” Luna teased.

Clarke took this as permission to exhibit her sense of victory in a beaming smile, which showed off her large canines.

“You feel you have conquered a great army by bedding us both?” Luna giggled at Clarke’s toothy grin.

Feeling a bit bashful at Luna’s remark, Clarke suddenly blushed, dropping her arrogant smile.

“Are you ok? I mean, are you sore inside? I planned to be gentle but you had other ideas…” Clarke’s blue eyes softened.

Luna took Clarke’s face in her hands. For something so primal, Clarke was always so tender and thoughtful towards Omegas.

“I see your mother has raised you well.” Luna whispered, touching the end of Clarke’s nose with her fingertip.
Clarke’s gaze fell to Luna’s bare chest; her breasts were so different to Lexa’s. Clarke was fascinated by the differing proportions that a woman’s body could have. Luna’s breasts were larger in size to Lexa’s, and her nipples most intrigued Clarke. They were bigger and darker, whereas Lexa’s were a soft pink shade.

Luna smiled to herself, reading Clarke’s mind for a moment.

“My father thought his ancestors came from a land known as North Africa. His skin was almost as dark as Indras. My mother was as pale as Echo. It was union that made for an interesting shade of child.” Luna ruffled her own hair.

“My people would say, sexy as hell.” Clarke corrected.

It was now Luna’s turn to blush.

“You are ridiculous…yet painfully sweet.” Luna admitted.

Clarke pulled down the stolen fur that had pooled at their waists’ from when Luna had shifted in her arms. Luna’s cocky swagger faltered slightly, as she now lay fully on display in the kind morning sunshine for the Prime.

“You’re very attractive, Luna.” Clarke whispered.

“Klark, stop, please.” Luna felt nervous as Clarke’s gentle manner challenged her prejudice of Alphas completely.

Clarke looked down at Luna’s protruding belly.

“May I?” Clarke held a hand over the swell.

Luna nodded, perplexed at her reaction to Clarke; for feeling butterflies flutter around her chest in such closeness with an Alpha. The feeling only intensified as Clarke gently ran her hand over Luna’s abdomen and full womb within. Luna taking a breath.

“I don’t miss!” Clarke bragged.

Luna could only nod in agreement, her hands trembling on top of Clarke’s forearm.

“It’s ok…I promise it will be ok.” Clarke frowned though, lightly touching the swollen bite mark on Luna’s neck from Lexa.

Luna regained her composure.

“You...you truly are unique. Do you know that?” Luna stroked Clarke’s jaw.

Finished with her bath, Lexa stood to her feet, sauntering towards the bedroll and her unorthodox love. Both Clarke and Luna quickly became entranced as Lexa’s hips swayed rhythmically; her long, dark locks slicked back and wet, combined with the morning light winking off the drying beads of water trailing down her tanned skin only added to the appeal. She stopped before the edge of the bedroll, Luna instinctively held up the fur to bring Lexa back into the woodland love nest.

“No. We must venture on now, time is passing by. I will not rest until I have laid eyes on Rebecca Kane.” Lexa looked towards the great ice ridge in the distance.

Luna pouted at her Queen’s words, much to Lexa’s amusement.
“This is not your gift Luna. This face has never once worked on me.” Lexa arched a brow at her close friend and lover.

“What exactly is your gift?” Clarke interrupted, curious.

There was silence as the two Omegas locked eyes, wondering just how to explain.

“Perhaps a demonstration is in order, Luna?” Lexa suggested.

“Leksa! You know performing on command makes me most uncomfortable…”

“Yes, but it is your Queen that commands the performance.” Lexa bent down and kissed Luna’s lips softly.

Clarke’s jaw dropped slightly in astonishment, her blue eyes darkening at the sight of her two Omegas. The beast in Clarke wanting to watch her Omega’s kiss tenderly all day.

Knowing that her Queen and friend would not back down, Luna slowly pulled away from Lexa’s soft lips. The Flou-Kru leader sighed as she knelt up on the bed roll.

“Very well. I have absolutely no idea where our clothes are though?” Luna laughed, pulling a naked Clarke up by the hand.

Following the small stream that Lexa had bathed in earlier, Luna led Clarke to a small body of water – a pond really. Lexa trailed behind, lingering in the background.

Clarke felt a rush of excitement. What was Luna capable of?

“Within the particles of water, within the blood of trees, and within the gritty earth there lies energy…some say spirits.” Luna explained to her Prime.

Luna knelt by the edge of the water. She dug her finger tips into the muddy earth, ignoring the coldness of the water. She wriggled her digits down until they were half buried and then took a deep breath, exhaling it slowly. Clarke felt a slight tremor beneath her feet. Confused, the Alpha looked down at Luna, watching as the Omega’s eyes turned white, and her breathing became shallow. Within seconds a great number of river creatures congregated by Luna’s crouched form, the foliage around them seemed to take on more vibrant hues, and the water itself shimmered more beautifully than before.

“Oh my God!” Clarke watched on as Luna lured in nature itself.

Lexa looked upon Clarke’s face and was taken back to the memory of seeing Luna’s gift for the first time herself. Lexa smiled with pride as Luna performed what was the equivalent of a simple parlor trick. Lexa knew that Luna was capable of so much more, had seen her friend do so much more with her gift.

Luna removed her fingers from the earth, rinsing them off in the cool pond water, and wiped them off on her oilskin trousers. She watched as the water resettled and the aquatic life dispersed.

“Go about your day, my apologies.” Luna smiled at the simple creatures.

“You can control nature?” Clarke surmised.

Luna corrected Clarke quickly.
“Nobody controls nature! To become content and accepting of your true self, is to be connected to nature though. You know this, Klark.” Luna gave Clarke a knowing wink.

Clarke’s mind flashed back to fateful day in the woods, the day her body briefly bonded with her true wolf spirit.

“I am able to call out to the living soul of nature and her creations.” Luna explained further.

“And to the souls of the dead.” Lexa added.

Luna swiftly lost her smile.

“No, Leksa. Not the dead, not again…” Luna whispered the last part, a hint of shame in her voice.

“Your modesty is alarming and entirely unnecessary. It does nothing but limit your ability, and stifles your gift’s growth.” Lexa chastised her friend.

“Leksa…I will not have this conversation again.” Luna half scowled at her Queen.

“As you wish.” Lexa begrudgingly backed down, due to Clarke’s presence.

The Alpha frowned at both girls curiously.

“Come on, let’s get moving.” Clarke sought to ease the rapidly growing tension.

Clarke allowed Lexa to take point as the threesome traipsed through the woods of Azgeda. As they made their way higher into the mountains the pine needle covered ground gave way to snow. Clarke’s new-found, four-legged pack silently slipped through the trees beside them, refusing to abandon the Prime. Luna now felt strangely comforted by the presence of the eight strong Pastoka, her posture at ease rather than rankled like the night before. From behind, Clarke watched as Lexa slipped through the trees with the same predatory demeanor as her wolf kin. The Omega Queen was determined, focused - she would find Rebecca Kane. When she did, Clarke feared that Dr Kane would suffer the same fate as Jackson…only a thousand times over.

Clarke walked closer to Luna.

“Can I ask you something?” Clarke seemed sheepish.

“Sha?” Luna ran her eyes over Clarke’s troubled face as they continued to follow Lexa’s lead. “What is it, Klark?”

“Lexa…has she ever said how she feels, about you?” Clarke blushed at her own question.

Luna laughed softly.

“You are concerned that your feelings for her outweigh those within Leksa for you?”

Clarke just frowned.

“I understand how you feel Alpha, believe me I do. The short answer is, no. Leksa does not often speak about such things. She doesn’t say words like love or happiness.” Luna shrugged.

“I don’t even know if she is happy with me either.” Clarke scoffed.
Luna suddenly saw how young Clarke really was. In that moment, Luna felt hundreds of years older than the Alpha who had been kept in cage all her life.

“I think Leksa sees happiness as removing all the disturbances. What you are left with is a sort of tranquility…like you have pulled your center of gravity back into yourself. So, it is not necessarily that you cite feelings of the heart. I know it does not sound very loving, but it is a much stronger, more realistic approach.”

“So, like… contentment?” Clarke still frowned shaking her head in dismay.

“Ataraxy, was the word the ancient Greeks used.” Luna smiled.

Clarke continued to walk side by side with Luna as Lexa pressed on ahead of them both.

“The great stoics really pushed this idea. Leksa loves stoicism. They were movers and shakers, powerful rulers politicians…people that got stuff done but at the same time they had this great sense of stillness about them. Do you not think Leksa the same?”

“What? Not emotionally invested?” Clarke barked out a mocking laugh.

“My experiences sexually are varied, Klark. I will tell you, there is nobody that touches like Leksa. There is nobody that makes love quite like Leksa. This is where she shows you her heart, ‘Living within each of these moments, as if it were her last.’” Luna paraphrased.

Clarke laughed to herself.

“So…Lexa is just like Marcus Aurelius?”

Luna looked surprised by the comment.

“I did not imagine you would be educated in philosophy.” Luna smiled.

“Are you insulting Alphas now, or blondes?” Clarke quipped.

Luna laughed loudly, forcing Lexa to look back over her shoulder a moment.

“Clearly, there is more to you than your pleasing size, Alpha.” Luna glanced down at Clarke’s crotch.

Clarke smiled broadly.

“All I just heard was pleasing size.” Clarke emphasized, giving Luna a smug smile.

Luna rolled her eyes at the Prime, but Clarke noted how her skin flushed all over. Clarke’s smug smile turned into a grin, liking how she could incite such a reaction within the easy-going Omega. Luna cleared her throat, trying not to focus on Clarke’s distracting flirtations.

“The rainbow. That is always a good image of happiness, I think. From a distance, we can sort of recognize it as something over there. The moment we approach it directly though, it just disappears! And yet we all think it is this thing we are entitled to, as if it will be really obvious when we get up close.” Luna seemed lost in her own thoughts for a moment. Clarke felt Luna’s heart skip a beat as the Omega’s soft brown eyes grew distant.

“Perhaps the cruelest thing about love, Klark, is sometimes we only recognize its gravity in hindsight.” Luna’s tone was somber.
“I see… that’s why you came back.” Clarke surmised.

Luna stopped dead in her tracks. Not realizing her companion had stopped, Clarke had to take a few steps backward as she had briefly walked on without Luna at her side. The Flou-Kru Omega bore a flustered look at Clarke.

“Just because I have let you inside my body, does not mean I wish for you to be in my head.”

Luna folded her arms. Clarke mirrored the Omega. The two now stood in perfect symmetry, arms folded.

“This contentment speech - your Ataraxy - I call it bullshit, Luna. You want Lexa to give you something back, just as much as I do. We need to push her on that.” Clarke stood facing off with Luna.

Luna glanced up at the sky for a moment. Her eyes then focused back on Clarke.

“I know you sense something in her like I do. Something that isn’t right, something that isn’t…well it isn’t good.” Clarke frowned.

Luna unfolded her arms, her face marked with sudden fear.

“I have seen flashes of Leksa’s darkness…her cruelty. I have not just felt it, Klark.” Luna whispered.

“Then together, we will always bring out the light in Lexa. Besides, do you not think you deserve more, Luna? Lexa never has to explain her heart…how is that fair to either of us?” Clarke smiled softly.

Luna stepped forward, standing painfully close to Clarke. The Alpha was so passionate and righteous. Luna felt an insurgence of energy. Clarke was possibly the only person on this earth that would stand a chance of reigning Lexa in.

Clarke unfolded her arms, leaving her posture open.

“You deserve more, Luna. We deserve more. She isn’t above explaining herself.” Clarke protested.

“What are we even doing? The three of us?” Luna laughed.

Suddenly, the topic of conversation made herself known, appearing at the summit of a woodland slope ahead of Clarke and Luna. Lexa was not impressed at having to double back and locate the dawdling pair.

“The two of you and your constant domestic sparring is most tedious. You are both holding me back.” Lexa berated. Without waiting for a response from the pair, Lexa turned on her heal and resumed the journey through Azgeda wilderness.

Clarke and Luna glanced to one another, sharing a knowing look. Lexa did not realize the irony of her last statement. The pair picked up the pace though, catching up with Lexa quickly.

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Lexa stood silently on top of a view point. From this vantage point they could see wide expanses of Azgeda forest and mountains beyond. The three were much closer to the great ice ridge now. That was good, they were making excellent time.

“Look!” Lexa pointed to the surrounding woodland.
Luna scanned the area, her eyes widening in surprise.

“There has been much disturbance here!” Luna acknowledged.

“Indeed.” Lexa nodded.

“Such heavy transit…look how the foliage parts and diverts. Such clumsy movement.” Luna commented.

“It has to mean we’re getting closer to the facility. Maybe they have been moving equipment? Something heavy made those tracks and pathways.” Clarke suggested.

With a determined set to her jaw, Lexa set off; her swords drawn, ready to follow the great tracks in the earth. They were likely to lead directly to Rebecca Kane.

“Don’t!” Clarke grabbed at Lexa’s arm.

Lexa looked down to where Clarke’s hand lay, frowning.

“This woman must pay. She must know my power and how she has crossed a line.” Lexa’s eyes momentarily flashed black.

“I agree, but we need to take a moment to think this through. Please, Lexa…” Clarke’s tone was soft.

“Very well.” Lexa sheathed her swords, giving in to Clarke’s words. Perhaps they would be better off with some form of plan. “We should split up, briefly. Scout the area.” Lexa suggested.

Clarke was about to protest, but suddenly turned her attention to the tree line.

“What is it?” Lexa asked.

Clarke smiled.

“Echo!” Clarke pointed into the woods.

Lexa turned to where Clarke was indicating. The greetings and exchange of information would be long and tedious.

“I will leave you to greet our pack, Klark.” Lexa nodded gracefully.

“Wait, where are you going?” Clarke asked.

Luna narrowed her eyes at Lexa.

“My mood turns dark. My need to peruse this woman is great, Klark. I need a moment alone. There is something about the air in this place.”

Both Luna and Clarke folded their arms in perfect unison, raising a mistrusting brow at their rebellious Queen at the same time.

Lexa smiled to herself, her lover and her mate so similar in many respects.

“I will leave my blades with you both. I intend on meditating. I will be within your sense range, Klark.” Lexa smiled again wildly, charm radiating off her person.

“You don’t need those blades to do damage, Lexa.” Clarke challenged.
“No... I do not. I do not need either of your permission to take my leave either.”

Lexa kissed Clarke’s cheek then ran a light touch down Luna’s arm. Again, without waiting for a response from the pair, the strong-minded Queen silently strode off into the tree line.

Clarke looked to Luna, clearly not happy with this turn of events.

“Let her be.” Luna suggested.

“The closer we get to Rebecca Kane and this facility, the darker her mood turns.” Luna added.

“If we travel much further into these woods, we won’t even be in Azgeda anymore.” Clarke warned.

“There is nothing beyond Azgeda, nothing that can live anyway. The waters are still polluted, the earth still soaked in death. Nothing can be grown there, it is wasteland.” Luna grimaced.

“We need to get back to Polis, sooner rather than later.” Clarke watched Lexa disappear into the trees.

“There is something in the air in this place Klark. Lexa is quite correct. The closer we get to the border, the more unsettled my spirit becomes.” Luna sighed.
A mothers love

The incessant chatter of a child’s voice could be heard coming from beyond the tree line. Clarke quirked her head, it sounded vaguely like Echo, only younger. Suddenly, Octavia appeared from the tree line followed by Echo and a smaller, younger version of the ice wolf. They had missed Lexa’s departure by only moments.

“Griffin, welcome to Azgeda!” Echo held out a forearm for Clarke to take.

Octavia hugged Luna as Ally stood wide eyed, staring at Clarke.

“Where is Leksa?” Echo asked.

Clarke pointed in the direction Lexa had left in.

Echo nodded briefly, peering over at the forest’s edge from the vantage point before setting her sights on Luna. The Flou-Kru leader’s slightly protruding belly was not lost on the streetwise Alpha.

“Hey, Flou-girl!” Echo held up a hand in greeting.

Luna smiled at Echo, surprised at how happy she was to see her fellow pack member.

“Hello, asshole. Who is this?” Luna smiled at Ally, who was currently gawping at the Prime.

Echo frowned as Ally stood slack jawed, looking up at Clarke.

“This is Ally!” Echo smiled proudly. “Get your ass over here kid!”

Echo’s request was ignored by the pint-sized Azgeda.

Luna giggled as Ally remained entranced by Clarke. The attention was starting to make the Prime feel awkward.

“Why is she looking at me like that?” Clarke questioned Octavia.

Ally suddenly pushed past Echo.

“I know who you are…you are the Skai-beast!” Ally pulled down her military grade headgear, inspecting Clarke through the high tech goggles. Her mouth was still hanging partially open in astonishment.

Deciding to ignore Ally and her hero worship of the pack’s Prime, Octavia sat down by an equally swollen-bellied Luna on a well weathered boulder. Echo quickly joined them, sitting on a smaller boulder directly opposite the two Omegas, her focus on rolling a cigarette. The ice wolf licked the paper as she briefly looked over to Ally. Octavia shrugged her shoulders, keeping a goofy smile at bay as she watched Clarke. The blonde Alpha was completely at ease around Ally, who continued to circle and gawp at the Prime; there was certainly an element of celebrity and superhero worship of the Prime for the child.

“I have many drawings of you, look!” Ally became overly excited, her face lighting up completely as she held up her satchel. Finally, the lonely child felt as if she had an audience to perform to!
Luna smiled at the level of light and goodness that bubbled out from the miniature Echo. The spiritual Omega saw nothing but a pure soul; she could easily tell that Ally’s aura burned brightly. Drawing deeper into her thoughts, Luna frowned. There was a lack of children in the vast majority of the clans, Flou-Kru included...watching Ally now, showed Luna how much she missed their kind and lively energy. Luna suddenly blinked rapidly, her features losing the frown as she realized just how much she wanted to be a mother. Luna would carry new life into the world every heat. If it filled the earth with Love and light, rather than hate.

Standing in front of Clarke, Ally excitedly emptied out her satchel. She was no longer holding its contents as top secret from the group, as she had from Echo and Octavia for most of the day.

“What is it you search for, little one?” Luna asked.

Ally did not reply. She did not even bother to look up at Luna. Clarke was not impressed at Ally’s second shunning of the Omega. Clearly, the “Azgeda way” was already present in the child.

“You should not ignore an Omega when she speaks to you directly.” Clarke frowned down at the pint-sized Azgeda.

Ally looked up at Clarke, a perplexed look on her face. Clarke didn’t waver, and bore her strict gaze down at the pup, crossing her arms for added effect.

“Apologize to Luna.” Clarke nodded in Luna’s direction.

Ally quickly wiped her face, pursing her lips in deliberation. After a beat she removed her goggles, peering over at Luna with innocent eyes.

“I am sorry, well-proportioned, darker-skinned one.” Ally pointed at Luna’s body objectively.

Clarke’s shoulders dropped. That was not quite the apology she was looking for. With a heavy sigh she made her way over to where the rest of her pack was sitting.

“Hey…that’s actually progress. She’s never left Azgeda. What do you expect?” Echo blew out a puff of smoke and shrugged at Clarke.

Clarke’s reaction had gone unnoticed by Ally. Instead, her head was inside the satchel, still searching for her scrap book.

“Ah ha!” Ally found her precious drawing of the famous Skai-beast.

The pup bolted over to a now seated Clarke. Without warning, Ally leapt onto the blonde’s knee before Clarke could protest. Her speed had surprised Clarke, totally.

Echo’s face fell as she watched her pup interact with the Prime.

“Give it time. She will be drawing your ugly mug soon enough.” Octavia reached over and squeezed Echo’s hand.

Echo gripped Octavia’s hand back, a half smile on her face. It was clear that Echo did not believe such a thing would happen, but Octavia’s comforting touch was enough to soothe over the hurt. Luna’s eyes widened just a fraction, noticing the change in the way Octavia and Echo made contact. They had finally mated and bonded, Luna was certain!

“Look…the Skai-beast!” Ally presented the images of Clarke that she had crafted in her mind. They had been created after hearing the multitude of rumours that had spread through Azgeda.
Clarke blushed as she was presented with the drawings. Ally’s eyes were trained on her as if she was some sort of superstar!

“Color to draw with is most difficult to find.” Ally looked sad.

Clarke looked down at the various depictions of herself. Some were much more overtly monstrous than others.

“This one! It looks like me.” Clarke pointed at a blonde creature.

Ally smiled from ear to ear with the praise.

“Maybe you should sign your pictures! That’s what all the great artists did.” Clarke winked.

“Yes! I will do that.” Ally wriggled atop Clarke’s knee, fishing in her back pocket to produce a sliver of charcoal. Clarke steadied the over-familiar child as she twisted and turned atop her lap.

Luna felt her heart flutter at the sight. She felt her core tighten and her heat attempt to rise again. Clarke looked nothing short of parental and protective with the odd, lonely child perched happily on her knee. Sensing she was being watched, Clarke looked up and locked eyes with Luna. It was as if the beast sensed the change in her breathing. Luna was sure the Alpha spotted her pupils beginning to dilate. Feeling the strongest of urges, Luna wished to drag Clarke back into the woods and mate all over again. To ensure Clarke’s seed take root within. Luna briefly searched the tree line for Lexa hopefully returning from her meditations; the Flou-Kru leader sought to give herself to Lexa and Clarke all over again.

Echo noted the change in Luna. The Azgeda darted her sharp eyes quickly between the Omega and the Prime as they stared at each other with pure lust; both of their breathing increasing. The pair looked as if they might jump each other at any second. Echo rolled her eyes at Octavia. The Beta looked confused at first, until Echo discreetly pointed at the recently made lovers. Octavia grinned as she witnessed the same lost look in Luna’s eyes she, herself, held for Echo.

“Wow.” Octavia mouthed silently to her mate.

“May I see?” Luna cleared her throat, and looked away from Clarke and at Ally instead. She was genuinely curious of the drawings.

Ally slid off Clarke’s knee and headed over to Luna. She passed the drawings over to the Omega, her tongue reaching up for her nose and her hands behind her back as she awaited Luna’s praise.

“These...they really are very good!” Luna whispered with a smile. “You should show them to our Queen, she also has a gift for art.”

Abruptly, Ally’s face blanched, her little heart beating faster. Echo registered the change in her pup immediately.

“You ok, Kid?” Echo narrowed her eyes as did Luna.

“I am fine. I do not wish to sit with your Queen though.” Ally seemed nervous, her tone pitching higher than usual.

Luna glanced at Clarke with a curious expression. The child’s mood had changed when Lexa was mentioned.

Ally furrowed her brow, sniffing the air imperceptibly. She eyed the Omega in front of her curiously
and quirked a brow.

“You smell strongly like the Skai-beast, has she mounted you?” Ally pointed rudely at Luna, again.

Echo choked on the smoke of her cigarette as she was inhaling, dropping the still lit butt onto her lap.

“Ally, no!” Echo coughed and spluttered.

“But…I wish to know!” Ally scowled at Echo for curbing her questions.

In that moment, Echo cursed Becca’s constant need for knowledge; cursed the doctor’s cyborg-like way of posing even the most tender of topics. It was a trait that was unmistakably passed on to their pup.

“Mounting is perfectly natural. I will take a mate one day when I am older. She will be as pretty as Octavia and as curved and shapely as the tropical looking one.” Ally stood up straighter, nodding to herself.

It appeared that it was now Octavia’s turn to choke and sputter; only it was on the water in Echo’s canteen and not a cigarette. Luna patted the Beta’s back as her own skin flushed at the comment.

“We have been-”

Clarke cut Luna off.

“Wrestling…we have been wrestling!” Clarke spat out clearly embarrassed.

After quickly recovering Octavia called Ally over, it was clear a change in topic was needed.

“Hey Ally, come here, I don’t want to miss out on these drawings of yours.” Octavia grinned at the pup.

Ally turned to Octavia, a wide smile across her face. Opening her arms up to the pup, Octavia beckoned the small Azgeda over to her. This appeared to do the trick because Ally dropped her line of questioning, and instead, skipped over to Octavia. Octavia held out her hands as Ally approached. She took the drawings from the child and looked over them with Echo.

“Wow! Clarke looks awesome here.” Octavia indicated to one of the drawings.

Ally quirked her head, confused.

“Oh! Awesome means, good - impressive!” Octavia explained.

Luna smiled at the peculiar pup. She glanced at the many trinkets still strewn across the ground from the satchel. There was a well loved book, a sturdy hunting knife, some charcoal and what may have been small glass jars of colored paint, among various other little baubles, odds and ends. It was obvious that these things meant a great deal to the youngster. Luna frowned when her eye caught sight of something that looked completely out of place with everything else. What was that?

