What's Blood Gotta Do With It?

by ur_the_puppy

Summary

A great vampire under the name Wanheda disappeared years ago. But she was far from dead. Clarke Griffin doesn't know she's a vampire, her best friend's a vampire, and her Mum's boyfriend is a Vampire Hunter. And when everything goes to hell and back, she finds a world she had no idea existed - and no idea that it missed her.

Lexa Woods is a famous Vampire Hunter, praised and looked up too by many. But when she goes to a new school for what seems like an ordinary mission, she finds that the trouble that resides there is much more than she bargained for.

or

the vampire au with clarke who doesn't know she's a vampire, and lexa who kills vampires. what could go wrong?
The figure moved silently and stealthily. She crept through the alleyways, her hungry eyes never leaving the oblivious woman walking only a few metres from her. Ignoring the gnawing in her stomach the stalker continued, carefully pulling herself on top of a garbage bin. She checked that the other woman wasn’t looking her way, thankfully she was still chatting away on her phone, and then looked up. She smirked. A ladder. With a powerful jump she latched onto the ladder, not a single sound rattling through. She paused out of habit and then, with unbelievable speed, sped up the metal bars, easily hoisting herself up on the roof. The stalker crept up to the edge, her predatory blue eyes glistening in the moonlight as she leaned forward. In her head she counted the steps the woman below took, counted the seconds between them; she was a slow walker. The pain in her stomach flared again, making the stalker groan. She froze, as did the woman below.

“Hello?” the woman called. The stalker crept back slightly, just incase the human looked up. The woman had good hearing she would give her that. After a few more painful seconds she heard her now hesitant footsteps start back up again, slightly faster then before. The stalker cursed herself. She was an idiot for waiting this long. With delicate steps she caught up to the woman, parallel to her from above. Up ahead the building ended and she would be forced to jump, the next building top looking to be filled with gravel or something. The landing would be too loud; she had to strike to now. An excitement surged through her that she instantly forced down. She counted again the now more relaxed steps – still slow. She took a quick glance up above, closing her eyes to soak in the moonlight. She took a long and deep breath, the smells of the inner city flooding her nose. Petrol from the gas station up ahead, chicken from the charcoal grill to the left side of the street and the human, a subtle and sweet perfume coating that familiar scent. A small growl escaped her lips at the thought.

She snapped open her sunken in blue eyes, and jumped.

As expected she landed dead center, her body standing directly in front of the woman who’s eyes were bulging out of her head. Within the space of a heartbeat she grabbed her shoulders and threw her into the alleyway to the left of her, the second the human landed she quickly shoved her up against a wall.

“Don’t make a sound and I promise this won’t hurt,” she whispered low, a devilish grin tugging at her lips. The woman opened her mouth to scream but the red haired girl immediately slapped her hand over it to stop her. “Uh-uh that’s exactly what I said not to do, were you not listening?” her voice turned cold. “I wouldn’t like it if you didn’t listen, are you going to listen to me?” The woman nodded vigorously and she smiled, lifting her hand back to the woman’s wrist.
“Please, you can take whatever I have I don’t care,” she pleaded, bobbing her head to the leather bag tossed clumsily to the ground. The girl laughed, her grip tightening.

“Oh no it’s okay, I think I’ll give that back to the girl you killed.” She said, cocking her head to the side. The woman’s eyes widened.

“I didn’t do an-“

“I can smell her blood on you.” She growled, tightening her grip. “Don’t lie to me. Tell me, did you do it?”

“I told you I didn’t do any-“ the woman was cut off when an incredibly strong hand gripped her throat. She tried to pry it off with her free hand but had no such luck, her breathing shortening by the second.

“Don’t lie to me.” The girl muttered. The woman continued to struggle, bucking and wriggling to escape the girl’s grasp, her mouth clamped shut. But the girl didn’t fight back, she simply held her, her obvious strength easily overpowering hers. After minutes and hundreds of attempts at freedom, her body slacked in exhaustion. The red haired girl grinned. “Is there something you would like to tell me?” she remarked casually. She didn’t answer right away, her eyes flashing with constant emotions of regret and denial until finally, defeat. Her face swiftly morphed of one of fear to anger, of white-hot rage.

“That bitch deserved it. That whore slept with my husband.” She spat, venom on her tongue.

“You don’t know how glad I am you said that.” The girl breathed relieved, a chuckle dancing on her lips.

“Who are you?” she whispered confused. The girl smiled, oh was she really going to enjoy this. As if the world knew what was going to happen a cloud drifted over the moon, hiding it in darkness. The girl’s eyes melted from blue to black, razor-sharp fangs extending themselves from under her lip.

“Wanheda, darling.” The woman shrieked in fear before the pair of fangs latched onto her neck, a sharp pinch stinging from where the girl had bitten. A hand instantly covered the woman’s mouth as she drank, relishing in the addictive taste. It was nothing short of exhilarating.

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The blonde woke up sweating, snapping upwards. What the hell kind of dream was that? She blinked a couple times to try and bring herself back to reality. She let out a long breath, running a hand through her tussled golden hair.

“Just a dream Griffin, get over yourself.” She muttered. Just a dream, of course it was. Then why did it feel so real? She shook her head. No, she wouldn’t go down that thought train. Just a nightmare, like the one before, just a series of dreams from her brain to mess with her; there was nothing more to it. She forced down the ‘but’ that was begging to make itself known. Giving up on going back to sleep she swung her legs over her bed, sighing deeply before hopping off and heading to her computer. Google. Google would help her. She took a step only to instantly collapse from the weight. “The fuck?” she grumbled, shakily pulling herself up. Her legs felt tired, worn and used. Did she go running yesterday? Of course not, she doesn’t do any exercise. Why were her legs so sore?

“Sleep walking I guess,” she mumbled to herself. Shaking off the strange pain she wobbled over to her desk, falling into the chair gratefully. Powering up her laptop she pulled up Google, quickly typing in her search. She always was a fast typer. She scanned the results, clicking and backing out of all the possible answers. Nothing, or at least, nothing that was true for her. What was she even
doing? She slammed closed her screen. This isn’t something worse stressing over. ‘It’s just a dream’ she told herself. ‘Don’t think anything of it.’

But she couldn’t. It’s what she’s been telling herself for the past three weeks, the past four dreams. All the same. She’s a vampire; she stalks someone and kills them, draining their blood with a disturbingly satisfying taste. And the thrill of the chase, the feeling of the hunt, the capture…

“Stop it Griffin,” she scolds herself. She glances at her alarm clock on her desk. Six am, she has to be up in an hour. May as well get up now. The blonde spins on her heel to tidy up her bed, she dreads to remember the last time she forgot to make her bed; she does not want to relive that Mum filled nightmare. But the second she turns around she freezes, her blood running cold as her eyes catch her unmade sheets. Her white sheets, her shredded sheets. Ripped, her sheets were ripped how the hell did they get ripped? Hesitantly she edges forward, her sight never leaving the torn up fabric.

Did she do that?

The girl headed downstairs, her messed up sheets in hand. Scarily similar to her dream, she moves silently and stealthily down the stairs, creeping her way outside. She slams the sheets into the bin with more force than needed. ‘Calm down.’ Scanning the street though she doesn’t know why she sees no ones there, probably all asleep. With a nod she heads back inside, resuming her crouched stealth pose and moving back upstairs. Brushing her hair out of her eyes she snatches new sheets from her cupboard and lays them on, a string of curses filtering the air from her attempt too cover up the doona. Eventually, with much time and effort, she finishes, standing back and gazing at her work proudly. With a proud nod she grabs her clothes she set out last night and heads into the shower to get ready for the day.

She doesn’t tell her Mum about her dream last night, or the ripped sheets. Instead she sat in English class, trying to forcefully keep herself awake. Why was she so tired?

“Clarkey, you awake?” the girl beside her prodded. Clarke groaned, mumbling something under her breath before reluctantly lifting her head out of her ‘arm-pillow.’

“Yes Raven, I am now thanks to you.” She grumbled, trying to rub the sleep out of her eye. The bronze skinned girl grinned, her brown eyes sparkling.

“You’re welcome, what’s got you so tired anyway? Kane will dob you in if he spots you sleeping in class.”

“He’s probably already seen me,” Clarke muttered huffing. “Mum will know the second I walk through the front door.”

“Front door is a little optimistic, I’d say the second this class ends.”

“Piss off,” Clarke grumbled, shoving Raven lightly. “And I don’t know, I had a bad dream I suppose.”

“Oh yeah? Care to elaborate?” Raven quipped, wiggling her eyebrows. Clarke gave her a sarcastic laugh.

“Har, har, some of us aren’t as dirty minded as you Reyes. No, it wasn’t one of those dreams,” she said pointing accusingly at Raven. “But it was another one of those vampire dreams.” Raven froze, all mischief and playfulness disappearing from her face. Clarke frowned. “You right Reyes?”
“Y-Yeah of course,” she stammered out, awkwardly coughing. “I’m fine sorry yeah uh you were talking about your dream?”

“Yeah…” said Clarke slowly. “It was, another one for some reason. But this one was worse.”

“Why?” Raven said, visibly perking up. Clarke went to explain but stopped herself. Could she tell Raven about what she found this morning? Thinking about it now it would sound kind of crazy wouldn’t it? But she could trust Raven; she has been for entire life. She doesn’t have a single memory of her childhood shenanigans without Raven, without that little bastard who would more often then not explode bathrooms and parties. But Clarke didn’t know what she would do if her best friend saw her as crazy. What she would do if she lost her friend to a stupid theory.

“Clarke? You there?” Raven waved. Clarke blinked, shaking her head lightly. “You zoned out a bit there, you okay?”

“Yeah I’m good sorry, just thinking.” She mumbled out.

“About?” Raven asked hopeful. Clarke bit her tongue. She stared into those innocent eyes… she could trust her right?

“When I woke up-“

“Miss Griffin.” Marcus sighed. The entire class swiveled in their chairs to face them. “Would you care to share your discussion with the rest of the class?”

“Nah I’m good thanks,” Clarke grinned, raising a hand. “You can carry on.” A shutter of snickers and muffled laughs filled the classroom, the lines on Marcus’s face hardening.

“Clarke.” He warned, authority in his tone. The hairs on the back of her neck stood up; she never took well to authority. “Do not talk in my class unless you have been called upon. Otherwise you can go spend sometime in Principle Jaha’s office which you so kindly seem to revisit often.” Clarke tensed, her fingers digging into the top of her desk. Raven sensed the possible shit storm of the situation and instantly jumped into action, desperate to calm it down.

“Sir, if I may interject but my good friend Clarke here,” she gave her a pointed look. “Is having a not so good day, so maybe you should just let her off with a warning?” Marcus dragged his stiff gaze over to Raven, who was giving him her best puppy dog eyes. He sighed, rubbing his face with his tired hand. He really didn’t want to deal with an angry Abby today.

“No more talking in my class Griffin.” He gave in, a long exhausted sigh rattling through the air. Raven smirked, kicking Clarke under the table when she was still giving Kane her bitch face.

“Of course sir, whatever you need,” she drawled, the sarcasm thick on her tongue. He ignored her and went back to teaching. When Clarke turned back to Raven she was surprised to find her rarely seen ‘disapproving’ stare.

“What?” Clarke mouthed. Raven shook her head, giving her the ‘I’m watching you’ hand motion before looking back to the front. Clarke scoffed, but instead of focusing back on the class she focused back on her book. Picking up her pencil she continued on her sketch of the dream last night, the vampire creeping on the building with the woman down below. Raven noticed but didn’t say anything. Until she saw the face of the woman Clarke was drawing.

“Who’s that?” she asked, trying her best to sound as casual as possible.

“The woman in my dream,” Clarke replied, a distant tone to her voice. She was in drawing mode
Raven noted. That was good, considering how terrified she was right now. She had watched the news this morning, the report of the murdered woman.

“Hey Clarke, did you take your medicine yesterday?” Raven asked innocently. Clarke hid behind her blonde hair without saying a word. “Clarke…” Raven said, her voice deepening.

“No,” she mumbled incredibly quietly.

“What the hell!” Raven snapped, slapping her shoulder.

“I forgot!” Clarke yelped surprised from Raven’s hostility. Not that she wasn’t used to getting slaps from Raven. Marcus gave them a look that made both of them shrink in their seats.

“Bullshit.” Raven muttered, her eyes finding the blonde’s. There was a moment where Raven thought Clarke was going to stick with her lie and she was going to be forced to beat her ass but then she spoke up, her nose scrunching.

“It’s disgusting Raven, seriously.” She caved, Raven face palmed.

“Clarke I swear to god-“

“It literally taste like death itself, it’s so bad.” Clarke went on. Raven scoffed, humored by how close Clarke actually was to what it was. But then she remembered why she asked her in the first place, and her face hardened.

“Clarke you have to take it, you can’t not take it” Raven chastised. Clarke groaned.

“But Rav-“

“No buts. You gotta take it Griffin. You take it this morning?”

“Yes Mum,” Clarke grumbled.

“Good.” Raven nodded, a smug smile on her lips. Her eyes drifted to Clarke’s drawing once more, the image of the woman sending shivers down her spine. “I think you should hide the face, make it blank or something,” Raven suggested. Clarke looked up, quirking an eyebrow.

“Since when did you have an eye for art? You can paint as well as a monkey with no limbs.”

“For your information Picasso I am brilliant.” Raven winked.

“I’ll believe when I see it.” Clarke winked back.

“No but seriously, I think you should hide her face.” Raven pointed, trying to keep the fear out of her voice. Clarke followed her finger, staring back at her sketch. She frowned, trying to envision it.

“Why?” she mumbled, still staring at it. Raven gulped. She hadn’t planned this far.

“Uh because… it adds a sense of mystery, gives more a focus to the figure there,” she taps on Clarke’s rendition of the vampire in her dream. “Shows that the vamps’ victims can be anybody, but it’s the creature behind them that matters.”

“That’s surprisingly poetic of you Reyes, I applaud you.” Clarke chuckles. The dark haired girl hides her breath of relief.

“So you’ll do it?”
“Yeah why not, can’t hurt anybody right?” Clarke grins. Raven forces a smile back.

“Yeah.” She mutters quietly, watching Clarke get back to drawing. God it really could hurt anybody, more in particularly it could hurt Clarke. It wouldn’t help if the police found the drawing with an exact picture of the woman that was murdered last night. No sweet-talking and pull of strings could get her out of that. Raven sighed. There was no way it could have been Clarke anyway, just missing one day wouldn’t send her out on a killing spree. Shit she couldn’t have could she? She hopes there’s a chance that Clarke maybe just dreamed the perspective of the vampire, maybe a psychic connection still lingering from her glory days. No, not her glory days. She can’t think like that; Abby would kill her. Raven watches Clarke slowly mask the face of the woman, hiding it between her long black hair. There’s nothing that could trace her back to Clarke she hopes. She stares a little closer at the vampire on the building, stalking and creeping. Red hair. The vampire has red hair. A bolt of fear mixed with excitement engulfs her. This could be much worse than they previously thought.

Was she remembering?

The bell rang, snapping Raven out of her thoughts. Clarke still kept drawing, adding the finishing touches. Marcus scanned the room for any question, sighing when he saw Clarke was completely ignoring him and drawing. Abby is not going to like that. He wonders if Clarke is indeed all right, maybe he should just talk to her instead of telling Abby.

“Alright that’s all for today, Clarke I want to see you before you leave.” He said. Everyone rushed out of their seats in lightening speed, desperate for lunch and the prospect of food. Clarke groaned loudly, intending for Kane to hear her, before carefully putting together her things, the picture delicately sitting on top of the pile.

“Come on blondie, I’ll be waiting outside,” Raven said. Clarke nodded lazily back and watched her slide off her desk, heading for the door. Clarke was much less graceful. She trudged her way to the front, yawning as she dropped her stuff on his desk. He lifted a brow but said nothing of it. Instead he leaned forward, the harshness in his eyes morphing into softness.

“Are you okay Clarke?” he said gently, gesturing for her to sit down. She didn’t.

“I’m fine Kane, just didn’t sleep well.” She answered, picking at her nails.

“Clarke, you can talk to me you know that right?”

“I know you can talk to my Mum really well.” She drawled, finally lifting up her eyes. They much darker than he remembered. “Are you going to dob me in sir?” She mocked, cocking her head to the side. He huffed and leaned back in his old leather chair, the poor battered thing wheezing as he did. He was silent as they stared at each other’s eyes, a silent contest to see who would give in first. He knew he would probably lose; Clarke has a stubbornness very much like her mother’s.

“Don’t interrupt my class again Clarke, and take care of yourself. Your Mum is a doctor you know,” he smirked. She smiled back, a cold smile with no warmth.

“I won’t hold my breath.” With that she spun on her heel, snatching her things as she did. Hugging the books to her chest her drawing slipped out, elegantly floating down to the carpeted floor. Marcus frowned, picking up the drawing.

“What’s this?” he asked, looking up.

“Nothing,” Clarke mumbled, snatching it back with surprising speed. “Just a doodle, I was bored.”
“Huh” he muttered to himself. “Well, alright. Go, get out, do whatever teens do.” He said, shooing her off. She grinned and for once, did as told.

Clarke never eats at the canteen. Trust her, she’s tried it quite a few times, either in peer pressure or to retaliate against her Mum’s packed lunches but every time she does she just regrets it more and more. Thankfully Raven brings her own food from home as well, so isn’t as humiliating as it could be. Her and Raven waltz into the cafeteria scanning the crowd for their usual table, spotting it in seconds like they always do. They move as one towards the table, not needing anything to let the other know they had found it; they always find it at the same time. Clarke spots someone already sitting at the table. She grins.

“Clarkeee!” the girl squeals, jumping out of her seat in record speed. She clashes into Clarke with a bone-crunching hug that for a lot of other people cuts off their breathing. It never does for Clarke though.

“Hey Octavia,” she smiles back, hugging her tight. Octavia, like Raven, was one of her life-long friends. She met her in a kindergarten fight, when one of the local assholes Murphy decided to pick on her, pulling on her piggy tails and throwing her into the dirt. She cried and cried when they went away, slowly pulling herself up from the mud puddle to go hide in a tree to cry. Little did she know, someone was already in said tree. Octavia found her and being the brave heart she was, when out to get revenge on behalf of Clarke. She nearly got kicked out.

“God it feels like it’s been forever doesn’t it?” Octavia breathed excited, leaning out of the hug and heading back to the table. It was the first day back, the beautiful and wonderful summer holidays coming to a school filled end. Clarke really didn’t like school. Being the first day back most of the classes consisted of the dreaded ‘tell us about yourself’ classes. And for once Clarke actually came prepared and made sure to remember facts about herself so that when (not if) the situation arose she was good to go. Octavia and Raven also hugged, and as they did Clarke went to plop down in her usual seat at the bench. As much as she hated to admit she did miss school, being so close to her friends, the good classes. With a wistful sigh she delved into her lunch bag, pulling out a beef sandwich. The bread was practically soaked in the beef’s juice. Taking a bite, both Raven and Octavia sat down next to each other like always, Raven’s eyes briefly catching her sandwich before ignoring it. It was if she was looking for something. Strange.

“Guys guess what.” Octavia grinned, leaning forward. Octavia was one year below them and somehow always managed to know all the gossip and news. The two girls leaned closer to her. “The new kids are hot.” Clarke groaned annoyed, leaning back in her chair at the lack of news while Raven still seemed quite interested.

“Really Raven?” Clarke deadpanned. She gave her a shrug.

“Let me live Griffin, some of us don’t have love sick puppies following us around all the time.”

“I do not,” Clarke scoffed. Raven just looked at her. “Okay maybe like one guy but that’s it and I don’t even like him, he’s an asshole.”

“And yet you still with slept him” Raven smirked.

“Piss off Reyes.” Clarke growled, the sound less than human. It was subtle enough that Octavia didn’t give it a second thought but Raven’s eyes widened. She needed to tone it down. Looking at Clarke she bowed her head slightly and shrunk as much as could in her seat. She couldn’t directly alert Clarke to calm it down so she did the second best thing, subconsciously. It worked thank god,
the stiffness in Clarke melting away and leaving the usual ease in her shoulders. They continued on to chat about their holidays, the adventures and trouble that mostly Raven got in to. They weren’t surprised. It turned out Raven managed to hack into some rich guy’s house and give him a nasty virus all because he didn’t say thank you when she held the door open for him. They were really glad Raven was on their side. The background noise in the canteen was louder than usual because of the first day back, friends meeting up, drama being spilled, it was actually quite pleasant to watch Clarke noted. To just watch people interact about their lives, their choices; it was relaxing. That is, until a wave of silence cut through the crowd.

The new kids had arrived.

“Holy shit” Raven breathed.

“What?” Clarke asked, trying to adjust herself on her chair so she could see the new students. “Holy shit.”

Octavia was right when she said the new kids were hot. It seemed as if they all knew each other, because the group stuck like glue, almost moving a team. They didn’t give the silence a second thought as if they had had this before, experienced being singled out by an entire school. Clarke guesses they move a lot. The group of five found an empty table and claimed it. She couldn’t deny there was something powerful about them, something lethal. The chatter started back up again, everyone seemingly now bored from just staring. Clarke noticed that when they walked in they seemed to be in a formation, obscuring one of them from view. Clarke thinks. She tries to search through the crowd, trying to find the face of the girl.

“Shit.” She muttered. Too many people. Huffing Clarke gives up on her search; she’ll see her another time she thinks. But as she swivels back around she’s surprised to find something she hardly sees on Raven’s face… fear? “You okay Raven?”

“What?” she said jumping. Her nerves were on edge, why was she so nervous? “Oh yeah sorry, I’m fine.”

“You sure?” Octavia piped in, also noticing Raven’s unusual character. She let out a nervous chuckle.

“No of course, thanks for your concern Mums but I’m perfectly healthy.” She grinned. Octavia scoffed and threw a chip at her which Raven somehow caught effortlessly. Octavia scowled and proceeded to promptly ignore Raven while checking her phone, which Raven was being incredibly helpful by trying to steal it off her. Clarke smiled; she really had missed her friends. She didn’t really notice until now, but being here with them refilled a piece of her heart she didn’t know she was missing.

Looking out to the sea of people once more she spots the rest of the group heading towards them. It was always the boys that were late. She watched them messily get around the tables, bumping into many people with a chorus of sorry’s, my bad’s and excuse me’s. But as they made their way through the new kids head’s popped up, examining them. No one really gave it a second thought because it was always them who were the clumsy idiots but she guesses that they didn’t know that yet. She was about to turn away and prepare a sarcastic remark when her eyes caught sight of the girl she was looking for before, her face just popping out from the shadow of another girl with a razor sharp jawline.

She felt the world stop. It was like all other sounds and distractions drowned out only revealing the girl sitting just thirty metres from her. She was beautiful. Almost angel-like, her intricate cocoa coloured braids sitting pleasantly down her back. She could just make out the black tank top she was wearing, showing off the obvious hard earned definition of muscles tracing up her arms. She has no doubt she would have abs too. She tried to pry her gaze off her before she would get caught but she
couldn’t, it was like she was trapped in an invisible cage, refusing all movement. The girl turned her head, and stared right back at her. Green met blue, and Clarke couldn’t stop the small tug of the lips that ached to be pulled. The girl didn’t smile back and it felt like a punch in the gut, the hurt echoing on her face. Her smile fell, along with her hope. That is, until the girl smiled back, the smallest, tiniest smile – but a smile nonetheless. Clarke didn’t hide her full tooth filled grin.

Lexa was captured in the blonde’s beauty when a hand hit her on the back of her head. Reluctantly she dragged her gaze off the blonde, just catching sight of the chuckle on her lips. She really wished she could have heard it.

“What the hell Anya?” she snapped, rubbing her head. Anya gave her look as if to say ‘you know exactly what’ before going back to the conversation she was having with the team. Oh right, the conversation. She probably shouldn’t have droned out on that.

“So from minor observations my classes are clear of nightwalkers.” Gustus reported, making eye contact with everyone on the table. They all nodded, Lexa this time as well, and he continued.

“Although I do have suspicions about one of the boys, he seems to be the strongest in P.E and has an overprotective nature.”

“That doesn’t mean he’s a nightwalker.” Lexa corrected, not wanting to have to deal with any more shit today. The murder report this morning was enough. He huffed gruffly but said nothing, leaning back into the booth. Lexa took the opportunity to intervene.

“Is there any news of hunters in this area that we know of?” she asked. The youngest hunter there, Aden, threw up his hand. She bit back her smile. “Yes Aden?”

“One of the teachers is, Marcus Kane, he says he wants to talk with you. Talk about what we plan to do here.” He said excitedly. He frowned for a second and then quickly added. “Heda.”

“You don’t gotta say that kid, she’ll let you get away with it.” Anya winked, grinning through her dirty blonde hair from the glare from Lexa. Lexa didn’t deny it. They all subtlety chuckled, not wanting to get chewed out by Lexa though they knew she wouldn’t, there was indeed a reason they were sitting at this table with her.

“So that’s all? Nothing strange, nothing out of the ordinary?”