The Flou-Kru leader stood and slowly made her way over to the possessions, while keeping an eye on the distracted pup. Ally was far too busy showing off to Clarke and Octavia to notice Luna prying in her personal belongings. Luna crouched down and picked up a long metallic tin. The surface looked old, weather worn with many dents. There was a strange symbol Luna had never seen before across the old case lid. Curious, Luna sneakily popped the lid open. The familiar sound swiftly caught Ally’s attention.
“That is mine! Put it back now, Omega!” Ally shouted.

Clarke snarled aggressively at the pup, causing both the child and Octavia to jump.

“Please, put it back, Omega.” Ally corrected herself, holding up a submissive hand to Clarke.

It was too late though. Luna stared down at the fully open tin. What she saw shocked her.

“Klark...!” Luna called to Prime, immediately.

Within seconds, Clarke was crouched down next to Luna, taking the box from the Omega. She looked down into the case her eyes widening, horrified. There were at least ten small vials of black fluid, along with a syringe.

“What is this, Ally?” Clarke’s voice was course and rough, how could Ally be in possession of this?

“It is my medicine...” Ally whispered.

“Why would you need this? “Luna asked.

Clarke inspected one of the vials, holding it up to the light.

“Is that what I think it is?” Echo shot out of her seat as soon as she saw the black substance.

Luna took the vial out of Clarke’s hand and bravely twisted off the lid, smelling the contents.

“It most definitely is not Leksa’s blood. I would recognize that scent from a great distance.” Luna quickly pushed the cap back onto the glass tube.

“Pass it here!” Echo gave her demanded rudely to Luna.

Clarke scowled at Echo as she had with Ally earlier, narrowing her eyes at the old wolf. Her tone too short towards Luna for Clarke’s liking.

“Echo, be careful!” Octavia did not like seeing Echo so close to the ominous black fluid.

After receiving the vial from Luna, the ice wolf popped the cap, sniffing at the contents. Her gift in tracking scent was greater than anyone else’s.

“It is blood...but, there is a huge amount of chemicals in here as well. Herbicides, carcinogens, even metal.” Echo placed the lid back on the tube and handed the vial to her flustered pup. Ally snatched the vial back, aggressively.

“Why are you taking this?” Echo demanded to know.

Clarke stood down. It was Echo’s place to talk to Ally, not hers.

“My mother says I will become very sick without it.” Ally’s tone was fierce, her posture defensive.

“Your mother gave you this?” Echo frowned.

“Yes. I can run faster, I can jump higher than any other Alpha child in any of the clans! My mother is a genius!” Ally bragged.

Echo grit her teeth together. The prime felt her pack members rage rise in her chest.

“My mother was attempting to cure my sight issue. She then realised the extraordinary benefits to this
serum. She has changed me for the better, with very little side effect.” Ally defended Becca.

“She’s been…experimenting on you…” Echo felt as if she had been punched in the gut, all air escaping from her lungs. The ice wolf was horrified at the revelation.

Echo felt bile rise in her throat at Ally’s words, the need to vomit becoming inescapable.

“Did this substance cure your sight issue?” Luna inquired in a soft voice.

“Not fully, therefore I wear these.” Ally pulled on her goggles.

“When light hits my eyes, my pupils do not dilate at all now. These goggles improve my vision greatly – see!” Ally held up the military grade headwear. “My mother gave these to me. They were most expensive in the old world, ‘only the best warriors had these when they went to war’, she said. Black ops!” Ally smiled proudly.

Echo snapped, punching out at a nearby boulder. She was furious. Furious with Becca and even more furious with herself - how could she have left her pup in that woman’s care for so long? Octavia moved over to her mate, attempting to calm the ice wolf.

“Echo!” Clarke called to the Azgeda hoping to calm the older Alpha.

“Don’t, Griffin - don’t fucking lecture me! That bitch experimented on her own child, I will kill her! Lexa won’t even get close to doing to her, what I will!” Echo raged.

“No!” Ally surged forward. “You will not hurt my mother!”

Ally shoved Echo hard before running off into the forest, carrying the single vial. Echo growled, her muscles straining to start the chase, again.

“Let her go!” Octavia pulled Echo back.

“What?” Echo was wide eyed and red faced.

“Let her go! She needs to calm down, and so do you…” Octavia pulled Echo closer, wrapping her arms around the Alpha.

“We will get to the bottom of this, Echo.” Clarke promised.

“Becca is dead. When I get my hands on her, she’s dead!” Echo snarled.

Luna picked up the forgotten metal tin from the ground.

“What is this, Klark?” Luna worried.

“I have no idea. Perhaps my mother will be able to tell us…” Clarke pocketed one of the vials from the tin, her face grave.
Blood, milk and sky

On the cold ground of Azgeda, Lexa sat cross-legged, her mind taken away from the forest. She was disconnected from the real world, and seeking solace and serenity on another plain entirely. Lexa winced as her mother’s face flashed before her eyes. Lexa could feel the dark blood pumping through her body turning thicker and darker as her mother’s spirit attempted to hijack her thoughts again. Her mother…the woman who brought Lexa physically into the world, the woman who passed on the great gift that Lexa fought daily to control, the woman she had no memory of…she was whispering to Lexa, her beguiling tones echoing throughout the Tri-Queen’s mind.

Lexa blocked out her mother’s darkness for the third time. But still, her voice sliced through Lexa’s unconscious mind; chastising Lexa for something, filling her with doubts over what sort of leader she should be. Lexa struggled with her own inner-self. She wanted desperately to be guided by Luna’s light and Clarke’s heroic nature. Beneath the surface though, a much colder and unforgiving creature attempted to break through.

“Why, why do you wish for my heart to be filled with such malevolence?” Lexa whispered to the foreboding trees. There was something ill begotten within this quiet patch of woodland.

Lexa narrowed her eyes, looking down at her own shaking hands. The Queen closed her eyes, sucking in an unsteady breath, attempting to push down the darkness that rose far too easily from her soul. Lexa willed her light side to drown out the dark. It was useless though. As Lexa’s eyes peeled open, her orbs remained black and swirling. She could see her veins on show now, rising to the surface and tattooing her flesh with rivers of black.

“Please, stop!” The Queen was now in arbitration with her own ichor.

Lexa arched her back, feeling the blood coursing through her veins stirring up something dormant within. The Queen could easily become addicted to the ambivalence she currently felt towards her own inner light.

The striking brunette rose to her knees. Her fingertips tickling the snow as her shoulders slumped back, chin tilted up toward the sky, and long hair trailing downwards behind her. Lexa should not have ventured into these woods. There was something residing within this forest that had no right to be here. Lexa felt her skin fracture and split, two gaping slices now visible across her wrists.

This was all very new. Was she dreaming? Was she still in a deep meditation?

Lexa’s blood flowed quickly down her fingers and sank into the surrounding earth, marring the white blanket that covered the forest floor. The fresh dark plasma seemed to move with nothing but predatory intent towards a lone flower – a snowdrop - rooted in the unforgiving Azgeda soil. Lexa could do nothing but watch as her blood pooled by the flower’s root, quickly turning the stem black. Lexa swore she heard the bloom scream as its petals quivered, black blood changing its very DNA. It quickly morphed into something entirely different looking, something sinister and evolved.

Lexa arched her back further as an intense rush of villainous satisfaction coursed through her body, the flower in front of her forever corrupted and changed. Lexa struggled to remain in control. Her arms still spread wide open, fingertips and knuckles resting against the earth. The brunette licked her lips, a wicked smile breaking through.
Lexa gave glorious praise to her darker nature, unable to stop the sermon leaving her lips.

However, she was unable to revel for much longer. The sound of quickly approaching footsteps made Lexa whip around, long tresses spilling back over her shoulder. The young queen stood, quickly looking down to her wrists. They were perfectly uninjured…there was nothing there…!

*Smack!*

Ally had run away from the rest of the pack, through the trees, and straight into a dazed looking Lexa.

*Umff!* Ally growled as she bounced off Lexa and crashed down to the snowy forest floor. She quickly threw herself back up though, ready to berate the fool that got in her way. However, Ally made no more than two steps forward before looking up at Lexa’s face, the sight freezing her to the spot.

Lexa looked down upon Ally with swirling black eyes, a vein in her temple prominent and steadily darkening.

“You are Rebecca Kane’s child…!” Lexa seemed intoxicated.

Ally dared not speak. She tiptoed slowly back and away from Lexa, dropping the vial she was carrying as her hands shook terribly. Lexa quirked a brow, intrigued by the cocky child’s sudden visage of utter dread. Lexa took one measured step forward, only to watch Ally scrabble back further. Ally was too hasty though, her movements jerky. The usually nimble wolf pup tripped over her own feet and landed in a heap on the forest floor. Not to be detoured in getting away, Ally shuffled back on her ass, refusing to take her eyes off Lexa’s swirling black orbs and expressionless face as the Queen stalked closer to her. The young pup was rigid with fear, her face ashen and white as the snow that surrounded them.

Unhurriedly, Lexa lowered herself down to her knees in front of Ally. The pup was terrified, frozen again - unable to move. Lexa’s dark gaze remained locked with Ally’s fearful one, as she descended. The Queen had Ally trapped, unable to look away from the swirling black of her eyes. Lexa could hear Ally’s breath hitch, and increase in pace. The Queen allowed her senses to reach, feeling every hurried beat of the child’s heart; like a scared mouse cornered by a viper.

An oppressive hush and stillness fell in the small clearing between the trees. Only Echo’s voice cursing Rebecca Kane could be heard in the far distance.

Lexa moved her hand towards Ally, as if to offer the child help in getting up. Ally winced as if burned and pulled away from Lexa as if the Queen was covered in flames. The child closed her eyes as if anticipating being gravely wounded. Lexa slowly withdrew her proffered hand, her eyebrow arching higher as the young pup’s terror ratcheted further still.

The Natblida moved to stand, and at that moment, Ally chose to speak.

“I…I know what you really are…” Ally’s voice croaked.

Lexa effortlessly sank back to her knees, tilting her head to one side as she ran her blackened gaze over Ally.

“Do you really?” Lexa’s face remained soulless, unreadable.
Ally nodded slowly, her bottom lip trembling as if holding back a flood of petrified tears.

“I have no idea what I am…perhaps that should concern me but…” Lexa’s voice was low as she trailed off.

Ally heard footsteps approaching. Someone had thankfully come after her!

Unperturbed by the imminent arrival, Lexa leaned in closer to Ally, her warm breath pluming from soft lips into the frosty air.

“You should not be out in the woods with strangers…these trees are sick with darkness.” Lexa whispered.

Ally visibly swallowed.

“Lexa?” Clarke appeared from the tree line. She looked at the unsettling painting in front of her; Lexa looking like a hungry wolf about to devour its prey.

“What the hell are you doing?” Clarke frowned.

“This child is terrified of me.” Lexa kept her eyes on Ally.

“I can’t imagine why!” Clarke folded her arms and studied Lexa’s stance and posture, trying to read its true intent.

Suddenly, Lexa pulled herself away from Ally, her eyes turning green and her whole manner changing completely. What was she doing? These woods…they were saturated with a dark illness that was seeping into her spirit.

“Take her back to Echo now.” Lexa ordered.

“Ok.” Clarke decided not to argue with her mate, instead she held out her arms to Ally. The child wasted no time running toward Clarke, leaping into the Prime’s strong arms. Immediately, Clarke turned to head in the direction of Echo’s distant cursing.

“Wait!” Lexa shouted.

Clarke turned back to Lexa. Ally was wrapped around her torso and neck like a monkey. The child peered at Lexa curiously.

“Ally, I am so sorry if I scared you. It was not my intention, although, it was perhaps the result.” Lexa nodded at Clarke to take the girl away.

“Lexa, will you be ok? You don’t look well…” Clarke wanted to remain with her mate.

Lexa attempted to smile.

“T- I am…fine, Klark.” Lexa nodded.

Lexa sighed as she watched her heroic mate swagger off. The Queen cursed herself for instilling such fear into such a small child. She spied the lost vial dropped from Ally’s hands earlier. Clearly the child had not thought to pick it up. Lexa reached down, retrieving the glass tube, delicately rolling it between her fingers before placing it on her upturned left palm for further inspection. There was almost an instantaneous reaction when the vial neared her still healing cut - the glass snapping and shattering!
Black ichor seeped from the healing wound on her hand. Lexa watched, fascinated, as her plasma went to war on the contents within the vial. It instantly reminded Lexa of being a child again; she and Luna watching on as two spiders they had caught grappled around in a shared container, one spider striking out at the other - killing it instantly. Back then, Lexa could not pull her gaze away from the scene, as Luna clung to her tightly. The victorious spider wrapped its conquest up in tight in sticky webbing. It instantly set upon its rival and liquefying its insides…and feasting.

Lexa stood, entranced. Her blood now mimicked that exact scene, the dark ichor casing up the foreign liquid within its confines. Surrounding it and killing it, as if it should not be allowed to exist. Lexa’s blood reigned victorious, disposing of the other substance completely.

The Queens eyes suddenly widening as to what she had witnessed, Lexa panicked. She dropped the remnants of the glass vial and wiped her hand quickly down the side of her pants. She turned, exiting the clearing in search of her pack, with uncharacteristic fear marring her pretty face. Lexa paced speedily away from the dark trees and the oppressive silence that surrounded her. She needed Clarke, needed her protection - her strength. She needed Luna and her light.

From amongst the pine needles and snow, the blackened snowdrop watched on, hidden from sight, its creator fleeing the scene of its birth. That was no dream.

Clarke emerged from the woods with Ally still clinging on to the Prime as if her life depended on it. Luna couldn’t help but smile at seeing Clarke with the pint-sized Azgeda in her arms. She looked so perfectly made for lugging pups about!

“Where is Leksa?” Luna asked.

As soon as they were free of the tree line Ally bolted from Clarke and darted over to Echo, surprising the ice wolf. Ally was still terrified from her encounter with the Queen and latching onto her sire’s lanky arm.

“Hey, Kid.” Echo would not complain, enjoying the sudden affection…even if it was only spurred on by fear. The older wolf looked down at the pup’s small clawed hand, gripping Echo’s bicep tightly.

“I am here.” Lexa appeared from behind Clarke.

Luna read Lexa’s dark energy immediately, the powerful surge of cold biting at the Luna’s sensitive skin.

“I see your meditation did not go well.” Luna felt very afraid for Lexa.

“No. It did not.” Lexa avoided her lover’s eyes.

Clarke approached Ally. The prime lowering herself to her knees by the still nervy child.

“Ally, we have to find the facility. Will you take us there now?” Clarke asked.

Ally pouted, looking to both Lexa and Echo. One, if not both would injure her mother gravely, if they got close enough.

Clarke read Ally’s concerns.

“Hey. I won’t let Echo or Lexa hurt your mother, I promise.” Clarke smiled again.
Echo scowled, Lexa held up a raised palm to simmer the Azgeda down. Echo complied instantly. Luna kept her eyes firmly on Lexa. Luna had never once felt such a strong surge in darkness in her friend. Lexa grew more powerful with every moment it seemed. Clarke was correct, surely only the two of them together could ignite the light within, chasing away the dark that seemed to fester within Lexa the closer they got to the facility.

“You promise? You will protect my mother from harm?” Ally sniffed.

“I promise! Nothing gets passed me. I am the Skai-beast!”

Clarke gave a sudden loud roar, followed by a playful smile. Ally jumped, then began to giggle at Clarke’s display.

“Ok, I will take you there. I believe in the Skai-beast!” Ally grinned, pumping her fist in the air.

“As do I.” Lexa whispered softly to herself. Her black blood heated and searing through her veins.

The pack now made their way towards the facility - and the notorious Rebecca Kane.
With the lights down low and the gentle patter of rain tickling Trinity's tiny rooftop, Abby Griffin slumped carelessly over the new courtyard bar. The courtyard walls provided an element of protection from the cool wind that whistled around the trees this evening.

Abby had retained her position as Chancellor. She did not celebrate her success in a manner befitting her family name though. Abby had not only won, but she had won by a landslide. However, she could take no pleasure or pride in the victory. What would her father say in this moment? Truly, it was Lexa whom had secured Abby’s seat; Lexa with her unpredictability and terrifying abilities. Indra radioing her congratulations on the win only served to twist the knife in deeper, making the wound to her pride all the more fatal.

By the fifth glass of moonshine, Abby started to feel the alcohol settle in fully. Her vision blurred around the edges and her reactions slowed. The booze did not take away the shame though, it simply amplified it. Guilt sat firmly on the aging Omega’s chest.

Abby Griffin stared at the courtyard walls. Lincoln had done such a good job, what a lovely space this was! Colorful plants decorated the walls as they hung in baskets, flinging their stems and leaves proudly out over the rims; green ivy crawled across the walls, embracing the stonework lovingly. Despite the presence of such serenity, Abby’s face turned into a harsh frown. She gripped her glass more tightly within her hand, raising it up to shoulder level. Before she realized it, Abby had thrown the glass angrily at the beautiful courtyard wall, shattering it into a multitude of jagged shards. Abby watched for a moment as the colorless liquid dripped down the stonework. Why had she done that? She would only have to go over and clean it all up now.

Letting out a defeated sigh, Abby turned her back on the wall as she scanned the courtyard for a dust pan and brush. Surely there was one out here? Lincoln was very fastidious after all. Suddenly, the sound of crunching glass under a heavy boot echoed out in the courtyard startling Abby, causing her to turn sharply. She was met with a condescending applause and an unexpected visitor.

“Bravo, Chancellor. I can honestly say I never saw it coming.” Kane smiled mockingly at Abby.

“Kane! How the hell did you get in here?” Abby’s eyes quickly flashed around the courtyard.

Kane stumbled as he approached a flustered Abby. His skin was sallow with dark circles under his tired eyes.

“I may not be Chancellor, but I am still the Chief of Police.” Kane tapped his nose.
“You’re drunk!” Abby stepped away from the scruffy looking Kane.

“You won because of the Tri-girl. Now you have doomed us all!” Kane pointed as he swayed. Abby watched as Kane wobbled unsteadily on his feet.


Abby shook her head at Kane. Reaching for fresh glasses beneath the bar, the reappointed Chancellor poured herself another two glasses of moonshine from the half empty bottle on the countertop.

“You need to leave, Kane. Right now!” Abby snapped as she poured drink number six and seven.

“Call for Clarke! Call for your Skai-beast daughter!” Kane spun in a circle with his arms wide open. He slammed his fist down on the bar as he stalked toward an equally inebriated Abby.

“You only won because our people are terrified of Lexa!” Kane screamed at Abby.

“Kane…step away! You don’t want to do something you will regret!” Abby gripped one of the full glasses on the bar tightly, feeling rage burning brightly in her chest.

“You’re terrified of her too! I see the fear in your eyes every time her name is mentioned.” Kane’s usually smug grin looked off in his drunken state.

“Lexa’s methods are unorthodox; I won’t disagree with that.” Abby downed drink six, swiftly picking up drink seven.

Kane laughed. “Unorthodox? She is a walking disease!” Kane shook his fist at Abby.

“Watch your mouth, Kane, she is the mother of my grandchildren!” Abby snarled at her unwelcome companion.

“Do you even know what she is?” Kane whispered darkly. His face twisted and sinister.

“No…do you, Kane?” Abby arched a brow.

“She should not exist! There is nothing like her in any of the clans.” Kane gestured above Trinity’s walls to the sleeping community outside.

Abby spat out a laugh. “You have no more clue what Lexa is than I do!” Abby waved a bored hand at Kane.

“Don’t push me, Abby!” Kane shouted.

Abby looked to the exit beyond the drunken man, however Kane read her intent and surged forward. Abby struck out first though. She swiped quickly and accurately with the back of her hand. Kane was thrown backwards, four perfect slice marks tearing through his shirt, blood seeping through quickly.

“I warned you!” Abby stood looking at Kane’s wounds in mild shock. She looked down at her clawed paw, eyebrows knit and small frown adorning her features.

Dazed and confused, Kane shook his head. He sat back on his ass looking up at a changed Abby.
Abby’s face rarely morphed. Perhaps in the throes of passion with Jake as a young Omega, but reaching the age of fifty had allowed Abby to hone her emotion and temper her wolf spirit. Her emotions rarely manifested in her facial constructs. Her instincts rarely got the better of her - not tonight though! Not with Marcus Kane lunging at her, and disappointment in herself whispering cruel jibes into her ear.

Kane looked up at Abby, his vision becoming less blurred. He gawped at her with fascination. Abby’s brow furrowed just like Clarke’s - her eyes a brilliant sunburst orange. Short Omega fangs protruding over her bottom lip.

“See! You’re a monster after all!” Kane cursed at Abby.

“Shut up, Kane!” Abby spat back.

The mother of the Skai-beast glared down at the defeated Markus Kane.

**Upstairs…**

Raven and Lincoln stood looking down upon three cuddled up, sleeping pups. Lincoln kept his voice low as he spoke to a transfixed Raven.

“These little babies will be very powerful.” He spoke with pride in his voice.

Raven pointed a finger at the most dominant of the three pups. “This one, she packs a punch, let me tell ya!”

Dahlia’s eyes briefly peeped open making Raven jump.

Lincoln smiled. “She is missing my sister very much, I think. More-so than Zinnia and Jago.”

“Is that not just a little bit weird?” Raven worried her lip.

“No, a mother’s bond with her first born is perhaps stronger than any other.” Lincoln nodded sagely.

Raven sighed, linking her arm with Lincoln’s and resting her head on his powerful arm. Lincoln looked down briefly as the mechanic’s soft hair brushed against his skin.

“They have no idea how much this world sucks!” Raven whispered.

“This world is still full of wonderful things. We just have to look a little harder for them, little bird.” Lincoln surmised.

There was a brief silence. Raven felt her heart sink ever so slightly…little bird. Such a lovely pet name she had grown to love, but only from another’s lips.

“I was really into Luna, Linc.” Raven suddenly admitted.

Lincoln looked down at Raven’s tiny form by his side.

“Luna’s soul has always belonged to another, my friend.” Lincoln spoke softly.

Raven looked puzzled for a moment before a slow sort of realization dawned in her intelligent eyes.

“Damn good in the bedroom that girl, you know? I thought at one point I was gonna go blind.” Raven lamented.
“I do not doubt it.” Lincoln blushed.

“What about Octavia?” Raven asked, carefully.

Both friends now stood side by side in melancholy, together.

“Her soul has always belonged to another as well, it seems.” Lincoln briefly closed his eyes.

Silence again filled the room, only this time with a more somber edge to it.

“You cannot make a person love you. That is the one thing the cataclysm did not alter.” Lincoln bumped his hip against a dazed Raven.

“Well shit, this is depressing.” Raven took a deep breath, attempting to pull herself out of her sad thoughts.

Lincoln gently tugged his arm out from Raven’s tight grasp. The mechanic felt the weight of Lincoln’s muscled limb fall perfectly over her narrow shoulder. The giant of a man pulled the dark-haired girl into a hug. Raven felt tiny in such proximity to Lincoln's colossal form, her face pressed into his chest. Lincoln smelt of rose water and the night air.

Suddenly Raven pulled back, her eyes meeting Lincoln’s for the briefest of moments. “Is it a terrible idea for us to have totally meaningless sex right now?” Raven gulped.

“…to help heal our broken hearts?” Lincoln finished Raven’s sentence, his throat was quickly drying out.

Raven considered Lincoln’s bright eyes. “You have fifteen seconds, or I am taking the silence as ‘let’s do it, Reyes.’” Raven licked her lips, subconsciously fixing her hair with sweating palms.

“I think…” Lincoln mumbled.

“Times up!”

Raven, without a second thought, leapt up onto an astounded Lincoln. The giant of a man stepped back, as the little bird wrapped her arms around his neck and her legs around his waist. The two entangled friends crashed lightly into a dresser, their lips smashing together in unbridled abandon.

“Wait!” Raven spoke mostly into Lincoln’s opening and closing mouth.

“What is it?” Lincoln was breathless.

“I just need to explain some things.” Raven was equally as breathless as her friend. She clung to Lincoln's frame like a small chimp to a great tree trunk.

“Raven Reyes, I understand that your heart calls for Luna, not I.” Lincoln could not take his eyes from Raven’s soft female lips.

“Ok!” Raven smashed her mouth against Lincoln's again, feeling the rough stubble on his chin.

Lincoln felt his affection for the strange girl rise in his military cargo pants as the kisses became more fervent.

“Wait!” Raven called again, her skin now flushed and her hair somehow wilder.

“What is it now!” Lincoln felt Raven’s hold loosen.
Raven deliberated on whether a talk was essential.

“Er…Nothing!” Raven tightened the grip of her thighs around Lincoln’s middle. Much to the man’s glee.

Lincoln now brought his lips down to gently kiss Raven’s neck. He wandered over intentionally towards Abby and Jake’s soft bed. The mechanic felt a wave of excitement overcome her. It fizzled and popped all the way from her toes to the back of her neck, starteling the young girl greatly.

“I’m addicted to your sister!” Raven suddenly hollered.

Lincoln dropped Raven unceremoniously onto the bed.

Raven, for a moment, was confused. “Oh, right, yeah! That’s probably not what every guy wants to hear, is it?” Raven clapped a hand over her mouth.

Lincoln held his head in his hands.

Raven shuffled nervously on the bed, looking up at Lincoln. Her hands flapping like a young bird engaging in its first flight.

“Look… it’s a blood thing, not a body thing. Although, she is kinda hot I guess. It’s those green eyes and that determined walk.” Raven’s words speedily ran away from her without thought.

Lincoln put his fingers in his ears, shaking his head profusely. “You’re addicted to Aleksandria?”

“Well, way to go! Make her seem even hotter…Aleksandria! Can we all just call her Lexa? Or maybe exhibit A?” Raven’s mouth was running wild at this point.

“You’re attracted to Alek…to Leksa.” Lincoln’s eyes were wide.

“Well jeez, isn’t everybody?” Raven raised her hands in the air.

“I am not!” Lincoln stated.

“Good to know…ew…” Raven grimaced in afterthought.

Lincoln blinked as he looked down at the calamity that was Raven Reyes.

“You have totally lost your wood, haven’t you, Beta boy?” Raven looked guilty.

Lincoln looked down at his pants, his member no longer straining against the course material.

“Damn it!” Raven flopped backwards, slamming her hands down onto the mattress below. “I talk too much.”

Lincoln sighed.

“Look, sometimes my mouth runs away with me. It’s down to the erratic, yet genius, thoughts and ideas that come into my mind! I just have to get it all out. I talk a lot!” Raven attempted to explain.

Lincoln tilted his head. “You’re such a strange girl.” He smiled.

Raven sat up quickly. “Hey, I’m nervous!” Raven pointed at Lincoln’s smiling face.

Lincoln folded his arms, he could not help but continue to smile at Raven. “How about we wait. My
‘wood’ as you call it, may eventually recover from your incessant need to talk so much. Just do not mention my sister again, please.”

“I promise nothing!” Raven peeled off her shirt before the gentle giant.

A loud smash from the courtyard below snapped both friends out of their flirtations.

**Downstairs…**

Kane had no comeback, he could only blink up to Abby from his position on the ground.

“I am so tired of this dance with you. I am not the enemy, Kane!” Abby stood with her head in her hands.

Abby paused to listen as quickening footsteps approached from within Trinity’s main building. Raven and Lincoln quickly appeared through the courtyard door - Raven only half dressed.

Lincoln spotted the injured Kane first.

“What the hell is he doing here?” Lincoln spoke through gritted teeth.

Raven looked confused, her eyes finally settling on a changed Abby.

“Whoa, grandma! What big-ass teeth you have!” Raven was wide eyed, staring at a wolfed-out Abby.

“Pick him up!” Abby pointed over at the courtyard couch.

Raven continued to stare at Abby’s changed face.

“Raven!” Abby snapped.

“Shit! Ok, it’s just… grumpy Clarke face.” Raven wiggled her finger nervously at Abby’s fangs and pronounced brow.

Lincoln picked up Kane roughly, depositing the would-be Chancellor hopeful onto the couch unceremoniously. The Chief Constable cried out as his wounds got the better of him.

“Get me a medical kit!” Abby barked her orders at the two young Betas.

“You’re not laying a hand on me!” Kane shouted through pain filled cries.

“Kane! Shut up!” Abby shouted again.

Marcus Kane kept his eyes fixed on Abby as she tended to his chest wounds. Abby could feel Kane’s eyes running all over her face. He scanned her, almost like he was trying to read her thoughts.

Raven watched on from the bar with an apprehensive Lincoln by her side. The big man glared at Kane in muted disdain.

“Do you really believe Lexa is on your side?” Kane asked bluntly.
Abby continued to lace stitches into Kane’s flesh. She kept her eyes on her work, amazed that she could still manage such a task after downing more than half a bottle of moonshine. She kept her response brief and to the point.

“Do you really believe Rebecca is working on a cure to save your precious Beta nation?”

Kane remained silent as Abby’s question hit home.

“That sounds awfully noble of her, very selfless, charitable even. Those are not qualities I remember in that woman, Marcus.” Abby briefly locked eyes with Kane.

“Perhaps not.” Kane conceded.

Abby paused what she was doing instantly on hearing Kane agree with her.

“Kane, whatever she is up to. It’s not good for any of us. We need to be ready for her.” Abby kept her voice low.

Kane barked out a wheezy laugh.

“Please don’t tell me you’re suggesting an alliance?” Kane smiled, shaking his head.

“What if I start up the Beta project again?” Abby offered.

Stunned, Kane’s eyes blew wide open.

What was Abby doing? She hated this man! The older Omega was certain that the feeling was mutual. An alliance? A peace offering to this bigot and racist that sat on his ass before her? There was one thing Abby was certain of, it was what her father would have offered way back when and it was what she would offer today.

“I let you down, Kane. I was so sucked in by Rebecca. I was gullible, so foolish, so young! I abandoned perfectly valid research for pride.” Abby could not look at Kane.

There was silence.

“Come on, Kane! It’s got to be worth it, to try and call a truce?”

“How? How will we even begin on such a road? There have been too many negative events between us.” Kane’s eyes were hard.

“We call truce tonight. No more of this Beta nation talk. I will commit to finding out why your kind can’t produce young successfully. You must commit to peace, to shared community.”

Kane looked away for a moment. In truth, Marcus Kane was exhausted. He looked in the mirror most days and saw a disenchanted old man staring back at him. He wasn’t always this way…surely, he couldn’t’ve always had this way?
Lexa would not be easy to topple from power. He knew that, and Abby knew that. That thought linked quite closely to a truth which shook Kane to his core. He and Abby had more in common than he dared to admit. His estranged wife had fooled him just as easily as she had Abby. How? The answer was simple. They both cared for her, trusted her, and she had no respect for love or friendship. Rebecca was an opportunist that would sink to any level to achieve her goal. Since when had Kane turned into the same sort of animal? Surely…he was not always this way.

“Pike has disappeared.” Kane suddenly blurted out.

“What?” Abby frowned.

Raven spat out a laugh.

“How the hell do you lose a guy that big!” Raven continued to laugh.

“My men as well, they went to Azgeda…they never come back. Pike was the final straw.” Kane mumbled.

“What the hell is she up to, Marcus? What does she want?” Abby spoke hurriedly.

Kane locked eyes with Abby.

“Is it not obvious what she wants?” He laughed nervously.

Abby folded her arms, afraid to hear the truth.

“Lexa…she wants Lexa.” Kane gave Abby a worried look.
Ally took great pride in leading the mighty Skai-beast through the dense forest. She lassoed Clarke’s powerful hand in her own, looking up towards the swaggering beast from below with doe eyes. Clarke kept her focus forward. She felt the pup looking upon her in adoring young fandom though. Clarke suddenly felt a wave of responsibility. Would she become a role model for all young Alphas as she was for Ally? It was quite an honor really and it awed the Prime. Whatever she would do, whatever she would say…would that become gospel to these young pups? Clarke’s mind flashed momentarily to an image of t-shirt’s bearing her face and action figures bearing her body’s likeness. Perhaps Clarke Griffin’s wolf would become nothing short of a celebrity!

Ally had been alone for so long. Every tree felt like family; prey meant for food, would quickly become a pet instead. This was so much better! Being with Clarke and her companions, Ally liked this feeling of a pack. She longed to be noticed, to be needed, to be loved.

Luna smiled from behind as the young pup pulled at Clarke’s clawed hand. Swinging it happily in her own.

“This way!” Ally spoke excitedly.

Ally had done exactly as she was asked to do; taking these foreigners through her woods, leading them to her mother’s residence. They were so very close now, a final bank of trees was the only thing obscuring the ice ridge and its resident medical facility. The place was well hidden and difficult to get to. The ice grew thicker up here and the air froze their breath as they ascended the steep hillside.

Lexa eyed each tree trunk warily. Something from beneath the bark itself seemed to stare at her intently. Lexa heard broken whispers and faint voices. The sap within these trees somehow abnormal and changed. It put the Queen on edge. Feeling Echo’s eyes burning into her back from behind did not help her mood. Waves of aggression seeped from the rough and ready Azgeda. Lexa could almost read Echo’s thoughts, the Ice wolf still enraged by learning that Rebecca Kane had tampered with Ally’s blood.

“Look! There!” Ally pointed.

Ally released Clarke’s hand. Her task was now complete, as far as leading her hero to the facility.

“We should set up a camp here.” Clarke gestured to Echo.

“I will check the perimeter.” Lexa added as she seemingly floated past the two Alphas.

As the day waned and twilight finally dawned, Lexa found herself standing tall, looking out into the dying light towards the facility. She smelt the beginnings of her packs’ campfire and the chattering of voices not far from her solitary position. Soon she would confront Rebecca Kane, ensuring her children’s safety. Lexa felt the same tense eyes on her back as she had earlier in the day. From behind, the heavier footfalls of an Alpha tentatively crept towards her.

“What do you want, Azgeda?” Lexa did not bother to look over her shoulder, Echo’s scent was so different to Clarke’s.

“I want the same thing you do.” Echo whispered.
Lexa turned to face Echo, her face unreadable.

Echo’s eyes flashed with mirth and aggression.

“You would dare to presume a Queen’s thoughts?” Lexa kept her voice low, her glower spoke volumes to the second seed Alpha though.

The brunette raised her chin, placing her arms behind her back, while her brow quirked slightly. Lexa’s face, however, remained as stoic as ever. The ice wolf was no fool though. She had come to learn Lexa’s royal posture was nothing more than a pair of tightly fixed handcuffs; they served to arrest the Queen’s dark vengeful nature, bottling up her violence and anger within.

“You want Becca’s head on a fucking plate!” Echo snarled.

Lexa let out a sigh, licking her lips as her mouth dried out.

“Klark has promised your daughter that no harm will befall her mother.” Lexa looked away from Echo for a moment.

Echo stepped closer, frustrated by Lexa’s reluctance to go against Clarke.

Six months ago, Lexa would have laughed at the idea of being in such proximity to a beat up, moonshine-stained Azgeda. Echo smelt of blood and cigarettes. She was the sort of Alpha that would brawl in the street over the simple spilling of a drink. Tri-Kru etiquette said that a refined woman, such as Lexa, should not keep company with a rough and ready, street-fighting wolf. Nevertheless, she was stood toe to toe with Echo now.

Lexa ran her eyes briefly over the pumped up, overly tattooed dog. She stood just as tall as Lexa, stood close enough that Lexa saw the flecks of ice blue in Echo’s seething eyes. She saw the detail of the tribal-esc scar tissue upon her face.

“That’s Griffin all over - always wanting to do the right fucking thing! What do you want, Leksa?” Echo’s breathing was erratic, her anger notching up as her eyes turned a blazing orange.

Lexa quickly frowned upon Echo.

“You will not undermine your Prime’s authority by approaching her mate, Alpha!” Lexa growled, turning so she was stood with her face in Echo’s.

“But...you’re my Queen...” Echo’s voice trailed off.

Lexa stood a little taller on hearing that. She considered the forest as if she were seeking out an unknown assailant. Echo looked puzzled following Lexa’s sight line. Was there something out there? Had Lexa spotted something the Alpha did not?

“Do you feel the death in these trees, Azgeda? Do you feel something breathing within the dirt as we approach the border to the dead zone?” Lexa’s voice trembled.

“It’s just the forest at night, Leksa. It plays tricks on your mind.” Echo suddenly felt light headed.

Lexa tilted her head, watching as Echo pawed at her own face like a child fighting fatigue. It was strange considering the amount of aggression the Alpha had displayed only moments ago.

Lexa’s black blood unexpectedly started sing in harmony with the dark soprano and alto voices within the accursed woodland. Lexa was quickly learning that this forest and its corrupted soul, was
mute to everyone else but herself. Lexa felt her body tense, a satisfying rush of power and authority sparking to life inside her chest.

“Can you not feel that, Azgeda?” Lexa rolled her neck.

Echo began to feel woozy, her words stuttered. “I...I feel your rule only...”

Without thought, Lexa brought her hand to Echo’s scarred face. The Queen’s eyes were pooling in blackness now. The Azgeda’s eyes closed slowly upon feeling the heat of Lexa’s power-filled palm against her cheek.

Lexa foresaw the trees themselves coming to life. A disturbing creaking of wood and an eerie rustle of leaves. It was as if the trees twisted around to bear witness to her thrall. They bowed down gracially to Lexa. They cast a dark gloomy shadow over predator and prey below. The light seemed changed and the fresh cool breeze of night suddenly was no more. Static and silence grabbed the relaxed atmosphere by the throat. Echo, was now at this patch of forest’s mercy.

The ice wolf pressed her face into Lexa’s palm. When her eyes fluttered open, they were just as black and empty as Lexa’s.

“Infect me.” Echo murmured, unable to keep the submission from her tone.

Lexa felt the same heady sensation from earlier. Echo’s soul was now just as vulnerable to corruption as the lonely snow drops. Lexa could not stop the words falling from her mouth. She sounded nervous, unsure, inexperienced. Still the buzz from the power she currently felt pulsing through her body was too much to deny.

“How do you wish to serve your Queen, Azgeda?” Lexa spoke softly, a perfect feminine lilt.

Echo’s head moved like a balloon tethered to the end of a stick. With just the lightest of fingertip touches upon the Alpha’s jaw, the tough ice wolf’s head moved obediently as Lexa inspected Echo’s face. The young Queen felt the skin by her wrist split open. The wound yawned as dark ichor seeped from Lexa’s veins. Her black blood slithered slowly towards a now paralyzed Echo. Lexa’s self-control was evaporating quickly into the thin night air.

"Say please." Lexa whispered.

"Please...infect me, my Queen." Echo submitted to Lexa’s will.

Echo’s mind was spiraling as she succumbed to Lexa’s thrall. The lightest fragrance of honey drugged her brain and chipped away at her choices. Just mere inches away now, Lexa’s blood was on its way to soaking into the face of the brave ice wolf.

Lexa shuddered out a ragged breath. A soul as determined and strong as Echo’s was hers for the taking! Echo would be the only person other than Luna to be a seemingly willing victim of her ichor.

“Beja, Heda, Kom Wa!” Echo begged Lexa to use her as an implement for violence. Echo’s choices would soon cease be her own to ever make again.

Lexa’s eyes promptly snapped open upon feeling Echo’s weakness and vulnerability in her hands.

What was she doing?

The brunette pulled swiftly away from Echo. The black blood retreated back inside its host, much to the Azgeda’s displeasure. Lexa stumbled backwards as the ice wolf dropped to her knees, the puppet
master had severed her marionette’s strings.

Lexa’s words almost failed her as she looked down upon the helpless street fighting Azgeda. “Return to Octavia now! Stay close to Klark. I fear you are not safe around me, Azgeda.”

Lexa fought back against a primal instinct. An irresistible need to command, to take, to corrupt.

“These woods…what is it about these woods?” Lexa’s voice wilted as she ripped a shaky hand through her hair, backing away from Echo slowly.

Echo shook her head repeatedly, her senses starting to return. What…? Why? Why was she on her knees?

Echo’s eyes reverted to their usual sparkling wolfish hue.

“Leksa?” She looked up as the Queen continued to step back.

“Klark is your Prime, you will all abide by her rule…not mine. I fear my judgment to be impaired.” Lexa’s hands shook for all to see.

Echo scrambled to her feet as the cool night breeze returned and the moonlight from above seemed brighter. She stared at Lexa for a moment longer than was polite. Lexa was so beautiful. The Queen’s dark hair floated lightly in cool breeze, her eyes still black as she focused on a very confused Echo.

“Go! Keep your distance from me, Azgeda. For your own sake.” Lexa whispered her warning.

Echo shifted her gaze away from the Queen. She turned her back on Lexa and strode away quicker than she’d liked to admit. There had never been an Omega that Echo feared before - not until Lexa.

Echo glanced back over her shoulder as her memory swiftly returned. How close had she been to becoming as mindless as Jackson? The proud Azgeda was so effortlessly brought to heel by this woman! Echo’s Alpha pride remained severely dented as sudden truth struck her, hard. If it came to a fight against Lexa, even with all Echo’s Alpha power and speed…she would never stand a chance. She would be dead or enslaved before her knees hit the dirt.

The unexpected sound of Echo’s pup’s voice snapped the old wolf out of her thoughts.

“I told you the Queen was dangerous.”

Ally had mastered the art of concealing her whereabouts and presence from the most dangerous of predators in these woods. It took Echo a moment to spot her sneaky pup within the shadow and tree line. Ally stood arms folded and frowning upon her emotionally-driven sire. Echo for once had no response. She stood looking down at the smaller version of herself as Ally stepped out from her place of hiding.

“Come with me, I wish to show you something.” Ally held out a small paw to her sire.

“Ok.” Echo could only nod, her nerves still on edge from feeling Lexa’s will creep into her flesh.

Ally took Octavia and Echo to one side. The young Alpha gently unfolded each corner of a bundle of cloth in her hands. Echo was transfixed as the sweet smell of honey bled from the ominous bundle.
“Look.” Ally whispered as she carefully presented the contents of the bundle.

“What the hell is that?” Octavia grimaced.

“I believe it was once a snowdrop.” Ally was careful not to touch the black goo that seemed to drip endlessly from the uprooted stem.

Echo reached forward mindlessly to touch the flower’s head, only to have Ally slap her hand away.

“Ouch!” Echo rubbed her hand instantly.

“Are you a fool? Do you also wish to become an evil snowdrop?” Ally frowned at her sire.

“Where did you find this?” Octavia whispered.

“It was nestled amongst the foliage within the clearing, where the Queen went to meditate earlier. She did this! She makes evil snowdrops!” Ally presented the flower to Octavia whom immediately pulled back.

“There was other plant life that had been changed also, they were in close proximity to this corrupted seed. I assume it’s because they too share the same earth and water. There will be many more evil snowdrops.” Ally raised her eyebrows, nodding her head assuredly.

“Will you stop saying that!” Echo snapped at her eccentric pup.

Ally scowled upon Echo.

“But it is an Evil…” Ally was silenced by Echo’s pointed finger.

“Burn it, bury it!” Octavia still grimaced over the ugly plant.

“The Queen has taken away what this seedling once was! She is evil!” Ally barked.

“Ally! Her name is Leksa. She is not evil, she is just…different.” Echo kept her eyes on the changed snowdrop. She missed Octavia’s face quickly turning red.

“You think she is perfect, don’t you?”

Echo snapped out of her thoughts.

“Wait, what?” Echo suddenly noted Octavia’s angered stance.

Octavia stood up straight, folding her arms angrily. Ally sat looking up at her sire and sire’s mate as the two faced off.

“You really won’t see any bad in her, will you?” Octavia shook her head.

Ally sat cross-legged and continued to look between the two tense mates. She was intrigued by her sire’s interactions with the Beta female. If only she had brought her notebook to write down her observations! Becca’s need for research and evidence gathering clearly had passed on to her pup.

“What the hell does that even mean?” Echo threw her hands out, frustrated.

“Fucking Lexa...you won’t have a bad word said about her!” Octavia continued to huff.

Echo snorted a laugh, much to Octavia’s annoyance. The newly mated pair stood facing off. Ally’s
eyes rapidly swapped between the two with great interest.

“Have I not already shown you how much I care for you, Octavia?” Echo winked cheekily.

“You never question Lexa’s choices!”

“Listen, Octavia-”

The fiery Beta cut her Alpha off.

“You would argue with Clarke over the opening of a tin can…but never Lexa!”

“Whoa, calm the fuck down!” Echo held out a hand to Octavia.

“Don’t, Echo! Don’t you dare tell me to calm down!” Octavia bit out.

“Ah…I see.” Ally abruptly interrupted the fighting pair.

Both Echo and Octavia looked down upon the intrusive pup.

“Beta females become very jealous when a much more attractive Omega is present.” Ally nodded to herself.

“Excuse me?” Octavia turned her infuriated gaze onto Ally. The pup’s smile faded fast as her sire gestured desperately in the background for her to shut up. Evidently, Ally lacked an understanding of social queues just like her mother though.

“The Queen is exceptionally attractive, even if she does make evil snowdrops. You are at least very pretty, Octavia.” Ally gave her sweetest smile.

Silence fell.

“You know what? You’re both fucking assholes!” Octavia sneered at the two Azgeda Alphas before storming off.

Ally looked perplexed as she watched Octavia march off toward the campfire. She hissed and snarled though, as Echo strode readily towards her. She batted her sire’s hand away as the old wolf reached for the scruff of her neck.

“Come here you little shit!” Echo spoke through gritted teeth.

Ally’s attempts at fighting her sire’s grip failed almost instantly as she was lifted off her feet by the older Alpha.

“Put me down!” Ally spun around as Echo held her suspended by the scruff of her neck and hood.

“Listen to me, kiddo! If you ever want to mate in the future, find a better way to talk to girls. Generally, they don’t love being told they are almost as pretty as another girl!”

“You are no expert in these matters either!” Ally continued to struggle.

“I know women, kid.” Echo released her pup, dropping her in heap on the forest floor.

“Oh yes! You’re highly skilled in dealing with females. That is why Octavia is currently sat far too close to the Skai-beast!” Ally pointed across to the campfire beyond Echo.
The ice wolf turned to see Octavia sat snuggled up to Clark. Luna raised an amused brow toward Echo. Clarke looked horribly confused and marginally afraid.

“Fuck!” Echo whispered under her breath.

“She is only trying to make you jealous.” Ally commented as she wiped herself down.

“I know that!” Echo kicked a pine cone at her odd offspring.

*An hour later…*

Luna saw the plumes of cigarette smoke billowing out from over the bushes.

“We must stop meeting like this.” Luna smiled as Echo handed her a cigarette.

Luna ran her eyes over the sulking wolf as Echo lit her smoke for her. A comforting red glow smoldered at the head of the white stick, as Luna took in light drags. The girl let out a long breath, releasing the smoke from her lungs in tandem with Echo.

“I see even after all the women you have bedded; you still don’t know how to keep them sweet when you are not fucking them.” Luna stood with her cigarette held lazily in her left hand.

“You’re the womanizer of this pack Flou-girl! Not me. You have gotten through way more pussy than I have.”

Luna threw back her head and let out a joy-filled laugh. The Azgeda was most amusing to the wild Flou-girl. The two unlikely friends had easily formed a bond over woman troubles.

Echo dropped her smile as she spied a deep bite mark on Luna’s throat. It was like no mating mark Echo had ever seen before.

“What the hell is that?” Echo frowned.

The ice wolf held her cigarette loosely between her lips as she reached forward. Her finger tips gently moving Luna’s wild hair, so that she might inspect the strange mark more closely.

Luna allowed the contact.

“Is this Griffin’s mark?” Echo looked puzzled.

“No... it’s Leksa’s.” Luna’s voice was low and throaty.

Echo’s eyes locked with Luna’s instantaneously.

“That’s not how this works, Luna. Omegas can’t mark other Omegas! You can’t claim each other. It doesn’t mean anything.” Echo stated bluntly.

“Shall you be the one to tell Leksa that?” Luna challenged.

Echo’s face paled considerably, as she turned to subconsciously look over her shoulder.

“That is what I thought, Azgeda.” Luna smirked at Echo’s apparent fear of Lexa.

“Why the fuck has it not healed? It looks really sore.” Echo kept her voice low.

“I do not know. It is not sore though. It actually feels… quite wonderful.” Luna closed her eyes
briefly. “It is like Lexa is always near. When she is close, Azgeda, you feel the pull to her. The need to offer yourself freely to infection and-” Luna stopped as Echo cut her off.

“I get it. Trust me, I get it.” Echo blanched further as she recalled her near miss with Lexa in the woodlands earlier.

“Be careful, Luna. I think you’re very vulnerable.” Echo suggested.

Luna laughed again.

“Try anything, Azgeda, and I will bring my knee firmly to your balls.”

“I never said anything about being vulnerable around me, Luna.” Echo stumped out her cigarette.