“No Commander.” Lincoln answered, his chocolate skin sparkling with sweat from his P.E class. “None so far.” Lexa nodded, the gears clicking in her mind. Marcus was their next priority, she didn’t need another fight over territories go off. She looked towards the shortest and youngest at the table Aden, his scruffy blonde hair still unmade. She would scold him for that later.

“How do we contact him?”

“He said he would contact us.” They all scoffed, leaving Aden very confused. It was his first time on the front lines, being with the hunters instead of training with them. Lexa was very against it, but after much pestering from the little boy who at times she sees as her younger brother, and Anya her ever annoying sister, she gave in.

“We don’t do that, we contact them.” Anya explained. He nodded in understanding, keeping note of all the things he needed to learn.

“Anya’s right, we need to find a way to contact him. Does he have a daughter? Son?” Gustus said, making everyone tense. “Chil bilaik, no harm would come to them. But it would be easier to get his attention, find where he lives, resides.”
“Ku.” Lexa said stiffly. “Aden, tell him.” He looked at her nervously, the doubt thick in his eyes. She gave him the smallest nod.

“He has a girlfriend. She has a daughter, Clarke.”

“Any description of her?”

“No Heda.”

“Okay, that’s enough of that for now. We mustn’t draw suspicion.” With a flick of the hand the conversation lost all its previous seriousness, the usual chatter and light heartedness replacing what was there. Lexa didn’t talk as much as would, instead staying out of the conversation more than usual. She tried to find that blonde again through the crowd.

“What you looking for sis?” Anya smirked.

“No-one.” Lexa said a little too quickly, instantly bringing her sight back to the table. Anya grinned.

“Who is it? You spot something you like?”

“Shof op Anya, I was staring at nothing.” Lexa muttered, trying to fight off the burning in her cheeks. Anya laughed.

“Of course.” She paused, before leaning in. “Heda.” Lexa shoved her playfully, refusing the smile on her face.

“You’ll be sleeping on the floor tonight.” She warned.

“Never doubted it.”

“You are impossible.” Lexa scoffed.

“Right down to my soul,” she quipped, giving her a fake bow. Lexa gave one last shot on trying to spot the blonde, a wistful sigh slipping from her lips when she didn’t find her. Maybe tomorrow. She would find her tomorrow.

The second school ended Raven sprinted outside, dodging the mass of students rushing to get home. She tried to bump into a couple people to appear normal. Slipping behind a tree on the far side of the footy field, she poked her head out for a last minute check if anyone was there. No one. She should be clear, and Clarke wouldn’t be able to hear her from this from far unless she tried. She has to be subtle she reminds her self, act casual, don’t draw attention. Reaching into her red puffer jacket she slips out her phone, typing in the number by memory and hitting the call button. She gets more nervous on each ring. On the third, the person picks up.

“Raven? What’s wrong?” the older woman asked, the tiredness in her voice echoing through the phone.

“Sorry to bug you Abby but it’s about Clarke.” The line went silent.

“What happened?” Abby said softly.

“Nothing, well, I don’t think at least,” Raven rambled. “It’s just, you know the attack last night? The woman who was killed?”
“That wasn’t her.” Abby interrupted.

“No listen, Clarke was drawing the woman, like the exact-“

“It wasn’t her Raven.” Abby insisted, her voice growing deadly serious. “I was with all of last night.”

“Being in the same house doesn’t count Abby.” Raven scoffed.

“No I mean I was with her all night. She-“ her flow of words stopped, a choked sound coming through before continuing. “She was sleep walking last night, she was in that… state. I led her downstairs and into the cellar so she couldn’t hurt anyone.”

“Seriously?” Raven breathed relieved.

“Yes.”

“Oh thank god, thank everything holy.” Raven chuckled, the last of her nerves freeing themselves. “Jesus Christ that’s good, very good. I really thought she killed that woman last night holy hell!”

“Why?” Abby said confused.

“She was drawing in Kane’s class, another on of those dreams. She drew the exact face of the woman.”

“How? Why?” Abby said panicked. Raven lifted her hands as if she was right next to her and not on the phone.

“No, no it’s okay, it was just one of those dreams. For all we know it could be a coincidence.” Raven explained calmly. She heard a long sigh on the other end.

“Okay. But, that doesn’t explain it Raven. Why do you think she’s dreaming about vampires? Do you think she’s remembering?” Raven felt her body freeze.

Was Clarke remembering?

She could write off her dreams as her subconscious if maybe she wasn’t the vampire, if her hair was red in her dreams. Red hair, the signature of Wanheda. Hair soaked in blood. It was Raven’s idea actually though she would never tell Abby (she’s still pretty proud of it.) But telling Abby could be dangerous, especially for Clarke, it would make her worry, do stupid things. And they can’t do stupid things, not with the hunters here. Of course it wasn’t just any hunters, no it was much worse, the most deadly and feared hunters that had come into Clarke’s land. The grounders; known for sending hundreds of vampires into the ground. She wouldn’t endanger Clarke, maybe she wasn’t even remembering, she could just reading too much into this. She would talk to Abby about it in another time, because right now they had bigger problems.

“The hunters are here Abby.” Raven stated, all warmth lost in her voice. “The grounders.”

“They can’t be,” Abby breathed, fear staining her tone. Raven gulped down her own.

“They’re here. More than one, a group of five new kids joined the school, I know they’re hunters. I recognize the scent.”

“Shit, shit!” Abby shouted.

“It get’s worse.” Raven said quietly, partly considering not telling her just because she had no idea
what shit storm would go down if she told her.

“What?” Abby replied, as in disbelief it could any worse. Raven swallowed, hard.

“I think the Commander is here.”

Chapter End Notes

Translations (Trigedasleng is like so hard to work with jesus)
Sha - Yes
Heda - Commander
Chil bilaik - Be calm
Ku - Fine
Sis - Sister
Shof op - Shut up
Thank you for all the wonderful feedback, you guys have no idea how much it means to me!! I tried getting this out as fast as I could so I do hope you guys enjoy although I will have to say that there is a bit of gore and violence so please be mindful of that. Also when the story shifts to Raven's perspective I highly recommend listening to this song: Bear's Den - Mother helps ~set the mood~

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Clarke collapsed into the couch when she got home, throwing her bag to the floor with no destination. It felt like she had been up for two days. She let her face fall into the pillows, awkwardly shuffling off her shoes so her mother wouldn't be too upset if she found her before she woke up. She needed sleep, that's all she could think of. But a part of her was against it.

What if she had one of those dreams again?

Clarke groaned, rolling over and pulling the pillow into face. She wasn’t going to get any sleep, even if she felt like she had run three laps around Antarctica and back. She let the red pillow fall to the floor. What had even happened last night? No matter how hard she tried, she couldn't get those stupid ripped sheets out of her head. She doesn't remember herself to be much of a sleepwalker, much less a sleep 'clawer' or whatever – but then how did it happen? It had to have been her. There was no other logical explanation. Explanation. That's what she needed. A burst of energy jolted through her, giving her the strength to spring to her feet. Her Mum must have something, medical records or some indication of this happening before. She felt an odd sense of déjà vu about the whole situation, like she had dealt with it before. Dealt with looking for something before, something secret. Probably another one of those weird dreams she writes off. Clarke takes a quick nervous glance at the clock on the kitchen wall. Four pm, she should have quite a few hours till Mum's home, but what about Kane? The thought of him makes her growl. Shit did she just growl?

“Calm down Clarke, just break into your Mums office like the good girl you are, come on.” She muttered, sprinting up the stairs. Her Mum’s office actually wasn’t that big, Abby wasn’t big on showing off her wealth and all. Clarke edges her way to the large oak doors, pulling a bobby pin out of her hair. She doesn’t know where she learnt to pick locks, she’s pretty sure she got it off Raven, but she does know that she’ll need it now. Sliding it in carefully her muscle memory takes over, guiding her subconsciously through the steps. After a few long and delicate seconds she hears the ever-satisfying sound of the lock unlocking; with a grin she slides into the room. Clarke had been only been in her Mum’s office a few times in her life. She was told early on that it was strictly mummy’s space and not hers. Clarke never really agreed with that.

A large wooden desk sat at the far end of the room, beautiful carved designs wrapping it selves into the legs of the table. Rows of the cabinets hugged the sides of the room, mixtures between wooden and metal, some tall some small, some large, some thin. All nearly overflowing with papers. Clarke slowly steps into the room, as if scared that by entering it the peace inside would be broken. She felt such feelings being in the room. There was something more than just her annoyance of her mother, trying to rebel against her. Something deeper was here, stronger.
Anger. A bottomless pit of anger. Clarke stumbles back a few steps, overwhelmed from the strength of the forgotten emotion. What the hell? Shaking her head and steadying herself Clarke delves further into the room, first heading straight for the main desk watching her from the front. Her hand glides over the wooden surface, the dust dancing from under her fingertips. The woodwork was gorgeous… it reminded her of the work of her father. Jake Griffin, a humble carpenter who got shot in a hit and run for being in the right place in the wrong time. Her nails dig into the wood; dragging a long, nail etched line. The thought of him sends her into a whirlwind of emotions that she dares not touch at, let alone work on. Sarcasm would do for now. Looking closer at the desk she spots a small engraving on the corner, letters she thinks. Clarke crouches, her blue eyes glistening in the warm lamplight.

“May we meet again,” Clarke mumbled, reading the engraving out loud. It was in Jake’s handwriting. Under the words was a symbol, an infinite sign that hung just below the dug in letters. Clarke frowned. “And what are you little buddy?” she muttered. Unsurprisingly, the infinite didn’t reply, still staring back at her with no change whatsoever. There was something special about it Clarke noted. A sign. She stood up, her knees cracking as she did so. Something had happened in this room, there must be a reason her Mum doesn’t let her in here. She looks over to the cabinets lining the walls. Too many to read at once, she would be caught in a heartbeat. She needed to find the important one, one with the knowledge she was looking for… but what was she even looking for? What was she hoping to find here?

Nothing good she thinks. The blonde strides through the room, her eyes roaming over each and every cabinet. Nothing special. She huffed, walking over and falling into Abby’s leather chair. She spun around idly, her mind racing yet blank at the same time. The infinite symbol had to mean something, why would Jake draw it there otherwise? A pang of sorrow rips it’s way into her heart. He had passed away four years ago, the wound still too fresh. She had promised herself long ago she would find the attackers that killed him, that ended his too young life. A vague memory comes to her one that’s mostly a blur, except for one thing, one phrase.

“Blood must have blood…” Clarke whispered. A faint click had her jumping out of the chair in a millisecond. Something moved. Her eyes bored into every inch of the faded room, until finally landing onto a box in the far corner. Was that there before? Gingerly Clarke moves toward the small oak box, crouching down when she reached it. She runs her finger across it. Jake’s handiwork. Her hand finds a loose lock hanging on a bit of metal. Did what she say before unlock it? “Jake you clever bastard.” Clarke chuckles, taking off the limp lock and incredibly carefully, opening up the box.

It wasn’t as dramatic as she thought it would be. No crack of lightening, rise of music or skull just… a note. And a dagger. Her heart stops when she recognizes the handwriting. It was her fathers. Her hand shakes as she picks up the worn paper, the words handwritten in ink. She takes in a sharp intake of breath.

Dear Clarke, it read. If you are reading this, then my end has come. I hope that whoever did it didn’t hurt Abby as well or God forbid you… I would come back from hell if they did that. You must know that my death can’t have been natural. I have made many enemies Clarke; many who I’ve tried my best to keep away from you. But they would catch up with me some day. I’m writing this because I’ve done something inexcusable; I relapsed today. I’m sorry Clarke, I truly am, but from all the work I was doing, keeping us safe from the hunters, my strength was too low; I gave in. I write this with deepest regrets Clarke, but what’s done is done and now the legacy of us Griffins falls onto you. I’ve let a family heirloom of sorts, a dagger that’s passed through the generations. Keep it close to you, it will grant you safe passage into some territories, but it will also hurt you in others. Find the maps that Abby made, she will tell which ones you can and can’t cross. Beware the hunters Clarke; I cannot protect you anymore so I can only guide you from beyond the grave. What a creepy notion
Clarke chuckled at her father’s joke, wiping a hot tear from her eye. But seriously, do not seek them out, do not hunt the hunters. It never ends well. Just keep your distance and you should be safe. I love you Clarke, and I apologise my enemies have fallen onto you but there isn’t anything I can do. I’ve tried my best to right with as many as I can. Be safe Clarke, and keep your mother safe too. Even if her stubbornness can land you two in the quite the contest – she means well, and she knows most of the information needed to keep you both above ground. I’ll see you on the other side partner.

May we meet again, Jake.

Clarke very slowly let the note fall to the ground. Her father knew he was going to die. This was basically his suicide note. A raw sob wracked its way through her body. Did he even try and stop it?

“No, don’t think like that Griffin. He wouldn’t want that.” No, he wouldn’t that. She knows he would have gone down fighting, refusing death until his last breath. That she can trust in. But her mother… was what all this talk of territories, of enemies? Clarke’s not too into the carpentry industry but she’s pretty sure they don’t have gang wars. There was something else going on with him. And with Abby. Clarke grips the dagger in the box, the handle neatly wrapped in torn and used leather, that infinite sign sitting perfectly at the hilt. Clarke smirked.

“There you are.” She grinned, running her finger over the blade. As it turns out, the blade was much sharper then she thought, and within the second a small slice on her thumb opened up. “Damn it” Clarke muttered, dropping the blade back in the box and searching for a tissue in her pocket. But as she did her eyes caught sight of her thumb, caught sight of the blood.

She suddenly felt a burning desire to go outside. Sucking her thumb Clarke slipped the dagger into her back pocket. Inside the box she also saw a sheath. The same infinite design sat snugly on the leather pouch. Clarke picked it up, rolled in the dagger and reattached at her hip. It felt perfect, as if she had worn it before. But her brief lapse of happiness ended as quickly as it came, soon being overcome with anger. Her Mum knew something, knew things about Jake, her own father’s death that she hadn’t shared with her. Clarke felt her veins light up like a fire.

She needed to find her mother.

Clarke snapped up to her feet. Her mother should be working her shift at the hospital; she would find her there. She looked around the room one last time. There was a whole world here she had no idea existed, there are secrets here she doesn’t know. That makes her stop. If her Mum found out she has been in here then she world change the lock, get rid of everything and anything. Begrudgingly, she loosens her grip on her dagger. She can’t confront her, not now at least. But that doesn’t make her any less mad.

“Eenie meenie miney mo, which side shall I search and go…” Clarke muttered, her eyes flicking between the two walls. “The left one it is.” She grinned. Striding over Clarke noticed something odd about the left side corner, the edge closest to the door. A gap. Unlike the other side, with cabinets filling each side to the brim, not leaving a single space, there was a large gap here. Clarke frowned. Edging closer she runs her fingers over the wood, then knocks. Her eyes widened; hollow. A childish excitement sweeps over her. There was something behind this wall, it has to be a door. Doors need handles. Clarke starts roaming her hands over every nearby surface, searching for a bump, a nick, a secret book that you can pull out. Nothing.

“Come on Griffin, Indiana Jones this bitch,” Clarke mumbled her eyes seemingly focused nowhere as she traced the outline of the gap. There, a thin line. The hinges. Pushing her finger in slightly she lets her finger follow the outline of the mysterious door, eventually hitting what she feels to be the locking mechanism. Feeling over it she finds no hole for a key so the handle must be somewhere else, some place close. She stepped back. Jake had to have made this, only that cheeky bastard
would make something so geeky and cliché. Cliché… it had to be something obvious, so obvious you wouldn’t think of it to be true. Her nose scrunches in concentration. There were no bookcases, let alone books, no fireplace, no light…

“Oh my god the lamp!” Clarke rejoiced, practically jumping with joy. She stops herself for a second, forcing her to take a couple deep breaths. Then, within a flash she’s next to the lamp, lifting it up and searching it. There, the infinite symbol! On the base on the bottom, the little mark sat idly, a small button positioned next to it. You wouldn’t second-guess it if you accidentally found it; you’d probably just think it to be the power button, a place to put the batteries. Jake was smart. Holding her breath, Clarke pressed the button.

Click. Her head snapped around to the door, the wooden planks lifting up into the new gap in the ceiling. She chuckled in disbelief. “Holy fuck,” Clarke breathed, running a hand through her hair. She ambled over to the open space in the wall, a thick stench of moss and stone infecting her nose. Stone steps led down into the secret room, burnt out torches hang securely on the sides. Complete stone, near unbreakable. A distant sense of fear nags at her but she ignores it, pushing it away and slowly heading down the steps. Checking the sides she finds a dip in the wall, a box of matches lying on the stone ledge. Picking it up she slides out a match, and lights one of the torches. The passage way explodes in light, making Clarke shield her eyes before the fire died down slightly, enough so that she could open them and not squint. She sniffed the air. Burnt gasoline along with the now burning gasoline, someone had been down here recently. A shiver dances its way up her spine. She shakes it off.

As Clarke made her way down the descending steps, she lit up each torch, the passageway becoming brighter and brighter. She spotted a door near the bottom, and she sprinted down the steps, trying her best not to slip on some of the remnants of liquid. She lands in once piece thankfully, puzzled to find a heavy wooden block blocking the door, the wooden piece held up by metal hooks. It looked as if it was designed to keep someone behind the door, trapped even. Originally Clarke possibly thought that this was Dad’s secret workshop but it seems now like something much different. Maybe worse. Why would he want to lock himself in? Gingerly Clarke grips the plank from underneath, wrapping her fingers around it. In one grunted effort she lifts and drops the wooden block to the floor, the clang against the stone echoing like a choir up the passageway. The door doesn’t look to the locked, so Clarke grips the metal handle.

“Please not be a psycho murderer.” She muttered closing her eyes and swinging open the door. A strangely familiar small warm gust of wind passes through her, playing with her golden hair that glowed in the torchlight. She opened one eye, and gasped.

There, in the centre of the stone walled room, sat a large metal barred cage. What looked to be a makeshift bed was hidden behind the bars, only looking to be a pile of hay and a stained pillow. It was like being sent back in time. With much effort she dragged her sight off the cage, her eyes jumping between the benches lining the walls. Metal glistened on top of the wooden benches, the lit torches dimly bringing life to the cold room. Those torches were already lit when she came in here… someone must have been here recently. With feather light steps Clarke finally weaves her way into the room. What was this place? A prison? Who was kept in that cage? There were too many questions and not enough answers. Working her way closer Clarke held on to the bars of the cage. She could feel indents in the metal, small dents, scratches. She jumped back. Was an animal kept in there, then why was there a bed that looked to be for a person?

“What kind of shit were you getting up to Dad,” Clarke whispered to no one, bringing her attention over to the benches littered around the room. Scrolls and yellowed papers were messily scattered around, some sitting on benches, some splattered to the floor. All looking very old. A book sitting on a far right bench catches her attention. Walking over to it and nearly tripping over another book on
The floor Clarke touches the cover of the book, the torn leather claiming its reign over it.

“The Order of the Ark – The Griffins” Clarke reads out loud, running her finger over the golden letters. Without breathing Clarke extremely delicately opens up the thick book, dust flying as the pages turned. On the first page was what looked to be an oath, the words written in blood? “Jesus!” Clarke yelped dropping the book with a bang. Was her father involved in a cult or something? Because the level of freaky shit she was experiencing right now was way too high. Clarke gulped. With shaky steps, she got back to the book, the pages still exactly where they were. Maybe it wasn’t blood; maybe it was just red ink for dramatic effect. Oh God was Clarke really going to regret what she was about to do. Clarke licked her finger, and carefully ran it through the blood letters, trying her best not to smudge it. And then, with a strange amount of calmness, she tasted it. Her eyes widened. It was blood definitely but… she swears its Jake, there was something about it that just screamed his name. Wow was she really starting to lose her mind. Putting her own mental problems aside Clarke held up the book, the weight of it straining her muscles slightly.

“I give my oath to obey the laws governed and created by the Ark, I promise to respect and not kill other Arker’s as I know the consequences and punishments for doing so. I pledge my alliance to the Ark, and as my ancestors before me, I will fight the wars they give on to me.”

“Clarke are you home?” Kane’s voice called from the front of the house; he was home.

“Oh shit, shit, fuck, shit!” Clarke cursed, her eyes frantically searching the room. There was no way she could let Kane know she was here, let alone let Kane find this place. This was a place of her fathers, and some irrational territorial part her hates the idea of him finding here. Making a split-second decision, Clarke grabs the leather book, tucking it under her arm. Resisting the urge to kick open the door Clarke pushes her way through, climbing up the stairs three steps at a time. There was no time to put out the torches. She would come back from them. Thankfully, the secret door was still open and Clarke found herself sprinting over to the lamp on her mother’s desk, fumbling to the find the switch. Kane’s steps grew closer and closer.

"Clarke?" he called.

“Come on, come on, come on” Clarke muttered. “Yes!” She hit the switch, and she heard the door start close back down. No time to wait and see if it works, she would just have to leg it. “Fuck it.” Racing through the door while trying to keep her steps as light as possible she slowly closes the entrance to her Mum’s office, making sure it locks. Rattling it gently to double check she practically dives into her room, stopping herself midway from slamming her door. Stumbling over to her bookcase she shoves the book inside, she hears Kane walk up the stairs. “Be cool Griffin, be natural, natural yeah.” She jumps in her bed tugging the blanket over her head, and closes her eyes.

A second later Kane opens the door, popping his head in.

“Clarke?” he whispered gently. She fakes her slow breathing, making her chest rise up and down. It’s surprisingly easy. Marcus smiles, before closing the door back slowly, trying to be as silent as possible. When Clarke hears that tiny click she can’t stop the chuckle that dances from her lips.

“Holy hell.”

The vampire stuck low to the ground, crouching amongst the bushes. She dragged her stomach across the dirt as she edged forward; her eyes deadlocked on her target. The deer was oblivious to its predicament, happily and calmly drinking from the nearby lake. The girl’s near black hair provided her great cover amongst the mostly brown, dying bush. Autumn had come. The wind was blowing
against her, masking her scent from the deer’s presence. It was perfect. Raven slowly lifted up her knee, preparing herself for a launch. The deer was close, so close, she just needed to get a little bit further…

A bang, and shriek had the deer’s head popping up panicked. Raven’s eyes widened.

“Shit,” she muttered. The deer spun on its hooves to run away, Raven desperately pounced out, trying to catch it as it fled. She missed. She landed with an oof onto the dirt ground. “Motherfucker,” Raven growled. “Thanks for that asshole! That was clearly mine dipshit!” She called out. No one replied. “Asshole,” Raven scoffed. Damn it, every animal from China and back would have heard that, there’d be no chance for her to catch a meal today. She would have to ask if Abby had any spare. Muttering curses under her breath, Raven hoisted herself back up, dusting off her jeans. Her new black jeans. Which were now ripped. “Oh come on!”

“Girl…” someone growled, the sound barely human. Raven’s head snapped around, her body tensing when she saw the culprit. She sniffed the air. She was pretty sure he was a vampire, but something didn’t seem right. There was something off about him. His clothes were ripped, layers upon layers of grim and dirt masking his probably once pale skin.

“Boy,” Raven called back, stepping back slightly. He had a bad vibe about him; Raven couldn’t quite put her finger on it but… holy shit. “Did you just kill someone?” Raven gaped. Looking closer she could see the blood splattered on his ripped shirt and chest, the red liquid dripping from his fanged lips. His eyes were normal except for the glow of red implanted in the centre. The creature grinned, showing off his set of razor sharp and broken teeth. “You know that’s against the law big guy right? At least wait till the parade over the last murder dies over,” she nervously chuckled. He took a step closer. His head turned to the side in an inhuman way that sent shivers right down to her soul.

“Come…” he said gruffly.

“Nah thanks, you’ll have to take me to dinner first.”

“Come!” he snarled, the redness in his eyes flashing.

“Not with that attitude I ain’t” Raven chuckled. The creature growled low, slowly bending down as its hand dug into the dirt. He was going to kill her Raven realized. What the hell even was he? She tried to be as subtle as she could as she edged backwards, her eyes never leaving his. It began moving forward as well and Raven had to fight the fear threatening to paralyze her. She had to be calm; she’s been in fights before she could do this. It was just like being in brawl with an overpowered, bloodthirsty, hobo where you could die - nothing to it. Yeah she was fucked. Gulping she dared a quick glance behind her, a ginormous tree. She could use that, she just needed a distraction. Its eyes watched her every move, she felt like the deer she was just hunting before. Helpless, weak, all the things she swore herself not to be. “Who are you?”

“You will come… No hurt…” it said, the words grinding against its teeth like the motion was foreign.

“For some reason I very much doubt that big guy,” Raven quipped, catching herself before she could trip on poking out root. The creature grinned, its malice-filled smile stopping Raven dead in her tracks. It drew closer.

“I like you,” it hummed, cocking its head to the side like a predator deciding where to bite at its meal.

“Why thank you, you like me enough so that you’ll let me go?” Raven tried. Her back bumped into
the tree. Nowhere to go.

“Not quite.” The whiteness in its eyes morphed to black, the red getting lost in the sea of darkness. It snarled, slowly opening its jaw as its fangs grew. The creature was only a few metres away now, the adrenaline pumping furiously through her. She had one shot for her plan to work, otherwise she was dead. Well, deader.