Luna pursed her lips, as she watched Echo turn to walk away. The Azgeda didn’t get too far though before she stopped in her tracks.

“Can I give you some advice?” Echo asked as she walked back over to Luna.

“Proving it does not concern Leksa?” Luna’s posture rapidly turned defensive.

Echo approached the Flou-girl. She placed both strong Alpha hands on the Omega’s upper arms, squeezing tightly.

“If you ever get in a jam with an Alpha, don’t go for the knee to balls move. We anticipate that one - trust me.”

“Then what would you suggest, Azgeda?” Luna indulged Echo.

Echo tapped the center of Luna’s forehead with a callused fingertip.

“This, smash this down onto the nose of whomever is the threat. They won’t expect it, and it will bring them down quickly.”


“Listen, you can fucking courtesy after to appease the Tri-Kru etiquette inside you.” Echo mocked.

Luna again, burst out laughing.

“I am Flou-Kru nowadays, Azgeda.”

Echo smiled.

“No way. I’m not buying that! You can take the girl out of Tri-Kru, but you can’t take the Tri-Kru out of the girl.” Echo winked as she released Luna’s shoulders.

“Perhaps not.” Luna conceded.

“Stay safe, girl.” Echo kissed the back of Luna's hand before swaggering off.

Luna stood mesmerized for a moment by the old wolf as she departed. Luna could not deny Echo had a certain charm about her.

“Perhaps you should save your chivalry for your unsatisfied mate!” Luna hollered after Echo with a smile on her face.
“Fuck you, Luna!” Echo called back, offering Luna her middle finger, much to the Omega’s amusement.

Lexa felt as though she could not face her own pack. How could she? The regal, controlled Queen had no idea what force continuously tried to override her choices in these woods. Echo, Octavia, the peculiar Azgeda pup...they were all at risk from Lexa’s current volatile emotions. The Queen still sat alone. She dared not meditate. Not again, not in these woods. Lexa didn’t believe she had ever felt so alone in all her life. Even her unspoken captivity within Polis as a child, under Indra and Titus’s watchful gaze, had not ever sunk her to such depths of solitary confinement. A sudden voice from behind startled the isolated Queen from her musings.

“You would be warmer by the fire, Lexa.” Clarke’s soft, yet rugged voice filled the night air. Lexa turned her head swiftly, unable to stop a smile creeping over her lips.

“Hello, Klark.” Lexa struggled to hold the smile for long.

Clarke tilted her head, trying to read this woman yet again; this woman that Clarke cared for so much, was so inexplicably drawn to.

“Can I sit with you?” Clarke asked.

Lexa simply nodded.

Clarke took up residence behind Lexa. Lexa leant back into her mate as Clarke’s warmth and scent brought calm to the struggling Omega. Clarke smiled to herself as Lexa allowed the close contact with unusual tactile affection.

“Should I have brought Luna with me?”

“No.” Lexa answered quickly.

“Ok, I am just trying to figure the three of us out still. That’s all.”

“That would be your first mistake. Do not try and figure it out. Just let it be.”

Clarke nodded.

“I am more than happy with having you to myself.” Lexa whispered.

“Lexa, what’s going on? Talk to me, please.” Clarke sounded deeply concerned.

Lexa stared off into the distance.

“If we’re going to lead together, Lexa, as a partnership that’s equal and shared, we have to talk to each other.” Clarke pleaded with her mate.

Still Lexa did not respond.

“Do you want to share the responsibility of this pack with me?” Clarke sounded nervous.

“I do, but...I have no idea how we will achieve that, Klark. We rule very differently.” Lexa scowled.

“Talk to me. I know you’re not feeling yourself.” Clarke pulled Lexa closer into her warm body.
“I...I do not think you will understand.” Lexa swallowed.

“Try me.” Clarke whispered into Lexa’s ear, sending a shiver all the way down the Queen’s spine.

“These woods, these trees...they speak to me. I hear a distant murmur. These voices do not speak with kindness. They make me feel...” Lexa trailed off.

“Feel what?” Clarke pushed.

“I do not have the words.” Lexa worried.

“What can I do?” Clarke kissed the side of Lexa’s head, noting how hot her skin was. “You’re burning up!” Clarke held a hand to Lexa’s forehead, frowning.

“I should not have come to this place, Klark. You were correct. I should have listened to you.” Lexa conceded.

“The day that you or Luna start to take any advice from me is the day I will be concerned for this planet!” Clarke smiled, hoping to lighten her mate’s mood.

“There is something in these woods, in that facility...I know it.” Lexa’s voice trailed off again.

“We have to be on the same page with this, Lexa.” Clarke kept her eyes forward as she addressed her powerful Omega.

The regal brunette turned her head slowly until green eyes met with blue.

“Our pack needs us to show a united front. We have to lead together.”

Lexa allowed her eyes to run over Clarke's handsome face.

“I don’t want to be at odds with you.” Clarke tried to catch Lexa’s eyes, as the stoic girl gave very little away.

Lexa took her gaze back towards the facility. “Perhaps we should split up. Luna and I-”

Clarke cut Lexa off.

“No!” Clarke barked.

Lexa raised a brow as Clarke practically bit her head off with the command.

“Sorry...I just don’t have the best experience with you and Luna running off together.” Clarke rubbed the back of her neck absentmindedly.

“I would suggest that day worked out very well for you in the end.” Lexa smirked.

Clarke blushed deeply.

“Klark, tactically it makes sense to split up.”

Clarke bit her lip. She wanted to trust Lexa, but alarms bells currently rang throughout the Prime’s head. Could her mate be trusted? The harsh truth of it was, Clarke had more faith in Echo’s ability to contain her blood lust for Rebecca Kane than she did Lexa’s.
Under the cover of darkness, the pack moved on the facility.

Echo had taken Ally and Octavia towards the south side of the structure, whereas Clarke had escorted her Omegas to the north side. The pack was split in two, but only by half a mile.

Clarke remained close to Luna and Lexa; both Omegas were just as unpredictable as each other. Clarke was still unsure as to where Luna’s loyalties lay? Surely, they still must have been with Lexa? Mating with Luna, just the once, couldn’t possibly override Luna’s fealty to Lexa. Clarke wasn’t stupid. As strong as the connection Clarke felt towards the Flou-girl was, she was certain the two Omegas would forever remain inseparable. That was something as an Alpha, Clarke would just have to come to accept.

The three lovers headed down a narrow game path with a steep descent. They had climbed part-way up the ice ridge in order to drop down and reach the back entrance to the facility. Ally had warned them previously that it would not be easy. Lexa was first to spy the brushed steel doors hidden amongst the brambles. The confident Queen steamed ahead of her two bedmates.

“I’m pretty sure it’s gonna be locked, Lexa.” Clarke shouted after her determined mate.

fswoosh!

As if on cue, the large automatic door opened with an ominous whirring sound.

Lexa stepped forward.

“WAIT!” Clarke called after Lexa.

Lexa paused looking back over her shoulder at a nervy Clarke and Luna.

“This is too good to be true, Lexa!” Clarke shook her head.

“I would tend to agree with our Alpha, Leksa.” Luna intoned.

Lexa let out a great sigh. She felt so drawn to this place! She stared at the threshold to the facility. Only one or two steps forward and she would be inside!

A tense silence fell upon the three.

Luna found herself stood right between the mated pair, both looking upon her warily. Luna could feel Clarke’s anxiety burning through her skin and tapping on the door of commonsense. Clarke was right, it was all too good to be true! An open door to the best kept secret in Azgeda? That screamed of danger. But, Luna could also feel Lexa’s passion; Lexa’s desire to find this woman and end her threatening interest towards her pups and her pack.

Both mates seemed to be waiting for Luna to pick a side.

**Half a mile away**…

Echo walked tentatively towards the south side of the facility. It was all too quiet for her liking. Ally, seemed to read her sire’s thoughts.
“Something is not right.” Ally tugged at Echo’s shirt as she whispered her concerns.

The ice wolf looked down upon her feisty pup.

“I know kid.” Echo’s head quickly snapped around. She stood defensively in front of Octavia, as did Ally.

From the surrounding trees, Echo heard an all too familiar voice.

“Echo of the Azgeda! We meet again.”

Janus appeared from the tree line with four Guarda officers appeared from behind the fat man. The darkly clad guards thinned out attempting to surround the small group.

“Do you remember when you broke my nose, bastard scum?” Janus moved closer to Echo.

“I would say a broken nose is the least of your problems, Janus!” Echo quipped.

Janus’ skin was whiter than his normal pale Azgeda hue; his eyes were black and his veins swelled and budged horribly across his face. The Guarda officers were no different, their appearances also looked greatly altered. The men bore great scars cross their faces, their bodies looking swollen and sore. There were fingers missing - patches of skin missing. One Guarda officer still had skin pencil marks from some previous attempts at surgery scrawled across his face and the side of his neck.

“I’m gonna go out on a limb here and say you boys have all met my charming ex?” Echo ran her eyes over Janus’ butchered companions.

“She is a genius! I cannot tell you how changed I feel! She can work wonders!” Janus celebrated Becca.

“Not great at the weight loss surgery, clearly!” Echo scoffed.

“Mock all you want, Echo, your days end in this woodland - by the hand of your own people!”

Echo pointed at the Guarda officers.

“These little fucks are Skai-kru boys!” Echo smiled at the zombie-like, handmade warriors.

“I was not refereeing to them!” Janus clapped his hands once.

From the tree line, all the villagers from Echo’s childhood home appeared from the dark woods. They bore the same black eyes and torn flesh as the Guarda officers.

“Has my mother done this?” Ally’s voice shook.

Echo crouched down to her pup’s height.

“Yes. Yes, she has, Ally.” Echo placed a hand on her shocked pup’s shoulder.

“You and me though, we are gonna get Octavia out of here - together!”

Ally wiped her nose, frowning upon Janus as he laughed at Echo’s tender words.

Octavia pulled Ally away from Echo. “She is not fighting! She’s just a kid!” Octavia stroked Ally’s hair.
“Not in Azgeda. She is an Alpha, so she saves the damsel in distress. Right, kid?” Echo winked at her pup.

“Yes.” Ally nodded as she rolled up her sleeves.

Octavia stood staring at Echo, a perplexed look on her face.

“Give me that!” Octavia reached forward quickly, snatching Echo’s knife from her belt.

“Damsel in distress…assholes!” Octavia stood poised to take down the villagers with her Alphas.

The ice wolf shook her head at her disobedient Beta.

“I brought you a gift.” Janus smiled.

Octavia desperately searched the tree line as heavy footsteps could be heard trudging through the snowy woodland. Suddenly, Pike appeared from a thick cluster of shrubs. His already hulking body was swollen in size, his eyes black and his mouth drooling with black goo.

“No offense…but, he’s not really my type.” Echo winked.

Pike let out a startling roar. His teeth looked sharp as razors jutting out from his misshapen mouth. He seemed part animal, part Beta human. His body was decorated with weaponry. Echo raised a brow at the large military grade weapon that Pike effortlessly carried strapped to his back.

“Let me guess, nobody has ever told you about over-accessorizing?” Octavia pointed at the heavy artillery with Echo’s knife.

Pike snarled, toxic spittle spraying from between his teeth and dark foam coating his gums black.

“What the hell has she done to you?” Echo felt a flicker of sorrow for Pike.

“We must pull back, there are too many!” Ally calculated, her eyes darting about.

“Get her out of here!” Echo ordered Ally, never taking her eyes off Pike.

Octavia protested.

“I am not leaving you with these freaks!” Octavia gripped Echo’s hand.

“Kid, move her…now!” Echo’s voice boomed at Ally.

Ally stood stock still frowning at Janus and the hoard of Azgeda villagers. The young pup refused to move from Echo’s side.

“Go!” Echo shoved Ally towards Octavia.

Ally looked up at Echo with concerned eyes.

“But...you are my family.”

Echo paused as Ally’s words. They sounded like sweet music in her ears…family.

“Get her to a place of safety, please!” Echo’s eyes searched those of her fire-filled pup. The smaller Alpha seemed afraid.

Finally, Ally begrudgingly tugged Octavia away. Octavia pulled wildly to get out of the small pup’s
stronger grasp.

“Can we do something about that?” Janus waved a bored hand over at a protesting Octavia.

A Guarda officer stepped forward. He made a move for Octavia. Echo was faster though, and smashed him in the jaw. The tough wolf pulled Octavia further behind her, shielding her from another potential onslaught. The Guarda officer staggered, but quickly recovered and struck back at Echo.

For a second time, Echo cracked the man on the nose with a balled-up fist, felling him instantly.

“Echo, please! Don’t fight them.” Octavia pulled at Echo’s hand from behind.

“I don’t think I have a choice. Do I, Janus?” Echo eyed the rounded man.

“She’s all yours!” Janus smiled. He kept his hands behind his back, eager to watch Echo’s demise.

“No!” Octavia snapped at Ally, as the pup again pulled her away from Echo - roughly this time.

Echo didn’t notice who pushed her first, she just focused on staying upright. The villagers swarmed her in number, as random booted feet and various sized fists smashed into her body. The wolf took the blows before shoving back at the very people she had grown up around. Their faces familiar, but all with names Echo never bothered to learn.

One. Two. A third villager fell victim to Echo’s bare knuckled blows. Their heads would snap backwards, almost leaving their shoulders, as Echo’s fists smashed into their pail faces. Bones crunched and skin bruised quickly as Echo scraped wildly with her own kin.

Without warning, Pike charged Echo like a rabid bull. He swung a wild punch at the ice wolf. The Azgeda ducked fractionally, too late as Pike’s large fist made partial contact, clipping the side of her face. She kept her balance though, but her vision now blurred around the edges.

“Mother fucker!” Echo shook her head as the surrounding trees spun wildly.

Echo felt her unsteady feet leave the earth suddenly. Pike had gathered her up in a bear hug! He crushed her sides with all his might, forcing Echo to scream out in pain. The old wolf grit her teeth together as she felt her ribs crack under the strain from Pike’s powerful arms. Her vision swam horribly, as colors blurred and bled into one another. She was starting to black out…but not before hearing the tell-tale whizz of a sharp metallic projectile tear through the air. A split second later, the sharp tip imbedded itself into Pike’s thick neck, taking half the arrow’s shaft into his flesh with it.

As Pike carelessly dropped Echo to the ground, the wolf saw her pup load yet another homemade arrow from a short distance away into something that resembled a crossbow. All the while, Octavia curve-balled rocks at the still amassing villager-zombie horde.

Echo covered her head as Guarda boots crashed into her guts and ribs from all directions. They quickly pulled away however, and she felt Pike’s strong Beta hands on the back of her shirt. The hulking man-creature ripped the Alpha up from the forest floor and closed his fist, before pounding a strong, crushing blow into upper vertebra of Echo’s spine. The wolf cried out.

As she tumbled to the dirt again, Echo momentarily lost consciousness.

“Get up, mongrel!” Pike spat blood at Echo’s injured form.

“Fuck you, Beta bitch!” Echo rolled onto her back, her blooded teeth smiling back up to the moonlit
sky.

Pike shook his head.

“You’re dead, Echo!” Janus yelled from his vantage point.

**Back with Clarke on the north side…**

“I will not leave the two of you to enter this place alone!” Clarke’s face morphed as her emotions got the better of her.

A blood curdling scream startled all three lovers as they stood facing off at the northern, back entrance of the eerie facility.

“Echo!” Clarke looked in the direction to the south side of the facility. The second seed Alpha of the pack clearly was in trouble!

“Go!” Lexa commanded.

“No! I won’t leave either of you! You’re mine to protect.” Clarke snarled.

Lexa stepped forward brushing past Luna as she sought out her Alpha.

“You must! To lead is to make difficult choices, Klark. We are not so different you and I. Echo needs you!”

“Do you not, Lexa?” Clarke whispered.

Lexa faltered for a moment. The question seemed as if it was loaded with so much more than what encapsulated their current situation.

“Luna and I are more than capable.” Lexa smiled reassuringly.

“You said you don’t feel yourself!” Clarke swiftly made eye contact with an edgy Luna.

“I will be fine. Luna will be fine. Go and aid Echo, I will not tell you again, Klark Griffin.”

Clarke ran her eyes over her two Omegas. Echo clearly was in peril, with only Octavia and Ally as back up. Clarke felt torn. She desperately wanted to stay with the two Omegas, but the brutal sound of pain that was ripped from Echo’s throat set off a feeling of dread in Clarke. Echo was in a very bad situation.

“Klark, you are the Prime of this pack. I am not the only one that has responsibilities and a sense of duty to others. To lead is to sacrifice your own desires for the benefit of others. I know you wish to stay with Luna and me, but you must go.” Lexa turned away from Clarke before the Alpha could offer further debate. She stopped to look back over her shoulder at Luna.

Clarke ran her eyes over both girls quickly. Luna saw the uncertainty in Clarke’s eyes.

“I will not let her out of my sight.” Luna whispered, grabbing Clarke’s hand and squeezing it gently.

“You need to watch you back, Luna.” Clarke gripped her friend’s hand tightly.

“I will. Now go be the hero and save our Azgeda idiot.” Luna winked.

Clarke held Luna’s hand for longer than anticipated. Luna looked back down at her limb as Clarke
seemed unwilling to let her go.

“Klark, go!” Luna half smiled as Clarke reluctantly released her hand.

Lexa proceeded to the entry as soon as Luna moved to her side. The two-Omegas walked, together, side by side into the unknown of the facility. Clarke kept her eyes focused on Lexa for as long as she could. The blonde held her breath as Lexa turned to look back at her mate, just once. In true vintage villain style, the whites of Lexa’s eyes were the last thing to be glimpsed by Clarke, as she disappeared into the darkness. Clarke saw a glint of something ominous in Lexa’s eyes as she vanished into the depths of Rebecca Kane’s domain.

*Back with a doomed Echo…*

Echo saw Pike’s boot lift in slow motion. Ally’s warning to move a faint whisper in her pounding ears as she watched the mud-covered sole come crashing downward towards her leg. Time slowed down and sped up as she suddenly sat bolt upright - Pike’s boot laying waste to her lower leg, breaking the bone instantly.

All of a sudden, a flash of blonde shot out from seemingly nowhere, filling Pike’s vision completely. A hard-heavy shoulder clattered into his guts. His Beta body was thrown into the air and rotated spectacularly, like gymnast dismounting from the high bar. Clarke imparted a deadly amount of energy into his solid form. His rib cage shattered and his internal organs ruptured and were thrown violently about his fleshy form. He came down hard onto the earth below.

Janus’ eyes widened and his body shook with a mixture of rage and fear. Pike couldn’t be dead! Could he? Clarke had thrown the massive man several feet into the air, almost like he had been hit by a vehicle!

Three Guarda officers surged forward, guns pointed at Clarke. Arrow after arrow wailed through the air, firmly imbedding themselves into their backs though. Ally had taken all three down before they could get a round off.

Janus stepped forward, furious. He looked down at Pike’s motionless form. He pointed his gun at Echo. He would finish the job himself!
It was the smell that hit Luna first. It was like nothing she had ever experienced before. It was choking and suffocating…unnatural. It shook the Flou-Kru leader to her core…there was something innately wrong about the smell that wafted through the air. Lexa as brave and bold as ever, insisted Luna remain behind her. Luna squinted her eyes into the darkness of the never-ending corridor.

“What is that odor?” Luna held her hand over her nose and mouth.

Lexa ignored Luna’s question as the girls ventured further into the bowls of the compound. The moonlight that had initially peeped through the facility’s main door, had long since faded behind them. The horrible stench hanging in the air grew stronger as the pair rounded a bend in the darkened hallway.

An ominous faint red light illuminated this section of hallway ever so slightly. The pair of Omegas could see that the corridor continued to stretch onwards but there was something just below the steady red light. A doorway perhaps? The two girls approached the darkened opening and were met with a shiny metallic door marked Observation Center.

Luna stopped dead in her tracks. Lexa turned around and reached out for her lover.

“Luna? What is it?”

Luna’s eyes filled with tears. Lexa could hear her friend’s soulful heart pounding as if it sought escape from its host’s chest cavity. Luna braced herself against the wall, a great wave of nausea coming over her. Lexa placed a strong hand on her struggling friend’s shoulder.

“Many souls have suffered greatly beyond that door. Their spirits linger on. They have nowhere to go.” Luna heaved as beads of sweat formed across her brow.

“Wait out here.” Lexa worried for her spiritually connected friend.

“No…we enter together.” Luna half smiled.

“As you wish.” Lexa nodded, helping her friend stand up straighter.

Lexa took Luna under her wing as they moved toward the metal door.

Fswoosh!

The metallic doors to the observation room slid open suddenly.

Immediately, Lexa and Luna were greeted by wall to wall monitors. There was one screen, much larger than the others, positioned centrally on the wall. All the screens hummed and buzzed as the two girls warily walked into the space.

“These images, they extend into the darkest patches of these woods!” Luna looked on amazed.

“Skai-Kru.” Lexa pointed to an image of Trinity which appeared on a snowy screen.
“We have been spied upon - for how long?” Luna slid a finger across a dusty screen mindlessly. “By whom?”

Luna received no response from Lexa. Confused, the Flou-girl twisted around in search of her silent friend. She was easily spotted on the other side of the room. Lexa stood transfixed by one monitor that seemed separate from the rest.

“That room.” Lexa mumbled.

“Leksa.” Luna looked over at her friend with a puzzled expression. Lexa seemed lost in her gaze, her face donning a look Luna had not seen before.

“I must investigate that room.” Lexa turned quickly, heading out of the observation center.

“No!” Luna grabbed a fleeing Lexa by the arm. Lexa looked down briefly at the contact, forgiving Luna instantly for the harsh tug at her limb.

Emerald eyes locked with dark chocolate brown.

“I will return. You can watch over me from here.” Lexa gestured to the monitor.

Before Luna could offer resistance or argument, Lexa was gone.

**Deeper into the facility…**

The unnatural glow of the florescent lighting forced Lexa to shield her eyes. She took small controlled steps as she approached the threshold to the ominous lab she had seen earlier on the monitor in the observation room. The continual low hum emanating from the lights above set her nerves on edge. The sound was somehow off key, and very unsettling. The high wattage of the crude lighting exposed every imperfection on the concrete walls that surrounded Lexa. It had almost been better before…in the dark, now she could see this place was nothing more than a tomb.

One step after another, the Omega Queen made her way across the threshold and into the massive, sterile room. One section of lighting flickered relentlessly. The bulb itself almost afraid to shed light on the horrors that had taken place within this space.

*bang!*

From behind, the door slammed shut on Lexa. It closed firmly and abruptly. The regal brunette was now nothing more than a trapped rat. She turned quickly, placing both of her hands flat against the now sealed doorway. Lexa felt deep pitted gouges on the heavy steel door against the palm of her hand. She slowly withdrew her sweating hands, only to spot the tell-tale evidence of a previous desperate escape attempt from this lab; long nail marks ripped down the panel from top to bottom. Whatever poor soul had occupied this space before Lexa, had no desire to remain within its walls for long. Lexa doubted they had gained their freedom quickly, if at all.

The plastic-coated floor tiles squeaked noisily as Lexa dragged her feet apprehensively, moving deeper within the cavity of the laboratory. What had transpired within these walls? Something had. Something horrid and unpalatable to a person of sound body and mind. Every step Lexa took reverberated around the cold sterile space. The temperature dropped as she moved further away from the doorway, and Lexa felt the unfriendly air gnaw through her garments, chilling the skin beneath them.
Lexa furrowed her brow. This room reeked! She could smell the unpleasant aroma of urine having been unsuccessfully mopped up with an exuberant amount of bleach. It was sickly, something like…Death. Death tainted this room. Fear flourished though here, and it had made itself a home in this place.

The brunette’s ears pricked up upon hearing the strangest of sounds. An intermittent beep had made itself known mere meters from within. Lexa drew out one blade from its sheath as she approached a blind corner. The blade shone heroically in the clinical lighting. She spun the hilt of her weapon once in her left hand; a nervous habit that Titus and Luna had forever chastised the young Tri-Kru warrior for. The fight master had claimed it gave too much away to her opponent, showed too much doubt in her stance…it alluded to weakness.

Lexa drew her second blade. There was the same nervous twisting of the hilt in her right hand, just like the left. The sharp steel rotated once through the air. Lexa held both blades defensively in front of herself as she almost reached the threshold to the other section of the laboratory. There was no telling what lay beyond this wall. The lighting danced on and off erratically as Lexa prepared herself to strike down whatever, or whomever resided within this place. The slender girl grit her teeth as she moved stealthily around the corner in one fluid motion.

What she saw in the flickering light caused her to momentarily lower her blades.