“Come and get me then big guy.” Raven taunted. It’s own taunting smile fell and she knew it was in pure killing mode right now. With bone-rattling roar the creature swung at her but Raven was expecting it, and instead swiveled on her feet dodging the punch. Grabbing the first she slammed it into the tree, punched him in the stomach only to top it off with a kick to the nards. The creature stumbled back wheezing. At least she now knew it was still a guy. It lifted its head, its eyes full of untainted rage. Raven jumped into action before that bastard would get’s its bearings back, spinning around and putting as force into her legs as could. She jumped upwards, scrambling to get a grip of anything. One of her hands caught grip of a branch, the wood bending as she tried to haul herself up. She heard another roar, this one much angrier than before. She looked down and saw it swaying up to its feet, growling at her like a crazed animal. Raven let the last of her human self-go, her brown eyes slipping into pure black. Snarling back, Raven pounced.

She landed directly on him, her weight sending his body digging into the hard dirt ground. She heard several bones crack. It tried to fling her off him but the creature was too dazed, and Raven took the opportunity to sink her teeth into its neck. It’s blood was disgusting, burning her tongue like acid the second the red drops trickled into her mouth. She immediately spat it out and it was a distraction enough for the creature below her to throw her off. Turns out it was stronger than she was. Her body slammed into the tree, she groaned as she tried to pull herself back up. Keep eyes on the target she told herself; don’t stop till its head is off. The moment Raven got up to shaky legs it bull rushed her sending her back into the tree, she bit back her screams as she felt a branch stab into her back. It didn’t puncture anything important. Hopefully. Raven growled viciously, fighting and bucking in his grip to escape his hold. “Fuck it,” Raven muttered and she drove her head into his neck again, this time biting down, hard. With as much strength as she could she pulled back, ripping the raw flash from his neck. It roared in agony, stumbling back and releasing Raven who fell exhausted to the ground. But she ignored her tiredness; she would deal with that later when she didn’t have a crazed not-so-human pyscho trying to kill her.

“Stupid girl” it snarled, pulling back its lip. Raven snarled back, the two inhuman creatures circling each other like wolves. She spat its blood to the ground.

“I will enjoy watching you die, you ruined my favourite pair of jeans you bastard.”

“I will kill you!” it roared. Raven flinched, but the creature didn’t charge. “I will pick your flesh from your bones,” it laughed. “And you will feel every moment.”

“Original insult, where’d you get that? EvilVillians.com?”

“Do not taunt me girl!” it snapped, spit flying from its jaw. Raven swiped at it, her claw-like nails just missing his face. They kept circling each other, the creature cradling its neck as it did.

“Hit a sore spot did I?” Raven smirked. “Or sorry, was that your neck?”

“Die!” the creature bellowed, launching at her in unpredictable speeds. They clashed together into the ground, the leaves stained red. She scrambled as quickly as she could away from it but its hand gripped her leg, it’s claws digging into her skin. Raven screamed trying to shake him off.

“Fuck off you bastard!” she spat; it’s nails cutting deeper and deeper. Giving up she brought herself
back up and kicked it with her free leg. It didn’t let go. “Let.” She kicked his head again. “Me.” Again. “GO!” it finally released its death grip, blood leaking onto the impressionable grass below. In supernatural speeds Raven got back to her feet but the creature was just as fast, slightly faster because it’s ankle wasn’t injured. Raven limped backwards, the two of them snarling at each other. And just when she thought it couldn’t get any worse, it did. The scent of humans wafted past her. Her eyes widened, as did it’s.

“Oh no you don’t you little shit, it’s you and me.” Raven seethed. The creature kept looking at Raven and behind her, where the scent of humans was coming from. It was deciding. Quickly realizing the opportunity Raven dived to the left and snatched a thick branch on the ground. “Happy birthday fucker” Raven muttered, jumping at the creature from behind. It fell to the ground, and the second it did Raven jammed the branch sideways into it’s neck. Blood sprayed onto the dirt below as it shoved Raven off. Puffing, Raven stumbled back her eyes never leaving its groaning body. She had a few seconds before it would come at her again, she needed to kill it. Was it a vampire? It had the fangs but it fought like a crazed animal, like nothing she had seen before. Should she try and keep it alive for Abby to look at? No, that wouldn’t be possible. Raven glanced behind her and tried to catch scent of the wind. Definitely human, but there was something familiar, something…

“Oh you’ve got to be kidding me.” Raven sighed. Hunters. Those fucking hunters. Raven growled, looking between her possible attackers and the attacker who was wobbling its way up to its feet. Jesus, she had to give it to its persistence it was mighty impressive. She was going to have to kill him, she couldn’t just run from the hunters. It would surely kill them if she did. And as much as she hates them, she’s not a monster, she can’t let innocent humans die. “Oh Reyes you are one crazy bastard.”

She had a very crazy, disgusting and messed up idea. She figured if Clarke can do it, she could too. It’s time to disguise herself in blood. “Fuck me this is not going to end well,” Raven muttered. She edged closer to the bleeding creature that was now pulling the stick out of its neck. She quickly looked up to the heavens. “Dad, I hope you forgive me for this but a girls gotta do what’s she’s gotta do,” she paused. “Oh and Mum? Go fuck yourself.” With that she looks back at the snarling animal vampire thing. She was going to have think of a better name then that.

“I will kill-” the creature coughed, blood spilling from its mouth. “Kill you.” It grunted.

“Not if I get too first.” With one swift movement Raven dived for him, kicking him to the ground. He somehow gained some of his strength back she noticed. Using the split-second she had she scooped up as many leaves as you could, rubbing them all over her face and letting them stick in her hair. When she was done disguising herself as best she could she buckled over, vomiting the deprived contents of her stomach. And then, in the most disgusting thing she has ever experienced, the creature pushed her into it. “You motherfucker!” Raven roared, getting herself out of his grasp in a heartbeat. Unexpectedly it swung for her, hitting her square in the jaw. It snatched a hold of her head, forcing its knee repeatedly into her stomach. She felt and heard each crack of the rubs. Grunting Raven plunged her fist as hard she could into own stomach, her claws puncturing the skin and spilling blood on her. She spat it out instantly, the taste traumatizing, and backed out of his hold. But just as she thought the creature was about to strike once more and she would be forced into another brawl, it’s entire body froze. Raven spun around, knowing exactly what it was but hoping that she was wrong. Oh fuck.

Lexa froze instantly, shoving out her hand to stop Anya as well. Anya nearly tripped over from the sudden lack of movement. She frowned.
“What the hell Lex-“

“Anya.” Lexa whispered, her eyes locked onto the vampires staring at her. “Grab your stake.”

“Holy shit” she breathed, pulling it out with practiced ease. “Have they been-“

“Fighting each other? I think so.” Lexa finished. Anya bit back her annoyance from the interruption.

“Why are they looking at us like that?” Anya whispered into Lexa’s ear. The vampires were still, both covered head to toe in blood though one was much more hidden then the other; she could barely make out its face. Was that on purpose?

“Run.” The one covered in blood said, their voice gruff. Its voice was too distorted to be able to tell if it was a guy or girl.

“Who are you?” Lexa commanded, lifting her stake.

“Please, you only have a few seconds, I can’t hold him off.”

“Him? You mean that vampire?” Anya pointed out. Lexa forced down her urge to scold Anya for interrupting her interrogation. The vampire looked back at the other one, it’s entire body tensing as it did.

“I don’t know if it’s a vampire, there’s something wrong with him.”

“Wrong with it” Anya corrected, that usual coldness entering her voice. “It’s not a person.” Even though Lexa couldn’t see the vampires face cause of all the muck she sensed its face hardening, she thinks to be her hackles rising.

“I’m about to save your life, now’s not the time to insult my kind.” She warned. Anya stepped forward before Lexa could stop it.

“You do know your monsters right?”

“You’re more of a monster than me mate,” the vampire growled. “I grew up without a Dad because of you. Sure, I’m alright with you killing off my alcoholic abusive Mum but my Dad,” the girl scoffed. “You are the true monsters.” Anya stiffened, opening her mouth for a comeback when Lexa grabbed her shoving her back. The other monster – or creature as the other vampire called it – pounced at them. But much to Lexa’s surprise, the impact she was expecting never came, and in front of her lying at her feet, was the girl vampire wrestling with the other one.

“Get out! I can’t hold him!” the vampire roared. Anya flinched, but Lexa didn’t. She looked into those soulless eyes, and knew that she was trying to help them. Even if it went against everything she ever knew, Lexa saw she was outnumbered; she didn’t have her usual team with her. Swallowing her pride, Lexa turned to Anya.

“We need to go, it’s not safe.” She heard a breath of relief from the vampire. Anya frowned.

“But-“

“Osir souda bants, nau.” Lexa ordered.

“Heda-“

“Nau Onya!” Lexa barked. Anya huffed but gave in, giving her a stiff nod. Lexa glanced back to the struggling vampire. Her leg had a ring of red around it, the muscle sticking out from the gaps. And
was that a bit of branch in that creature’s neck?

“Go!” the vampire shouted. Lexa snatched Anya’s wrist and ran. She shook it off almost instantly.

“Are we seriously running away Lex?” Anya asked in disbelief, puffing as they ran. Lexa smirked.

“Of course not. We’re going to hide up in the trees when we get out of sight.” She grinned. Anya barked out a laugh.

“Yo strik skrish.” She said shaking her head. Dipping off to the right they slipped out of the main line of sight. Lexa took a quick glance through the trees, looking through the natural pathway to the opening of the river, where the fight between the two vampires was taking place. She couldn’t deny it was fascinating to watch. “Up here Lex.” Anya said. Lexa looked up, finding Anya perched happily on the branch of the gigantic tree.

“Komba.” Lexa replied, gripping onto the gaps in the tree and hauling herself up. Positioning herself next to Anya as she gazed out onto the lake and the fight below Lexa took a deep breath. It was like watching a fight in fast forward. One second they were slow, circling each other, the next one would be on top of the other, thrashing wildly. Anya looked to be engulfed in the display, her eyes following the fight as if she were there. Lexa reached down to her stake, gripping the carved handle. If that vampire wins that battle, then a vampire may have just saved her life.

The creature tossed Raven to the ground. Her strength was weakening; she wasn’t sure how much longer she could go on with this. Thankfully, it looked like he was weakening too. His body swayed, his movements sloppier and sloppier as they went on. But it never stopped; it was like some other force controlled it, something so inspiring that nothing could stop it. Nothing would slow it down.

“Alright you persistent bastard, I’m pretty sure one of us is gonna go in the next few moments, so humour me, what are you?” Raven said, spitting blood to the ground. They circled each other, both of them limping. It laughed, a hollow, empty sound that rattled her bones.

“I have no name… I am only here to kill.” It wheezed. Raven growled low.

“Tell me dead man.” She sneered. He grinned, showing off his red stained broken teeth.

“I am Red.” It sang, staring up into the sky. “I am Red!” It roared. Raven didn’t waste the opportunity. Within half a second Raven snatched a branch from the ground.

“I’ll see you hell big guy,” she coughed, wiping the red liquid from her face. And then she charged at him as hard she could, aiming the wooden weapon for his heart. In the split-second before she hit it he looked right into her eyes, as if he knew he was gone – she swears she saw gratefulness in those eyes as she plunged the branch into his heart. The blackness faded from his eyes, the dim red light flickering. He fell to his knees, Raven crouching down with him. His eyes drift down to the stake in his chest, before slowly looking back up to his killer.

“Thank you” he whispered, a shaky smile wavering it’s way on his red lips. A tear slipped from Raven’s eye, staining red as it streaked down her bloodied face. The lake shined behind them.

“May we meet again.” Raven whispered. He then closed his eyes, and Raven slid the branch out of him. His limp body collapsed to the ground, a faint smile on his face. The branch fell from her grip, and she sat there on her knees in front his body. Somebody had done this to him, somebody had destroyed this man; she will find them. The earth itself will tremble in fear.
This was far from over.

Lexa and Anya carefully made their way back down the tree, having seen the battle’s final moments. The one who saved them had won. Barely. As they edged closer Lexa saw thought to be the vampire… crying? It sat kneeled down by the body, her head bowed.

“It’s distracted, we should strike now.” Anya advised, raising her stake. Lexa hesitated. The original mission was to find out the cause of the all the missing persons cases, with the murder it seem to prove it was a vampire attack that the vampires were behind it. When that happens the usual protocol is to kill all vampires on sight, to send a message or to send them back into hiding. But this felt different. This one had told them to run when it could have easily run itself, giving itself time to run for the hills while the other creature would have killed them. Yet it stayed, and it fought it until it was dead. And now it was mourning the fallen. She always saw vampires as monsters, as abominations, but this one was different. She saved them. She couldn’t kill her, at least not now. She had earned that.

“No Anya, we let her live.”

“Are you crazy?” Anya scoffed. Lexa locked eyes with her.

“Remember who I am Anya. What I’ve done. We will let her live do you understand?” she muttered low.

“She’s a monster Lex,” Anya pleaded. “This is what we were born for.”

“A monster that chose to risk its life over ours, it at least earns the right to live.”

“This isn’t our way” Anya growled. Lexa stepped closer, her eyes burning like the sun.

“This is my way, which is our way. She lives, and I better not see her come to harm when we leave here.” Lexa ordered. Anya clenched her fists bust said nothing. They stared at each other in a silent war.

“Sha.” She grunted. “She will not be harmed.”

“Good.” Her eyes drifted back over to the vampire. She must have sensed her looking because the vampire’s now clear eyes looked up to meet hers. Lexa nodded. And a moment later, the vampire nodded back.

Chapter End Notes

Translations woooo (may not be entirely accurate)

Osir souda bants, nau - We must leave, now
Heda - Commander
Nau Onya! - Now Anya!
Yo strik skrish - You little shit
Komba - Coming
Sha - Yes (Okay)
comments and kudos makes me writer faster! (please validate me)
Chapter Summary

whats that? did someone say clexa fluff? no? well you're getting it anyway (im trash)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Abby was having a relatively normal day until Raven called out of the blue. Well, she didn’t even call, just an ominous text that had Abby more worried then calm. It read ‘Abby I need your help, bring your med kit or whatever it’s called.’ Now, rationally she should just think that she blew up the wrong bathroom or something but there was nagging feeling in her mind that it was more than that. And from the report that the grounders were here only earlier today there was the smallest, unlikely chance that they may have found her. The thought alone sent her running out of the hospital. As Abby basically powerwalked down the street she fished out her phone, nearly dropping it. She searched for the number, and hit call. Then she waited.

One ring, two rings, three rings.

“Come on, come on,” Abby prodded. Raven’s voicemail started playing. “Damn it,” she muttered, ditching the phone and putting back in her pocket. Blowing her coffee coloured hair out of her face she turned around the corner, not even bothering to slow down in case anyone was there. Her mistake. “Oh shit, sorry,” Abby mumbled, stumbling back from her collision with the stranger. Thankfully they didn’t fall down, only knocking shoulders. Not even stopping Abby kept going, ignoring the person’s calls; she thinks someone else was with them. Two girls maybe? It didn’t matter; she had to get to Raven. The ball of lead in her stomach was growing, threatening to pull her under. She tried her best to push it to the side. After another ten minutes or so of not-quite-running-walking she made it to her house and did her best to as calm as possible as she slid in the house key. She couldn’t have Kane or god forbid Clarke coming with her so she needed to play it cool, act like she just forgot something in the house. They wouldn’t question that. The door clicked open, and she poked her head inside.

No one in the front room. Abby tiptoed her way in, heading straight for the closet under the stairs. Swinging open the door she searched through its contents in a flurry, clothes, brooms and books be damned. After a few moments of mayhem her eyes finally caught sight of the red bag.

“Thank god” she breathed, snatching it from under a pile of photo albums and pulling herself out of the closet. Again, because of her not checking, she bumped into someone. Marcus.

“Woah!” He chuckled, stumbling back a few steps and catching the panicking older woman in his arms. “Calm down there tiger.”

“I need to go, can we talk later?” Abby said frantically, untangling herself from his arms. His brows knotted in confusion.

“What’s wrong?”

“Emergency in the hospital.” Abby said, the lie easily slipping from her lips. He nodded but still
“Don’t they have medical kits in hospitals?” he smirked. She was just about to open the front door when she stopped. She cursed under her breath then spun around, a forced smile on her lips.

“And since when do you become a renowned doctor Marcus?” she answered, her body screaming to get through the front door. He laughed, thank the heavens, and offered a small wave. She waved back and nearly burst through the door. Except the second she did, her entire body stopped.

“Help me,” what she thought to be a bloodied Raven, rasped. Abby’s eyes widened before she forcefully slammed the door closed incase Marcus saw. She hurried over to Raven’s side, draping one of her arms over her shoulder.

“What the hell happened to you?”

“That’s what I’d like to work out.” She grinned. Abby without thinking slapped her shoulder on instinct. Raven winced and their speed increased.

“You look like you’ve been to hell and back.” Abby commented, checking over her shoulder that anyone was looking before going into her backyard. Paranoia making her check again she carefully laid Raven down, letting her lye on the grass. “Don’t move.” She instructed.

“Wouldn’t dream of it doc.” Raven quipped. Shaking her head Abby rushed over to the shed, where the secret entrance for the basement lay. Opening the door with as much care as she could so it wouldn’t squeak her hands roamed over the left shelf searching for the book. Jake was always such a nerd at heart. Abby forced down the possible black hole of emotions and continued searching for the lever. Bingo. Pulling the ‘Extensive History of Bird Watching’, a choice he made because he was pretty sure no one would be looking for that, a gap in the wooden floor opened up. Stairs revealed themselves below. She rushed back to Raven, hauled her up, and hurried over to the shed closing the door as they went in. Their steps echoed as they descended further and further until they reached a long hallway.

“Come on Raven, just a bit more to go.” Abby encouraged, feeling the strength in Raven slacken.

“That’s easy for you to say. You weren’t thrown against a tree, punched, kicked, repeatedly might I add and holding down a crazed vampire.”

“It wasn’t the hunters?” Abby asked hopeful. Having the hunters here was too dangerous. The last time they came here was for Jake… Abby shoved the thoughts of him down. They could discover Clarke, or Clarke could discover herself. Abby promised herself years ago that she would protect Clarke at all costs when Jake died, and it seemed the only way was to remove the target on her back. She couldn’t revert her back to human, and even if she could she’s pretty sure Clarke would rather die then let that happen. The guilt from the past still eats at her heart, leaving torn holes and bite marks. She did it for Clarke’s safety. It was the right decision. It’s all she can tell herself. Shaking her head, she brings herself back to the present. “Why aren’t you answering?” Abby questioned, the worry seeping into her tone.

“Well, technically they were there-“

“Shit Raven!”

“-But they didn’t see me, well see my face. I kept it hidden see?” she pointed to the grim and blood on her face. “And the leader, the Commander maybe, left. The other one wanted to kill me but for some reason she didn’t let her.” Raven’s brow creased. “There was some mutual respect I think.
When they were leaving she nodded at me, I think saying thank you. And... I nodded back.”

“Raven please god don’t tell me-“

“Hey, I’m not getting buddy buddy with them anytime soon,” Raven scoffed. “Although, the one who wanted kill me was really hot-“

“Please shut up Raven.”

“-Like Damn Abby it was quite impressive. You could cut cheese with that jawline. Or bread, or steak, or maybe even-“

“Sit down.” Abby instructed, grunting as she pulled the door open to the hidden chamber. Raven limped over to the cage letting her back fall against the cold metal bars, her back slid down as she plopped herself on the stone ground. “Take off your shirt.”

“We could at least get a drink first,” Raven grinned. Abby sighed.

“Raven only you could be sarcastic till your last breath.”

“I don’t breathe doll” Raven winked. Abby glared at her.

“Off.” She ordered, flicking up her finger.

“Misses no fun.” Raven grumbled, obeying Abby and pulling off her shirt. A host of purple and red bruises stained her skin, small cuts of dried blood decorating its canvas. Raven groaned from the movement. Her ribs were definitely broken.

“Jesus Raven…” Abby breathed. The broken girl below chuckled.

“It looks worse than it is. Tis merely a scratch.”

“A scratch that could have killed you.” She deadpanned. Raven shrugged. Luckily for Raven, Abby knew that vampires could recover from almost anything, the almost being a stake through the heart. Over hundreds of years of evolution they developed the resistance to walk in daylight, though they tend to avoid it as it drains them. The effort to fight the urge to combust can be tiring. Raven has been walking in sunlight her entire life, so unlike most vampires she actually is quite indifferent to it. Abby made sure that Clarke was the same. Striding over to far right corner of the room, she let her hands skim over the stone bricks. There, the fake one. Pressing it in the stone hissed as the hidden compartment was revealed. A mini fridge. The moment it did, Raven’s head shot up like a bloodhound. Abby grabbed as many packets of blood as she could. The blood should fix most of her injuries though since it isn’t ‘fresh’ it will take much longer. She’ll have to lay low for a few days or so. “Drink.”

“Gladly” Raven muttered, her eyes locked on the red bags. She snatched it in lightening speed out of her saviour’s hands, her dark brown orbs melting to black. With a growl she bit into the bag and drank as if she had been walking in a desert for forty days and just found water.

“Not too fast,” Abby warned, reaching her hand out. She instantly snatched it back from the minute snarl from Raven. It’s too dangerous to interfere with a vampire and blood Abby decided. She distanced herself far from the vampire just in case, and sat down. Raven had said a crazed vampire. Dread and fear grinned from its dark abyss down below. She prayed it wasn’t what she thought it was. But she knew better, years with Jake and being the first human to help lead a vampire clan – she learnt many things. One of those being, the strange turning of the used to be Pike’s people. The memory alone sparks a taunting set of shivers up her spine. She can admit she never liked him, but it
didn’t mean she understood or didn’t worry for what happened to him and his people. Crazed they became, killing humans without a second thought. In a united decision they kicked him from the Ark, for they worried that his activity would bring danger to everyone else. Like expected the hunters came, burning down houses and killing too many vampires, too many used-to-be friends. Luckily, since they were removed from the alliance all evidence of the Ark had been previously destroyed so the hunters had no clue of the larger scale they were dealing with. The council watched their deaths and didn’t interfere. It was a risky move, but it was for the best of everyone, not just the few.

Rumours of a new name for Pike’s people and himself scattered through the system; reapers. It all went to hell when they started killing vampires as well. A law was passed, and all reapers were to be killed on sight, though it was easier said than done. Is that what had happened to Raven? She jumped when she heard an impatient growl.

“More,” Raven muttered low. Abby scowled and walked over to the girl with blood dripping from her lips. She slapped her on the back of the head. Her eyes shifted back to brown. “What the hell?” Raven snapped.

“Don’t talk to me like that.” Abby scolded, walking back over to grab another bag. Raven huffed.

“I’m a big scary vampire, I could kill you in a heartbeat.” Raven defended. Abby scoffed.

“A big scary vampire who begs me on her hand and knees if I can buy her shapes.”

“Pshh I don’t do that.” Abby looked at her. “Okay, maybe I do but I also just killed someone. I’m a badass! You shouldn’t just be able to slap me on the top of the head.”

“And yet here we are.” Abby grinned. Raven huffed, crossing her arms.

“I’m scary Abby.” She grumbled. Abby chuckled, stepping over Raven’s worryingly bloodied legs and crouching down. She put down the bag of blood and pinched her cheeks.

“I’m sure you are munchkin.” She teased. Raven slapped away her hands, mumbling Abby’s words in a mocking tone. “Oh don’t be like that. Here, will this make you forgive me?” She dangled the bag like a prized toy in front of her. Raven stiffened, fighting her urges.

“No.” She grunted out, trying to drag her eyes away. Abby leaned closer.

“Are you sure?” she whispered. With a defeated growl she snatched the bag from her hands.

“You win this round Mamma G.” She growled, digging her fangs into the blood bag. Abby smirked.

“I always do.” Raven glared at her, her eyes clouding over in black. “Now, you’ll take a shower after that and I’ll give you another one. Then we’ll see if anything else needs to be fixed.” Raven nodded, and Abby got up to her feet. Her face softened. “I’m glad you’re okay Raven.” With that she left to go search through the room. This was Jake’s place, and her soul twisted at the thought of him. She tries coming down here as little as possible. But with Clarke having episodes in the middle of night cause of the amnesia side effects, where she has small bouts of remembering, and the report of the hunters… she was coming down here too often. She was about to up and leave when her eyes caught something. Well, more like lack of something. Abby edged closer to the ancient oak bench. She froze.

The book was gone.

***
Clarke stayed up all night. At points it was because she couldn’t sleep, at others it was because she didn’t want to. Because for the entire time she was reading through the leather book she found. It was strangely fascinating, it was like seeing something that you knew was there but wasn’t quite. It felt like another world. From reading through it she discovered that Jake was part of a gang or something, something called the ‘Nightwalkers.’ The book acted like a ledger at parts, showing all of Jake’s connections with these other members. It was extensive. It seemed that the Griffin name ran back generations, even as early at the 1500s. The strangest was it seemed that a couple of the long lost family members lived for around 150 years. It was mind-blowing. They must have been skin and bones by then. The later in time it got, the earlier the generations died, passing away at more ‘normal’ times. Most of the book she didn’t understand because it talked about making deals with other members, alliances or something. It all seemed to operate under The Ark but there were minor sections, factions.

Clarke was still trying to figure out what Jake was. He was labeled as one thing: Defender. Defender of what? Was her Dad involved in a drug cartel? She forced aside her fears and carried on. The knot in her stomach grew as she went on. She was right up to the time of Jake’s death. Her fingers trembled as she turned the pages, a few notes here and there about certain contracts with different people. And then, on the date he died, there was one line. Unlike the others, the ink was red. She knows it to blood.

“Sacrificed as peace for the hunters…” she whispered. Tears welled up in her eyes, her throat closing. “Sanctioned by the Council.” The book then proceeded to list the council members, but it was one of them that caught her eye. That stopped her soul. The weight of the book was suddenly too heavy and fell to the floor, Clarke brought her hands to her face as raw sobs wracked her body.

Abby Griffin. Abby signed off on this, this deal it looked like. They gave up her father. Her mother gave up her father. Clarke thinks back to the letter. She would have told him, that he was going to get killed. As what, peace? What kind of savagery is that? And her Mum was the cause. Emptiness engulfed her.

Her Mum is the reason her father is dead. The emptiness turned dark. It turned red, a white-hot rage that burned in her chest. The room suddenly felt small. She wiped her tears with the back of her hand. She felt a burning desire to hit something or even someone, to just do something. There was so much emotion inside of her from this revelation. Betrayal, regret, anger; she didn’t know what to do. Her head snapped up the second the idea hit her. Jake had taught her how to hunt when she was little, making sure she was capable with a bow and arrow, a dagger and even a sword (though she’s still getting the hang of it.) A bow arrow was her best, he used to say she was a natural marksmen. Shakily, she brought herself to her feet. Her mother had betrayed in a way she could have never seen. And although she wants to shout at her, scream at her to tell her the truth and admit it, Clarke couldn’t. In all honesty she was slightly afraid from the intensity of the emotions inside her. If she got started she wouldn’t doubt that she’d hurt her, and although she now hates her with every fiber of her being she doesn’t want her dead. Yet. Her fists clenched. She can’t let this go. She needed to do something to piss her off, to make her feel the anger she feels. But what?

She can’t hurt somebody, though some part of her is strangely up for it, and she actually quite likes all of her Mum’s friends. She couldn’t get through them to her. The only thing preventing Clarke from storming into her Mother’s room was that she would ask where she found the information. And then she would tell her about the book, and then she would close the entrance off. The chamber is nearly all that’s left of her Dad, along with her watch, which was a gift from him. Her fingers brush over it. She has the dagger as well now. Clarke wanders over to her desk, pulling out the drawer to reveal the glistening blade. An idea smacked into her so hard her she nearly fell over; she knew what she could do to piss Abby off. Her Mum goes berserk when she misses one day of not taking her meds, what would happen if she went off them for a week? Two weeks? Yes, that would make her
Then she would understand maybe the tiniest fraction of anger she had for her. She took out the blade, tossing it back and forth between her hands. It was a strange the comfort she felt with the knife. Though what was stranger was that the what-she-thought-to-be leather pouch. It wasn’t leather like she thought it was in the dim light, but wood. Solid wood. What kind of sheath is solid wood? And to make it weirder the engraving on the wood had her nearly collapsing to the floor. ‘Blood must have blood. Let the work of the ancients vanquish all who come across thee.’ It had her mind reeling. Gingerly she slid the wooden block over the blade as far as she could, and she heard a click. Her brows knotted confused. She swung the blade a couple times. The sheath didn’t come off.

“How curious,” Clarke mumbled. It seemed like it was designed that way, so that you could turn it into a wooden dagger. How would that be in anyway useful? Shrugging it off she attached the dagger to her hip, unclicking the wooden sheath so that if needed she could use the sharp piercing metal of the blade; she tucked the aged book under her arm. Leaving her room while constantly scanning her surroundings she broke into Abby’s office again. Hitting the secret switch under the light the stench of the underground chamber flooded her senses once more, though there was a hint of something else there unlike before. She leaned closer, instinctively shutting her eyes as she took in a long drag of the scent below. It was a familiar tang, metal, it churned a forgotten desire inside of her. Her eyes snapped open, and without her knowing, they were black. Blood. She hurried down the steps, not needing to light the torches as she could somehow sense where each exact step was; she could see perfectly anyway. The block wasn’t in front of the door like before. With her free hand she gripped her dagger, bringing it out into the world. Leaning her shoulder against the door she very carefully leaned forward and with balance she didn’t know she had, the door creaked open. She spun the dagger in her hand so it was facing down and bumped the oak door hard enough that it slammed fully open. No one was there. But her other senses found the pool of blood faster than her eyes did. A weird excitement buzzed through her.

There, in front of the cage. The red lake sat idly. She checked behind her. Clear. Trying her best to ignore the surprisingly captivating liquid she strode over to the bench where she first found the book and with much care and ease, placed it back down. She was about to investigate the blood when she remembered there was one page she hadn’t read, the one after the one that stated Jake’s death. She stifles down her own anger – no need for that now. She flips to the last page of the book.

Names upon names listed on the yellowed paper, all ending with Griffin. Looking closer she realizes what it is. A list of heirs. She squints, trying to decipher the muddled title. The Defenders, it was a list of them, from beginning till end. But each name wasn’t in the same handwriting; they differed from each generation, generally getting less and less cursive. As a common theme Clarke was starting to note, they were written in blood. Maybe as an oath? Her eyes widened. Each person must have written their name each time it was theirs to be this ‘Defender’ person, they must have written it in their own blood. That is insanely creepy. Moving to shut the book for the last time her hand freezes, her body stops.

“What the fuck…” Clarke breathed. Hesitantly she opens the book again. There, at the very end of the list under Jake Griffin, was a single name. Clarke Griffin. And it was in red. The floor drops beneath her. Was it in her blood? If she did that she’s pretty fucking sure she would remember, that’s not exactly something you just forget. Gingerly, she licks her finger and delicately traces the letters. If for some reason she knew that that oath she read before was Jake’s blood, then maybe she could tell if this was her blood. What a weird talent she’s got. She licks her finger. She slams the book shut, stumbling back until her back hits the cage with a rattling cough. There’s no way it’s true.

It was written in her blood and it was in her handwriting. She must have written it, she must have found that book before, and she must have… forgotten. No, that’s impossible. Sure, she may not have the best memory in the world but that doesn’t mean she would forget something like this. There’s no way in hell that she would just forget this-
A single idea hits her, and it makes her blood run cold.

What if someone made her forget? But that’s impossible, can you even do that?

“Stop it Griffin you’ll drive yourself mad with thoughts like that. You’re jumping to conclusions, stop it.” Clarke scolds herself. She takes a deep breath. For all she knows this could just be a strange coincidence, there’s no actual evidence proving her thoughts to be true. It still scares her. With shaky steps and tear filled blue eyes she gingerly makes her way over to the pool of blood. She kneels down, the disturbingly sweet scent intoxicating. For a moment she gives in, just closing her eyes. That smell, it calms and excites her like nothing ever should. The sensation is so dizzying she doesn’t even question the absurdness of what she was doing. Her eyes snapped open. She wanted to taste it. Okay, now that was weird enough that some rationality seeped in through the cracks of her hazy mind. But somehow, it all got pushed away. Something forced those thoughts back down, a primal part of her she recognized. The feeling was surreal to say at the least. Like a second body, a second mind with entirely different morals and cravings. She dragged her finger through the red lake, miniscule ripples spreading out from the touch. It fascinated her in an unexplainable way. To think that all we are comes down to our blood and bones, nothing more than stacks of organisms fighting to stay alive. She lifts her finger, and a droplet of blood falls into the pool of the crimson below, a hypnotizing splash echoing through. Anything and everything coming down to this, a single substance. Our life force, nothing more than a red lake. She licks her finger almost spitting it out instantly. It tasted like her medicine she was forced to take every morning.

“Nasty.” Clarke muttered her face contorted in disgust. She checked her watch. Shit, she had to be at school in half an hour. Getting back up to her feet she casts one last longing gaze at the leather book. Jake’s legacy, Jake’s work all laid out on torn pages. All destroyed by his own wife. A growl rumbled deep in her chest at the thought of it, she didn’t even question it this time. The rage she felt at this betrayal was nothing short of devastating; let her body scream it’s own rage at her. Whether in a growl, a yell or a scoff, let it burn it’s defiance; let it fight for its revenge. Because there was no way in hell, she was letting this go.

Clarke made it to school with as little drama as possible thank god. Luckily, her Mum had left for work early so she didn’t face her, which, if she was being honest, she might have done something she’d later regret. Forcing herself to pay attention in math class Clarke attempted to keep herself awake. She didn’t get a wink of sleep last night. She was exhausted but she fought through it, she needed to. She was Raven in this class thankfully, because although that bastard is one of the most annoying things on the planet – she is a very smart one. Clarke squinted, staring down at the question in front her. Algebra. Easy enough. She could that, she just needed to follow the steps, carry that little bugger over there, minus that little shit and…

“Fuck.” She mumbled, dropping her pencil in defeat. Out of all the multiple-choice answers she was about a hundred off. She groaned. She’s not getting anything done today. Needing a distraction Clarke looked out the window that showed off the taunting outside world, giving the class a perfect view of the poor sods on the footy field running laps. That made Clarke smile at least. She really didn’t like P.E. She was about to turn and have another shitty attempt at that stupid math question when a certain brunette caught her eye. Like always, Clarke sat near the window of the classroom, like she did in every class. There was something about the woods in the distance that she just loved to gaze out in to, an ache in her bones that would settle slightly at the view.

It was the brunette she had seen yesterday in the cafeteria she notices, the fit brunette sprinting laps around the oval. And damn was she fast. Clarke found herself captivated by her. Her movement was flawless, clearly well practiced and thought out as she did lap upon lap on the trampled green grass.
She kept her breathing as even as possible and held a drink bottle in hand; she was barely even sweating. That didn’t stop her from staring at gorgeous girl. After the fifth lap, as she stopped and took a long needed gulp of water her own green eyes caught sight of the blue ones staring at her from the window. She put down her drink bottle and going against every instinct in her body, she smiled.

Clarke beamed back like a star when the brunette noticed and actually smiled back. She ducked her head at the heat at her neck. Maybe P.E wasn’t so bad after all. Clarke checked the front of the room, seeing the teacher reading a book and paying absolutely no attention to the pop quiz he gave just out. She grinned and turned back to the panting girl. Her heart jumped when she saw she was still looking at her. Not wanting to lose her attention she picked her test sheet and showed it through the window, mouthing ‘help me’ as clear as she could. The brunette smirked, biting her lip. What Clarke would do to make her laugh. This time, the girl scanned her surroundings then walked right up to the window. She glanced at the teacher and then back at Clarke, raising a brow. The blonde flicked her hand, mouthing ‘he’s fine’. Clarke didn’t miss the brief flash of relief in the girl’s eyes. But then, unexpectedly, she tapped extremely delicately on the window; she tapped where her test sheet was. Clarke frowned, pointing to it with a questioning gaze. The brunette nodded. Checking that her classmates were not really watching she brought the paper up to the window and pressed it against it. The girl’s brow furrowed as examined it. Clarke ignored how adorable she looked. After a few moments, she nodded and Clarke put the paper back down. The brunette pointed to the patch of dirt in front of her, urging Clarke to look there. She did, mouthing ‘now what?’ the brunette smirked as reply.

The blonde watched closely as the other girl wrote out the equation in the dirt. Her heart jumped in her chest. She was going to show her to work out the equation. She wrote out the first part, looking to Clarke for confirmation. She nodded, a wide grin plastered onto her face – she couldn’t take it off if she tried. The brunette blushed, ducking her head. She seemed hesitant to help her. Clarke’s face softened even more. Without thinking she put her hand up against the glass, mouthing ‘it’s okay.’ The girl looked between her and her hand bewildered. Clarke realized how stupid she would have looked. Her smile fell and she drew her hand away, trying to hide her disappointment. Whatever, she wasn’t even that pretty anyway (she was).

Lexa realized how rude she would have looked a moment too late. Watching the hurt flash across the blondes face was the most painful thing she had ever experienced. And that was what she was terrified about. **Love is weakness.** Love is what killed Costia, love is what blinded her and used her as a bargaining chip. Love is what destroyed her, and killed the only person who ever got close to understanding her. And yet, here she was. With what she recognized to be, a growing crush on this stranger. Of course. Of course she would get attached on one of the most dangerous and mysterious missions she has ever been on. An inner battle waged inside of her. She couldn’t deny the unwavering urge to get to know the blonde who smiled at her yesterday while everyone else stared with uncertainty. That the small smile she sent back alone was crazy in itself. But seeing the disappointment on her face forced something inside her. It doesn’t have to be love; she’s allowed to make friends. Friendship is a good thing anyway; she could use allies in this town. Lexa takes a deep breath and taps gently against the glass. The blonde’s head doesn’t pop up. Lexa frowns and taps again, slightly louder. This time, the girl’s head pops up but it’s frustrated, she mouth’s ‘quit it’ when her body stills, her eyes focused on Lexa’s soft hand resting on the window. Lexa leans in and breaths on the window, and with care writes with her finger ‘sorry’. Oh god what was happening to her?

Lexa watched her heart not beating as the blonde decided whether or not to accept her offer of… friendship? Is that what it was? She shook her head internally, and almost fell over in relief when the blonde’s hand touched the place where hers was on the window. Lexa ignored the urge she felt to hold the blonde’s hand. She waited for her to take her hand away first. When she did, the warmth
was back in her face and Lexa fought hard not to grin like an idiot at the sight. She focused back on her dirt equation.

They went back and forth, the stunning brunette showing a step and then Clarke replicating on her paper. It was a slow process, which Clarke loved dearly. When they finally reached the end, and Clarke actually understood how she got her answer she scoffed in disbelief. She actually did it. She couldn’t hide her proud glowing smile that she sent to the brunette, the brunette smiled back, unable to stop her betraying body. Clarke mouthed ‘thank you’, the other girl ducking her head as she did. She wanted so bad for there not to be a glass window between them. It was then that the brunette’s coach decided to pick up on her lack of activity, and Clarke glared hard at the shape of him through the window. And then, in the most beautiful and amazing thing ever, the brunette laughed. A small laugh, an amused laugh. It filled Clarke with a warmth she didn’t know she needed. The brunette shot her an apologetic look before getting up and running back to the field. She took a swig of her drink battle and glanced once more at Clarke. She offered one of her rarely seen smiles, and gave a shy wave. Clarke waved back.

Nothing else happened for the rest of the lesson, though she could barely think anyway. Her head was spinning with the thoughts of her second encounter of the fallen angel. Fallen angel? Clarke scolded herself for being such a dork.

Lexa finished her P.E class feeling lighter and better than she ever had in a long, long while.

Clarke didn’t have anything for lunch or recess. She drank water throughout the day but the slight burning in her throat never went away. Nothing else eventful happened, and her happy haze never went away which she was grateful for – at least her brain didn’t feel like being an asshole today. As the bell went signaling the end of lunch, and Clarke went off to prepare for her last period of the day, her eyes caught sight of a limping Raven.

“You right Reyes?” she asked, the worry in her increasing exponentially. Raven grinned like she always did.

“I’m good Griffin, I just ballsed up last night. I’ve learnt now not to play with dynamite.”

“Please God Raven tell me you’re kidding.” Raven grinned again. “Oh my god-“

“Hey I’m alive aren’t I? All is well.” She said, catching up to walk with the blonde. “No need to worry over me babe.” Raven drawled, mockingly draping her arm around Clarke’s shoulder. Clarke scoffed, shoving of it.

“Alright, it’s pretty damn clue you’re perfectly fine.”

“Oh how you wound me!” Raven wailed, the sarcasm dancing in the air. Clarke couldn’t stop herself from laughing.

“Shut up Reyes.” She chuckled. Raven hid her breath of relief from Clarke not questioning her any further.

“Never will.” She quipped. Clarke rolled her eyes, powering ahead of Raven. Smiling, she went to go catch up with her, trying her best to ignore the pain from her leg when she caught sight of the brunette hunter from yesterday, staring her down. She gulped. She stopped walking, staring right back at her. The hunter glanced between her and Clarke, a silent question. Raven almost snarled at the insinuation. She would never hurt Clarke, not for the world, she was her guardian if anything.
Her hackles rose and Raven slowly shook her head. To her surprise the hunter didn’t charge at her, didn’t pull out a stake and kill her right there and then. No, instead the hunter nodded at Raven. She nodded back. Unexpectedly the hunter went on like nothing happened, going on to catch up with her group of mates, the new kids it looked to be. Raven stumbled back a few steps. The hell just happened?

“Raven? You coming?” Clarke called, snapping her out of her thoughts. Raven snapped her head around. Guess she got a free pass from that hunter for saving her. She cast one last look at where the hunter once stood. There was something different about that one. With that she spun on her feet and caught up with Clarke.

Lexa finished her second day of school with such happiness inside of her it was overwhelming. That damn blonde. With years of training she managed to hide the brightness in her throughout the rest of the day in front of her hunters, for she needed to be the powerful the leader she was. But like always, Anya picked up on the slight changers in her younger sister. She held her tongue in front of the others; she would find out what it was later. The day trickled on, and eventually Lexa found herself training out in her backyard, training with her boxing bag. She couldn’t lie and say it wasn’t he favourite (and the most fun) activities she does everyday, right up there with sparring with her sister. She danced in expert timing around the red bag, mimicking dodges of punches from the defenseless bag and alternating with pounding it relentlessly. She went through her usual routine, her feet much jumpier than usual, her body a lot looser than usual. She even did something she hadn’t done since she was incredibly young; she made sound effects. With overdramatic whispered ‘pows’ and ‘boom’ Lexa danced her way through her workout, beads of sweat leaking from her forehead.

“…And she goes in for the kill, the crowd goes silent and-“ Lexa takes a few steps back dramatically, a maniac grin on her face. With an excited ‘woo!’ Lexa jumps at the boxing bag, flicking out her leg and hitting the target dead centre with her foot. “And she lands it perfectly!” Lexa shouts, throwing up her hands triumphantly. She fist pumps the air.

Anya watched her sister in awe. She was so… happy. The dirty blonde hid in the shadows, watching Lexa go through her usual routine. Except it wasn’t usual. There was a lot less technique in them, seriousness. Some were overdramatic as she muttered ‘pow’; some were simply way too relaxed. It reminded her a lot of her Lexa before the incident. Before Lexa was dragged into all of this, before she became such a big part of it. Anya sighs wistfully. Something had happened that obviously cheered her up. She worries it’s more than Lexa’s letting on. Anya watches Lexa finish her routine with a dramatic flying kick. She snickers, thankfully Lexa doesn’t hear. Sometime she forgets she’s still a kid. That they’re all kids. A legacy passed on through their parents that fell on to them, ancient traditions and rules that they were all forced to follow. Anya sighed. She hated to ruin this obviously enjoyable moment for her but they had a job here to do. Reluctantly she stalked out from the shadows, Lexa saw in her in an instant like she always does. She nodded in greeting.

“Anya.” She puffed, wiping her brow.

“Lex.” She greeted. Lexa began unwrapping her hands, Anya helped, unraveling the fabric carefully. “I have news from Gustus.”

Lexa sighed. “He’s not thinking of killing someone is he?”

“No, not yet,” Anya chuckled. “But he found Abby Griffin’s daughter, we can use her to get to Kane.” Lexa tensed, gripping Anya’s hand. She stopped untying the fabric, looking up into her darkened eyes.
“There is no need for this, we just need to talk to him.”

Anya’s gaze hardened. “He doesn’t take our authority seriously Lexa. He might interfere with our patrols.”

“Then we’ll warn him about it when we *talk* about it.” Lexa growled.

“Lexa, we’re not going to hurt anybody. We just need to talk to him. We can send fear in him if we just ask her to ask to meet up with her Dad, we need to show him his place *Heda*.” Anya reasoned. Lexa took a deep breath, ripping off the rest of the wrapping on her hands. She didn’t like this one bit but Anya *did* have a point, they need to establish their dominance here. They can’t wannabe hunters running around and endangering peoples lives, or even worse endangering Lexa’s peoples lives. When she thought like that she could see where Anya was coming from. She gave in.

“Fine,” she breathed. “Who’s the daughter?”

“Clarke Griffin.” Anya said, though there was no satisfaction of winning the argument in her voice. Lexa looked at her blankly.

“And? What does she look like?”

“Blonde, blue eyes, around your height-“

“Oh no.”

“-She was in that math class when we had track this morning.”

“Fuck!” Lexa cursed, running a hand through her tied up hair. “Shit.”

“What’s wrong?” Anya asked concern. Her sister’s reaction was weird, even for her. Lexa turned to her, a defeated and sad look in her eye.

“I think I know who she is.”

Chapter End Notes

this chapter was mainly set up and shit so be prepared for the shit to go a d-d-down next. Again, thank you for all the support holy fuck you guys are amazing! ill try write quicker but school has started back up here in australia and since im a lazy cunt i tend to ignore homework and later seriously regret it. anyway thank you for reading!

comments and kudos makes me write faster (please validate me)
For We All Pray The End Is Near

Chapter Summary

bc of my terrible planning skills shit does not indeed go down, thats next chapter (i hope so at least). I hope you guys enjoy this one and I would just like to say thank you so much for all the wonderful support! You guys are beyond amazing!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Octavia slammed the front door, refusing to acknowledge the shouts of protest from inside. She scoffed. Her brother always thought he knew everything, that she was ‘still his baby sister.’ Well, she was much more than that, and she is beyond fed up of being treated like a child. She huffed, kicking at the gravel path. She needed to show him how old she actually was. She was sixteen, he was eighteen, was there really that much of a difference? And she’s turning seventeen this year anyway; he barely counts for older brother. The brunette cast one last look at her house, the house she grew up in for her entire life. She’s not a child anymore, she’s not that scared kid with an abusive Dad. She’s not that pushing-down-the-stairs killer. She’s not that person anymore. That’s what she needed to prove to Bellamy. Octavia nodded to herself, spinning on her feet and heading down the street. Yes, she needed to show she could take care of herself (which she can) even if she has to make it painstakingly obvious.

A job. That’s what she needed, a part-time job. He can’t argue against that. Octavia grinned. Today she’s getting a job.

Doubling back to her house she pulled her sleek black bike out of the shed. Bellamy came outside, throwing up his hands in the air. Octavia scowled and walked faster to the front gate. As much as she hates Bellamy right now, she loves her Mum more, and she really does hate it when you ruin her lawn. Octavia stuck to the gravel path, which unfortunately, held a frustrated Bellamy.

“What are you doing O?” he said exasperated. Octavia kept walking, hugging her bike close. She pushed right past him, making him nearly stumble over. “Really O? Is that the level of maturity we’re at right now?”

“I’m heading into town.” She stated. She stopped for a moment, facing Bellamy with her best bitch face. “Don’t follow me.”

“O, come on just come back inside we can talk this out. I’m sorry for calling you a child.” He apologized. That made her steps faulter, the usual kindness seeping back into her. She gave him a much less harsher look.

“I need some fresh air Bell okay? I’ll be back for dinner.” She said. Bellamy sighed, knowing he wasn’t going to win this argument. At least he could compromise now.

“Okay,” he nodded defeated. “Can you at least bring your phone? Is it charged?”

“100%.” Octavia grinned, pulling out her phone and shaking it in the air. “I promise to call if I get
“Kidnapped.” Bellamy frowned.

“Don’t take the side streets.”

“Yes I know, don’t take the side streets, stay on public roads, don’t climb into a white van with an old guy offering candy, I got it.” She listed off, the warnings that she’s heard every day of her life easily slipping off her tongue. Bellamy didn’t appreciate the sarcasm.

“Just, be careful alright?”

“Yes sir.” She saluted. He shook his head, fighting the smile aching to pull at his lips. Octavia began heading for the front gate once more.

“Be back before six!” Bellamy called. Octavia flung him thumbs up, not turning around. “Do you have money with you, your myki? Do you have your—”

“Bell I swear to god if you list one more thing I’m coming back there and ripping out your balls.” Octavia threatened, still walking. Bellamy held his tongue. Mostly because he’s pretty sure she would do something at that level of intensity if he did. He settled for getting one last word in.

“Be wary of midgets, we don’t want another one mistaking you for a cousin!” he shouted grinning.

“Fuck you too!” Octavia called back, giving him the finger. Bellamy smiled and let her go, walking back inside. He really did have to learn to see her as the adult she was becoming, thing is, Octavia doesn’t know how much that scares him. He’s being forced to realize he won’t be around all the time to protect her like he always has. He sighed to himself. He really hopes she’s careful.

After getting through the front gate Octavia hopped on her bike, fishing out her phone and plugging in her headphones. Treading lightly down the empty road and skipping through her music she finally came across a song to listen too. Hitting play she let the music engulf her, to fill her with the courage and confidence she was going to need. Because no matter how much she tells herself she’s not nervous she is, she’s really not done anything like this before. She takes a deep breath, glancing down at the song name. Mumbling along to the words the brunette glides through the streets, standing up on her bike and letting the wind wash through her hair. She closed her eyes for a couple seconds. God, what she would do to be like this all the time, maybe even on a horse, just riding through planes upon planes of fields. The thought alone immediately relaxes her. She opened her eyes just in time to dodge an incoming car.