“Do you see this?” Lexa called out to a listening Luna.

Back in the observation room, Luna scanned the many screens that hung from the walls. She held her breath as her eyes fell upon what was now directly in front of her lover.

“What is that?” Luna stepped away from the monitor, bumping unceremoniously into the counter top behind. Luna felt blindly with her hands behind her back, as she sought to steady herself.

Lexa stepped cautiously forward. Her eyes fell upon a crouched form behind thick glass. The relentless beeping was emanating from the door handle of this glass cage. Lexa spied a single red light that flashed in perfect unison with the tempo of the beep. Lexa had a feeling it was counting down; the creature inside waiting to be released. Was this creature a prisoner? A test subject? Was it simply on show, like an endangered species in a zoo?

“Leksa! Do not get so close!” Luna wiped the monitor with her cuff as she saw Lexa sheath her blades and inspect the kneeling form behind the glass. Her warning would go unheeded however, as Lexa could not hear her.

It seemed underfed. Lexa could make out every back bone and notch on its spine as it hunched over on the ground. Its skin seemed almost translucent and its lowered, cowering head balding all over. The body bore tattoo art and symbolism that Lexa had never seen before. The young Queen felt a great wave of empathy pass over her for this unknown thing. Lexa mindlessly edged closer, the tip of her boots meeting with the glass barrier between herself and the creature. The Tri-girl’s hands floated towards the clean glass and landed softly on the transparent pane.

Almost instantly, the creature’s head whipped around. Lexa froze as the creature’s eyes locked with her own.

“No, it cannot be!” Lexa whispered.

The creature’s eyes were as black as Lexa’s own. Its face was riddled with a network of noir veins that seemed to rise quickly to the surface the longer Lexa stood in such proximity to it. It seemed to become more excitable, its breathing now matching Lexa’s own heavy panting. Still their eyes
remain locked. Lexa tried to place the look she saw in the creature’s eyes. It was not hate or fear. Lexa thought at first it may be loneliness…but no, it wasn’t that either.

What Lexa saw in this foreign creatures’ eyes was nothing short of adoring worship. Or perhaps…Lexa dared to think that – yes! The lost look in this creature’s eyes was verging on a look of pure love!

Luna remained speechless as she witnessed the odd display of behavior from this creature behind the glass as it stared at her love. Luna gripped the countertop behind herself more tightly than before. The Flou-girl’s gift was kicking into action as she read the strong waves of emotion careening from both the creature and her Queen. It shocked Luna that she could pick up such a visceral feeling only watching through a monitor…she couldn’t begin to imagine how it might’ve felt if she had been in the room herself!

Suddenly, the creature lunged toward Lexa, clattering into the glass. Lexa felt so drawn to the creature she only flinched slightly as it collided with the thick barrier before her. The thing’s moist, heavy breath misted up the transparent wall between them. Up close, Lexa now marveled at the thick pulsing veins that ran in fast flowing rivers all over the body of this creature. It pressed its forehead into the glass, standing in perfect symmetry with Lexa's own stance.

Lexa brought her hand to where the creature's long thin digits sprawled across the glass like a large venomous spider. A small metallic vent by Lexa's cheek was the only possible point of contact. Lexa felt a desperate urge to offer affection to this creature in the glass cage. The poor soul brought its lips to the vent. Immediately, Lexa smelt the strong scent of honey as the creature opened its mouth to speak. It fingered at the vent softly, seeming to pine for contact with Lexa through the narrow break in the glass.

Luna leaned in closer toward the monitor as the creature prepared itself to communicate with a stunned Lexa.

Lexa placed her ear to the vent and slowly closed her eyes. Time seemed to stand still as the creature finally spoke to Lexa in a weak, breathy tone.

“Jus drein jus daun.”

Lexa’s eyes remained closed as she let out a long sigh, her hands shook and her heart hammered in her chest. She felt her dark plasma rush aggressively around her veins upon hearing that sermon leave another’s lips. Lexa rolled her neck like a prize fighter about to enter the ring. She breathed in deeply through her nostrils as she felt the same villainous wave of pleasure shoot through her just as before, just as in the cursed Azgeda woodland earlier that day. Lexa’s beautiful face cracked into a devilish smile.

Luna’s face drew into a perplexed sort of expression. That sounded…sounded like Trigedasleng? Luna was only able to pick out one word though that was familiar to her. Blood.

“Leksa, get away from that glass! What did it say to you?!” Luna’s voice sounded shrill as she panicked for her lover.

Lexa’s eyelids peeled open slowly revealing eyes just as black as the creature’s.

“Blood must have blood.” Lexa whispered darkly.

Luna moved closer toward the speakers of the monitor, but she was unable to make out Lexa’s words properly. She was unable to look away from the screen, unable to look away from Lexa.
The intermittent beeping suddenly stopped. Lexa quickly glanced over to the red light by the door handle. It now flashed a threatening bright green. A singular loud, long buzzing sound echoed throughout the cavernous room, suddenly snapping Lexa out of her daze.

“Leksa! Get out of there, now!” Luna was so engrossed in the scene playing out before her, she did not notice the door behind herself slowly creeping open.

Lexa took several paces back from the glass as the creature fumbled with the door handle. The metallic linkage clinked open and the glass door swung wide open. The creature took a tentative step out of its glass prison. The bare soles of its feet made a slapping noise as it walked, while its long talons scraped horribly across the vinyl flooring.

Lexa stepped backwards as confusion filled her heart and mind. She felt so drawn to this creature, but also repelled by its dark energy! Her dark blood continued to swell and swirl in her veins - it felt hot, sticky, toxic.

Luna watched on as Lexa steadily backed away from the glass prison before running out into the main space of the laboratory.

“What the hell is it!” Luna shouted at the monitor to Lexa, futilely banging the control panel in front of the screen.

“It is her kin.”

Luna let out a startled shriek as a low sultry female voice sounded out from behind her. The Flou-Kru leader turned quickly and laid her eyes upon a woman slightly shorter than herself. She was clad in a fitting red dress; her jet-black hair tied back harshly, and her make-up fierce and painted on thickly. Luna raised an eyebrow at the striking harlot red lipstick that amplified the dangerous tint of the dress itself. This woman wore heels that Luna would almost mistake as weaponry. A long, thin, steel-tipped heel plunged downwards striking the ground below as the woman took one step forward.

Luna looked to the monitor and then back at the odd woman only feet away from her. The woman remained motionless, her hands clasped together as she stood with perfect posture.

“I am Dr. Kane.” Becca held out a hand to the panic-stricken Luna.

“What did you say of this creature?” Luna swallowed deeply.

Lexa glanced up to the walls curiously as sound emanated from hidden speakers. Was that-? Her frantic retreat slowed as she heard Luna conversing with Rebecca Kane.

“It is her kin.” Becca repeated robotically, tilting her head.

Lexa reached the door to the laboratory. It was still closed, still locked. She turned suddenly, finding that the creature was much closer than she had anticipated. Lexa held out a defensive hand as she settled into a fighting stance. The creature now had her cornered.

“Leksa’s kin are Tri-kru, not that abomination down there.” Luna spoke through gritted teeth.
“No, she is Natblida.” Becca glanced at the monitor as Lexa now made physical contact with the creature.

The young Queen pressed a firm hand into the creatures’ chest to keep it at bay. A lightning bolt of energy attacked Lexa's senses the moment her flesh made contact with the creature’s.

Luna took in a sharp breath herself as she felt Lexa’s blood fizzle back to life in her own veins. She doubled over, gripping at her chest - struggling to breath.

“You can feel their connection also? Fascinating!” Becca ran her eyes over Luna’s hunched form.

Lexa’s eyes rolled back as her blood breached the surface of her skin, splitting the flesh open. Dark, oily black seeped out from her wrist and ran in rivers down her hand. It headed straight for the heart of the creature, soaking into its skin instantly. The thing let out a satisfied moan as Lexa's blood was absorbed into its system.

*What was happening?*

Luna shook her head as an intense wave of pleasure ran through her body - Lexa’s pleasure!

Lexa removed her hand promptly from the creature’s chest. It held out its arms wide, throwing back its head and letting out a victorious roar. Its form seemed repaired, rejuvenated by Lexa's blood and touch.

Becca walked hurriedly towards the monitor, grabbing at the screen, a wide smile donning her face.

“She did it!” Becca felt tears prick the corner of her eyes.

“Free Leksa from that tomb now!” Luna shouted.

Lexa looked down at her shaking hands. Her blood was surging and her pulse hammered away as darkness began to wrap itself around her heart. The creature in front of her dropped to one knee, bowing its head to Lexa in reverence.

“She is their Queen! She is their salvation!” Becca felt a tear roll down her cheek.

“You! You are madness incarnate! Leska is Tri-Kru! She is our Queen!” Luna yelled at Becca, only to have Becca scream back even louder, losing her controlled cyborg countenance.

“She is perfection! That creature you see belongs to the first clan to emerge from the cataclysm beyond Ice Nation territory.” Becca pointed to the monitor.

“There is nothing beyond the realm of Azgeda! You’re simply obsessed with Leksa!” Luna laughed mockingly.

Becca confidently turned the monitor to face Luna. The Flou-girl found this woman simply terrifying. Luna glanced at the monitor to see Lexa reaching out toward the bowing creature before her. Luna became entranced as the creature appeared stronger, healthier, its eyes still doting on Lexa as she raised her chin regally towards the sky as it knelt at her feet.

“Queen to the oldest clan, the forgotten clan…the 14th clan!” Becca whispered with a fanatical awe to a shell-shocked Luna.

Silence fell in the observation room.
Luna felt anger rise in her chest.

“No! I do not accept that! She is ours!” Luna’s voice crumbled as she pointed a shaky finger at Becca.

“No…she is not. She never was, Luna.” Becca stated calmly.

18 years ago…

“Your Majesty, I have failed…they know who you are. What we are…”

Lexa’s mother stood taller than her daughter ever would reach, her height towering towards a dazzling six feet. Her long slender legs were clad in leather and reached up endlessly to meet the gentle curve of her hip. Her long dark hair was spiraled in waves of princess-like curls down her toned back.

On this night, a gentle breeze gathered up each perfect, loose curl; the breeze instigated the rebellious locks to dance wildly in the air, caressing her soft cheeks. And that intense stoic stare! It focused sharply on the horizon beyond her woodland hideout. The firelight cast an amber glow onto a face carved with such otherworldly beauty! Black sweeping war paint made the woman’s eyes appear as striking emeralds. With her shapely pouty lips, her mouth begged to be kissed. However, that one kiss would be enough to burn through a person’s soul - stunning them, paralyzing them. The tone of her voice was soft and ethereal when she spoke, a wonderfully melodic feminine lilt. And yet… Lexa’s stunning birth mother would only speak with venom and malicious intent lacing her words.

“How!?” The Queen turned sharply to face her nervous mate, Lexa’s Natblida father.

“We captured this Tri-Kru ambassador! He has been in talks with the mountain men. They bring death upon us!” Lexa’s father gestured toward a waiting guard holding the captive ambassador.

“Let us take this inside.” The Queen glanced out at the darkened trees that surrounded her woodland home. One could never be too cautious, even though that might be meaningless at this point.

Lexa’s father nodded hesitantly and motioned for the guard to drag the gagged and bound man into the house before trailing after his mate. Once inside, the guard tossed the Tri-Kru ambassador down at the Queen’s feet.

“What is your name?” The Queen stood with perfect posture, arms behind her back.

“My name is of no significance to you; however, my wife’s name should be!” The man lifted his chin defiantly.

Lexa’s mother laughed, her face breaking into an irresistible smile.

“I see! You’re the bitch then, not the dog.” The unpredictable Queen stroked the man’s face with a featherlight touch. “Speak her name then!” She growled.

“Indra-kom-Trikru! My wife will bring you down! Once she knows of your existence and your dark intentions for the 13 Clans!”

Lexa’s mother sank to her knees slowly. She never broke eye contact as she continued to stroke the face of Indra’s husband. The man’s eyes rolled in his head as infection steadily settled into his skin. The Queen’s powers were like nothing else in the known clans. Her thrall established itself within the ambassador’s mind momentarily. He pulled forward desperate to kiss the lips of the stunning Queen. Lexa’s mother allowed the contact, kissing Indra’s husband intimately in the presence of her
flustered mate. She released her thrall quite purposefully, mid-kiss. Indra’s husband pulled back as if burned, horrified that this woman so easily took control of his choices.

 Lexa’s dark mother cackled evilly at the look of violated shock on his face. She spat out the taste of Tri-Kru from her mouth. She glared disdainfully at Indra’s husband. In a low voice, the dark Queen spoke her words sweetly to the terrified ambassador.

 “Shall I show you what happens to those who fail me?” She smiled radiantly, quirking a brow nearly mirroring a fully Lexa.

 The ambassador shuffled back as the Natblida Queen drew her blade. He readied himself for death, his final thought of Indra and their 5-year-old son, Linkon.

 The Queen’s eyes hovered over the ambassador’s face. The man swore she was able read his thoughts! In one fail swoop, her eyes came away from the ambassador and landed in a stony gaze upon her own mate. The Queen rose to her feet as her mate shrank away from his powerful Omega. He held out a reluctant hand as the Queen’s face morphed into an animalistic glamour.

 “Please…your Majesty, I seek forgiveness from you!” Lexa’s father cowered.

 The Queen paused as she gripped the blade tighter within her slender fingers.

 “No matter how much nature’s dark powers have stolen your heart…” Lexa’s father's voice broke into a sob.

 “Know that I still love you madly, Jasmin!” He whispered with conviction as he clutched at his heart.

 There was only the briefest of pauses from the dark, malevolent Queen.

 “Love is weakness! I will not have your pathetic need for it affect my daughter!” The Queen’s top lip curled.

 The ambassador quickly closed his eyes as Lexa’s father screamed out in agony. Lexa’s mother sheared into his body brutally with her sharp blade, beating him unforgivingly as his black blood
spilled out across the wooden floorboards below. The Natblida guard looked on with a wicked smile as his malevolent Queen murdered the father of her child in their makeshift home.

The firelight caused violent shadows to rip across the walls as heartbreak and misery marinated the wooden bones of this edifice. There had once been love here. Lexa’s father loved his only child deeply. His people were capable of love, he was sure of that. But, the Natblida mirrored the heart of their Queen; her blood ruled over theirs genetically, spiritually, completely. Whatever she wished, whatever stirred in her own heart…stirred in their theirs.

The baby’s soft gurgles sounded out from the far corner as she felt her mother’s rage permeate the room. Lexa’s father’s body hit the floor like a rag doll, twisted and discarded as if he never meant anything at all. It was in this pose he would remain, until Indra would discover his defeated form days later…and it would remain the stuff of nightmares for Indra for many years after.

Lexa’s mother wiped her husband's blood from her face, reveling for a moment in her own darkness. She threw the blade down onto the smoothly hewn floorboards as she strolled over to the crib. The blood-stained sword clattered nosily onto the thick wooden planks. Indra's husband jumped at the sound, still absorbed by the sight of the murdered man, his lifeless eyes staring out blankly.

“Hush now, my perfect little girl.” Lexa’s mother scooped the baby up and jiggled her up and down. The baby giggled happily upon seeing her dark mother’s smiling face. The bond was so very strong between the two already.

The Natblida Queen sauntered over to Indra’s husband calmly, cooing at baby Lexa as she seemingly glided across the floor.

“What shall we do with him?” The Queen whispered to baby Lexa, kissing her smooth forehead softly.

Lexa only gurgled back as she snuggled into her mother’s warm bosom.

Indra's husband looked upon the mother and daughter pair in complete confusion.

“How can such maleficence thrive in a young mother’s heart?” Indra’s husband’s mind was muddled by the sight of maternal love radiating from Jasmin, juxtaposed with the dead man only feet away.

The Queen paused for moment. Raking her eyes over the ambassador’s perplexed expression. Her response was simple.

“Blood must have blood.” She whispered darkly.

“Your blood must never be allowed to spread beyond this forest! Look what cancer your blood has brought to the trees in this woodland. Your kin must remain trapped outside of Azgeda. Without you, I believe your kind will never step foot within the 13 Clans!” Indra's husband spoke bravely.

Lexa’s mother reached out and grabbed the ambassador’s throat swiftly, while still holding Lexa firmly in her other arm.

“I will treat you to exactly what my blood can do! You will live out your final days…as Natblida.” A toothy grin spread across the Queen’s face.

The skin around the Queen’s wrist suddenly popped and spilt open seemingly at her will. The sinister, black ichor spilled out seeking out the ambassador. Snaking across the Queen’s hand, the blood reached the ambassador’s neck, finding its mark and proceeding to corrupt him terribly. Indra’s husband squealed in pain, just as Jackson would come to do years later. His body shook...
uncontrollably as Jasmin’s blood replaced his own, corrupting him, violating him, turning him… or as Becca would come to say, *purifying* him.

Baby Lexa clung to her powerful mother. Her tiny fingers pulled at the necklace around her mother’s slender throat. Lexa’s big green eyes considered the ambassador’s blackened ones as he succumbed fully to infection. Jasmin released her grip on the man’s throat and his body hit the floor rigidly.

The Queen stood effortlessly and unbothered as she continued to entertain her precious daughter.

The Natblida guard stood over the ambassador. “Your Majesty?” He queried.

“What is it?” Jasmin lifted baby Lexa into the air repeatedly, much to the baby’s enjoyment.

“He is dead, your Majesty.”

Jasmin turned, only half interested, as a bored sigh escaped her lips.

“I must be tired. I was hoping to have him walk as one of us. Nevermind, take his body into the Azgeda forests. They can explain to Tri-Kru as to why he met his end in their territory. Maybe it will lead to war.” The Queen sneered down at Indra’s dead husband.

“Yes, my Queen!” The guard bowed to his beautiful and ruthless leader.

“Wait!” Jasmin raised a hand.

The guard stopped in his tracks as he awaited further command from his Queen.

“You will remain in Azgeda for three days.” Jasmin continued to cuddle Lexa.

“My Queen, no! I will not leave you alone! The mountain men seek to *kill* you.”

Jasmin posed regally, presenting Lexa to the guard.

“This child must not be discovered. In three days’ time, you will return to these woods. If my spirit has been parted from this mortal shell, you will collect this child and take her back to our lands. The Natblida must have a Queen if we are ever to spread my blood across these foreign lands.”

“Where will you hide her, my love - my goddess!” The guard dropped to his knees in front of his brave, demonic queen.

“She will be sleeping within the roots of the great oak tree that stands not one mile from here, you know the one.”

“Then I shall return in three days, only to aid you in collecting her yourself!” The guard nodded fervently, nothing but love shining in his eyes.

The Queen held out her hand for the loyal guard to kiss. She gripped his hand tightly though, causing the guard to grimace in pain throughout the show of respect and loyalty.

“If I meet my end and then you proceed to fail me, my spirit will not rest! My spirit will return and hunt you down! My power is beyond the reach of death itself.”

“I *will not* fail you, my Queen…” Dark eyes made a great promise to Lexa’s heartless mother.

*Present time…*
Those same committed black eyes stared back reverently at Lexa now. The baby he had failed to return to his people, stood before the loyal guard presently. He wept over the striking resemblance to his lost Queen.

“Your debt is paid in full…” Becca whispered into the monitor.

Luna interrupted Becca’s thoughts.

“Leksa is nothing like that creature - nothing like your insane, unnatural science!”
“They just shot her in the stomach you know? like she was worthless, pointless, disposable.”

“Science and Nature are one!”

The raven-haired genius paced quickly towards a transfixed Luna. The steel tips of her heels sounding out a machine-like resonance as they threateningly stepped towards the trapped Omega. Becca’s behavior swayed wildly between free-flowing human, to rigid, preprogrammed mechanical automation. She was methodical as she presented Luna with her research. Various images and data running rapidly across a large screen for all to see.

“Everything the people of the old world needed to heal themselves, to cure unforgiving disease, lay within their reach! But what did they do? Cut down the rainforests to build toxic industry that wounded the sky and poisoned the earth! Murdered beautiful animals to wear their teeth and bone as jewelry! The only infection this planet ever needed to fear was humanity itself! We deserved to be wiped from this planet! Something new - something new has the right to rise up and start again!” Becca’s movements remained machine-like and stiff as her arms gesticulated about the room, pointing from the images on the screen to emphasizing the facility around them.

Luna took as much information as she could from the ever-changing images on the large screen behind Becca. She glanced frequently to Lexa’s still struggling form on the security monitor though.

“It was inevitable that Nature’s darkness - her disappointment in humanity - would rise! That energy lives inside Lexa. Nature’s mistreated, black heart calls to Lexa, as it called to her mother! Her mother’s spirit still thrives. That is why I chose this site to build my facility upon! Her blood lives in these trees and this earth.”

Here Becca paused as she took in Luna’s bewildered expression. Luna remained glued to the spot. Becca’s mad ranting was somehow both mesmerizing and appalling all in the same moment.

“Are you so surprised to hear a scientist speak of something as unbelievable as the spirit word?” Becca stared pointedly at Luna. “Surely you, Luna - you must hear that Nature cries for vengeance?”

Wide-eyed, Luna looked to Becca, then swiftly to the security monitor, and then back to Becca again. Luna had been watching Becca’s hands closely, her fingers often pointed towards the security monitor and the image of Lexa on that screen. It was apparent that the woman deemed Lexa’s black blooded DNA the heir apparent to the earth.

“Do you not see? Lexa is the pinnacle of evolution, genetically speaking. I believe her blood to be born from the earth itself! The properties of her plasma have lived amongst the inhabitants of this planet for millennia. The cataclysm, the nuclear strike - it only served to enhance and mutate Nature’s gifts, embodying herself in the form of the Natblida.”

Luna watched Becca’s odd movements. The woman’s aura was impossible to read. Luna truly believed if she took a blade to this woman’s flesh, she would find nothing but wire and electronic circuitry beneath, rather than warm flesh and bone. Luna turned her attention back to the security feed as Lexa’s pained cries could be heard loudly.
In the laboratory, Lexa had fallen to her knees and alternated from crying out in agony to gritting her teeth so forcefully that her gums started to bleed. The pain was excruciating - her own blood was burning inside her own veins! Was this what infection felt like? Is this what she had made Jackson endure?

Luna struggled to look upon Lexa’s suffering.

“There is darkness that exists in Nature, but there is so much more light! I will not have you paint Mother Nature in such a blackened shroud! I will not have you attempt to dress Leksa in such a veil either!” Luna stared Rebecca Kane down, her shock finally wearing off and her anger starting to bubble to surface.

Becca refused to back down. This was the same! It was the same conversation that rattled around in her brilliant mind, day in and day out. The same conversation Abby Griffin had refused to hear!

“In clinical trials, I have injected a serum made from the properties of various plant life and the blood of that noble creature you see down there - Lexa’s birth mother’s blood.” Becca waved her hand over to the monitor again.

“It was directly administered into melanoma models in laboratory trials, as well as into cancers of the head, neck and colon. The serum destroyed the tumors long-term in more than 70% of cases. A natural property of Nature triggered a cellular response which cut off the blood supply to many of the tumors. I believe Natblida blood causes cellular responses in the same manner as many living organisms within plant life. Lexa’s blood changes the DNA of whatever living tissue it meets. Her blood is the most potent form of Natblida plasma now. Lexa can bend and control its effect by her will alone. She is evolution itself!”

Luna quickly glanced at the monitor once again. Lexa now wreathed on the ground as her ichor was continually changed, evolving further before Luna’s eyes. Something was happening…something utterly sublime. Becca followed Luna’s gaze to the security monitor.

“I have administered single injections of my serum into test subjects. Within hours, many conditions and illnesses go into remission. My serum can heal, but it does not last. There are side effects. Side effects that I could not have anticipated. The Natblida are missing something - they’re missing Lexa!”

“Test subjects! Side effects! Like your own daughter - like Ally!” Luna shook her head disapprovingly at Becca.

“Who?” Becca replied, confused.

Luna’s mouth dropped open in pure surprise. She ran her eyes over Becca’s spiritless form just to double check that the woman was not deceiving her.

“How long have you sat down here immersed in such madness? With your poisonous plants and mindset, only to forget your own child!” Luna grieved for Becca’s broken, brilliant mind.

Becca simply tilted her head, becoming frustrated by Luna’s interruptions.

“All of the gifts that manifest within Alphas and Omegas can be explained reasonably with research. Nature gave you all these gifts with the help of the radiation. For example, Ayahuasca is a traditional spirit medicine that was used in healing ceremonies among indigenous peoples in and near the Amazon. It is an entheogenic or psychotropic, mind altering substance from the Banisteriopsis cap vine.”
“Are you now comparing Leksa’s abilities to this plant’s properties?” Luna frowned, puzzled by this woman’s thought processes. Luna feared what was like inside that mind, inside that brain filled with so much!