“Shit that was close,” she muttered. A laugh bubbles up from her throat. The universe was really fighting her wasn’t it? Paying more attention Octavia made her way towards the centre of the town, where she knows to be an information board up which hopefully has some jobs for offer. Living in a small town does have some benefits. With some fast pedaling she makes it in good time, her eyes catching sight of the town hall sign above. POLIS TOWN HALL it read. She grinned and slid off her bike, pulling it up to a free bike rack. Locking it up she secured her helmet as well as she went inside the ancient building. When she says ancient, she means ancient, the building has been here longer than the town itself. The oldies in the town say it used to be a ginormous tower but it got demolished in the 50s, now leaving a the standard not so humongous building in it’s place. Jumping two at a time on the stone steps she waltzed into the hall, mostly empty this time of day. It was a late Tuesday afternoon after all. Strolling up to the news board she scanned through all the flyers. She huffed. Most of them were useless. Ads for dog walking, a yoga group, baby-sitting offers and… hold on what’s that? Octavia squinted, stepping closer to the board. There, it looked to be another piece of paper was under the babysitting offers, which is very weird, because she distinctly remembers Harper putting that ad up, and when she did there was nothing there. Gingerly she moves the baby-sitting ad out the way, revealing another flyer. A flyer for a job. She scoffs in disbelief.
“Sneaky bastards…” she mumbles, reading through the fine printed letters. The ad was strange. It had very few words and if she’s being honest was looking to be kinda dodgy. It just said: **Recruitment for Hunters. Must have at least moderate to advanced fighting abilities, tracking training, basic healing knowledge; specialize in at least one weapon proficiency.** Octavia frowned. Maybe they were a hunting club? She couldn’t deny a part of her wasn’t interested. Growing up Bellamy and her were forced to do all types of fighting from their mother, probably because she wanted them to be able to defend themselves, so Octavia was pretty well versed in that. Tracking she can get the gist of she’s pretty sure, and she *always* did have a love for a machete. They sound like a pretty well versed group; they could probably teach her how to wield it properly. The brunette shrugs. Why not? What’s the worse that could go wrong?

Caris was about *this* close to falling asleep. Why did Indra even put her on the surveillance job? They all knew there was next to no chance that someone would willingly just *sign* up for the hunters, who would even do that? The pressure pad under the flyer took her God knows how long to set up and now it may not even be used. At all. She groaned. She was going to kill Echo for that stupid prank she made her do; Indra was not in the least bit impressed. At least *Heda* wasn’t there, or she would have gotten a much worse of a punishment. Caris leaned back in her old chair, the worn device wheezing as she did. She was about to close her eyes, enjoy some shuteye on this godforsaken job, when the computer beeped. She shot up like a meerkat.

“No joken wei” she breathed. Someone did it, someone actually did it. Excitement buzzed through her. She ran from her seat, falling over in the process. The scrawny blonde scrambled up to her legs. “Indra! Indra! Teik em laud, tromon-de! sen op gona!”

Octavia stepped out of the town hall, letting the beautiful sun warm her face as she did. There weren’t any other opportunities it seemed like on the board apart from that weird hunter’s thing so Octavia decided she should just grab a late lunch and head home. She sighed. She would do some more research when she got home. Heading over to her bike she crouched down to undo her lock, an undeniable feeling of defeat in her, though she tried to deny it. The second the lock fell limp, and she slipped it back into her pocket it was as if the air changed. She got up, frowning. Was she just being crazy? Trusting her gut she rustled through her bike bag, her fingers wrapping around the familiar metal. Taking a quick glance around she pulled the pocketknife out and pushed it into her back pocket. May be nothing, may be something. If there was one thing that their mother drilled into their brains it was ‘always be prepared.’ Getting on her bike Octavia set on her way to stop by a chicken grill, she searches through her pocket and as she does is surprised to find a twenty. She’ll get some for Bellamy too. Cycling through the streets in record speed she skids to a stop in front of the chicken grill. She glances around again. There, that change in atmosphere. She tensed, her hand wrapping around the retractable knife in her back pocket.

“Oh O you crazy bastard.” She mumbled, relaxing her grip. She shook off the feeling and went inside, happy to find no queue. She makes the order, sitting in a red plastic chair by the window. Her eyes never leave the outside. She stared at her bike most of the time; maybe she was just being paranoid about it because she just got it. Probably just her worried self panicking over it getting nicked. And yet, she couldn’t shake that stupid feeling off. She growls under her breath frustrated at her own antics. The time ticks by surprisingly fast. Octavia sat ridged in her seat, the shadows playing tricks on her eyes from staring at them for too long. She kept spotting things move, a rustle in the garbage, but she’s sure she’s just being paranoid once more. She shakes her head and slides off the chair, handing over the money to the cashier and grabbing the food. The smell alone has her stomach grumbling. “Be patient” she scolds.
She steps outside, the air much tenser out here. Again, she checks down the streets. It seemed like there was nothing up. Octavia huffed, hanging the plastic bag on the handlebars of her bike. Crouching she unlocks it and slips the golden lock into her bike bag. She saddles herself on the bicycle. “Stop being weird O and get home.” She mutters to herself. With a nod, she kicks off. Her bike glides smoothly for a good hundred metres, choosing to ride the pavement instead of the road. It was empty anyway.

Things went bad very fast.

Octavia felt something was up as she neared the corner of the street. She frowned. It was abnormally quiet, or at least it felt like. She sped up anyway. But as she did, she saw the guy jump out at her a second too late. He grabbed the back from the gap in the alleyway instantly flinging her off; though with her being Octavia she managed the snatch the food as he did. She landed with an oof, a breath of relief escaping her when no chips had escaped. She grinned only then to have someone pull at her lags, dragging her fully into the gap between the two buildings. “Oh fuck me,” she cursed. Whipping her head around her eyes locked on to a big guy. His face was covered in a mask, a black beanie that left holes for his eyes and mouth. Wriggling in his grip she managed to free one leg, the second she did she slammed it into his balls. He groaned, his grip slackening, but not letting go. Shit, she had to give him props. Luckily though, it was enough to let her escape his grip. She sprung to her feet, a primal excitement burning inside of her; she could never deny she didn’t love the thrill of a fight.

“I will kill you,” he growled. Octavia scoffed.

“Really? You’re that bored? You know, I heard video games help relax psychopaths. Maybe try GTA?” she grinned devilishly. To her surprise, he actually let out a muted chuckle. Within the next second he dived at her, catching her by surprise. Not enough though, as she managed to twist herself sideways. In the couple moments that he stumbled forward she charged at him, slamming him up against a wall. She punched him in the gut and as he doubled over she wrapped her hands around his neck, bringing it to her knee repeatedly. After the third hit, he shoved her backwards. Blood poured steadily from his nose.

“You-“

“Bitch? Creative.” She smirked. He didn’t laugh this time. She bent her legs slightly as he did as well. “Who are you?” she questioned, the usual sarcasm gone.

“The last person you’ll ever see.”

“Mate I know you got a name.” She huffed. “Let’s hear it.” His eyes hardened. “Oh? Were you not given a name? Are you like some born and trained assassin with like a barcode for a name?”

“You talk too much.” He muttered low.

“Got that right,” she snickered. “Though, you’re not going to be able to talk at all soon.”

He snickered back. “And why’s that kid?”

Her veins burned like fire. She felt that deadly coldness trickle inside of her, a part of fighting to not let it, the other relishing. “I’m not a kid” she snarled. He was mid-chuckle when in speed that shouldn’t be human she reached into her back pocket, flicked out the knife and threw it into his gut. He stumbled back shocked, his eyes burning fury as he looked up. Well, they were burning fury until he saw the girl charging at him with a cold gleam in her eye. He gulped, preparing to defend. Octavia charged at him in those precious seconds, something exploded inside of her, and it pushed her to jump mid-air and flick out her leg. And with accuracy she didn’t know she had, her foot
landed exactly where the pocketknife hit. It shoved through his body as he fell to the ground. He groaned, blood leaking from his mouth as he lay on the dirty floor. Octavia waltzed up to his body, pushing her foot against his face. It wasn’t no combat boot but vans would have to do.

“I will ask again, who are you?” she demanded, pushing harder against his face. He coughed, spitting red to the ground. And then, unexpectedly, he laughed. Octavia frowned, anger rising inside of her from his lack of fear.

“It doesn’t matter, you’re a dead girl for nearly killing me.” He snickered.

“Who said I’ll let you alive?” she growled, grinding his face against the cement ground with her foot.

“You will if you know what’s best for you,” he grunted out.

“Well, lucky for you,” she muttered, crouching. She ripped off his mask and grabbed his face, facing it to her. “I don’t.” He squinted confused, while Octavia grinned. She looked down to the pocketknife lodged deep into his stomach. “You know, you seem pretty lucky that it didn’t hit anything vital. You probably shouldn’t move a muscle, literally.” She looked back at him curiously. “But, it is my knife isn’t it?” His eyes widened. “I’ll need it back.”

“Wait no-“ his voice was cut off with a roar of agony. Octavia dug her hand into the hole the knife left.

“Who are you!” she yelled, pushing her hand deeper. He screamed again. “Answer me!”

“He won’t though your efforts are impressive.” A deep feminine voice said. She spun her head around, her eyes landing on a chocolate skinned woman who even she had to admit, had a scary vibe.

“And you are?” Octavia panted. The man groaned loudly again and the brunette grew tired, she leaned close to him. “This may a hurt a bit.” With that, she wrapped her hands around the knife inside of him, and pulled it out with one swift motion. Her hands were laced in blood. She glanced back to the mysterious woman who was… smiling?

“I see potential in you… what was your name again?” she asked, as if oblivious to man bleeding out in front of her.

“Octavia,” she muttered. She gave the dying man one last glance. “Do you know him?”

“He’s one of mine, yes.” She said calmly. Octavia’s eyes widened, her stance instantly shifting. The woman smirked. “And no, I don’t care that you almost killed him. He’s not one of my particular favourites, I’ll make sure he’s taken care of by Niyko anyway.”

“Who are you?” Octavia asked again. The woman wasn’t being particularly threatening but she’s pretty sure that she could turn on her at any moment.

“I’m Indra. I train new recruits.”

“Recruits for?”

“The hunters, I believe you signed up for us yes?” she said playfully. Octavia almost stumbled back a few steps. What the hell? How did they even get here so quick? Did that mean that he’s part of the hunters, was this some type of fucked up initiation? She couldn’t stop the chuckle of disbelief from her lips.
“Was this some type of… test?” she inquired, daring to walk closer to the Indra. Indra nodded. “Did I pass?” Octavia smiled. Indra nodded again.

“Do you know what we do Octavia?” she asked, watching but not moving as the girl wiped her bloodied hands on her jeans then lean down to pick up her bag of food. She flipped it open casually and munched on a chip. Indra raised a single brow.

“What? I’m hungry. Oh and no, I don’t. I just figured you guys were like a hardcore duck hunting group or something.” She said offhandedly. That made Indra scoff, which was very surprising. She may actually like this girl.

“We hunt monsters Octavia. Vampires.”

“Wait wha-“

“Our people run back generations upon generations, protecting innocents for hundreds of years. They are real Octavia, and they are a real threat. If you do choose to join us you cannot tell anyone you love or know of your new alliances. We wish to be subtle where possible. You can hide great numbers when you don’t flaunt your title.” Indra explained. Octavia stared at her open mouthed. Was this woman for real? Because last time she checked vampires weren’t running around cities sucking blood and killing people. She was just about to walk away when a thought hit her.

“That girl, the one that was killed a couple days ago. The one they’re saying is an animal attack is that…” she felt too weird to finish her sentence.

“Yes, that was a vampire attack. Though, we call them nightwalkers. Vampires are a name that human’s use.” Indra finished. Octavia nodded in understanding. She took a few steps back, her mind racing with a million thoughts per second. Bellamy would probably kill her if she did this, because let’s say hypothetically that yes, vampires exist, then she would be putting herself in constant danger. But Bellamy didn’t understand what she could do, how strong she actually was. This would prove it to him, though she won’t tell him, if he does find out this will prove it to him. And more importantly, it will prove it to herself. Octavia sighed while running a hand through her hair, staining it red. She locked eyes with Indra’s intimidating gaze.

“When do I start?”

Indra grinned.

***

Clarke was feeling terrible. Two days in and she was already starting to regret this ‘rebel against Mum don’t take medicine’ thing. It was like she was constantly thirsty; a burning in her throat that never went away but only grew, no matter how much water she drank. And, after being pointed out by Raven, apparently her attitude wasn’t doing too well in the polite department. It was Thursday now and Clarke sat tapping at her desk, her nails digging into the plastic. Tap, tap, tap. She tried to focus on the sound. She gave up on trying to concentrate on the lesson a while ago; it just seemed so oddly… pointless. Like it was meaningless, like there were just so many other things she wanted to do. The most annoying thing though, she didn’t know what. The beautiful brunette who she tells herself that she doesn’t think about (she does) hasn’t been around lately. At lunches she could never spot her through the crowd, and when she did she never looked her way. She pretended it didn’t hurt. Clarke let her head relax, just letting it stare up at the ceiling. The blank, white, dead ceiling. It made her weirdly claustrophobic. She squinted, trying to focus closer on the odd feeling. The more she stared up at the artificial light the more she felt it, the blatant unease. Vertigo started to consume her, and she quickly brought her gaze back to the front, but it wasn’t enough. The unease morphed
into panic. Why was her entire body screaming to get out? She took a deep breath to try and calm her but it did nothing, like air didn’t even affect her. Trying to hide her panicking eyes she snapped onto the window. There, the trees. The tiniest wave of calm lapped at her.

It was like she forgot all about class, all about timetables and assignments. She just wanted to be out there, close to the dirt, the earth. She didn’t know why, and she would be questioning herself if the pull weren’t so damn powerful. She notices now she was leaning towards the window. She forcefully pulls herself back. The panic was changing into an aching pain now, like her body was downright outraged she hadn’t listened to it yet. It started in her feet, climbing it’s way up her angry bones, seeping into her muscles and tightening them. It felt like something foreign but familiar was doing it, like something else. Her hands dug deep into the table, Clarke biting her lip to hold back her groans of pain. It was growing. She cast one last fleeting glance to the window.

All because she stared too long at the ceiling. She really was an idiot. She sighed, giving into herself. She almost heard a whoop of joy from her body. Her hand shot up without her permission. Mr. Jaha turned to her surprised, noticing that Clarke seemed to be much more quiet than usual. It was good she was asking questions again.

“Yes Clarke?” he said. Her legs were already bouncing up and down, excited and scared. Clarke felt like she was going to throw up if she didn’t get out the soon, the walls loomed over her vision.

“Can I go to the bathroom sir?” she asked, her hand shaking, mentally cursing herself. Jaha sighed disappointed, nodding his head hung low. A grin fought its way onto her lips, which Clarke promptly shut down. Whatever weird cravings was going on with her, she wasn’t going to let her body get her in any more trouble than she needed to be. She slipped out of the room in a blink, she didn’t question it; she always was a fast runner. Getting out of the classroom calmed her nausea that then proceeded to sky-rocket as now she was in a narrow hall.

“Oh fuck me,” she growled. Before she could even think of the right way to go her body was moving, a magnetic pull guiding her to wherever she just knew she needed to go. At first she walked, trying to feign nonchalance if any passersby noticed her but that soon changed into an awkward not-quite-jogging into a flat out sprint. The walls edged closer, threatening to crush her under their weight. She almost wanted to shout at them, to tell them to back off. But, she had a string of sanity left, so she didn’t. Clarke skidded round a corner, somehow not falling over, and burst through the front doors to the field. The second the doors opened she collapsed onto the grass below, anchoring her to this world. Even though she felt like an invisible force was pressing on her lungs, she wasn’t puffing. She wrote it off to adrenaline. Her eyes snapped upwards towards to the forest in front her. Her bones roared at her, begging her to get closer to it. She ran.

With no guide, no direction, not even an aim she just ran, the pull she couldn’t explain becoming bigger and bigger the closer she got. Electricity sparked through her veins and with speed she didn’t know she had she stumbled into the towering trees. All the tension, all the pain, the panic disappeared. A distant sense of euphoria circled around her. She always did love nature. The burn in her throat was worse now but she tried to ignore it. Closing her eyes, she breathed in.

It was nothing short of amazing. Clarke laughed, the sound so pure the leaves themselves grinned. She ran her hands through the fading grass; the short stalks begging for water from the skies above. She pushed into the ground with her hand; going so deep that earth itself engulfed it. Her eyes shut instinctively and without her knowing she purred, a beautiful sensation that tickled her dry throat. Her eyes fluttered open a while later, it could have been just a minute, it could have been ten, she didn’t know. She couldn’t explain it but… she just felt so at peace. The wind changed and a different part of her kicked in, hard.
She shot upward, her eyes wide open, her hands spread out like claws.

That smell, that metallic tang that for some reason never left her mind. She sniffed again. Yes, it was definitely there. Blood. Excitement sang through her veins. She wanted to find it, to find where it was. She didn’t know why but she just knew had too, like it would be unthinkable not too. A barrage of forgotten instincts flooded her.

She crouched low, and followed the scent in the air. Quick and fast, stick to the trees. The thought thrummed through her, though she couldn’t place its origin. Oddly, she knows that it hers, that she thought it and drilled it into her mind but; she has no clue when. A coldness envelops her. She instantly shakes it off, hating the feeling of dread in her skin. Focusing on the strangely addicting scent she slips through the swaying forest, the bird’s chirps so loud as if they’re right next to her. Actually, everything seems to be amplified. She can hear the crunch in her step, the rustle in the leaves and the… wait no, she couldn’t hear her breaths. The scent of blood is lost. Is she not breathing? The urges that she felt before have disappeared, as if they were finally sated, for now, leaving Clarke wobbling back a few steps. She put her hand in front of her face, waiting for the breaths to hit her skin. To tell that no, you are just being crazy.

They don’t come.

Fear trickles up her spine. She tries to take a breath, and she does. She can breathe? She imitates taking normal breaths, imagining how slow or fast they would be. And they come, the forced breathing feels natural and normal. But when she stops, there’s no gasping for air, there’s no panic for a breath.

There’s nothing. Now Clarke was really scared. If she doesn’t breathe then…

Clarke very hesitantly places her hand on her chest, praying that she’ll hear the beat of her heart. She mumbles prayers to the God she doesn’t believe in.

“Please.” She whispered. Her hand was just about to reveal her answer when a sudden snapping of a twig had her whipping her head around. Her entire body tensed, she felt her hackles raise only to then completely slack. Raven. The Latina grinned.

“What up Griffin?” she chirped.

“The hell you doing here?” Clarke breathed, though she now noticed that it was forced, like it was habit. It was just a habit, not actually needed. The unease boomed through her once more.

“Got bored,” Raven shrugged. “I love coming out here when I do and noticed that you had beat me to it.”

“Wait you like it out here as well?” Clarke asked. Raven tensed, for less then second, the motion gone as quick as it came. Clarke barely caught it, but she did.

“Yeah, can’t say no to some bomb-ass trees,” she smirked, waltzing up to stand next to Clarke. She gazed in the direction the blood was coming from, lingering for a moment before facing Clarke.

“Please don’t tell me you mean like actual bombs Reyes.” Clarke winced; dreading to think of what Raven could do to a poor innocent forest like this one.

“Hey, I don’t hurt live things, you know that.” Raven defended. Clarke just looked at her, making Raven huff throwing up her arms. “Okay fine so one time I didn’t, not my fault that bastard said that I was a stupid girl with a tongue that will never land her any man!” Raven puffed.
“Raven you burnt down his house from his toaster.” Clarke deadpanned. She waved her off.

“Who has an electric toaster? The thing had a wifi connection, you honestly expect me not to exploit that?”

“Well I guess it’s on me for assuming you wouldn’t it.”

“See,” Raven grinned. “You’re getting it now.” She said, patting her back.

“You’re crazy Reyes,” Clarke said, giving her the finger. Raven returned her gesture with an overdramatic bow.

“Loud and proud.”

“I’m leaving, I don’t think I can stand your presence much longer.”

“Oh don’t say that, I was just about to spring my surprise on you!”

“Oh? And what’s that?” Clarke scoffed, cocking a brow.

“The surprise…” Raven stepped closer, creeping right up to her ear. “Of my wit.” She whispered, slapping her on the back of the head.

Now, in hindsight, Clarke really had no clue why she did what she did what next. It was an instinct that she didn’t know she had, but burnt through her veins like a bushfire, begging for release. Clarke grabbed Raven’s wrist, twisted it, and shoved her backwards aggressively, her stance shifting all within a heartbeat. Raven stumbled stunned. Clarke’s eyes widened, the hell did she just do? Her shaky steps pressed into the impressionable dirt as she edged backwards.

“Raven I-“

“No, no it’s okay” Raven interrupted worriedly. Why was Raven worried? Wasn’t she the one that accidently went all karate on her ass?

“But I just-“

“No, no it’s fine, I’m completely fine, not a single scratch, I’m okay,” she rambled, running up to her but being careful not to get too close. It was like there was some invisible line that she knew was there, because there was a strange nagging feeling in the back of head whenever she edged to near, but then she’d step back, and the feeling would disappear.

“Raven I’m so sorry,” Clarke finally got out. How could she hurt her best friend like that? Guilt gnawed at her, as if a physical creature that was chewing at her flesh and bone. Raven’s face softened, her eyes calming her somehow. When Raven was this close, only a few metres from her, there was something else Clarke could sense. She cocked her head to the side, squinting, oblivious that Raven was quite literally right there and could see her. She tried to look closer, but it was like looking at something that was quite there, like trying to catch a still image of a speeding car. Every time she tried to focus on it, she’d just miss it.

“Clarke?” Raven questioned, the sound lost to her. Her curiosity spilled into her guilt, wiping it away. It probably should worry her, but she was so caught in trying to decipher this thing that wasn’t quite there. It entranced her. She stepped closer, and as she did the burning in her throat increased tenfold. She reached out her hand, her fingers touching Raven’s neck.

“So cold…” she mumbled. Her fingers trailed down the slope of the bronze skin.
“Clarke stop,” Raven croaked, her voice hoarse. Clarke got closer, and then she could finally see it, the thing she was trying so hard to find. Raven’s neck seemed to glow red, and underneath it she could see the pathways lined below, the blood flowing freely through the passageways. They called to her. The world faded completely from her view. She tested the skin, pressing her fingers against it though she didn’t really have a reason why. Her mind was in a daze, so intently focused on this artwork of red lines.

“It’s beautiful,” she muttered distantly, getting even closer. She gently pushed Raven’s head to the side so she could see the hypnotizing network better. She wanted to get close to it, she wanted to touch it. Clarke was oblivious to internal struggle that was raging inside of Raven.

“Stop Clarke, you need to-“

“Shhh,” she mumbled. Raven stopped talking and she hated herself for it. This was bad, very, very, fucking bad. She didn’t know why this was happening though she knew she’d have to deal with it one day. Though she thought that was going to happen when they camping and they somehow ended up trapped under a mountain or something. She fought against her thrall but she was strong, and even if she was doing it unintentionally Raven still had to use every strand of will power she had. It had been a long time since she had had to do this; ironically it was Clarke who had forced her to learn how to fight it long ago. She was extremely grateful Clarke had made her, even if she really hated it. If there was one thing Raven hated more than anything it was being helpless, and the worst part was the idea of it was worryingly alluring. Clarke crept closer, her eyes completely black and focused on her exposed neck. She tried to move her head in her the way but Clarke would very softly push it back, it was enough to stop her. She took a deep breath, trying to force words out of her clamped mouth.

“Clarke,” she grunted out. “We have school, think about school.”

“School…” she smiled, though her eyes were still clouded over. “What’s in those lines?” she asked, cocking her head to the opposite side. Raven’s eyes widened panicked. Oh Jesus Christ almighty. Play it cool Reyes she told herself.

“Clarke, we are going to be late to school. To class. To your friends, your work, to lunch.”

“To lunch…”

“Oh great choice of words Reyes.” She grumbled to herself. She shook her head, trying to align her thoughts. Her head was hazy, and she knew was very close to losing her last bit of control. “Clarke, Abby needs to talk to you.” A flash of recognition flashed in her soulless eyes. Raven almost shouted in joy. “Remember Abby? Your mother? Your-“

“Don’t talk about her.” Clarke growled. Like, really growled. The hostility startled her, it also scared her. She was spurring Clarke to think of all the wrong things. She would slap herself if she could move her arms. The anger was brief thankfully, and the usual daze returned to her. Well, at least that’s something. The vampire moved around the dark haired girl, looking to see if it was different from behind. She edged closer.