“I have witnessed Lexa take people’s choices from themselves, just as this seed of Nature could! I have witnessed what she can do to people’s minds, to their bodies - to your body Luna!” Becca raised an eyebrow to Luna.

Luna paused, feeling exposed by Becca’s intrusive, cold observations.

“So... your eyes have intruded upon our love. How dare you!” Luna grit her teeth.

Becca, so socially unaware, continued her thesis without batting an eye at Luna’s upset. “I believe Lexa’s mutated blood can not only take life, but create life. Prolong life.”

“What are you saying!” Luna rubbed her temples.

“I am saying that there is nothing monstrous or unnatural about the Natblida. They are simply beyond human. They are above Alpha and Omega. Lexa herself is... Perfection! The darkness is a bi-product, it is a necessary evil. It comes as part of this great power. You should feel honored to have received Lexa’s body into your own for so long.”

“Honored! I pity you, you know nothing of love!” Luna’s voice lifted an octave.

Becca rotated her head back to face the monitor, her face devoid of emotion.

“Leksa is nothing like you and your mad ramblings!” Luna’s head felt like it was about to explode, her heart ached and raced within her chest. She just wanted it all to stop now.

“No... she is just like her mother!” Becca corrected.

Luna faltered. How did this woman know so much?

Becca seemed to read Luna’s thoughts. “I have been watching all of you for a very long time.” Becca announced, pointing at her many cctv camera feeds.

Luna stepped backwards.

“You, Luna. You’re very special indeed. You have just what I need to aid my research!” Becca glanced down at Luna’s swollen, potentially pregnant, belly.

“Stay away from me!” Luna’s voice shook, suddenly feeling vulnerable under Becca’s knowing gaze.

“The seed of the beast, tainted by the blood of the Natblida Queen. It grows within your womb.”

Luna ran her hands nervously over her swell.

“You should be happy. I thought you wanted to carry Lexa’s children? Your child will make it possible for the Natblida to grow in number, much more successfully than via infection. They will be more than mere drones. The three of you might usher in a new species! The blood of the Queen, the heart of the beast, and the gateway to the spirit world. How wonderful is that!” Becca smiled.

“If I am with child, it was made through an act of love between three friends! I will not have you turn our union into something ugly and predatory!” Luna protested.
Luna continued to walk backward, eventually hitting a wall behind her. Becca looked upon Luna with great confusion.

“Do not be concerned Luna. She will always need a vessel as powerful as you. She will always need to infect you. Your body must be made fertile, ready for pure Natblida children! The beast’s seed is incorruptible. It is the only seed that would withstand interaction with Natblida DNA as potent as Lexa’s. These children the three of you produce, they will outshine the three Lexa already gave to the world!”

“Lexa’s children will be her salvation, not her damnation into darkness! There is more than enough light within Klark and myself. Aleksandria is not just her mother’s child!” Luna spat out at Becca.

Becca frowned heavily at Luna’s unruliness.

“The Natblida must have a Queen!” Becca pointed at the monitor, losing her cyborg control to frustration. Why was nobody else as clever as she? Why could they not see the future as she could?!

“Leka! Do not listen to a word this mad woman says to you!” Luna called out to the monitor.

Lexa looked up to the sound of Luna’s voice coming from the speakers in the lab. The creature from the glass prison now loomed over its Queen adoringly. Lexa’s bonding with her mother’s blood was now complete. Every memory that had belonged to her mother now seemingly downloaded into Lexa’s living mind.

Lexa crawled wearily across the floor, her long dark trestles half covering her face, half caught up in her pauldron. Lexa’s heavy breathing settled as she felt her ichor frighteningly quadruple in power. She looked up with deathly black eyes to the security camera which surveyed the room. The brave young Queen felt a tear roll down her cheek as the last of her light was chased away by darkness.

Becca ran a loving finger over Lexa’s form on the monitor, speaking directly to her Natblida Queen.

“They just shot her in the stomach you know? like she was worthless, pointless, disposable.”

Worryingly, Luna looked upon Lexa’s defeated form. She could only assume Becca spoke of the fate of Lexa’s birth mother.

“Do you know how long it takes a person to die from such a mortal wound? How painful that is?”

Lexa’s mind flashed in a perfect technicolor memory.

*Her mother luring the mountain men as far away as possible from her perfect little girl, hidden in the tree roots. She had fought bravely, reducing the mountain men to just one sole fighter. Jasmin struck first, slicing her claws across the man’s throat. As he dropped to his knees, he managed to raise his firearm one last time. Jasmin’s eyes went wide, her final thought only of her baby.*

*boom!*

*With his final breath, the last mountain man delivered the fatal bullet to the black of heart Natblida Queen – to the woman he believed to be the last of her kind.*

Lexa clutched instantly at her own stomach. The memory she was replaying in her mind was so real - so vivid! It was almost as if it had been herself in that life… that she had taken a bullet, not her mother!

*Jasmin remained standing as she looked down at her own stomach in shock. Black blood oozed out,
staining the material that clung to her beautiful form. Her legs went numb. Another powerful woman felled. She dragged herself across the leafy earth in so much pain - in so much suffering! She was determined though...determined to drag her body as far away from her hidden secret as possible.

Lexa’s eyes opened swiftly as her mother’s memory faded. Lexa sobbed uncontrollably.

“Mother.” Lexa sadly whispered.

Luna stood heartbroken. She felt Lexa’s pain, the two friends so connected.

Becca suddenly spoke robotically to a dazed Luna.

“My calculations suggest that your romantic notions of light triumphing over dark are all far too late!” Becca quirked her head.

“Luna!” Leksa spoke in a breathy tone.

“Yes, Leksa...I am still here!” Luna smiled to the monitor, turning her back on the mad scientist of Shai-Kru. The Flou-Kru leader wiped at her tear stained cheeks.

Lexa’s voice mimicked those of her ethereal mother's dangerously tempting tones.

“Run, Luna! Run to Klark!” There was a short pause. “Only she can protect you now…”

“Protect me from what?” Luna sniffed.

“...from me!” A dark Lexa rose fully to her feet, her long black shadow tearing up the wall behind her.

Becca hit a couple buttons on the console, releasing the lock to the main door of the lab.

Lexa approached her mother’s aging guard as he dropped to his knees and bowed again. Lexa held out her hand. The guard gathered it up quickly, kissing the flesh lovingly.

Becca watched on with a strange sort maniacal glee. Her plans to restore the 14th Clan to power were now, finally, being realized! The raven-haired doctor’s grin dropped suddenly. She stared mindlessly at the security monitor for a moment before turning to Luna.

“Perhaps she did love you after all, Luna.” Becca sighed as she held a hand over her heart.

“What?” Luna's voice was barely audible, as she felt Lexa’s light snuff out.

“It seems she has given you a head start!” Becca smirked.
Luna found yet another dead end.

There was no escape.

Not one room along the long, dark twisting corridor had the decency to be accessible! Luna rattled the handle of another potential exit. *Locked!* Luna kicked at the thick steel barrier in frustration.

“Fuck!” She cursed.

Luna spun her head around as footsteps made their way towards her location. The light had changed at the end of the corridor. A long, thin, female shadow now bled up the wall. Even in the dimness, Luna could make out that regal posture anywhere - recognise that gait from miles away; the high lifted chin, hands behind the back, chest puffed outwards!

Lexa strolled leisurely down the corridor towards Luna, her footfalls echoing out against the concrete floor. Even an exceptionally dark Lexa did not rush the pursuit of her lover. Why would she? Luna would taste so much sweeter the longer the chase went on, her blood saltier – richer! A Queen such as Lexa knew all things fell to her feet…eventually.

Luna quite simply was running out of places to go. She set off again, running away from her dark love, down another long, twisting hallway in this never-ending maze like facility. She needed space! She needed to think!

Lexa’s inner light was drowning. Luna felt a tsunami of dark energy flow from her childhood friend. What had happened in the laboratory? Was Lexa corrupted? Was Lexa under the spell of Rebecca Kane’s torture chamber?

A more worrying possibility…was Lexa finally being her true self?

The footsteps behind Luna now increased their clip. The Flou-Kru leader swallowed hard, she needed to find a way out! She needed to get to Clark! Luna felt the air whizz past as she picked up her own speed, going from brisk walk to a moderate jog.

*crash!*

Not looking where she was going, Luna’s hip caught on a metal cart that was parked up by the side of a wall. Luna did not bother to readjust its position as she quickly regained her balance and continued on. The trolley wheels squeaked shrilly behind her as they rolled aimlessly across the concrete floor.

Luna’s thigh muscles began to burn as she upped her pace from a moderate jog to a steady run. The corridor ahead looked identical to the previous on. Was she just going in circles?

Puffing out controlled, heated breaths, Luna’s hands sliced through the air. The woman’s heart pounded in her chest as the metallic clang of the abandoned trolley rang out moments later. Lexa was close! - so close that Luna could smell that familiar honey scent!
Luna cursed herself. Not once in their days as novitiates was Luna able to outrun Lexa. Her lover’s long legs would stride out like Stelrona’s through the grassy fields of Polis. Lexa usually laughed as she would overtake a grumpy Luna. Lexa would always let the older girl catch up to her towards the finish line though. Back then, Luna was unable to take her eyes from Lexa’s heaving teenage chest and sweating skin as they both desperately attempted to bring down their heart rates.

It was perhaps Luna’s favourite part of the day; Lexa pulling a second-place Luna away from prying eyes. The other novitiates were always way behind both exceptional Omegas. Lexa having just won the race easily, would take her prize into the beautiful green fields of Polis. The winner making love and affirming her dominance over her runner-up was only to be expected. Luna never once protested.

She certainly protested now though! Those same fast feet were now dangerously close to catching up to her. Luna rounded another badly lit corner, stumbling slightly as her boots skidded across the smooth concrete slab under her. She used her hands against the corridor’s icy cold wall to set herself upright, her clumsy feet still tangled. Luna’s boots struggled to gain purchase on the super smooth flooring as she sought to regain her balance. Her movements were unsightly and ugly but she kept running, kept moving.

Only mere seconds later, Lexa rounded the same corner. Luna dared, just once, to look over her shoulder. She glimpsed Lexa athletically ricochet off the wall, continuing the chase of her childhood sweetheart. The dark Queen had bounced off the same wall Luna had steadied herself on with an ease the Flou-leader simply did not poses. Lexa never lost her pace, never lost her footing.

Luna tried – she really did. She tried her damnedest to outrun her corrupted friend, it was not to be though. Luna’s legs tired out and her pace dropped considerably. Luna was no fool, she knew that at any moment she would feel the grip of Lexa’s violent hands on her back - the slice of sharp claws into her skin. Luna needed a plan B. It was the only option really. Stand and fight.

Unwittingly, Luna had lead Lexa right back to the start. Back to the lab Lexa had explored earlier. Yes, she had indeed run a perfect circle. The Flou-leader quickly glanced around the sterile space, the creature and Dr. Kane nowhere to be seen.

Luna felt Lexa clatter into her back, felt the air leave her lungs as Lexa tackled her prey down onto the ground.

“Umff!”

The white plastic floor rapidly rose up to kiss Luna’s face. Lexa had pushed her old friend down to the ground, hard. But Luna was good at this part. The Flou-leader managed to twist slightly as she fell, reaching out in one swift, continuous movement and pulled one of Lexa’s own blades from its sheath. The metallic slide of the blade on leather rang out as Luna rolled backwards and away from Lexa. In a fluid cat-like motion, Luna let the momentum of the roll take her as she skilfully landed back onto her feet. The Queen’s blade glittered threateningly in the fluorescent light as Luna stood defensively, facing Lexa.

Lexa managed to stay on her feet just as skilfully as her fellow novitiate. She fingered the empty sheath at her back; Luna managing to procure one of her blades as they tumbled to the ground together was most impressive! A wry smirk spread across Lexa’s beautiful face as the Queen drew her remaining blade.

The two lovers circled each other; both with defensive posture, both just waiting for the other to strike first.
Luna breathed heavily as she kept her eyes locked with her opponent. The Flou-leader’s heart sank in her chest at the sight of her once beautiful lover. She did not let the upset show on her face though. Lexa’s eyes were black, nothing more than pools a toxic infection. Her dark veins spidered outwards like rivers of black oil across her skin, scales and patches of black all over her stunning face. It made Lexa look more of the snake than the wolf. Luna felt nothing but malice radiating from Lexa. It was not safe here with her friend; Lexa meant to do her harm, Luna was sure.

“What are you waiting for, your Majesty?” Luna smiled wide.

Lexa did not respond, but continued her circling. She was doing her best to make Luna feel like a trapped animal. Lexa spun the hilt of her blade in her hand, much to Luna’s pleasure.

“Nervous are we, my friend?” Luna mocked.

Lexa’s face drew into a frown as she tipped her blade and pointed it directly at Luna. Still they circled, waiting for the other to strike.

“This match-up, darling, it never did end well for you!” Luna goaded, her thoughts drifting back to the undefeated record in Titus’ sparring pit.

Lexa snarled, her eyes narrowing on her teasing lover.

“Bring it on then...pretty girl!” Luna beckoned Lexa with a curl of her fingertips.

Lexa shot forward striking out at Luna with her blade - her target? Luna’s chest!

\textit{shiiiiiiing!}

The sound of steel sliding against steel echoed out as Luna deflected Lexa’s attack with ease, forcing the slender brunette back a few paces. The skilled Flou-leader grinned as she started to circle Lexa again.

Careful not to give her intent away, Luna shot forward.

\textit{clang!}

\textit{clang!}

Twice Luna’s blade met with Lexa’s, heavily. Luna felt the vibrations of the steel buzz through her hands as Lexa blocked the successive strikes. The Queen hopped back before Luna could knock her blade out wide.

Refusing to miss a beat, Lexa lunged forward again before Luna fully regained her defensive stance. Luna slid back beautifully though, like she was on ice. Lexa stretched forward too far, only to feel Luna’s elbow contact with the back of her head as she stumbled passed the seasoned fighter.

“Still that readable left foot, Leksa! How many times did master Titus tell you?” Luna grinned, swaggering her hips teasingly and dragging her eyes over Lexa’s body.

If Lexa wanted a fight...she would get one.

\textit{swoosh!}

\textit{clang!}

\textit{clang!}
Lexa twisted and turned as Luna ducked and dived the younger Omega’s swift attack.

“You need to do better, my sweet, to best me in this arena!”

Lexa paused, her black eyes suddenly smiling and the top corner of her lip curling upwards. Lexa casually tossed the sword to one side; it clattered and smashed onto the plastic tiles of the laboratory floor. Lexa discarded the impersonal weapon, just as her mother had done after striking down her father.

For a split second, Luna glanced over to the rejected blade as it bounced and skidded across the ground. Luna steadied herself, preparing herself. Lexa was most definitely not offering a truce, Luna was sure of that.

All of a sudden, Lexa strode towards Luna, arms wide open, unarmed.

Luna stepped back with uncertainty.

“I tire of these games.” Lexa finally spoke.

Luna laughed.

“I was not under the impression were just playing, Leksa!”

Lexa stopped dead in her tracks, her inky eyes focussed on Luna. The dark Queen could hear every beat of her friend’s heart.

“When have I ever needed to lay hands on you? When have I ever needed that to bring you down onto your knees before me…?” Lexa whispered darkly.

The Queen raised her hand and Luna dropped to knees, instantly. Somehow, the Flou-leader was able to keep a hold of her blade. Lexa sent a bolt of pleasure straight through Luna’s core. No blood on her skin…no touch from her lover’s hand…and yet, somehow, Lexa had brought Luna so incredibly close to release!

Luna’s eyes watered as she instinctively closed her thighs together tightly, biting at her lip. Again, Lexa called forth the dark ichor hiding in Luna’s veins, earning a reluctant moan from the Flou-leader.

“My blood, it never leaves your veins. How many times must I tell you this?”

Luna attempted to stand, only to have Lexa hit her again with another wave of sexual gratification.

“My powers…they have greatly evolved.” Lexa smirked, flexing her long, tapered fingers.

Luna held back a sob. How could she? How could her love do this to her? Despite Lexa’s hold – still, Luna tried desperately to stand as Lexa moved within inches of her current position. Luna zeroed in on Lexa’s boot tip as she stared at the ground, unable to look up.

A slow chuckle erupted from Luna, before crescendoing into a full-on laugh. The action earned Luna a curious tilt of the head from Lexa.

“Speak!” Lexa snarled down at an amused Luna.

“All this time, friend, and still you need to resort to cheating to best me in combat!”

With that remark, Lexa snapped. Luna found herself thrown by an invisible force. She collided
roughly with the wall behind her. She lost consciousness for just a flicker but in that moment, Lexa had jammed her arm across her friend’s throat, pressing the tips of her claws just under Luna’s ribs. Luna cried out in pain as Lexa punctured the soft tissue with her sharp talons. Lexa slowly sliced through the skin, searching out the bone beneath.

Luna’s arms remained pinned by her side, unable to move the limbs as Lexa kept her prey immobile. Lexa’s black plasma rumbled more fiercely than ever before within her veins. It appeared that Luna knew just how to press the Queen’s buttons!

“Your body will always belong to me!” Lexa growled out.

The bite Luna had received from Lexa during their union with Clarke, throbbed painfully at her throat.

“There is just one problem, Leksa!” Luna struggled to speak as Lexa’s forearm crushed her windpipe.

Lexa pressed her claws deeper into Luna’s flesh, arching a curious brow at Luna’s words.

“I will NEVER allow this dark form of yours to make love to me - not by choice! Whatever you take from me, Leksa, you take without my consent. The real Leska would never take something so precious, not from anybody. Leksa’s heart is Tri-Kru!” Luna bit out through gritted teeth as Lexa dug her claws in deeper still.

Luna felt a warm stickiness stain her own body; her blood was soaking through her shirt now. Luna pressed her lips together and closed her eyes tightly, blocking out the pain Lexa’s intrusive claws caused her. She valiantly attempted speech again.

“What ever you are about to do, know this, my friend.”

Lexa leant in closer as Luna’s voice dropped to a whisper.

“You, will always be my, little Leksa…know that I love you madly!”

A voice from the past flashed in Lexa’s mind. Her father’s words to her mother before he fell victim to his wife’s dark impulses. Luna saw the light in her friend momentarily reprise. Lexa’s eyes had flashed green! It was a split second, just a moment really…but it was there - she was still there!

“Leksa?” Luna breathed.

Lexa’s forearm quickly peeled away from Luna’s throat, allowing the Flou-leader to take deep gasping breath. Sweet, beautiful air! Luna was massively relieved at the opportunity to recharge her thirsty lungs!

Stepping away from her friend, Lexa stood with her head in her hands. She had been thrown off balance by Luna’s confession - a trigger for a distant memory of her mother’s. It brought Lexa great pain. She was confused and dazed, her eyes morphing from deathly black to dazzling green erratically.

“Luna…?” Lexa looked down at her bloodied claws, as Luna held her injured side.

“What have I done?” Lexa croaked.

“Leksa! Fight this...you can fight this!” Luna struggled to keep the emotion from overwhelming her voice.
Lexa’s head buzzed with confusion. Her inner light was desperately trying to chase away the dark.

“You…you are bleeding! Your blood is black!” Lexa looked upon Luna’s wound in awe.

“It would appear as though you have been turning my body into a fertile earth all these years…” Luna managed a pain-filled, cheeky smile.

“I did not know what I was doing!” Leksa squirmed as her blood raged suddenly in her veins.

Lexa felt her darkness rise again, unwilling to cower and bow to the light inside that attempted to ignite. Her mother’s will - her mother’s nature, it gripped Lexa’s heart like a tight fist…squeezing, strangling.

“Hit…me!” Lexa rasped.

“What?” Luna frowned.

“HIT ME!” Lexa roared at her injured lover.

“Leksa I...”

Luna dawdled for too long, and Lexa’s darkness rose again. It pinned Luna once more to the wall. The Flou-leader felt two strong hands gripping her biceps.

“You should have knocked me out when you had the chance!” Lexa jeered.

“I am sorry, Leksa.” Luna closed her eyes as she tilted her head back, thumping gently against the wall behind her.

“Sorry? For offering love to someone who could care less for you? Love is weakness!” Lexa growled.

“No... I am sorry for this!”

With one quick downward strike. Luna brought her forehead smashing down into Lexa’s nose - hard! The powerful strike from Luna’s skull knocked Lexa out instantly. Finally, silence and peace rested within the cold lab.

Breathing heavily, Luna gathered up her nerves. She glanced up to the ceiling, a look of relief across her face. Hearing the sound of her own ragged breathing, Luna realised how stressed she had become. Taking deeper, longer breaths, Luna slowed her panting.

“Thank you, Echo!” Luna praised her absent friend.

Luna looked down at an unconscious Lexa…she looked so peaceful. She looked like a sleeping princess from one of Lexa’s old fairy tales. Luna sighed; she was struggling to not remain captivated by Lexa’s slumbering form.

“What do we do with you?” Luna shook her head as Lexa remained out cold.
Lexa woke with a start; her head was pounding and her ears were ringing. For the briefest of moments, Lexa wondered why she was not wrapped up within her furs in Polis. Why was she not lay in her comfy bed awaiting the morning sunlight?

With a sudden rush, Lexa’s memory snapped back into focus. Azgeda. She was in Azgeda. Her soft, warm animal skins were many miles away from here, many miles away in the comfort of Polis. Presently, Lexa’s left side was numb from slumbering on the cold, ugly tiled floor of Dr. Kane’s torture chamber.

“Leksa?” Luna’s voice floated distantly from across the room.

Lexa quickly slammed her eyes shut. Luna’s voice amplified in great volume, as Lexa’s mind flashed with the memory of her own claws penetrating Luna’s flesh. The plan at the time, was to gut her friend where she stood. Lexa groaned and struggled to get to her feet. She rolled onto her side, pushing herself up with a skinny shoulder. Why was moving so difficult? Lexa flexed her wrist. Ah…that was why. Lexa quickly realised Luna had the sense to bind her hands with a thick leather belt while she was out. However, Luna lacked the sense to secure Lexa any further than that.

The young Queen felt her darkness looming in her veins. Anger, rage, and vengeful thoughts flickered on and off inside her pretty head. Such dark, terrible things! - twisted and macabre by their very nature. These thoughts tempted such villainy within Lexa! Peeling her eyes open, Lexa quickly realized where she was - the extended area of the lab. She spied the creature’s unoccupied glass prison. After three attempts, Lexa managed to get herself upright.

“You fool! Now you are trapped in there!” Luna’s voice lifted an octave.

Lexa stood up straight, posture impeccable even with her hands bound. The vein by her temple was throbbing, her heart rate beating at a hurried pace. She felt so changed, so different inside! Her gifts greatly increased, but her violence was untamed and temper uneven.

“You are a monster! This is where monsters are kept and stored!” Lexa looked around the glass prison.

Luna stepped back, getting a better look at her childhood friend.
“Leksa, what are you doing?” Luna’s voice was close to a whimper.

“I am death. My kind is a brutal cancer that wishes to spread across the clans. I will not allow myself to be a bridge for such evil to cross over into the lives of all the people we know.”

Luna’s brows knitted together as she let out a sharp puff of breath. She tried to hold in the feelings that currently cried out for release.

“So…you plan to wither and die in a box made of glass for all to see!” Luna bit her lip, looking to the ceiling in hopes of holding back the tears.

“This is the right thing to do. My demise will bring my mother’s tyranny and infection to an end, finally.” Lexa stepped back as the need to strike out at Luna roiled through her body.

From the observation room, Rebecca Kane’s heels slowly clipped towards the monitor. The creature that Lexa had restored was looming in the background.

“What is this?”

Becca frowned angrily as she watched the two friends in the lab. Lexa should have fully succumbed to the darkness that Becca had spent months manufacturing in the woodland and the surrounding areas. Becca knew Lexa’s mother’s spirit lingered in the forest and the facility she had been a caretaker to for the last 11 years. Despite that...Lexa’s light still tried to shine through. Killing Luna would have set Lexa on a one-way path to destruction, but the girl had fought back against her mother’s DNA, boldly!

“Luna...it is my wish that you leave. I will not tell you again.” Lexa grimaced as nausea churned through her system.

Luna broke into an uncontrollable laugh. She placed her hands on her hips, shaking her head at Lexa. Luna’s wild hair tossed gently from side to side as she stood bewildered by Lexa’s preaching and martyrdom.