Raven could feel her breath on her neck. She was about to try and shake her off when an unusually warm hand scrapped down the soft skin her neck, a thin of blood revealing itself. Logically, she knew her hand wasn’t warm; it was just because she was nearly under her thrall but... oh fuck this to hell and back. She had seconds, minutes if she was seriously stretching until her instincts would make her give in. Her and Clarke both. Frantically she looked around her, she needed a distraction, anything at all that could divert Clarke’s attention. The second she has that, she can slip out of her hold. Easier said than done. But then, she spotted something, and the relief that flooded her was
overwhelming. Raven realized if she was going to do this she’d have to use every last bit of her will power. If this fails, then she won’t be able fight Clarke’s thrall. Fucking shit this was not going to end well. Raven forced herself a deep breath out of habit, after years of doing it around Clarke it actually worked to calm her. She opened her eyes, and with a quiet ‘fuck it’, she kicked her leg.

Clarke frowned when Raven moved, she didn’t want to her move. When she moved she couldn’t see the pathways in her neck, she needed her still. She grabbed her on her shoulder, as if to balance her. Raven slacked in her soft grip. A primal part of her growled happily at that. The thin trail of blood she made before caught her undivided attention again, and her throat burned like lava. Pain erupted from her stomach, as if furious that it hadn’t been given what it wanted. But what did it want? She had eaten this morning hadn’t she? It snapped at her, urging her to hurry up. The red pathways pulsed and she wanted so badly to touch them, to feel them, to… taste them. She wanted to taste them, the beast in her cheered. Clarke took a deep drag of the scent of the red, and her head swam. Maybe if she could just break the skin, after all, she doesn’t want to hurt Raven.

“This won’t hurt,” Clarke assured. Raven hummed. A deep, deep and buried instinct climbed its way to the surface, blinking in the foreign light. It had been a long while since it had been called. It was inches from breaking the surface, when a loud smack startled them both.

The noise was enough for Clarke to lose her concentration and Raven took the opportunity greedily. She collapsed to the ground, and dragged herself as far as she could until her back hit a tree. Her head was still dizzy, and she couldn’t deny the slight calling she had to go back to Clarke but she could control it now. It was small enough now. She chuckled in disbelief.

“Too close, way too close,” she muttered to herself. She was worried for a moment in her heavy head that her kick had missed, and that her shot at trying to knock the two rocks sitting together missed. But thankfully it seemed, the slam of the rock toppling over was enough.

Clarke jumped when the rock hit the ground. Her steps were shaky. The red pathways were gone, Raven was gone… where did she go? She shook her head. Wait, why did she care, what was she just doing? Her confused blue eyes finally found the dark brunettes, seeing theirs to be mostly relief – and a hint of fear. She felt a tug toward Raven but ignored it, feeling quite weird. Why did she feel so out of it? She swayed on her feet for a few moments until she found her balance, the haze of mind ever so slowly lifting. The earth itself felt off, like she had lost a connection to it.

Raven watched her best friend’s eyes revert back to blue. She smiled, not being able to help herself. Some of the stubborn hazy parts of her brain lingered but most of it has lifted, and she felt a thousand times better being in control of her own skin. Though she guesses there was calmness about it. She immediately dismisses the thought.

“Clarke?” Raven asked. Clarke jumped, hearing her name bringing her forcefully back to reality. Raven pulls herself up; she doesn’t get too close to Clarke though. She sticks close to the tree. “Are you okay?”

“I…” she fumbled on her words. “My head is weird.”

“It’s going to be okay,” Raven soothed, daring a step forward. Clarke’s head doesn’t snap onto her like a bloodhound so she takes that as a good sign. “I think it’s best that we get home though.” Raven suggests. Clarke nods dumbly, still very confused and very foggy headed. She gave her a soft smile. “Don’t worry Griff, I won’t let anything happen to you.” But it seemed as if the world was against her, because it was at this particular moment the universe itself decided to test Raven’s promise. Because there, storming their way up to them, was a teacher. Mr. Jaha. Raven groaned, thanking at least what God was looking out for her and made sure that Clarke’s back was against the fuming teacher. It didn’t last for long though, because just like she said before, her hungry gaze
snapped to his like a bloodhound. Raven burst in to action, standing protectively between Clarke and
the grouchy English teacher. Morally, she should probably question whether she should protect
someone who was inches away from killing her but loyalty and friendship are a funny thing. They
can cause hell when combined.

“Miss Griffin, Miss Reyes.” He huffed. He glared at them, though Raven outstretched her arms,
trying to keep Clarke behind her. She could hear the tiny growls under the blonde’s breath. Once
again, this was very bad. No rest for the wicked right?

“Mr. Jaha.” She grinned, offering her trademark Reye’s swagger. “What a pleasant surprise seeing
you here!”

“Cut the bull Raven. What are you doing out here?” he sighed, obviously more annoyed than
anything. Raven gulped.

“Well my friend here Clarke…” she said slowly, very slightly giving him a view of her. She instantly
snapped back to her original position. “Was feeling claustrophobic. She panicked, running out here
and I saw her sprint down the hall so I went to go check on her.” Raven explained, what she hoped
to be mostly the truth. He sighed, rubbing his eyes. He then started to stare at them as if considering
what he should actually do. Clarke grew restless behind her, and Raven started to hold her back,
hiding the grunts of effort. She could hear the words under Clarke’s breath, barely her own. ‘Mine,
hungry, mine.’ Raven was glad that at least Clarke had the self control to keep her voice quiet and
not be raging like a mad men. Jaha kept staring at them, stroking his beard. Raven was about this
close to just punching him and making break for it, because that would end up being less messy then
a half wound up vampire and human. After what seemed like a century, he gave in with a big huff.

“Fine, get your asses back in class. Now.” He ordered, pointing behind him and towards the school.
Raven bit back her relief.

“Thank you sir, but I would like to take Clarke home. She’s not feeling well.”

“Is that so Clarke?” Mr. Jaha questioned. Raven almost let Clarke loose just out of annoyance. She
probably shouldn’t. Probably.

Clarke didn’t say anything, her eyes deadlocked on him; more particularly the glowing red of his
neck. She wanted to look at hers like she did with Raven. His glowed brighter, and called to her, just
begging to be toyed with. Raven adjusted her stance, better holding back the restless vampire.

“As you can see, she’s not doing to well.” Raven finished for him, not waiting on Clarke’s reply.
Jaha lingered a moment longer, and Raven was honestly about to just give up on trying to keep him
alive when he sighed and spun on his heel.

“I better see you back at school Raven once Clarke is home. Her home can take care of her.”

“Yes sir.” Raven said, a wide grin on her face. She waited until he was at least out of a direct line of
sight before she finally let go of Clarke. She turned back around to face her. “Now, we’re going to
go home and pretend this never happened alright?”

“What?” Clarke said dazed. Raven merely gave her one of her trademark grins, patting her on the
back.

“No worries Griffin you’re in safe hands.” She urged Clarke forward, the opposite way of Jaha. “I
hope so.” Raven muttered under her breath.
side note: a myki is like a train, bus, tram card typa thing. like that oyster card shit brits have, its the aussie version

Translations hell yeah
No joken wei - No fucking way (no clue what way was so i made it up, if any of you know feel free to tell me)
Indra! Indra! Teik em laud, tromon-de! sen op gona! - Indra! Indra! Sound the horn! Send the warrior!
But Everything Can Be Solved In Three Steps

Chapter Summary

indra is secretly a soft mama bear, lexa is so gay its embarrassing and i keep going off on tangents

Chapter Notes

Thank you for all the support it is fucking crazy!! Thanks to each and every one of you who has given this story a chance, you are all real damn dandy. also I apologise for the late update, as a reward heres 14 fucking k. ive made sure to put in clexa fluff and at the end, i just wanted to have fun so forgive me alright im human (also theres probably an ungodly amount of typos in this sorry)

but i do hope you enjoy, and if you did like it please leave a comment and kudos as i need constant validation (insert heart here)

Raven guided Clarke home, taking her in her car so they wouldn’t have to deal with any more humans. Sure, she knew Clarke was just about under control now but she didn’t want to take any risks. Raven kept her eyes on the road but peeked every now and again at her best friend. The blonde kept staring out the car window, resting her head on her hand. She only looked out, never once back at Raven. She didn’t try to start a conversation, or even just blow up about what the hell just happened which, if Raven’s being honest, was her biggest fear right now.

She has no idea what to say if Clarke does that.

What can she even say? Not the truth, but not the lie that they’ve been sticking with for years. She’d need to come up with something else that somehow connects and fits with all the rest of this shit just to give the illusion to Clarke, that she understands what’s going on. Yeah, there really ain’t a high chance of that happening. The tired girl sighed, running a hand through her hair. She still didn’t know if she was going to tell Abby or not. In the back of her mind she was worried that Abby would start putting two and two together, that maybe, just maybe, Clarke was starting to remember. And if she worked that out, then they would take away her memories again. Would they be forced to move? Raven shivered at the thought. What would she do without that annoying little blonde by her side?

“Clarke? You okay?” Raven said softly. Clarke didn’t react. “Grif?”

“You ever think about the sheer amount of people there are? Of how many there actually are in this world?” Clarke pondered, still looking out the car window. Raven glanced at her worryingly.

“What you mean?”

“Just… there’s so many…” she mumbled. Raven didn’t like the hint of longing in her voice.
“You are one of them Clarke.” Raven reminded. “Why you going all weird third person on me?”

“Can we stop for a bit? Just to talk to someone. I want to ask about someone’s life, all the choices they’ve made, who they are—”

“No.” Raven interrupted, her tone firm. Clarke frowned.

“But I want—”

“No Clarke, you heard me. We’re nearly home, we’ll talk there.” Raven instructed, hoping that that was that. But of course, it never was. The blonde finally turned in her seat, staring right at Raven. The dark skinned brunette could feel her gaze on her, piercing into her skin like a blade. She was definitely not liking this reminder of the past, especially when she couldn’t make the snarky remarks she wanted too. And as much as she just wanted to grab her best friend’s shoulders and scream at her about her lust for blood she just couldn’t… the stupid damn stakes were too high. She gripped tighter to the wheel. “What do you remember about what happened in forest?” she questioned, daring a look at Clarke. She almost swerved off the road. Clarke was staring at her, hard, with what she could sense to be anger and frustration. Jesus Christ it was like dealing with an upset child. Well, except the child could rip your throat out.

“Not much.” She muttered, and Raven knew there to be a cold gleam in her eye. Wow she was not counting on her being so hostile. Although, she guesses she did basically dangle a carrot on a stick in front of her. She couldn’t talk about this here, not with the possibility of Clarke pouncing on her for no reason in the middle of the road.

“We’ll talk at home.” Raven reaffirmed. Clarke nodded back, slowly.

“I guess we will.” Clarke replied. After what Raven could feel to be a few more lingering seconds of Clarke’s death stare, she finally turned back to the window. If she weren’t so tense she would have breathed a breath of relief. Not that it would have helped. Damn she’s been around human’s too long. ‘Please not let Abby be home.’ Raven prayed.

For once, it seemed like the Gods answered her because, for some wonderful reason, Abby wasn’t home even it was her day off. Raven pulled into the Griffins driveway, the gravel crackling as the small car eased its way in. Pulling the hand brake Raven cut off the engine and sat back in her seat with a puff.

“Home sweet home.” She grinned. Clarke didn’t smile back. Raven nodded awkwardly and slid out the car, careful not to slam the door too hard. There was no need to get Clarke any more amped up than she needed to be. Standing for a while she noticed Clarke hadn’t gotten out of the car. “You coming blondie?” she called. The girl stared back at her, her eyes not her own. Yup, she really was dealing with a psychopathic child who could kill her in a heartbeat. Raven sighed. “Clarke I swear to god—”

“I’m coming.” She mumbled incredibly quietly, Raven only hearing her because of her supernatural hearing. It sounded much more like Clarke, like she was fighting an inner battle between her humanity and the beast inside of her. That’s a good sign right? They made their way to the door, Clarke trailing behind with a deadly grace. Raven tried her best to ignore her and her instincts to just straight up tackle her to the ground.

“You got a key?” she asked, testing the knob to see if it was unlocked. It wasn’t.

“No, since you basically just dragged me straight here.” Clarke deadpanned. Raven smiled, a real one, glad that her friend was finding her way back. Even if it did mean that the emotions would start
barreling in soon. You see, the great thing about vampires is that they do tend to have a one track mind when they get into ‘feast mode’ as Raven likes to call it as they only focus on one thing. She’s pretty sure Clarke will blow up at her soon in a midst of confusion, anger and god knows what else. She swallowed down her own fears and reached for the secret spare key spot. Under the plant pot. Raven is still baffled how they don’t get robbed twenty-four seven. The key clicked into place and Raven swung open the door, tucking the key back neatly in its ‘secret’ hiding place.

“Ladies first,” she grinned, holding the door open. Clarke scoffed at her and waltzed in. Taking a deep breath and mumbling a prayer to the lord Raven followed in after her, watching Clarke stop directly in the middle of the room. Raven frowned, walking up to her. “Are you alright? Oh shi-“

Clarke shoved Raven backwards, watching the girl stumble only a few steps. Clarke clenched her fists, trying to calm herself down. But, it didn’t work. A flame lit up inside of her, one that had been smothered the second she got in that car. There were only three words racing in her mind, only three words that she’d think every time she’d even glimpse back at what had happened in the past hour or so.

“What the fuck Raven? What the actual fuck was that?” she growled.

“What do you mean?” Raven stammered. Clarke chuckled coldly.

“You know damn well.” Clarke snapped.

“No, I don’t!” Raven snapped back. Raven hated the position she was in. She couldn’t say anything in case Clarke hadn’t thought of it and would get her a step closer to figuring out the truth, so she was left awkwardly hanging off the edge. She could only start trying to explain when she had all the information. She inwardly groaned. “Clarke, tell me what happened.”

“Why don’t you tell me Reyes? Since you suddenly decided to take me home.”

“You were… acting weird I thought you just needed some time to relax. I was worried that you were sick.”

“Was?”

“Am, I am still worried you’re sick.” Raven quickly said, wanting so much to slap herself or Clarke. Any would do right now. “You went all light headed and started rambling.”

“Oh really? Is that what happened?”

“I don’t know! You tell me!” Raven breathed frustrated, flinging out her arms. Clarke scoffed, storming out into the kitchen. Raven groaned, almost rolling her eyes into the back of her head. “Clarkee.”

“I’m thirsty. My throat is burning.” Clarke snapped. Raven eyes widened, quickly catching up next to the blonde. She was mid-swing of the fridge door.

“Have you taken your meds today?” Raven asked concerned. Clarke hid her fear surprisingly easily. Instead, a strange anger worked it’s way up her arms, leaving them shaking. She gripped tight on the fridge door, the material creaking under the pressure. The thought of meds took her back to her Mum, and it seemed that no matter the situation the mere thought of her burns her straight down to her core.

“Yes.” She ground out. She let go of the fridge door, slamming it shut. Clarke thundered back into the living room, not noticing the handprint shaped dent in the fridge door.
“Are you bloody kidding me,” Raven muttered, staring wide-eyed at the dent. Abby is not going to like to somehow replace that without Clarke’s knowing. As if the thought alone brought her back, Clarke stormed back to Raven. Panicking, she jumped in front of the fridge.

“Tell me what happened out there Raven.” She demanded, eyeing her down coldly. Once again, Raven was cornered, figuratively and metaphorically.

“You tell me what happened out there, I already told you what I saw.” Raven told her, trying her best to obscure Clarke’s view of the fridge. Clarke stepped closer.

“That’s the thing, the only thing I can remember is you and…” her words faltered. “Those lines.” She finished, though her voice shook. Clarke tried not to think about them, she had to focus on the present. Shit, why did they capture her attention like that?

“Clarke, focus on me okay, focus on why you left for the forest. Why did you run out?” Raven questioned, trying to catch Clarke while she was dazed. It didn’t work.

“How about you tell me how you conveniently turned up as well, some how knowing exactly where I was?” Clarke countered.

“I-I just needed to get outside, I didn’t mean to run into you,” Raven stuttered. Oh Christ almighty was this not going to plan. A very bad idea popped into her head, and she hated herself that of course it was her who thought of it. Sure, it was morally wrong but in this situation she had to do whatever it took to make sure Clarke didn’t find out. Or you know, accidently kill her. “Listen just, can we calm down for a moment? Have some tea or some shit?” Raven sighed, running a hand through her hair. Clarke stared at her with a predatory glare that would make most men shit their pants. Raven wasn’t phased though. They sat in a staring contest, Raven forcing Clarke to back down. It was probably the stupidest thing to do considering how stubborn Clarke was, and how much of an alpha she was. Very, very, reluctantly, Raven looked away hoping that Clarke would listen to her. Raven almost laugh in shock when Clarke relaxed and walked over to the kettle to boil the water. “Thanks.”

“You’re lucky I’m thirsty.” Clarke grumbled, not breaking eye contact as she flicked on the water and reached up to grab two mugs. Raven nodded.

“What tea you want?” Raven asked, cautiously stepping towards her. But the ingredient she was looking for she knew wasn’t in the tea cupboard. Her hands shook with nerves. If she got caught trying to do what she was about do, Clarke would kill her, and so would Abby. She edged closer, scoping out the kitchen. The cupboard with the hidden compartment was the one closest to the fridge, the tea one being in the corner up above. How the hell was she going to go to two at once?

“Surprise me,” Clarke smirked, refusing to lift her eyes off her. Just great, absolutely wonderful. Raven forced a smile and flicked open the tea cupboard, peeking out the corner of her eye to the one next to the fridge. The one she actually needed. She had an idea, but it would require a lot of luck.

“Alright, you can surprise yourself.” Raven replied smartly. She swung open the cupboard, snatched the box of tea bags and slid it over to Clarke. The blonde vampire scoffed.

“Very polite Reyes.” She said shaking her head. Raven merely stood with her hip swung out. If she had a working heart, it would be pounding furiously. After a few painful seconds of Clarke shuffling through the tea bags, wasting valuable time, the kettle ticked. “What you want?”

“Surprise me.” Raven grinned. Clarke bit her own smile. Glancing at the fridge she went to walk towards when Raven suddenly jumped in front of her. She raised a single brow in question. “I’ll get the milk, you can do your magic with the water.”
“Seriously?”

“Seriously.” Raven smirked. Clarke’s face hardened for a fraction of a second.

“Sure.” She twisted on her feet and headed back to the counter, flicking through the teas. A few seconds, she had a few seconds. Raven opened the fridge kneelt down as if to grab the milk and then in supernatural speed creaked open the cupboard next to it. She nervously glanced at Clarke and saw she was taking out the tea bags out of the box. Raven gulped, reached inside the cupboard, hit the secret switch in the top right corner, and slipped her hand into the small hatch. She grabbed the bag she recognized with her hand and pulled it out, stuffing it in her pocket. She then closed it ever so carefully and got out the milk in the fridge, standing up casually. Clarke was pouring the water in the mugs. Raven bit back her breath of relief and with her hand in her pocket, singled out one of the pills in the small zip lock bag. Using her supernatural strength she crushed the pill with her finger, pressing as hard as she could. She fucking prayed that Clarke was too distracted to hear.

“Well take about two minutes or so to brew.” Clarke stated, turning to face Raven. Her hand froze in her pocket.

“Cool, we can wait on the couch.” Raven offered. Clarke looked at her strangely, her face unreadable. Raven fought the urge to gulp.

“Okay.” She finally said, making Raven’s shoulders relax. The second Clarke spun around Raven dashed over to the mugs, taking out the packet and pouring in the sedative in what would normally be Clarke’s mug. Just to be safe, she put half in hers, making sure to remind herself mentally to not drink the damn tea. Sure, she may be a genius but she was also known to be an idiot. Today, she only wanted to be one of those two. She knew vampires to have strong metabolisms, so the sedative should only put Clarke slightly at ease for around ten minutes or so. She could use that time to find out what Clarke was so stubbornly not telling her about the almost attack in the forest. Delicately, she grabbed the two mugs and joined Clarke by the couch, sitting next to her hesitantly. She handed her the steaming mug.

“You want any milk?” Raven asked. Clarke shook her head no. They were silent for a few minutes, Clarke carefully spinning the liquid in her cup. She went to take a deep breath, when her nose scrunched up. Oh fuck.

“This smell weird to you?” Clarke asked confused. Raven forced herself to relax her face.

“Does it?” she said, leaning forward to sniff Clarke’s mug. Oh yeah, you could definitely something up with her tea. Raven wanted to punch herself for being so stupid. “Mine smells weird too,” Raven offered, letting Clarke smell it. Her nose scrunched up again.

“Urgh, must be the tea. Mum really needs to keep those bags out of that cupboard. Always smells weird, must of jumped on the tea bags.”

“Yeah I reckon so,” Raven nodded along, even if inside she was fist-punching the air in a victory dance. She tried her very best to hide her juvenile excitement at not getting caught. “So…” she started, wanting to move on as quickly as possible. Clarke sipped her tea. “So.”

“Are you alright Clarke?” Raven asked softly. Sure, she may have just drugged her friend but that didn’t mean it was meant in any insidious way, she still cared about her and she was actually worried for Clarke. She had been acting weird lately, more so than usual, this event topping it off. She had to find out what was wrong, if it was the hunters messing her which if it was, being honest, she would probably rip out their organs. You know, as best friend’s do.
“I think so,” Clarke said quietly. Raven shuffled closer, slinging an arm around her.

“I’m sorry.” She mumbled, staring into the hot water below.

“You have nothing to be sorry about Reyes.” Clarke comforted, taking a larger sip of the tea.

“No, but I do. I’m just… so sorry Clarke,” she forced herself to look up, to look at Clarke. “I just need you to know, that I’m always here for you. No matter what, and I’d hope that you’d be there for me too.”

“Of course I would be, idiot,” Clarke grinned, pushing her off playfully. “It’s just, been a really weird week.”

“Yeah you can say that again.” Raven muttered bitterly. Between her fight with that crazed vampire, not being able to hunt because of the arrival of the hunters, this week has been nothing but bullshit. Clarke took a long sip of her tea; it was really good even if it smelt weird. It also tasted off, but she ignored it and let the hot water rush down her throat, calming down her body. Soon she felt much more relaxed, a weird light-headedness engulfing her. She blinked, trying to get rid of the daze.

“Shit, I didn’t know I was this tired,” she mumbled, rubbing her eyes. Raven swallowed her own guilt.

“Clarke, what happened back there?” Raven questioned gently.

“When?”

“The forest, today.” Raven clarified. Clarke nodded, though it was much less graceful, her head lolling to the side slightly.

“I don’t really know. One minute I was crouching in the grass, my fist engulfed in the ground,” she let out a lazy grin. “I just love the feeling of the earth you know? I just feel such a connection to it.”

“That’s cool, but you could tell me what happened next?” Raven prodded lightly, trying to make sure Clarke stayed on track. She didn’t have long.

“Oh yeah, one minute I was there and then… you were there and your neck was like glowing…” Clarke went silent, her eyes seemingly staring at nothing. Raven waited for her to finish but was only met with silence.

“Clarke? What next? Griff?” she said, trying to keep the worry from her voice. Clarke eyes were glued to her mug that she had put on the coffee table.

“I could see the veins I think, they glowed and then this heaviness started in my head. Everything slipped away, only leaving those lines,” she mumbled, her voice distant. She did remember that very vividly she must say. There are few vampires who still have power over the mind, the ability that was only in the most ancients of vampires. Somehow, Clarke retained some of that; Raven guesses that it lies in the Griffin bloodline. There was a chance that one of the First was indeed the beginning of the Griffins, though Raven doesn’t know if that’s true or not. The ability is completely primitive, and only incredibly powerful vampires were known to have conscious control over it, to be able to use it their advantage and not just leak out when they went hunting. The scientist in Raven thinks it’s a survival mechanism, if the body is starving that it pulls in all the stops to try and replenish itself. Raven had suggested a while ago that Clarke should try and learn to wield the ability, but she instantly shut it down, saying that it breached too many morals. Of course, Raven reminded her that she had to kill living things to live. Surprisingly she didn’t really appreciate that.
“Is that all you remember?”

“Yeah,” she said, though her voice was still far away. “But then something else came along, its neck glowed brighter than yours.” She frowned. “I couldn’t get to it though.”

“No, you couldn’t.” Raven finished. Well so it didn’t seem too bad. She didn’t go rambling on about vampires or something so she’d take that as a good start. But the question was, the hell was she going to say? There was one thing she could say, but it would mean lying about Jake, and if there was thing that hurt her more than anything it was lying about Clarke’s Dad. Clarke loved him more than life itself, his death spurring her to finally truly take control of her inner beast. If there was one subject you never touched unless it was pure praise, it was Jake Griffin. Raven couldn’t lie about him, but she could say the near truth. “Clarke I need to tell you something.”

“What is it?” she said, some of the haziness in her voice gone. Shit, that was fast. Raven shifted uncomfortable in her seat.

“Jake wasn’t normal.” She stated simply. She dared a look at Clarke’s eyes; they had lost all the freeness from before.

“What do you mean?” Clarke muttered uncertainly. Subconsciously she began fiddling with her watch.

“He was different Clarke.” Raven said. “And… he passed it on to you.”

“What are you talking about?” Clarke mumbled, fear infecting her voice. Raven sighed sadly.

“Clarke, you aren’t normal. You must know that there’s a reason you take your meds each day,” Clarke ignored the slight nag of guilt. “He wasn’t either, he saw the veins too.” At that, her head snapped up.

“Really?” she breathed.