“You are not safe in such proximity to me!” Lexa growled, her eyes blackening rapidly.

“When I have I ever been safe around you, Leksa?” Luna shrugged.

“I will not allow myself to hurt anyone else! I am not to be trusted.” Lexa smirked pridefully.

Luna stood starring at her friend; this was the girl she had rarely left the side of for nearly 20 years now.

“This is what must be done, Luna. I cannot allow the Natblida to use me as a stepping stone over the border. They will use me to grow and thrive in number. I will not have Rebecca Kane’s vision brought to life by my blood - by my hand!” Lexa pounded her fist against her chest.

“Do you wish to aid them, Leksa? Do you feel responsible for them?” Luna asked quietly.

“Yes.” Lexa looked shamefully down at the floor. “My mother’s blood, her will, it is irresistible...”

Luna cleared her throat. She was not surprised by Lexa’s response. Her friend’s dark energy had hit Luna like a brutally cold winter’s morning.

“So…you get it all your own way...yet again. What Leksa wants, Leksa gets?”

“I will not have this conversation, Luna. Just do as I command...leave.” Lexa turned away from the
Luna felt anger rise in her chest as Lexa turned away from her.

“Klark is correct.” Luna’s use of the Skai-girl’s name stopped the dark Queen in her tracks.

“How is it that you get to own so much of our hearts, and yet never take any ownership of the feelings you stir up so effortlessly inside us?”

Lexa sighed, her head pitching forward as she pinched the bridge of her nose. Her darkness was rising again inside.

“Do you have any idea what it feels like, Leksa? Trying to find a connection with another person that is as all-encompassing as this.” Luna gestured between herself and Lexa in the cell.

“Yes!” Lexa turned on her heel, snapping through gritted teeth at Luna.

“You just let me leave Polis, Leska!” Luna struggled to keep the upset from her voice, bringing up the past always left her feeling raw.

It was now Lexa’s turn to stand in astonishment before Luna. The Queen’s eyes were blown wide-open hearing Luna’s comment. They had never discussed Luna’s departure from Polis, not once. Now though, Lexa was a captive audience.

"Why do you insist upon opening this healing wound again, especially now, Luna?” Lexa struggled to contain her dark rage.

“I suppose you were just setting me free…was that it?” Luna scoffed.

“May I suggest that in the twists of separation, you excelled in being free, Luna!” Lexa tried to keep the jealousy and hurt from her voice.

Rebecca Kane smirked from her position within the observation room. The tension in the lab was clearly mounting, surely pushing Lexa back towards her mother’s dark nature!

“I may have excelled, as you say, in my couplings with others beyond you, Leska. But it was like drinking stagnant water after an eternity of drinking only fine wine!” Luna frowned.

“You left to start your own clan…not me!” Lexa glared back at Luna.

“I begged you to leave with me!” Luna stalked angrily towards the glass.

“I was only sixteen!” Lexa hollered at Luna, fists banging against the translucent barrier that separated her from her friend.

The force and suddenness of the impact made Luna flinch.

“I am barely twenty years of age now!” Lexa continued to shout.

“Tell me, Luna, when have I ever been allowed to be a child?”

Silence fell.

Luna gripped her chest, just above her heart, her breath taken from her lungs. Lexa was enflamed in a way Luna had never once witnessed. To shout! To cry out! To curse! All of this was normally bottled up within that perfect posture, and regal sway.
“I will say this much for your dark side, she gives away much more feeling than your light side ever has!”

Lexa placed the heels of her palms against her temples, her fingers twisting into her lustrous locks.

“Duty to others is all I have ever known, Luna…” Lexa's shoulders sank, her breath fading into a long, tired sigh.

Again, silence fell between the two cosmically connected girls.

As the seconds ticked by, Luna finally ended the quiet.

“Do not dare pass judgement on me, Leksa, for my couplings in your absence. Not when I return and you are so inexplicably drawn to another, yourself.” Luna’s tone was sombre, bitter.

Lexa frowned heavily at Luna.

“Yes! I am drawn Klark, just as I am drawn to you! I do not have to fucking explain that to anybody!” Lexa’s voice boomed within the enclosed space as she lost herself to her mother’s volatile nature.

Luna drew in a sharp breath, taking her eyes from Lexa’s intense black-eyed stare.

“This is not the way to serve your people, Leksa. Tri-Kru do not end their own days, were we not taught to see that as a great sin? Life is so fleeting and precious.”

“Do not seek to change the subject away from Klark, Luna.” Lexa growled.

Luna stood, arms folded, looking back at her struggling friend.

“You are drawn to Klark also. The connection between the three of us on that gloomy night in these sick woods was undeniable! I know you felt it.” Lexa breathed up against the glass, her wet, steamy words lingering on the plane by Luna’s face.

“I felt it…” Luna whispered.

Silence arose between the two friends, yet again.

“Do you not see then, Leksa? Klark and I can guide you towards the light. We can usher away the darkness that currently attempts to take hold of your heart! Your friends and family can help you also.” Luna touched the glass barrier lightly.

“It is too late. It will always be part of me. It will always linger under the surface…” Lexa whispered under her breath, but Luna still heard every word.

“Perhaps you are not Tri-Kru after all then!” Luna’s tone was harsh.

Lexa stood motionless, her anger ready to boil over again.

“It pains me to see my queen cowering in a glass box. Perhaps that is the Natblida DNA in you? Clearly you have the blood of cowards running through your veins!”

bang!

Lexa surged forward and struck the glass with both fists. As Lexa hit the glass, a great explosion sounded out from the south side of the facility.
Back in the observation room, Becca felt the earth tremble beneath her heels as the walls to her facility shook violently. An audible, mechanical warning called out over the loud-speakers.

“WARNING, SOUTH WALL BREACH.”

Becca glanced at the south side monitors. She witnessed her varied experiments fighting around the outer area of her facility. Janus had discharged Pike’s heavy artillery, missing Clarke completely and striking the facility instead.

“Idiot!” Becca screamed at the screen.

The blast from the heavy artillery shell outside had rocketed through the facility’s walls, tearing a great gaping hole into the reinforced concrete and straight through to reservoir beneath the top ice behind the facility. Dr Kane saw nothing but a torrent of water bursting through from the softening ice ridge. It was like an avalanche and flood all at the same time!

The emergency lighting failed for a moment, and the facility plunged into darkness. When the light returned, Luna was startled to see Lexa standing right in front of her beyond the glass. Lexa’s eyes still shifted from emerald green to deathly black.

“Fight this, Leksa!” Luna spoke passionately. Lexa’s light side *would* triumph - it had to!

“Just go...please!” Lexa whispered.

Rebecca Kane hurriedly checked her monitors. The breach was too much! Soon, her life’s work would be destroyed by the cold, harsh water currently swamping her facility.

“We must leave.” The creature behind Kane spoke directly to the mad doctor.

There was a pause, nothing but the sound of sirens wailing down the corridors of the facility.

“No!” Becca shouted. The brilliant doctor almost pulled the hair right out from her scalp.

*All of her good work, wasted!*

The callous doctor tried desperately to control her emotions. She glared at the monitor as Lexa and Luna still stood face to face within her lab.

“If you wish to perish Lexa...then you shall take Luna and her accursed light with you!” Becca hit the buttons on the console to her far right. The outer security door firmly locked to the outside world.

“What of my Queen!” The creature suddenly grabbed at a retreating Becca Kane’s arm.

The doctor looked up to the beast with affection in her eyes.

“She is not as strong as we thought she was. She fights the blood within. There is another solution though, another way forward.”

Becca Kane glanced around at her monitors.

“We will rebuild. We will start again. Even if it takes me another 10 years, I will have your people freed from the wastelands!”

The creature looked to the monitor showing the lab, one last look at his Queen.

“Come with me.” Becca held out her hand to the creature.
The creature part bowed to Becca in acceptance of the woman’s proposal.

Without further ado, the mad scientist of Skai-Kru and her monster left the operations room toward a hidden exit.

As the facility began to succumb more and more to the water, Lexa stood as the Leader she wholeheartedly believed she should be; the one ready to go down with the ship.

“Luna, you must leave!”

“I will NOT leave you.” Luna pointed at the glass.

“You must, or two will die here instead of one.”


“You may be with child. You will not let any harm befall it! I will never forgive you.”

Luna ripped back her hair angrily. She kicked at the thick glass in frustration, rather than with the belief she could break it.

A second explosion sounded out from the south side of the facility. It shook the corridors and fractured the tile along the floor. Luna slumped down to her knees, slowly falling to pieces. More ice cold, Azgeda water burst into the laboratory. The water was quickly swelling, now up to Luna’s thighs from her knelt position.

Lexa placed her hand on the glass, her eyes welling with moisture as she accepted that this. This was the end of her road for her.

“Luna, please. I am begging you to go.” Lexa whispered fervently.

Luna pulled herself up, and moved towards the glass. She placed her hand against the barrier, in perfect symmetry with Lexa’s. Luna remained brave and locked her red, teary gaze with Lexa’s steady green. She held her breath as Lexa went to speak.

“My fight is-”

Luna punched out at the glass violently where Lexa stood.

“Do not dare say that to me, Leksa! You are not allowed to say that to me!” Luna screamed at the top of her lungs. She was now being pressed and drowned by more than just the surrounding waters. Luna could not stop her assault on the glass, she continued to lash out at a self-sacrificing Lexa beyond the barrier. Luna was Infuriated by Lexa’s calm and serenity as certain death loomed. The forever regal brunette contained her emotions but for one defector - a solitary tear rolled slowly down Lexa’s cheek, betraying her feelings inside. Luna beat the glass repeatedly, trying to get to her love, before exhausting herself completely. She slipped downwards, totally defeated and horribly broken inside.

“You are insufferable, Leksa-kom-Trikru!” Luna lamented. Turning towards the glass and leaning on it heavily, Luna ran a gentle finger down the barrier between herself and her friend. “My heart will be no more without you…do you not understand how much I love you, Leksa?”

The woman in question remained silent.

Luna lightly butted her head against the glass. Her hope was being snuffed out…how could this be
happening?

Lexa swallowed deeply.

“I always knew you would be the death of me!” Luna laughed half-heartedly.

“You must go now…please. I will not have Klark alone, she will need you, Luna.”

“You would leave me lumbered with your grief-stricken Alpha!” Luna wiped at her cheeks.

“You care for Klark…I know you do. The two of you have a connection.”

Suddenly, Luna rose to her feet.

“Yes! Yes, we do have a connection - you! We both need you, Leksa!”

“Find your escape right now! Klark’s spirit will need yours. My children will need your light, Luna…especially Dahlia.” Lexa bore determined eyes into Luna.

Luna’s eyes widened at Lexa’s words.

“Klarks’s spirit!” Luna whispered to herself excitedly.

“Luna, go now!” Lexa panicked, watching on as the walls of the lab started to groan and buckle. A great amount of water was approaching faster, and faster the longer Luna delayed.

Luna dropped back down to her knees, her lower half now completely submerged in icy water. She scrambled at the floor, her claws ripping into the plastic tile. No - concrete! Luna grit her teeth in frustration as her eyes darted around the room. She spotted something long and shiny leaning up against the wall, and quickly made her way over to it - her toned legs kicking up spray in her haste. It looked like a spear with some sort of lasso attached to the other end, whatever it was, it would do. Luna splashed her way back to where she had ripped up the tile, she hefted the stainless-steel rod and brought it down the sharply, smashing the point of it into the concrete slab.

\textit{chink!}

\textit{chink!}

\textit{chink!}

There! Cracking! Luna redoubled her efforts until a large fissure fragmented the concrete. She flipped the spear-like implement in her hands, wedging the other end into the split in the concrete. And then Luna pushed; Luna pushed down upon the rod with such force, the concrete cracked and buckled exposing the dirt beneath.

“What are you doing!” Lexa banged on the glass.

Luna rubbed her hands together, falling back down to her knees in the icy water. She hovered violently shaking hands over the exposed, muddied dirt. Her eyes closed tightly as she attempted to block everything out but the feeling of the souls within the earth.

“Forgive me, Klark.” Luna plunged her fingers into the sodden soil.

Lexa continued to scream at Luna who could now only hear the passage of time and the plethora of spirits that were steeped in the earth below. Luna’s body trembled as her gift caused everything to vibrate, even her bare bones!
On the south side of the facility, Clarke stood above Janus. She held her fist in the air ready to strike when the very earth below tremored violently. Echo looked to the ground around her, confused. She turned to Clarke, seeing both excitement and panic adorning the Prime’s face. Clarke smiled brilliantly at the badly injured, second-seed Alpha on the ground.

“This…this is Luna!” Clarke shouted over to Echo.

Clarke suddenly dropped to the ground as if struck by a mighty blow. She wailed in agony as Luna sent to Clarke the purist form of spirit, obliging it into Alpha’s flesh and bone. The Prime rolled on the ground as she felt her truest form begin to alter her body. Clarke hollered in absolute undiluted agony as her body all but tore itself apart.

Echo scrabbled along the earth, dragging her broken leg as she went to the Prime’s aid.

“Griffin?” Echo reached out for Clarke.

“Get away from me!” Clarke managed to yelp out.

“Shit!” Echo watched on with wide eyes as Clarke’s face changed drastically before her. Echo heard the sudden snap of Clarke’s jaw, and the break of her nose as Luna brought on Clarke’s first full change.

Clarke writhed on all fours as her entire skeletal structure dislodged and disconnected. The Skai-girl’s muscles tore and stretched as her body turned fully into the form it truly belonged in. Octavia lost her grip on Ally as the curious child wished for a closer view of the true Skai-beast. Clarke Griffin’s flesh stretched in a manner Echo had never witnessed before. Blood dripped rapidly from the blonde’s swelling jaw. Her form was no longer human, but that of the wolf-beast which had always resided within the human shell of Clarke. The beast now burst through, wholly.

After a beat of stillness, the wolf-beast stood to its feet. It stood much taller than Clarke with hands adorned in oversized, razor-sharp talons. Its jaw was riddled with blade-like teeth and its snout was long and twitching.

Ally stood in front the great beast with admiration in her eyes. “Wow!” She shouted up at the giant animal before her.

The beast looked down at Ally, its eyes ferocious and its mouth salivating. The beast threw back its head and howled up to the sky. Echo felt just as invigorated as Ally.

“Fuck yeah!” Echo punched the air from her prone position on the ground.

Abruptly, the many villagers which had surrounded the small pack, dropped their weapons and hurried off away from the horror show that was Clarke Griffin. The beast bolted off in the direction of the facility. Its large size made each villager look like bowling pins going down, as the powerful Skai-beast barrelled through the drones. One of Clarke’s large rear paws made sure to crush a screaming Janus, stamping out the final threat to Echo’s safety.

Lexa sank forward against the glass of her prison as Luna fell unconscious, floating face down in rapidly rising water. Lexa vowed to keep her eyes on her friend until nature took Luna’s soul from her reach…in this life at least.
“Luna...” Lexa felt the piece of her heart which belonged to Luna crumble with her friend’s quickening demise.

Unexpectedly, a loud drubbing sound snapped Lexa from her misery. She waded through the water within her glass cell and looked to the corner of the room, trying to see into the rest of the laboratory beyond. Lexa threw herself back from the glass though, as a great golden beast tumbled around the corner. The water level in the lab suddenly dropped, as it now found an escape route through the newly smashed-open door. Luna’s limp body sank heavily to the ground as the water receded.

The beast bounded through the remaining water at a speed that gave Lexa very little time to think. The Queen managed to quickly duck down as the giant beast launched its head and shoulder, heroically, at the thick glass barrier which held her. The translucent material splintered violently, becoming a crackling spider-web radiating out from the point of impact. However, the beast had struck the glass with such a powerful blow, that it had knocked itself unconscious. It now slumped face down, bleeding, in the ebbing water with Luna.

Lexa ran her sharp gaze over the mutated wolf-beast’s form, its large muscular frame morphing before her eyes. The shaggy animal body suddenly gave way to a much smaller frame. As the beast unravelled itself more and more, Lexa realised what was wrapped up within.

“K..Klark?” Lexa furrowed her brow, stunned by what she was looking at.

In abject horror, Lexa stared down at a now lifeless Clarke Griffin with Luna beside her. Lexa desperately looked around her laboratory prison for something to further break through the glass. There was a chair! In a split second, Lexa gripped the heavy chair and attacked the glass with all her might. Her physical strength was much less than either Clarke’s or Luna’s, but the glass shattered gloriously under her onslaught.

Lexa did not hesitate as she pushed through a body-sized gap in the thick barrier, the jagged edge slicing through her shoulder. Lexa’s black, oily blood trickled down her arm. The Queen was normally much more careful about exposing her plasma to the open air, but in this moment, she did not care.

Collapsing in a heap next to her loves, Lexa turned Clarke over. The Alpha felt heavier than usual in Lexa’s exhausted arms. Clarke’s face was now the perfect, pretty façade that Lexa was so enamoured by; the face which her children bore such resemblance to. A split second later, Lexa slid over to Luna. She turned the Flou-leader over just as she had Clarke; Luna’s face was just as lifeless as the Alpha’s.

Now, Lexa found herself in the most impossibly cruel of scenarios. To let either lover die was unthinkable…but to save them both, it was simply impossible!

Lexa screamed out at her gods of tree and earth. How dare they present her with such unwavering cruelty! Lexa sat with her head in her hands, distraught and overwhelmed.

From outside of the laboratory, Octavia heard Lexa’s cries as she shouldered a badly limping Echo.

“I cannot do this! Please, do not make me choose! I beg you spirits, I offer myself instead!” Lexa suddenly found herself in prayer, seeking divine intervention.

The irony of it all hit Lexa hard. The merciless dark Queen now sought mercy herself from an unseen deity. This moment would forever humble both Lexa’s light and dark side deeply. The young, heartbroken Queen tugged frantically at the clothing of both her lovers; her all too tardy words falling from her mouth, beautifully.
“We’ll live in birds, flowers and dragonflies. In pine trees and in clouds and in those little specks of light you see floating in sunbeams… And when they use our atoms to make new lives, they won’t just be able to take one, they’ll have to take three, one each of you and one of me.”

Having made it through the laboratory and around the corner to the room with the glass prison, Octavia brought her hand to her mouth. Octavia’s eyes glazed over and her heart ached for Lexa. Echo struggled to contain her own tears as Lexa finally exposed her heart to her lovers and the rest of the world. It seemed as if it was all far too late.

Lexa gripped at Clarke and Luna’s unresponsive forms. Why had she not spoken such truths to either love before now? Why had she let the days go by without telling either how much they meant to her?

“How can I possibly explain that two separate beings can hold both my heart and soul between them?” Lexa briefly looked over her shoulder at Echo.

The Queen continued to shake Clarke before wiping the drying dirt from Luna’s face.

“Please…do not leave without me.” Lexa finally said the words Luna had always wanted to hear.

Every scrap of prayer and solace of faith flashed through Lexa’s desperate mind. She closed her eyes and bowed her head subserviently to the heavens above. Any deity that would listen would do at this point.

“Most gracious Virgin Mary, never was it known that anyone who fled to your protection, implored your help or sought your intercession, was left unaided.”

The sound of small, rapid footfalls could be heard splashing turbulently through the remaining water in the laboratory. The all-powerful Tri-Kru monarch - the only daughter to the dark-hearted, Natblida warrior Queen - was suddenly presented with the most unusual looking of angels.
Lexa squinted as if she were seeing things. She thought at first that she may have been dreaming, but then, unexpectedly, her Angel spoke.

“I will save the darker-skinned pretty one! You must save the beast!” Ally peeled off her goggles and pulled back her hood.

Without waiting for further response from Lexa, Ally almost dived upon Luna’s now cooling body. She pulled open Luna’s shirt and brought her small strong hands above Luna’s breast bone.

“You must do this to the monster!” Ally gestured at Lexa, pointedly. Time was of the essence here.

Lexa sat stunned, mouth agape, staring at Ally.

“You’re so high and mighty that you forget the simplest of things!” Ally scolded Lexa.

Lexa quickly maneuvered herself above Clarke, mirroring Ally’s position. She then proceeded to copy Ally’s actions, listening to the miniature Alpha’s every instruction. Together, the Queen and the wolf-child valiantly attempted to bring both Clarke and Luna back. Seconds felt like hours as Lexa’s tired, weekend frame tried desperately to give Clarke Griffin back to the world.

“Klark, please…we have only just begun.” Lexa mourned.

“Do not lose hope! My mother is a very bad woman, but she has taught me many good things.” Ally grinned at Lexa before blowing air into Luna’s open mouth again.

With a few more compressions, Luna suddenly spluttered into life. She dragged in air greedily and coughed up water from her lungs.

“Yes!” Octavia applauded Ally.

“Come on Griffin!” Echo’s focus remained on Clarke, still lifeless.

Lexa felt tears roll down her cheeks as Clarke did not respond. Lexa’s movements slowed, becoming jerky. How could she have let Clarke down?

Unapologetically, Ally shoved the heartbroken Lexa out of the way. The pint-sized Alpha took up residence by Clarke’s side and started compressions up again. Ally’s movements were much more practiced and sure than Lexa’s own.

“You must be doing it wrong!” Ally yelled. The small hands of the pup massaged desperately at Clarke Griffin’s chest. She placed a clawed paw to her hero’s chin and blew in as much air as her tiny lungs could muster.

Still nothing.

“Klark?” Luna coughed and spluttered as she crawled unsteadily towards Clarke’s motionless body.

“Stop, kid!” Echo’s voice broke.
“No!” Ally cried out.

“She’s dead....stop!” Echo wiped at her face.

Octavia turned and buried her head against Echo’s chest, sobbing.

*Clarke Griffin...was dead.*

Lexa suddenly felt rage fill her being. This was not happening! - she simply would not allow it!

“Her spirit has left her body.” Echo lowered her head, respectfully.

Lexa’s eyes shot to Luna instantly.

“Do something!” Lexa grabbed at her friend desperately.

“Leksa, I cannot! I am not that powerful.” Luna wept.

Lexa pulled her friend closer.

“Yes! Yes, you are, Luna! You have always been just as powerful as me.”

“The last time, Leksa...do you not recall the last time I meddled with the dead?” Luna shuddered.

Only once before, Luna had attempted to draw a spirit back to its host after fatality; a treasured, great white stead that a young Lexa could not bear to be parted from. The attempt had failed and left Luna terrified of her own abilities. The stead had jolted back to life but it seemed to be in great pain, as though it endured a nightmarish torture by Luna’s hands. It remained trapped somewhere between life and death. The eleven-year-old Lexa ended the animal’s torture herself by plunging a blade through its strong skull, brining death to the stallion for a second time in one day. Luna was inconsolable at the time, and the once valiant stead’s unearthly cries reverberated around her head years later, still. Luna swore never to cross that line again…until now.

“I know you are afraid…. but we cannot lose Klark.” Lexa squeezed Luna’s hand. “Please try.”

Lexa begged her friend.

Luna looked down upon Clarke Griffin’s lifeless body.

“We can do this. You are not the same girl you once were, Luna. I have changed that. My blood…it never leaves your veins! I am more powerful now than ever before.” Lexa displayed her wrist to Luna.

Echo watched on in amazement as the skin split and Lexa’s divine ichor flowed out, dancing about her wrist and palm.

“The Natblida mimic their Queen. What lies in her heart, lies in theirs...” Luna recalled Becca’s mad ranting in the observation room.

“You will have my power running through you.” Lexa offered her wrist to Luna.

“You promise not to leave my side…?” Luna whispered nervously.

“Never again.” Lexa smiled.

“You must all move away.” Luna swallowed deeply as she eyed Ally, Octavia, and Echo.
Luna placed her hand in Lexa’s. The Flou-Kru leader held her breath as her fingertips slowly trailed up towards the newly evolved blood, dripping from the seeping split. Luna paused just before the pads of her fingertips reached into the dangerously addictive plasma.

“Please! I know I do not deserve it, but trust me, Luna.” Lexa’s forest green eyes remained steady, not a trace of blackness there.

Luna locked eyes with Lexa for a second longer, then slid her fingers into Lexa’s potentially fatal ichor. The results were instantaneous! Luna felt Lexa’s evolved blood take hold of her; a tantalising rush of adrenaline and an addictive shot of pure pleasure, forcing Luna to scream out in fulfilment rather than pain. Luna instinctively pulled back, but Lexa grabbed at the back of her friend’s neck and pulled Luna close against her body. The Queen’s grip tightened as Luna’s body shook wildly, Lexa’s blood finally finishing its life work on the Flou-leader.

“Jus drein, jus daun.” Luna sounded out the sermon that Lexa, up until this moment, had come to fear.