“Yeah.” Raven said, not able to meet her eyes. “But, you can’t tell Abby I told you this,” Raven quickly added. “She… doesn’t want you to know yet.”

Clarke’s cold blood burned. Of course it all linked back to her. Her fist shook with the anger she restrained, her nails digging into her skin. Her Mum not only lied about his death, but also of what was happening to him, what was happening to her. Did her Mum ever even really tell her what her medicine was for? No it was always, ‘you need it’, ‘its for your health.’ She clenched her fists harder, the haziness that had passed over for a moment gone.

“I’m gonna take a walk.” Clarke stated, standing up. Raven messily stood up after her.

“Hey, hey, maybe when your less upset?” Raven offered, seriously worried that Clarke would hurt someone. The blonde stared right back at her till she sat back down.

“I’m going for a walk.” She said again, moving for the door. Raven sighed, letting herself collapse into the couch. There was no way she was winning this argument.

“Fine just be careful yeah?”

“I’ll be back before the apocalypse,” she grinned. Raven scoffed.

“You better.”
Clarke slipped outside without another word.

Raven waited a few minutes and listened till Clarke’s footsteps grew distant enough until she pulled her phone out of her pocket. She dialed the number by memory, and waited. They didn’t pick up. Raven growled under her breath, and tried again. One ring, two rings, three ring-

“This is really not the best time Raven.” Abby snapped over the phone. Raven grinned.

“Abby! Glad you picked up. We need to talk.” Raven said right off the bat. There was silence on the other line.

“What’s wrong?” Abby said, her voice small. Raven took a deep breath to try and prepare herself, she’d been wanting to say this for a long while and always ended up chickening out but this, what just happened today, was the last straw.

“I can’t do this anymore Abby.”

“Do what?” she replied, obviously hoping she meant something else. Because Abby knew, she knew exactly what she was talking about.

“You know what.” Raven stated. “I can’t deal with lying to her face everyday, it’s too much-“

“It wasn’t too much before,” Abby countered. Raven hit the couch with her fist, trying to calm herself down.

“Well before,” she muttered bitterly. “I didn’t have hunter’s up my ass and Clarke nearly-“ she stopped herself, throwing in an awkward cough. Jesus she was an idiot.

“And Clarke?”

“And Clarke,” Raven continued. “Nearly losing her mind.”

“She is not,” Abby scoffed. “Clarke is perfectly fine.” Raven rolled her eyes, hard, trying to restrain her snarky remarks.

“When was the last time you were a mother Abby?” there goes that idea. “When was the last time you weren’t trying and failing at juggling motherhood and your career? Your secrets?”

Abby was silent.

“Clarke is not fine, she need’s help. Reassurance, the truth.”

“No, no way.” Abby said, shaking her head. “She can’t know.”

“But why?” Raven whined. Two years, two years she had put up with this shit. “I’m tired of doing this, if you want me to keep ‘protecting’ Clarke or whatever, you’ll tell me the reason why.”

“I can’t,” Abby said quietly. Raven almost screamed in frustration.

“Why’s that huh? Because I sure as hell know it wasn’t Jake. What do you think he’d say if he knew you were doing this?”

“You shut your mouth Raven.” Abby snapped. Raven dug her now claw-like nails into the couch, the weak flesh of the material easily ripping.
“Tell me Abby,” Raven growled, the sound less than human. “Why do you want Clarke out of the supernatural world so badly?” Abby kept quiet, though Raven could hear some shuffling on the other side, the clink of glasses and laughter. She must be at a restaurant. “Hm?” Raven prodded.

“It’s not safe for her Raven, there are things much bigger than both you and I, things that were planned hundred of years before our own births.”

“What are you talking about? You sound like a cheapass oracle.” Raven snapped. Abby sighed.

“It’s just safer this way, there’s less of a chance of her running into supernaturals. Into people who might want to use her,” Abby explained. Raven scoffed.

“Abby, everyone want’s to use everybody. It’s the nature of life.”

“You don’t understand, there’s something that Clarke has, may have, and because of that we must keep her as far away from that stuff as possible.”

“What does she have?” Raven asked curiously. Thick silence answered her. The Latina hung her head, running a hand through her almost-black hair. “You’re not gonna’ tell me are you?”

“It’s more dangerous if I do,” Abby defended, her voice significantly softer. “It’s just, there may be something inside of her. And there’s someone old and powerful who wants it, she make’s too much attention as Wanheda or whatever she called herself,” Raven stiffened. “It’s better and safer this way that she stays on this side of the world, the one furthest away from the danger. If she knew she was a vampire what do you think would happen? Would she start killing again?”

“She never killed humans and you know it. She did her job and defended our town, the hunter’s stayed clear and there wasn’t any trouble.” Raven growled, the jab at Clarke riling Raven up.

“She drank live blood Raven.” Abby stated, as if that was the answer to everything.

“Yeah, okay but she never killed. She picked out scumbags, scared the shit out of them enough that they changed their lives. She isn’t a killer, and the ‘people’ that she did kill, were far from human.” Raven went on. She could just hear the annoyance from Abby over the phone. The problem was, Abby never liked nor wanted Clarke to be a vampire, but Jake had insisted it was her birthright. So, when the time came Jake asked her if she wanted it, and when she said yes Abby was far from pleased. Of course though, she put it aside for Jake. She did love her family immensely, so of course she did her best to respect her daughter’s decision, and that was blessing enough that Jake accepted and in turn, turned Clarke. But then Jake passed, and her ability to simply ignore the doubts in her mind lessoned. When Clarke started feeding on human’s it hit way over the line for her. So whenever the topic comes up, her eyes go cold. Raven was glad she couldn’t see them, because of that she could prod even more. “What are you really afraid of huh? You scared that when Clarke finds out what she is, what she was born to be, you won’t be able to control her anymore?”

“I’m done talking Raven,” Abby seethed.

“I’m done being your lapdog. I can’t lie to Clarke anymore, this shit is too fucked up Abby.”

“Raven wait, please-” her voice lost its previous malice. “You can’t tell her, please, you just can’t,” Abby begged. Raven hated how soft she had become. She sighed.

“Abby, I can’t lie to her.” Raven said softly. Though she couldn’t see it, she swears that she feels Abby nod solemnly on the phone.

“I know. But this is what’s best for her. This isn’t about me. She could die Raven, we could lose her,
do you understand that?” Abby questioned. Raven blinked in surprise.

“Hey, there’s no need to get overdramatic Abs,” she chuckled nervously.

“I’m not Raven.” Abby mumbled, her voice somber. “This is the real world, with real people, with real outcomes. One small step and it can all go to hell. You can’t tell her Raven, you need to promise me you won’t.” Abby insisted. “Please, promise me that.”

“Abby I-“

“Raven,” she muttered, her voice cracking. “Please.” She whispered. Shit this conversation went nowhere near where she was intending it too. She huffed, forcing the words out of mouth that scrapped up her throat, fighting to stay inside.

“Okay,” Raven agreed. There was small pause of what she would guess to be disbelief, when Abby finally answered.

“Thank you.”

Raven hung up the call.

Clarke didn’t know where she was going. She just needed to get out of that house, the house with her mother’s lies. So the vampire walked in the fading daylight, instinctively sticking to the shadows. She took notice of each house she passed. Each different life, each different story that each home held; the perfect family, the new family learning the ropes of parenthood, the new couple, all so happy, so free. Clarke fights off the tears teasing to slip from her blue eyes. Deciding to stare at the path instead and not on the things she’ll never have, she notices the usual cement starts to be covered in dirt. She stops, frowns, and looks up. A park, well a playground to be exact. The one she’d go to with Jake when she was little. She wipes her eyes with her shoulder and strides on the dirt, the ground singing with her presence. Clarke made her way over to the swings, at first just letting her hand glide on the metal bars. The metal is cold to touch but no shivers run up her spine, no goose bumps layer her skin; she just feels the cold. Maybe that’s all she’ll be, always on the fringes, feeling nothing but the cold and not the experiences that go with it. She’ll always be the cold. She snatches her hand back to her side.

Clarke moves and delicately places herself on the swing. Kicking from the ground and scuffing the tanbark the swing kicks into its same destined motion, the chains at its side restricting its freedom. You can see the forest from here if you rise high enough, just spotting the oak giants over the tip of the hill. For a few minutes she kicks as hard as she can so she can see them, though she quickly finds that she doesn’t need to kick that hard. The sun glows from behind her. She’ll probably get sunburnt but she can’t find the ability to care. An emptiness sweeps over her. What was the point anymore anyway? The more she discovered the more she learned of the cocoon of secrets that have been suffocating her without her knowing for years upon years. Her father lied to her, though when she tries to be angry with him for it the emotion doesn’t come, as if it’s confused at the direction. The anger doesn’t touch Jake, it latches onto her mother with a worryingly venomous bite but with Jake, it sits miles away looking the other way. Like the reason doesn’t align with the truth.

But why? She has no memory of Jake telling her all these things does she? The more she thinks about it the more the vertigo hits, though she doesn’t care for it this time. Let it take her; let it make her want to throw up, to run, to hide. Let it make her feel. Because every time she tries to herself, it’s always suppressed.
Lexa was on her usual afternoon run when her steps faltered. She tried to ignore it, attempting to focus on the music blasting softly in her ears but she just couldn’t. She spotted the blonde sitting by herself on the swings before her feet did, hence the tripping of said feet. Reluctantly, she slows to a stop. She needs to keep moving, she should keep moving. Love is weakness, that’s what she lives by, what she needs and will live by. Costia paid the price last time, the vampire’s killing her just to get to her. She can’t let this stupid crush or whatever slow her down, to make another open target on her once more. No, she will just keep running like she has been this past week, keep going on the other way without looking back. After all, she’s the daughter of a possible enemy; it would be incredibly stupid for her to get close to her.

Lexa took her headphones out, tucked them in her pocket, and slowly walked over to the blonde. She looked like an angel with the sun glowing on her back like that, the golden locks shining in the sunlight. Her breath caught. The hell was she doing?

“Hey,” Lexa said softly, biting her tongue to refrain from calling her ‘Clarke’, she’s not meant to know that yet. The blonde doesn’t respond. She just keeps swinging though it barely counts, just gently rocking herself back and forth. Her eyes are seemingly nowhere, and she didn’t jump when Lexa quietly made her way up next to her. Does she not know she was there? She forces her hand at her side, fighting to stop it from tapping the girl’s shoulder. She swallows, hard, and faces forward. The view takes her back a bit, her body stilling for a moment. You could see the entire town from here, the forest that she scoped out earlier just poking above another hill down below. The sky was painted orange, remnants of clouds floating aimlessly in the high above air. It was beautiful. ‘A beautiful view for a beautiful girl’ she thinks, instantly scolding herself for being so cheesy.

“Do you think we have a purpose?” Clarke asked, still looking forward. Lexa jumps, not expecting her to speak. Did she know she was there this entire time?

“I believe so, yes.” Lexa said, concern building in her chest for the blonde. Why was she talking like this? Normally when she see’s her (totally by accident of course) she’s laughing or telling jokes, making snarky remarks and smiling with her friends. But this was a different Clarke, this Clarke was… sad. A shell of herself. A foreign anger flares up in her at the thought of someone making her like this. She pushed it down.

“What is our purpose then?” Clarke questioned, her voice holding a hint of longing. Lexa’s entirety is screaming for her to leave, to just leave her be. She just sat here to check if she was okay, and she is, she’s just having an extensional crisis or something. You know, the usual. There’s no need for her to be here, no nightwalkers walk such open streets here so she has no need to worry about being attacked; she needs to leave. Anya will be wondering where she is soon; she would’ve been back around now. And yet, as her body prepares the muscles to move, something in her heart roars it’s protest and everything shuts down in response. She can’t leave her. Not until she makes sure she’s okay at least. So Lexa goes against everything she’s ever been taught, all the years of hard conditioning, of watching death repeat itself again and again; Lexa stays to protect the blonde.

“Well I don’t believe that we all have the same general purpose. I believe everyone has their own, that at some point in their lives, their true purpose is revealed to them. I think it mostly happens in people’s darkest times, something calls to them, like the earth trying to make sure it doesn’t lose one of it’s kin. So it gives them a purpose.”

“That’s very poetic.” Clarke smiled and it’s one of the most beautiful things Lexa has ever seen. A blush works it way up her neck and she’s incredibly glad Clarke is still looking at the view.

“I read a lot as a child.” Lexa shrugged, trying to ignore the pounding in her chest. Finally hearing
the blonde’s voice, for it to be as clear as daylight, it makes her feel things she’s never felt before.
Lexa looks at the blonde, watching her smile slowly fade back to its emptiness. What had happened to
her? Clarke stops swinging.

“Do you think I’ll find my purpose soon?” she said softly, her face darkening. Lexa stopped rocking
on the swing.

“Are you in a dark place?” Lexa replied. Her eyes instantly widen. The hell did she just say? Jesus
the one chance she has at trying to make friends and she literally goes and ask them one of the most
personal questions. “I mean-“

“I think so. It’s been a while since I’ve been in one.” She said. Lexa freezes, and then lets her face
relax. Well, she’s already fallen in; she may as well swim.

“When was the last one?” she asked quietly. This was one of most delicate conversations she’s had
in a long while. And yet, it feels like a missing part of her is clicking into place. She always felt like
she was missing a part of her.

“When my Dad died.” Her words don’t catch like she expects them too. “I don’t remember much of
the years after that but, I know that I wasn’t ready to lose him.”

“No one ever is.” Lexa replied solemnly. She knew exactly what she meant.

“Have you ever lost someone?” Clarke said, the question taking Lexa back. The intensity of this first
conversation was unreal. And yet, she didn’t feel any pressure, didn’t feel like it was just kids trying
to get gossip on the new kids. She felt like it was a desperate soul clinging to another one, sensing
something no one can know on any level; just have a distant feeling.

“I never met my parents, I was an orphan.” Lexa answered, lacking the usual coldness that she says
with it. It’s strange hearing such warmth in those words. Very much to her surprise, she doesn’t hear
an awkward rushed sorry, or a weird look. No, Clarke keeps staring forward, as if she sees
something no one else sees, a world hidden beneath ignorant eyes.

“You might be one of the strongest people I know then.” Clarke said. Her head snaps to Clarke’s,
secretly begging for her to look her way. Her words echo right down to her soul.

“What do you mean?” she said quietly, her voice incredibly small. She felt like she was drowning,
her only escape a hand she couldn’t see under the black water.

“All my friends, they’ve had someone. Had an older figure to hold on too, cling too, myself
included. I have no idea what it’s like to not have that. I don’t know what I’d do without a destined
guide in my life, someone meant to show me the way through.” She finally turns her head, staring
right into Lexa’s eyes. “That make’s you the strongest person I know.”

“Now look who’s being poetic,” Lexa smirked, trying to hide the tears threatening to well up in her
eyes, trying to stop the shaking in her bones from hearing the words she’s never heard. Clarke grins,
a real genuine grin. When the girl sat down she knew exactly who she was, in some strange way she
could sense it. At first it was like there was a wall blocking her out from the world, like a bubble that
restricted her access to anything alive. But then the girl said hey, and the walls started to crumble.
She heard her sharp intake of breath when she looked out to the town. And somehow, through the
darkness that was dragging her under, she managed to speak. It felt like two souls talking to one
another, not like two people; something deeper than that, stronger than that. Like being in one of the
most vulnerable places you could ever be.
But then she turned around, and she saw her face. Green met blue and the world itself melted away. Gorgeous doesn’t cover it. Yet looking at her now, another part of her awakens inside of her. The one at the forest she remembers. Lexa’s neck glows red and Clarke’s eyes drift down to it; she can see the veins again. But hers burn like the sun, so bright, so teasing. She wants it. Except the moment she begins to lift her hand to touch it a voice in her head stops her, she has no idea where it came from, but the power that it holds stops her still. Not her. The artwork of lines in the brunette’s neck dim until there’s nothing there, leaving the usual sight of olive skin. Clarke drags her sight back to the brunette’s.

“What’s your name?” she asked, feeling the warmth trickle back into her body. The girl doesn’t hesitate.

“Lexa.” She greeted, lifting her hand. Clarke lifts her own, grasping Lexa’s.

“Clarke.” She smiled. The second their hands touch a bolt of electricity runs through both of them. Something deep inside of Lexa shifts, a long forgotten presence grumbling in the strange light, daring to crack open one eye. They both stare at their joined hands, confusion written on both of their faces. Was that meant to happen? Because Lexa felt like everything had been wrong up until this point. That she had never known that she had been broken right up until this moment; right up until now, when the thing that was missing, began to click back into place. They don’t let go. Lexa brought her gaze back up to meet Clarke’s, and she felt so at peace it was staggering. Her eyes dropped to her lips, and the second they did she awkwardly coughed.

“I uh I have to go,” she said, slipping her hand out of her grasp. All the content in her shattered, the forgotten presence inside of her falling back into its lifeless slumber. Lexa moved to get up when that same hand grabbed her arm.

“Wait,” Clarke said. “Can you please just, stay? For a bit.” She asked, her eyes bright. “If you want too,” she quickly added. Lexa would have said no if it wasn’t for the pleading look on the blonde’s face, and the strange urge within her to protect at all costs. Even if it was from herself.

“Okay.” She agreed softly. The relief on Clarke’s face made Lexa smile. She sat back down on the swing, about to pull her hand out of the blonde’s grip when Clarke gently adjusted her hand so that it interlocked with Lexa’s. She looked into the brunette’s eyes questioningly. Lexa squeezed the blonde’s slightly cold hand in assurance. Clarke smiled, and they both looked out back to the view.

And for the first time in years, without Clarke’s knowing, she felt her heart beat.

Octavia sat on the park bench, trying her best to keep her eyes from closing. She had been waiting here for the past hour. Today was meant to be her first day with her training for the hunters but Indra or whomever she had sent to collect her hadn’t shown up. It was going to be dark soon and although Octavia normally had pretty good sight she was still nervous about getting home, after all, a woman was murdered only a few days ago. Kicking at her feet she looked up, scanning the surroundings once more. She sighed, pulled her legs up on the bench and let her head rest against the bench. Well if this person is going to be late she may as well get a nap in, especially if she’s going to be ending up waiting another hour or so. Bellamy shouldn’t mind.

With her eye’s closed and her mind clear she could hear a lot better. And it was then, that she realized there was a slight disturbance in the air. She concentrated harder on the sound. There, she had scoped out where the trees were before and mentally kept it in her head, but now she could sense a different mass blocking the wind. She heard the figure start to move, the grass creaking as whoever it was edged closer and closer to her. Octavia forced her muscles to relax, to try and feign sleep and
hopefully beat whoever was sneaking up on hers ass. Pretending to shift in her ‘sleep’ she moved her hand closer to her pocket, her finger just touching the pocketknife. The blood was still on the knife. She heard each crunch under what she would guess to be his weight, the man now only a few metres away. She could hear his breaths now, slow and precise, and if she tried really hard, she could hear his feint heart beat, beating fast. He was trying to slow it down. She could hear him right behind her, the cement slab under the bench crunching tiny rocks under his weight. The moment she heard the shuffle of his sleeve her eyes snapped open, a primal grin on her face. She grabbed his arm which she now realized held a knife, and threw him over her, his body slamming into the ground in front of her.

She jumped on top of him, grabbing the knife from his hand and holding it to his throat. But his face held no fear, and soon a grin of his own was playing on his lips.

“I see why Indra chose you,” he said, still smiling. At that, part of Octavia relaxed, but she still didn’t trust him.

“Who are you?” she questioned, pushing slightly harder on the knife. His smile didn’t falter.

“I am Lincoln, I work for Indra. Who are you?” he answered. Octavia still wasn’t convinced.

“How do I know you work for her?” she asked, the blade still sitting right at his throat. He grinned.

“Because, I can do this.” Within a heartbeat he managed to switch their positions, flinging her off and jumping on top of her, the knife back in his hand. “See? Now, who are you?”

“Octavia.” She growled, upset that he had bested her so easily. He laughed, and slid the knife in a sheath at his side. It must be a dagger.

“Up, we must go before we are late.” He ordered. Octavia cocked an eyebrow at him.

“We’re already an hour late.” She deadpanned. He shook his head.

“We’re right on time actually, though I am surprised you heard me sneak up on you.” He frowned. “I was trying to be extra stealthy.”

“Yeah, more like extra troll but whatever.” She smirked, ignoring his outstretched hand and jumping back up to her feet. “And what do you mean? You were meant to be an hour late?”

“Of course I was, Indra wanted to test your patience.” He said, as if it was obvious.

“Were you there the entire time?” she asked. He nodded. Octavia thought back to one of the most boring hours of her life. Thinking now she can remember that there was something slightly off in the air, a scent that shouldn’t be there. She had written it off to someone just passing through. “Hm.” She hummed; she subtly sniffed the space around them. There, the smell she found before. She tucked away the information in the back of her head. “We off then?”

“We are.” He nodded, urging her forward with his hand on her back. She shook it off almost instantly. He raised his dark skinned hands in surrender, giving his most innocent look at Octavia’s glare. He let her follow him instead.

They walked the entire way, Octavia cautiously trailing behind a few steps. He didn’t mind. Eventually after travelling in almost complete silence they finally reached the entrance to where they had set up their base.

“Really? You guys are right here?” Octavia scoffed. Lincoln frowned.
“What’s wrong with it?”

“This used to be a shopping court, you know, until the nuclear plant had a malfunction and flooded the area in radiation. The town was evacuated for years.” She explained.

“I don’t see any power plant.” He countered. “You sure it’s not an old wives tale?”

“No.” Octavia growled, surprisingly upset at his questioning of the town, of her town. “It used to be up there,” she gestured up to the hills in the north. “Was shut and taken down after the fuck up.”

“When did this happen?” she looked at him. “The town flooding with radiation I mean.” He clarified.

“About a hundred years ago,” she answered. “Now, do I get to meet the team of buffy wannabes?”

“Some of them have even watched the show,” he winked. She bit back her smile. The area was completely abandoned, or at least, Octavia had thought it was. Growing up there were lot’s of dares all the time of who would go into the ‘haunted court’, Octavia being one of the few who would actually do it. Of course she roped Clarke into it as well, she thinks Raven one time. Though maybe she backed out from seeing the look of excitement on the mad scientist.

Yeah, it would be a good idea to keep Raven away from a possible bomb testing ground. From the front it was mostly just a boarded up wall, the messily nailed in planks of woods of repair fading from over the years, infused with rot. Rubbish and junk sat at the front and as the pair made their way through Octavia noticed a small hole in the wall. She looked to him questioningly and he nodded. Again, she let him go first. When she didn’t hear shouts of gunfire or screams she forced herself to follow, crouching to get through the gap. Now, they were in front of another door, this one a lot higher tech. Well, as high tech as you can go with comparing dodgy wood to heavy metal.

Lincoln knocked four times on the door, a slight gap between the second and third knock, and an eye hatch in the metal opened.

“Chon yu bilaiik?” a gruff voice said, skeptical brown eyes assessing them through the thin hatch.

“Ai laik Linkon kom Trikru, ai lid Okteivia”

“Yo na min yu op.” The same voice replied. The hatch shut closed, a resounding click snapping through the air.

“The hell language was that?” Octavia asked in disbelief. At that, Lincoln grinned.

“The one you’ll be learning.” Lincoln pushed against the door, grunting as the door’s weight fought back against him. Eventually it let him pass, Lincoln looking triumphantly back at her. “You ready?”

“As I’ll ever be.” She mumbled. Octavia went first this time, hesitantly making her way through. The second she stepped through she stopped, her entire body freezing in amazement. The base was like a small village. In what used to be the empty court of faded red bricks, now sat rows lining the sides of hand made shacks and houses. She took a couple shaky steps forward. The remains of the half destroyed shops in the square now acted as a fortified wall, what she could see to be workers connecting the buildings now. “Holy shit…”

“Yeah it has that effect doesn’t it?” Lincoln said, jolting her out of her daze. She shook her head to try and bring herself back.

“Yeah.” She gulped. “Pretty fucking awesome.”
“Indra is waiting for you.” The gruff voice spoke up, what Octavia could now see to be a big, heavy guy. The muscle the kid was packing was unreal, is that even humanely possible? Lincoln caught her staring.

“Gustus is correct, you don’t want to keep her waiting.” He prodded. Octavia dragged her gaze off him, looking back out into the village-like base in front of her. She couldn’t stop the grin pull at her face.

“Where is she?”

“She should be in the training area, down there,” Lincoln pointed to the far end where Octavia could see two people fighting on blue mats. “I suggest you be quick.”

She ran.

The sun was creeping near the edge now, teetering between daylight and darkness. Lexa knew what it meant, and it made her stomach tie up in knots. Of course, then she’d get mad at herself that her stomach was tying itself up in knots over a girl. A girl, who she barely knows might she add. Though there was something else about the blonde, something that drew her towards her. Lexa also knew that she had to do the thing she really didn’t want to do.

Leave it to her to get feelings involved.

“It’s getting late,” Lexa said. She didn’t let go of Clarke’s hand. “We should go.”

“We?” Clarke asked amused.

“Would like me to get you a hearing aid Clarke?” Lexa teased. Clarke slapped her shoulder lightly.