“Yes…Blood must have blood. That does not have to be a cruelty or a darkness. It can be used for light. That is what my mother could not understand.” Lexa smiled as she kissed Luna’s forehead, gently.

Finally, Luna pulled away from Lexa. Her eyes were burning white, as her own gift was now fuelled by Lexa’s. Without any hesitation, Luna placed her hands on top of Clarke’s broken breastbone, which shielded a dead heart beneath.

Echo watched on in disbelief as the shell of Clarke Griffin’s body shook uncontrollably. Flashes of white light cracked the walls of the lab, as the whole universe seemed to descend upon Luna. Ally, frightened by something her mind could not properly rationalize, ran for Echo. The old wolf gladly sheltered Octavia and her child from the onslaught of light, as both sought protection from the broken Azgeda street fighter. As sublime as the light radiating out from Luna and Clarke was, something caught Echo’s eye in the far corner of the room.

“Leksa!” Echo gestured.

Within the flashes of light and hollers of the underworld, the tall, wraith-like vision of Lexa’s mother materialized.

“You!” Lexa snarled at the apparition in the corner as it watched on.

Luna felt blood seep from her nose and ears as she desperately sought out the soul of Clarke Griffin - sought to pull the brave Alpha back to the living world.

It all ended in a blindingly bright burst of light. As if the Gods had allowed it, Clarke Griffin suddenly snapped back to life. Her blue eyes shot wide open, full of panic, as Lexa smiled down radiantly above her. In that moment, Clarke truly believed she had died and was now being greeted in Heaven by the one guardian she wished for.

The Alpha blinked once, twice, before slowly sitting upright. The bright light emanating from Luna quickly petered out, causing the world to return to a normal earthy hue. Luna had brought back the life of Clarke Griffin, and in the same instant, sent the bitter, vengeful spirit of Lexa’s mother back into the aether.

Lexa laughed madly as she played with the locks of Clarke’s soaked blonde hair. It would be this moment that changed the course of Lexa’s life, and dark side, forever.
“You did it!” Lexa smiled at an exhausted Luna.

Echo looked on proudly as Clarke Griffin worked tirelessly, yet again, to survive. Ally grinned at the panting, exhausted Luna. The Flou-leader’s chest was rapidly rising and falling with every inhale and exhale of breath. Octavia smiled at Ally, rubbing the girl’s head affectionately, as the pint-sized Alpha continued to beam at Luna.

“You’re also a superhero!” Ally pointed at the Flou-girl, enthusiastically.

In a sudden movement, Ally affixed her googles and folded her arms arrogantly. Luna continued to cough and shiver at the expenditure of her gift, but eyed the pup curiously.

“Never forget… it was I that saved you though, beautiful Ethiope girl!” Ally lifted her chin to the air proudly.

“What the hell did she just call Luna?” Octavia’s jaw hung open as she whispered to Echo.

“I have no idea, but my kid is a little perv!” Echo grumbled.

Lexa laughed as she continued to comfort a confused and bewildered Clarke.

“She doth teach the torches to burn bright. It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night. Like a rich jewel in an Ethiope’s ear.” Lexa recited.

“You’re most welcome, Ethiope!” Ally continued to posture.

“Please, stop calling me that.” Luna sighed.

Lexa could only nod in return.

Luna groaned.

“I have been saved by the pint-sized Romeo of Azgeda!” Luna let her body sink down onto the muddy floor with a huff.

“You’re most welcome, Ethiope!” Ally continued to posture.

“Please, stop calling me that.” Luna sighed.

Lexa laughed at the antics of Luna and Ally as she sat Clarke up. Clarke’s body ached inside from the earlier transformation and the pain had only dulled slightly.

“You have been keeping secrets from me, Klark Griffin.” Lexa smiled softly, the memory of the great golden beast tumbling into the laboratory to save her mate a fresh memory in Lexa’s mind.

Ally offered a hand to help Luna up.

“Is there some backward Azgeda law that states I must marry you now, little one?” Luna covered her face with her hands.

“No... but I will consider your proposal.” Ally rubbed her chin in thought.
“Er…thank you?” Luna appeared mildly wounded.

“I am very picky.” Ally confessed.

“As am I.” Luna looked over at Clarke and Lexa with a smile.

“Someone get me a radio, we’re getting out of this hell hole!” Echo grimaced.

“I have one!” Ally ran off.

“No! You have my radio, you little shit!” Echo shouted after her pup.

What felt like days later…

It was hard to tell what time of the day it was; a storm had blown in, causing an endless drift of snowflakes to fall from the heavens onto the Azgeda landscape below. Despite the mild snowstorm, the rescue crew from Trinity had made excellent time. The thick rubber wheels of the rescue vehicle were encased in strong snow chains that ripped through the relentless ice and snow.

Lincoln, glanced over to the map strapped to the dash next to the steering wheel, as he started to the slow the vehicle. If Echo’s information was any good, the pickup point was around here. Indra was the first to attempt to exit the rescue vehicle; the First Minister of Tri-Kru barely waited for the vehicle to come to a complete stop, before she all but catapulted herself towards her daughter’s last known location.

“Mother, wait! We have not stopped yet!” Lincoln shouted after his headstrong mother as he brought the vehicle to a rest.

The message from Echo was garbled, confused. Hours of driving had led Lincoln to this spot though. Ironically, it was the most picturesque location in all of Azgeda; the Ice ridge, with its serene mountainous backdrop, surrounded by snow covered pines.

Indra ran, she ran as quick as her legs would allow. She heard the snow crunch and crack beneath her boots, as instinct alone attempted to guide her to her child’s location. The snowflakes gathered in the air, dousing the world in a lazily drifting white haze; the flakes swirled rebelliously, making it difficult to spot out anyone that might be hidden along the treeline.

“Mother!” Lincoln leapt out of the driver’s seat, hollering after the headstrong Omega.

“Let her go.”

Lincoln turned on his heel to scowl at his pack’s newfound ally.

“Why are you even here, Kane?” Lincoln bit out.

“I know this land and this vehicle belongs to the Guarda!” Kane spat back defensively.

The rear hatch to the large Guarda security wagon suddenly burst open.

“He needs to prove to Abby that he is trustworthy.” Jake placed a hand a Lincoln’s shoulder to help the big man simmer down.

“Anyway, we need to prepare this vehicle. We have injured friends and family to take home!” Jake supplied, hoping it would be enough to prevent a real fight from breaking out between Lincoln and Kane.
Nearly at the treeline, Indra was quickly running out of energy. She sank forward, resting her hands on her knees as the cold started to settle into her bones. She had not even thought to throw on a fur before she launched herself from the prison van. The typically etiquette-obsessed Tri-Kru First Minister called out frantically into the gathering snowstorm for all to hear. She did not care to present herself as anything other than a panic-stricken mother in search of her lost child.

“Aleksandria!” Indra’s voice broke as she shouted out into the churning white flakes before her.

Nothing.

“Please! Please, let her be safe!” Indra prayed openly to her gods of tree and earth.

A strong hand was placed onto Indra’s shoulder from behind, startling the Omega.

“Mother, look!” Lincoln pointed into the swirling abyss.

It started out as a dark smear in the white landscape. Then slowly, before Indra’s eyes, a slender form cut through the masses of frantic snowflakes that whizzed through the air. The contrast was beautiful; the approaching form looked as if black ink had spilt carelessly onto a clean white piece of parchment.

“Leksa?” Lincoln questioned apprehensively to the dark figure.

Lexa kept her eyes forward as she pushed through the worst of the swirling of snow. She was now fully in view of her family.

“Hello, brother.” Lexa’s familiar tones cut through the air.

Both mother and son paused. Lexa looked so…so changed! Her hair looked somehow darker, and her eyes struggled to remain either forest green or black. Rivers of dark blood pulsed just under the surface of Lexa’s skin. Her veins were swollen and stretched out, making her appearance look threatening and sinister.

Lexa held out her hand defensively at the look of shock and fear tattooing her brother’s face.

“Do not be afraid, I mean you no-” Lexa was cut off.

Indra shot forward, gripping her child in the tightest of hugs. Lexa’s eyes went wide in shock as she returned her mother’s affection. In all her years, she was certain that this was the first display of unrestrained public affection from her generally over-formal mother!

When Indra finally loosened her grip, Lexa spoke to her smiling brother.

“Come, there are those that need your strength, brother.” Lexa led Lincoln and Indra towards her injured pack members.

As the journey home began, Echo allowed herself to breath. Her leg was still broken and her nerves were still shot, but she was safe now - they were all safe. The old wolf watched as small hands peeled back the denim around the broken bone of her leg.

“I believe the break was a clean one, your leg will heal.” Ally gripped her seat as the van rounded a particularly sharp bend.

“Thank you.” Echo said with a small smile.
“It is clear for anyone to see. The bone has not-”

Echo cut her pup off.

“That’s not what I mean. Thank you for coming back to Skai-Kru with me…with us.” Echo glances to Octavia, a soft look in her icy blue eyes.

Ally looked between her sire and the Beta mate.

“Somebody has to make sure you do not accidently turn yourself into an evil snowdrop.” Ally shrugged.

Lexa sat with Clarke’s head in her lap. The Alpha was fast asleep with an equally exhausted Luna sleeping by the blonde’s side. Lexa played with both her lovers’ hair; she unconsciously twisted Clarke’s blond locks into small braids and twisted Luna’s soft locks around her long fingers aimlessly. The young Queen stared endlessly out of the rear window of the Guarda van; the fringes of dead zone were fading into the distance the more her brother pressed down onto the accelerator pedal.

“One day…one day I must return.” Lexa mumbled.

“What is that, daughter?” Indra frowned at her seemingly lost child.

“There is much to discuss, mother.”

“Yes, I am sure there is.” Indra ran her eyes over her daughter’s changed appearance.

“There is something I must do before returning to Polis though. A great wrong that I must do my best to make right.”

“As you wish, Leksa.” Indra smiled supportively. “Rest now, though…our journey back home is not a short one.”

Lexa went back to attending to her lovers.
Raven laid, exhausted, in her hospital bed. Dahlia’s blood was no longer easing her sickness. She watched the patient in the bed next to hers, his condition much worse than her own.

“Am I gonna end up like him, Abby?” Raven said sadly.

Abby threw down the medical notes she was shakily holding in her hand. Yet another attempt to alter Jackson’s catatonic state had failed miserably! Only the repetitive bleeping of his vitals gave any indication that he was, indeed, still alive. Abby looked down upon Jackson’s ashen skin and withering form. He was slowly falling to pieces from the inside out.

The good doctor sighed, rubbing at her forehead absently. Abby had no idea how to reverse the effects of Lexa’s corrosive blood. It was getting to the point where she had started to let the most awful of thoughts cross her mind. Was it kinder to end Dr. Jackson’s suffering? It was a hard pill to swallow; it went against everything Abby stood for.

The intermittent beeping in the room abruptly changed pace. Abby’s eyes narrowed on the vitals screen. She approached the monitor for a better view. The closer she got, the more the beeping accelerated. Abby peered down at her patient; Jackson’s breathing was growing erratic. Abby noted how bobbles of moisture filled the respirator face mask as he breathed in and out rapidly. Brave Dr. Griffin placed a hand on Jackson’s forehead as panic settled into her bones; quite simply, there was nothing she could do to help the man anymore.

Suddenly, Jackson’s eyes peeled wide open, his orbs like black marble. Abby saw her own reflection as she looked down desperately at her now shuddering patient.

“I am so sorry…I don’t know what to do!” Abby gripped Jackson’s hand tightly.

Jackson attempted to speak. His body wracked violently with tremors as it prepared itself for seizure. Abby stroked her former prodigy’s hair, softly.

“What is it Jackson?” Abby hovered her ear over Jackson’s gasping mouth; his dry, cracked lips opened slightly as words attempted to escape.

“S…he is he…re…” It was a faint broken whisper, but Abby heard the words all the same.

Raven fought the urge to pull her bedsheets over her head.

“He wants Lexa.” Raven swallowed.

The machine sounded out its final alarm that Jackson’s vitals were off the chart. His heart rate had accelerated to an unsustainable level and his breathing was uncontrollable now. Abby prepared herself for the end.
Without warning, an unexpected shadow appeared, looming over Jackson’s bed. Out of the corner of her eye, Abby saw a tall, dark figure pacing quickly through the doorway. Before Abby could even blink, Lexa pushed her to one side. Then, Lexa pressed her hand down firmly against Jackson’s chest. Abby watched in horror as Lexa’s skin split by her wrist and terrifying rivers of black ran down her hand, soaking into Jackson’s chest.

“No!” Abby screamed.

Abby pulled at Lexa’s shoulder, hoping to peel her away from the vulnerable Jackson. Lexa threw up her free hand though, and Abby found herself shoved back against the wall by nothing more than air. She was unable to move, unable to fight back.

“Abby!” Raven shouted from her own bed.

Lexa’s appearance totally threw Abby. The girl’s skin was laced with rivers of black veins, her eyes like dark pools of tar. Lexa was terrifying to look upon, and yet, her clothing was the most casual Abby had ever seen! There was no makeup, no dark flowing locks. Lexa’s hair was thrown up carelessly into a hair-tie. Abby immediately recognized the overly-casual, borrowed clothing that Lexa wore.

“If he dies, I will kill you myself!” Abby growled from her pinned position against the wall.

Raven remained bedridden as Lexa seemingly infected Jackson all over again.

Ally suddenly slid through the doorway.

“She is here to help!” The young pup held out her hand towards a snarling Abby.

Raven rubbed her eyes. Was she seeing things?

“Echo? Did you get miniaturized? Tell me there is a shrink-ray in that facility?” Raven tilted her head in wonder.

“What the hell is she doing!” Abby scowled, concerned for her colleague and desperately wanting answers.

Lexa continued to focus on Jackson; his upper body now arching from the mattress as Lexa’s hand remained on his chest - incased in her own thickening blood. It looked as if her palm was now welded to Jackson’s flesh!

“He is no longer Beta, he is a Natblida! Only the Queen can restore her kind back to their former glory!” Ally quickly explained to Abby, nodding to herself.

Abby’s face looked just as confused as Raven’s.

“Echo?” Abby shook her head. Was she also seeing things? Had she come into contact with Lexa’s blood at some point? Did it have hallucinogenic effects!?

“No! I bear the face of my sire, but you will find me to be much more intelligent!” Ally proclaimed.

“What the fuck is going on!” Raven held her head in her hands. Was this miniature Echo all just another illusion?

“Release the Skai-beast maker!” Ally frowned at Lexa, pointing to the still trapped Abby.

With her black eyes, Lexa glanced briefly to Abby before lowering her hand. Abby pitched slightly
forward as Lexa’s hold was released. After regaining her balance, the doctor stormed towards the bed only to come to a halt inches from Lexa. Abby turned her head sharply toward the vitals monitor, shocked.

The rapid intermittent beeping had ceased and a much steadier, slower sound now emanated from the vitals analyzer! Jackson’s eyes remained black, but his whole being seemed relaxed. Dare Abby think it? Jackson…he seemed comfortable!

Jackson looked up at Lexa with doting eyes.

“My Queen.” He smiled

Lexa stroked the sides of Jackson’s face.

“I never meant to turn you into this.” Lexa whispered.

“What have you done to him?” Abby looked on in astonishment.

All of Jackson’s vitals were now normal! His speech was perfect! There was still the issue of his skin, which was peppered with black veins, but overall, this was the healthiest Abby had seen the brilliant young doctor since Lexa first set upon him!

“Ask her.” Ally prodded Lexa’s legs.

Raven arched a brow at the pushy pup taking such liberties with Lexa. Raven had only ever witnessed Luna get away with such overfamiliar interactions with the rigid Queen.

“Dr. Griffin…I-” Lexa faltered, looking down at Ally for encouragement.

“I need your help. I…I no longer wish to make evil snowdrops.” Lexa smiled at Ally before locking her gaze with Abby’s.

“Excuse me?” Abby stood slack jawed.

Ally laughed, taking Lexa’s hand in her own.

“Dr. Kane has suggested that my blood can do a great many things. It can cause much suffering but it can also heal, cure, and enhance life. I need your help in understanding more about what I am capable of.” Lexa took a deep breath, letting it out slowly. “I do not want my people to be terrified of me.” Lexa added.

“I think it’s always a good idea to be a little bit afraid of you, Lexa. You’re even more powerful now than when I saw you less than a week ago!” Abby folded her arms.

“Yes, I am.” Lexa stated, glaring momentarily. It appeared that her darkness would never fully take its leave.

Silence ensued within the treatment room, with the exception of the tap, tap, tapping of Abby’s foot against the floor.

“What if you suddenly decide you don’t want to be ‘good’ any longer.?” Abby air quoted.

“Then I will no longer have to tolerate Skai-Kru cooking or Klark’s grilled cheese sandwiches…when Skai-Kru are all enslaved or extinct that is.” Lexa stated coldly.

Ally whipped her head up, peering at Lexa with wide eyes as did Raven. Abby arched a brow,
stepping back slightly.

“*I am joking.*” Lexa smiled.

“How is it that she is even more terrifying when she tries to be a comedian!” Raven clung to her pillow as she side mouthed her words to Abby.

“Come with me, right now!” Abby kept her arms folded as she strode past Lexa.

“As you wish.” Lexa bowed.

“I will remain here, but know that I am watching you!” Ally pointed at Lexa as the Queen trailed after Abby.

“I should expect nothing less from you, Ally of the Azgeda.” Lexa patted the pup’s head.

Raven sat up in her bed, fascinated by the mini-Echo.

“So…? How come sexy Lexa is your bitch, shorty?” Raven asked cheerily.

“My bitch? I am far too young for mating!” Ally looked aghast.

“Jesus…you’re really from Azgeda, aren’t you?” Raven rolled her eyes.

“Yes!” Ally said proudly, as if an imaginary Azgeda banner was waving in the background behind her.

“Let me try this again. Why is the Queen taking commands from you?” Raven rephrased her question.

“I am her guardian angel.” Ally posed regally.

“You’re her what now?” Raven shook her head, confused.

“Her guardian angel! She believes me to be a force for good. She seeks my guidance and light, along with the Skai-beast and the alluring curved one.”

Raven barked out a laugh.

“What if she doesn’t listen to you though? - and turns all evil Queen?” Raven used a spooky voice, wiggling her fingers by her face for emphasis.

Ally smiled widely, slipping her backpack off her shoulder.

“Then I have these!” Ally wiggled her brow.

Raven’s eyes went wide as Ally pulled out her ‘alternative options’.

“Is that a fucking taser?” Raven smiled just as broadly as Ally.

“Yes! And this I believe this what your people call pepper spray.” Ally intoned, holding up a small aerosol canister.

Raven hooted with laughter. This kid was great!

“Oh, fuck me! You’re gonna taser Miss perfect! I really want to see that shit go down!” Raven sank back into the bed, laughing.
“I do not! That would mean that she is a very bad Omega again.” Ally sulked.

“I think you just might be my new best friend! You’re my kind of angel-kid. Come keep a junkie company.” Raven patted her bed.

Ally smiled happily as she jumped on the bed by Raven’s side.

“I’m Raven, my friends call me Reyes.” Raven held out a hand to the pup sat by her side.

“I am Ally. I don’t have any friends.” The pup took Raven’s hand.

“Do you know how to make pipe bombs?” Raven asked.

“No…but I would very much like to learn!” Ally grinned at her first real friend.

Abby closed the door to her office before walking over to her desk. Lexa stood on the opposite side of the desk from Abby, fiddling with the hem of her shirt while she waited for the doctor to sit down. Abby ran her eyes over Lexa. It seemed so long ago that the same sheltered girl stood before her with a tense sire-to-be by her side.

“This shirt belongs to Klark. It smells strongly of her scent…I find it to be most soothing.” Lexa kept her voice low.

“Actually, that shirt belonged to Jake. He gave it to Clarke many years ago…it meant the world to him. It’s called a football jersey.”

“I know, Klark has explained.”

“When Jake would work away, I would sleep in that shirt all night. Perhaps for the same reasons you are wearing it now…” Abby’s voice trailed off.

Abby kept her eyes on Lexa as the two fell into an uneasy silence.

“I am serious that I wish to be a force for good, Abby. I do not promise my redemption will be successful, but I am willing to try.”

“Why?” Lexa had barely finished before Abby jumped in.

“For my children, my family, and friends. I was poised to murder Luna, and I almost lost Klark for good.” Lexa’s voice grew somber.

Abby’s eyes shot open at that news.

“Perhaps I can cure Ally’s sight issue? I have restored Dr. Jackson to a healthy Natblida…I will take responsibility for him from today. He is…my kin now.”

“I see.” Abby cleared her throat.

“Luna is with child as well, so I must be the best I can be.” Lexa’s voice wobbled.

“Who’s the sire?” Abby asked.

“It is…unclear…it maybe the result of both I and Klark?” Lexa shrugged. Bewildered herself at her own words.
Abby’s jaw dropped upon hearing Lexa’s unbelievable response. She blinked rapidly, before closing her eyes and rubbing at her temples.

“I need a drink.” The stunned doctor rifled through her drawers.

“There is much you do not know.” Lexa lifted her chin.

“Clearly!” Abby groaned as she unearthed an empty bottle of moonshine.

Without warning, the door to Abby’s office swung open; Clarke stood hovering in the doorway. The strong Alpha held Dahlia in one arm as she walked over to the desk steadily, with the aid of a crutch in the other. Clarke’s body was still broken and swollen from her first ever change.

“Hey, baby!” Abby stood to aid her daughter, glad to see that Clarke was indeed safe. “How are you feeling?” Abby placed a hand on Clarke’s forehead.

“I am sore all over.” Clarke grimaced.

“Then why have you left my brother’s side and the car?” Lexa suddenly stood.

“She wants you. She won’t go five minutes without you, Lexa!” Clarke presented a squirming Dahlia to Lexa. The baby practically threw herself into Lexa’s arms at the sight of her mother.

Lexa gave up her chair to Clarke. She cuddled Dahlia closely to her chest, as the finally happy infant snuggled into her powerful mother.

“Maybe one day, I can be a great leader. Like you and my mo-” Lexa paused.

“Like Indra.” Lexa corrected.

“Indra is your mother, Lexa.” Clarke stated firmly, not wanting Lexa to withdraw back into the cruel words of her birth-mother.

“As I have said, there is much you do not know Dr. Griffin.” Lexa nodded once.

“I know a mother’s love when I see it. Clarke’s correct. You’re Indra’s daughter, no one else’s.” Abby half smiled.

Lexa swallowed thickly, holding back tears from Abby.

“Will Raven end up like Jackson?” Abby asked plainly.

“I hope not. She will perhaps follow a similar path to Luna.”

“They all need your blood, Lexa.” Abby confirmed.

“I am aware of that. Raven will get my blood whenever it is needed, perhaps in small doses. My blood is much more potent than it was.”

“So, can you infect Clarke now?” Abby frowned, concerned.

Clarke looked to Lexa curiously.

“I do not know? I would never try, unless Clarke wished it.” Lexa struggled to hold Abby’s mistrusting motherly glare.
Abby sighed as she tossed a pen across the table.

“Jackson, Raven, Luna…you have turned them all.” Abby shook her head.

“It was not done intentionally, I had no idea what I was.” Lexa claimed.

“And what do you think you are now, Lexa?” Abby leant forward across the table.

“My body and blood are Natblida…but my heart is still Tri-Kru.” Lexa smiled brilliantly.

“You can’t just change what you are overnight. Nothing is that simple!” Abby folded her arms.

“No…my road towards being the leader my people deserve is a long one. But I want to be the greatest commander these clans have ever known. I will earn the title Queen and…Heda.”

Abby stood, offering her arm to Lexa. Lexa shifted Dahlia, so the baby was secure in one arm, as she took Abby’s forearm.

“To new beginnings then.” Abby nodded, the side of her mouth upturning into a half smile.

“I hope so.” Lexa smiled back at Abby.

Chapter End Notes

Well…what do i say?

I never meant for this saga to ever be read by anyone but me. I am enormously thankful to the clear majority of readers that were open minded enough to stick with this fic. I have had the pleasure of chatting with some very diverse, lovely people.

I have learnt a lot... firstly:
Always thank a writer for taking the time to create something and share it before you leave feedback (positive or negative) It is something I will be doing from now on after
being on this side of A03 (author rather than reader)

This saga is spread across THREE VOLUMES. It is a possibility that i might publish elements of the final two volumes.

AW...Bye folks...it's been fun.

CREDITS:
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Credit to: P. Pullman (a passage from “the Amber spy glass.” Features in chapter 45)

Works inspired by this one:


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