“Bastard.” She muttered, a smile tugging at her lips. Lexa stood up, pulling Clarke up with her. “But seriously, we?”

“What? You think I’m not going to walk you home?”

“Oh you’re that chivalrous are you?” Clarke quipped.

“Only for a pretty girl.” She smirked.

“Shut up dork,” Clarke scoffed, hiding the blush in her cheeks. Lexa noticed. Clarke tugged the brunette along the street, the pair never letting go of their joined hands. It was as if there was connection roping the two together, a plummet of loss engulfing them if they were to let go. It didn’t take them too long to get back home, as Clarke didn’t run off too far. Raven should be home by now, and she can expect to have about three hundred texts on her phone; good thing she left it at the house. Lexa followed Clarke along, trying her best to keep herself from staring. She wasn’t doing too well. She felt incredibly stupid because every time Clarke would laugh, every time she’d tuck away that one golden lock behind her ear it’d just drive her that bit more insane. In a good way of course.

But the more Lexa thought about it the darker her thoughts became. It had started like this with Costia, though she can admit that there was nowhere near this pull that she felt with Clarke. But it started off safe, simple… happy. And then it wasn’t, then everything goes to shit like it always does. Someone dies, get’s killed, and she takes the blame so that no one has to point the finger at themselves. She doesn’t want to bring Clarke into that. And yet, here she was.
“This is my stop,” Clarke said, snapping Lexa out of her thoughts. She looked at her, then at the house in front of them. It wasn’t too big, but it wasn’t small. It looked more worn than anything, cracks and dents decorating the once bland brick, years upon year of stories woven into the red dust. A pang of sorrow echoed in her heart. She never had that. They always had to keep moving, don’t make connections unless totally needed, don’t get too comfortable. She wondered what her life would have been like if she wasn’t always running.

“Your house is beautiful.” Lexa commented. Clarke dragged her gaze off Lexa and at her own house. She tilted her head.

“Yeah, I suppose it’s alright.” She said. She looked back to Lexa. “Do you want to... come inside or something?” Clarke asked hesitantly, almost instantly scolding herself for sounding like an idiot. Clarke saw what she was discovering to be one of Lexa’s rare smiles; she couldn’t stop herself from smiling back.

“Yeah that’d be nice.” Lexa said. She ignored the bite of guilt that nipped at her heels, reminding her she actually had a purpose. Clarke’s grin widened, she pulled Lexa along to the front of the house. Except, the moment she reached the front door she froze, her entire body tensing. The happiness in her stumbled, a flare of anger licking away the remains.

“What’s wrong?” Lexa asked, looking between Clarke and the door, which she was staring at furiously, as if she could see to the other side of it. Clarke could smell her, she didn’t care how, all that mattered was that she knew her mother was on the other side of this door; and god did make her blood boil. Remembering that Lexa was there, she forced herself to relax. Another time she told herself, you can blow up at her another time. Lexa still looked at her puzzled.

“Sorry,” Clarke mumbled. “It’s just that my mother’s home.” She couldn’t hide the venom in her tone. Lexa caught on.

“I can come back another time-“

“No, no, it’s fine, I’m sorry I’m just overreacting,” not in the slightest, she thought. “It’s fine I promise.”

“You sure?”

“Completely.” Lexa slowly turned back, standing next to Clarke.

“Well then,” she huffed, patting down her black jeans. “Ladies first?” she teased.

“Har har, you are hilarious Lex, honestly, a real comedian.” Clarke said, the sarcasm thick on her tongue. Lexa was taken back slightly by the nickname so early on. She only let one other person call her that. Though, she guesses two people can call her that now. Clarke lifted a plant pot, grabbed the key underneath and unlocked the door. Lexa just raised an eyebrow.

“It’s Australia, nothing happens here.” She shrugged. Lexa shook her head and followed Clarke into her home.

Her house was what it was like on the outside, more than just a house. It was a home, it was memories, it was photo’s of Clarke’s childhood climbing the walls, boxes of stuff that you barely remember but have a strange recollection of, it was the macaroni art from kindergarten hanging on the fridge; it was one of the most beautiful houses she had ever seen. Lexa saw that Clarke was looking embarrassed, probably realizing how ‘messy’ her house was. What Clarke didn’t know though, was that Lexa had never stayed in a place long enough to know what messy was. “Sorry for
“The mess…. I don’t have an excuse.” She said sheepishly, rubbing the back of her neck.

“This is…” she shook her head. “There’s no need to apologise Clarke. I’ve seen much worse.” *She’d seen the people she loved get killed. “You have no reason to be embarrassed.”*

“Awesome,” Clarke smiled, the relief clear as day on her face. “You want a-“

“Clarke? Are you home?” a voice called from upstairs. Lexa assumes it’s a man.

“Yeah Kane I got home safe from the three minute walk to the park!” she called back. Lexa heard a gentle chuckle trickle down the stairs. The voice got louder as he descended, until eventually coming into view.

“Well you never know-“ he stopped when he saw Lexa. For a moment she feared that he somehow recognised her, which would be impossible considering how careful she had been to hide her identity. But then a warm smile broke out on his face, and she released the breath she didn’t know she was holding. “Hello, I don’t believe we met.”

“Lexa, this is Kane though you can call him Marcus, Kane this is Lexa.” Clarke introduced.

“Hi, it’s nice to meet you.” Kane grinned, offering his hand. Lexa took it, shaking it firmly. For a second, his face contorted confused at the girl’s strength, though he quickly ignored it. “I’m Clarke’s stepdad.”

“Lexa,” she nodded politely. “Clarke’s friend.” Clarke rolled her eyes. They let their hands fall to their sides, Lexa brushing the blondes on the way down. Clarke pretended not to notice, Lexa pretended not to notice that Clarke’s hand was already leaning toward hers.

“So,” Clarke said, gathering both of their attentions. “Anyone want a drink?”

“Water if that’s okay?” Lexa asked. Clarke just looked at her like ‘of course it’s okay.’

“Could I have some tea Clarke?”

“Oh maybe you shouldn’t, it tastes weird.” Clarke advised, scrunching her nose.

“That bad huh?”

“That bad.”

“Alright, just water then.” She nodded and spun on her heel, waltzing into the kitchen. Lexa watched her go; obviously to make sure she was far enough away to not hear them (that was definitely the reason), then turned back to Kane, the kindness on her face disappearing. He almost stumbled back from the dramatic change. “Are you alr-“

“Listen to me very closely Kane.” She whispered, though her voice was like ice. “The commander sent me.” His eyes widened.

“Wait, I said I would meet up-“

“No, you said we would come to you. It doesn’t work like that. You aren’t part of the collation, you are a lone hunter, we have authority over you. I’ve been sent here as a warning. Do not mess with us; interrupt our patrols, tell anyone of our location, purposely take her kills, or you will pay the price.” Lexa threatened. His eyes hardened.

“I’ve been here longer than you, this is my-“
“Let me repeat what I previously said Kane, as it seems like you did not hear.” She edged closer; her eyes boring into his with such intensity it shouldn’t be possible. “You will obey our rules, or someone will get hurt.” She looked over to Clarke who was pouring the water into glasses. The words stuck in her throat, refusing to go out into the world. She realized she couldn’t say it, so she forced herself to keep staring at Clarke so she could at least imply the threat. She felt sick.

He caught on quick, the anger in him flaring. “Don’t you dare.” He growled. She didn’t break eye contact, instead taking a single step closer.

“Then you will obey the commander’s rules.” She muttered cold. Their sights held like iron, fire and ice a step away from ending in chaos. Luckily, Clarke made her way back and the pair forced themselves to step back. Kane looked away first, his face tight. The second Clarke reached back to them she sensed something had gone down. Call it gut instinct, but it was like she could taste the anger in the air, it was especially not helpful when she was barely keeping herself in check. She swallowed her own feelings; her throat dry like it had been all week.

“Water?” she piped up innocently. Lexa looked over to Clarke, her gaze instantly softening.

“I—“

“You should go. It’s getting late.” Kane interjected, his voice stiff. Lexa side-eyed him like a panther. Clarke was about to scold him for being so rude when Lexa stopped her.

“It’s okay, he’s right Clarke. It is getting late,” she looked purposefully at him. “Wouldn’t want to get hurt now would we? I hear the streets aren’t as safe as they used to be.”

“Goodbye, Lexa.” He finished, noticeably standing closer to Clarke. The vampire looked confused between the two of them, completely lost. Geez, who could have said something so bad in the space of a minute? Even for her that’s impressive.

“Goodbye, Kane.” With that she headed for the door. Clarke threw a glare at Kane, which he pointedly ignored; she huffed and went after Lexa. To her surprise the girl moved fast, already out the door by the time she had turned around. She ran after her and caught up quick, grabbing her lightly by the shoulder to stop her. The bolt of electricity ran through them again, forcing Lexa to stop dead in her tracks. Though honestly, she didn’t need that much of a convincing. Clarke coughed awkwardly and drew her hand back to her side, instantly missing the touch. Lexa missed it too.

“I’m sorry about Kane, normally he’s really good, I don’t know what was up with him today.” Clarke apologised, feeling incredibly shitty and guilty. The sickness in the brunette’s stomach increased tenfold, almost to the point where she wanted to run to the bushes to throw up. She softly touched the blonde’s hand, Clarke couldn’t help but stare down at the contact mesmerised. Why did she feel so at peace when they touched?

Lexa managed to pull herself out of her daze, dragging her eyes off the touch. “It’s not your fault at all. Please don’t blame yourself, you did nothing wrong.” Lexa assured. Clarke smiled sheepishly.

“You sure?”

“Completely Clarke.” Lexa smiled, a small one that made Clarke’s heart flutter. Oh fucking hell she was so fucked. They were silent for a while, and Clarke couldn’t help but grin like an idiot the entire time. Lexa’s eyes were incredible to look at; it was like staring into the heart of the earth. The green seemed never-ending, pulling her into another world that only consisted of peace and content; Lexa stared right back into Clarke’s eyes.
“I like the way you say my name.” Clarke whispered. Lexa gulped, hard.

“You do?”

“The way you really pronounce the ‘k’, like a click,” she went on, their locked gaze didn’t break. “No one else does that.”

“But you like it?” Lexa replied, almost breathless.

“Completely Lexa.” Clarke grinned. At that, Lexa slapped Clarke’s shoulder lightly making her giggle. It sounded like the heavens themselves sang.

“Asshole.” She said smiling. Clarke did a mock bow.

“At your service.” The blonde grinned. They stayed a couple moments longer in silence before Lexa finally could draw the strength to leave and head back home. Anya was going to kill her. Kicking at her feet, she tore her gaze off Clarke’s eyes, which was harder than expected.

“I’ll see you tomorrow?” Lexa asked, lifting her head.

“I’d hope so.” Clarke smirked. Lexa bit back her breath of relief.

“Goodbye, Clarke.” She said, over pronouncing the ‘k’. Clarke gave her the finger as she walked away.

“Real funny Lex!” she called, watching Lexa stroll across the road, first checking for cars. Clarke went to head back inside the house but just before she entered, she checked over her shoulder. Lexa was nearly out of view, but she was there, and was looking right at her. Clarke smiled, and Lexa smiled back.

“Again!” Indra shouted. Octavia groaned but managed to pull herself back up, her bones aching in protest. She was going to be bruised to hell and back tomorrow. Thankfully it seemed like her new mentor, Indra, had realized this, because she never hit her in the face. She only hit her in places that wouldn’t be seen.

“We’ve been going at this for two hours.” Octavia breathed, wiping the sweat that was leaking onto her eyelashes.

“You tired Oktevia?” the older woman questioned, a definite smirk in her voice. Being the stubborn person she was, she could never back down from a challenge.

“Not at all.” She grinned.

“Nou nouthon,” Indra corrected. Octavia was puzzled for only half a second, quickly catching on.

“Nou nouthon,” Octavia repeated. The briefest flash of pride flashed on her face.

“To the corner, I want you to rush at me.” Indra instructed. Octavia nodded and backed to the edge of the mats. There wasn’t any railing, nothing to stop you from flying out of neat square. Octavia knew this because she had been slammed into the stone ground a couple times; if there was thing that Indra never did, it was go easy. She limped over, sucking up the pain that begged for her to stop. She shifted her stance, thinking of the best way to go about this without getting completely destroyed, and only slightly destroyed. She took a deep breath to calm herself, only to have her entire body lock up.
There was something different in the air. From a young age Octavia had found out she had a keen sense of smell, much better than the peers around her. The only other people who were kind-of close to her were Raven and Clarke, though she could still best them if she tried hard enough. She lifted her head higher and sniffed again, scanning the direction where the weird smell was coming from. She finally found the source of the smell, and was surprised to find a woman looking right back at her with the same perplexed expression.

“Octavia.” Indra reminded, her voice sharp. She tried to bring her attention back to Indra, she really did, but she was stuck on that girl. The dirty blonde stared back at her though now she was trying to act as casual as possible, leaning up against a wall with her leg propped up. Indra followed Octavia’s gaze, spotting Anya.

“Onya.” Indra shouted, grabbing her desired person’s attention though she was jumpier than usual.

“Sha?” she called back, pulling herself from the wall.

“Komba hir.” Indra asked. To her surprise, Anya resisted. She eyed her down with the same deadly stare that made men quake in fear. “Nau.” She snapped. Octavia heard the girl huff before stomping her way over, a smirk spreading on her face as she stepped into the ‘ring.’ Weirdly Octavia could sense the unease in her though.

“Who’s the new kid?” she questioned casually. Octavia stiffened.

“This is Octavia. She is my second, she will be training with us from this moment on.” Anya’s eyes widened, Indra looked her dead in the eye. “This is final.”

“We don’t even know her!” Anya said in disbelief. Indra glared at her.

“My decision is none of your concern Onya, your concern is heda.” She reminded, a distinct bite in her voice. “Weron ste heda?”

“She will be here soon.”

“I’d hope so.” Indra said back. Octavia was honestly ready to watch a brawl when all of the sudden the tension disappeared, Anya’s shoulders relaxing.

“May I take over Indra?” she asked, already slipping off her jacket. Indra sighed but nodded her head, stepping out off the mats.

“Kefa, em ste laksen.” Indra added. Anya looked back at her with grin, dragging her gaze back to the new girl.

“Yu don gon coln yu na kriken Indra.” She teased.

“Hurry up.” Indra growled. Anya bit back her laugh, not wanting to piss her off too much. Octavia mostly missed the banter between the two hunters, as she couldn’t get that girl’s smell out of head. It was strange, and it was driving her nuts that she didn’t know why; it just was. Anya crept closer, slowly starting to circle Octavia, her body tensed tighter than you would have known possible. But it wasn’t in fear, but something else entirely.

“May I be alone with the girl Indra?”

“Hakom?” Indra asked wearily.

“Ai nou na bash em op,” Anya promised.
“Ku. I’ll be back soon Octavia,” she glanced at Anya worryingly. “Do not take too long, she must be home soon to avoid suspicion.”

“I know the drill.” Anya smirked. With that, Indra finally left them alone, eventually turning into a building further up and shutting the wooden door. “Don’t worry,” Anya said, making Octavia jump. “I don’t bite.”

“Good to know, biting’s cheating.”

“Especially for you.” The older grinned though Octavia looked at her confused.

“What?”

“You don’t need to pretend with me, I know what you are.” She winked, taking a swing at her. Luckily, her reflexes kicked in fast enough that she didn’t get socked in the jaw. She kept on the balls of her feet.

“The hell you on about?” she snapped, genuinely confused. Anya frowned.

“It’s alright, I kind of understand so I won’t be dobbling you in anytime soon. Though, if you don’t tell heda soon or least Indra you may be in for a beating.” She advised. Octavia stopped moving.

“Tell them what?”

“Okay, what you’re doing? I need you to stop it.” She said, her voice losing its previous lightheartedness.

“But I don’t—“

“Nope, stop it. Seriously, don’t try my patience kid.” She warned. Her spine stiffened, a wave of anger rippling through her. She forced herself to take a deep breath, knowing it was meant in good nature.

“Don’t call me kid.” She muttered, trying to keep her voice as friendly as possible. It’s not her fault she reminded herself.

“What? You think you’re a big girl huh?” she teased. It’s not her fault, it’s not her fault, it’s not her fault. “You all grown up now, joining the big girls? You showing all those meanie poop’s how grown you are?”

“It’s not like that.” Octavia grunted, barely smothering the rage inside her down. “Just don’t call me kid, you can call whatever nickname you want, just not kid.”

“How about kiddo?” she grinned. Octavia blew out a long breath through her nose, repeating the mantra over and over in her head.

“Stop it.”

“Listen, you keep lying to me so I think I get to do something that pisses you off.” She reasoned, malice working its way onto her tongue. “So until you’re straight up with me, you’re a kid.”

“I am being honest with you!” she snapped, her voice only just below shouting. Anya’s face hardened.

“Listen, I know it’s difficult to trust. I get that, but I understand, you must know that. I saw you looking at me before.” That at least, calmed the raging fury inside of her a bit.
“Yeah you... you smell different.” She said, the sentence halfway between a question and a statement. The older grinned.

“That’s not very polite, but yeah I guess I would. And you my friend, smell different too. Come on the jigs up, just tell me, I promise I won’t tell anyone.”

“Tell you what?” Octavia sighed exasperated. “I don’t understand... why do you smell different? It’s weird it’s not like you smell bad but-“

“Are you being serious?” Anya interrupted. Octavia practically jumped in joy.

“What else was I being?”

“Listen just, I need you to be quiet and answer my question okay?” she instructed, her voice surprisingly serious. Octavia nodded, though a part of her felt uneasy. The older girl drew in a deep breath.

“What’s your name?” Anya asked her. She saw the look of confusion before she gave in.

“Octavia.” She said, as if it was the most obvious thing in the world. Anya listened to the girl’s heartbeat, counting it mentally.

“How old are you?”

“Sixteen,” she answered. She frowned. “Though, my birthday is tomorrow.” Anya listened again, taking note.

“Okay, now have you ever owned a dog?”

“Wait seriously?”

“Answer the question.” Anya snapped. She instantly softened her voice. “Sorry just, have you ever owned a dog?”

“No...” Octavia said slowly. “What’s this-“

“Have you ever been bitten by a dog?” she questioned, her own heart beating rapidly.

“No actually, always had a way with dogs.” She smiled. “Maybe I should get one...”

“Uh your parents?” Anya went on, rubbing her eyes. “Mum? Dad? Mum-Mum, Dad-Dad?”

Octavia’s blood ran cold. She swallowed, hard.

“Just a Mum.”

“You’re lying.”

“No I’m not.” She instantly defended. Anya just looked at her until she gave in. She clenched fists, trying to remain as calm as possible she talked about *him*. “I had a Dad, he’s gone now.”

“Did he leave?”

“These are very personal questions,” Octavia growled. “What’s your need for them anyway?”

“Kid, please. This is important.” She sighed. Her hackles rose.
“Fine. No, he died.”

“How?”

Octavia went silent. “He went down the stairs.”

“Fell?” Anya inquired. God Octavia wanted to punch her, or anyone really, the tension building up in her was unfathomable.

“Pushed,” she whispered. Anya’s eyes widened.

“Was it murder?” she asked, though her voice wasn’t excited. It was scared.

“I suppose so.”

“Who did it?” she kept going, the realization slowly dawning on her. Octavia couldn’t stop the sinister smile seal it’s way onto her lips.

“Me.” Anya’s eyes nearly bulged out of her head. She was quiet for a long while.

“Wh-Why? Was there a reason?” she stammered. Octavia wanted to run, to get out of here. Running always helped her to calm down.

“Many,” she said softly. “He wasn’t the best Dad.” The tension in Anya dissipated, but she didn’t speak. Octavia stared at the mats, unable to look up. “He was a bad man, he did bad things. He didn’t like me the most, I don’t know why. I think he wanted a son.” She brought her gaze up to the older girl in front of her, her fists shaking. “He called me kid.”

Anyas stomach plummeted. She listened to the girl’s heartbeat, the body language; she wasn’t lying. Shit, fucking shit. The girl had no idea what she was, what her father was. This was too delicate of a situation. Suddenly, something the girl had said before had her head spinning. Oh no.

“Hold on, did you say it’s your birthday tomorrow?” she said, scrunching her eyes in concentration.

“That’s the thing you pick up on?” Octavia scoffed. Anya waved her off.

“No hold on let me think…” Shit, shit, when was it? She wracked through her brain trying to remember the date; she remembers that she had checked it last week. Fuck when was it? “What’s the date today?”

“Twenty-first,” Octavia answered. “What does this have to do with anything?”

“Just…” She remembered the date. There was no way, but she couldn’t take the chance.

The full moon was tonight, exactly on her birthday. Which means…

“Octavia we are leaving, now.” Anya ordered. She snatched her jacket off the ground and grabbed the girl’s arm, tugging her along.

“What the hell?” she snapped, shrugging the older girl off her. Anya huffed.

“Ki- Octavia. Shit is there a shorter version of your name?”

“Some of my mates call me O.”

“O? Like just that? Just the letter ‘O’?”
“What’s wrong with O?” she defended. Anya rolled her eyes.

“There is no time for this, just follow me.” She tried to grab her arm again but Octavia moved out of her hand’s path. She sighed, slapping her arms to her sides. “Fine but we have to move, now. The moon will be up soon, we need to get you someplace safe.” Without letting Octavia answer her she ran off. Octavia didn’t know why she followed but she did, and the girl she must say was surprisingly fast. Normally she has to slow down her running quite a bit but with her she could really push it, she could be free. Soon she was grinning as she chased after her. The wind whipped through her hair and sensation was strangely addicting, she wanted more. But out of the nowhere, the older girl stopped. Octavia skidded to a hault, panting with a goofy grin.

“Where now?” she asked, practically jumping up and down. Anya looked to her, her face full of worry.

“Okay, I think there’s an abandoned building up north.” She scanned the sky’s above, the stars shining own at them. And there, her worst enemy right now, that damn moon. The full circle of the moon. “Shit,” she cursed, “O we need to be quick, just follow me-“

Octavia screamed, a hot stabbing pain slicing its way up her spin. She crumpled to the ground teary-eyed.

“What the fuck?” she panted, her entire body shaking. Anya instantly crouched down next to her.

“Listen, Octavia listen,” she grabbed the brunette’s face, forcing the girl to look at her. “Do not fight it, do you understand me? It will be much worse, let it in, don’t resist.”

“The hell are you- Aargh!” she heard something crack inside her and the pain flared like a bushfire. She groaned, only managing to pull herself to all fours. The white-hot stabbing pain erupted again, this one faster than the last. Then another one came, and another, and another… “Make it stop!” she roared, her fingers snapping and bending. She pushed against the ground below, looking only now to see she was in a forest. She was so excited from before she didn’t even notice.

“Don’t fight it.”

“Are you the one in excruciating pain? I think fucking not.” She growled, the sound less than human. The pain was so terrible she lost the ability to speak or see. The fabric against her skin felt wrong and restricting, she snarled, startling her own self of the intensity of it before ripping off her shirt. Her body was half way between a human and a wolf. Anya took a few steps back; the last of transformation brutally ripping it’s way through the teen’s body. A snout forced its way from her jaw, the bones themselves changing and morphing into a shape they had never been before. Fur sprouted its way up her back, the last of the human clothes tearing off as her body expanded, a thick coat of black silver-tipped fur replacing the bland skin. She screamed but as she did it changed into a guttural animal roar, growls and snarls escaping her mouth instead of words.

The pain stopped.

There, where a teenage girl was once, was a large wolf, its two front legs packed with muscle that should have shook their earth below it. It’s fur shone beautifully in the moonlight, her silver tipped tail glistening.

“Holy fuck…” Anya breathed, her mouth soon tipping into a full grin. “I fucking knew it!” Octavia looked over to the human, though she could smell she wasn’t human. She was like her, but not. But soon her attention was taking off her, because the ground beneath felt amazing. She dug her paws in the dirt, pawing at it joyfully. She yipped, jumping up and down, feeling the pebbles jump as she did.
An undeniable urge suddenly took her over and she ran forward; and god was it nothing short of exhilarating.

“Wolfie! Hold up!” Anya yelled but she was too fast for her on human legs. Shrugging she figured she may as well join her. It seemed like she was safe enough anyway. Swiftly she slipped off her clothes, placed them neatly on a nearby rock and closed her eyes. With a flash of light, a large-ish dingo stood where her human self once was. She barked excitedly and sprinted on after Octavia. The wolf pumped her legs as hard she could, each pounce sending a shock of pleasure through her. Eventually she reached where she was headed, the sound of water hitting her heightened hearing; she pushed harder. She scented something else in the air, the human from before. But, they weren’t as human as before; now they were more like her. She let them run next to her, though Octavia was slightly faster. The ground started to slope, the earth tipping upwards and Octavia barked, signaling for the dingo to run faster. They did, sprinting mercifully as the dirt kicked up from their paws.

The black silver-tipped wolf skidded to a hault, edging at the very end of a cliff. She was panting, her tongue sitting on the edge of her jaw. Anya looked to her and then in front of them, the moon blazing proudly above as the creek below reflected off its rays. A primal need rumbled deep inside the wolf, and Octavia gazed into the empty sky above.

She howled, and Anya joined her.

They howled and howled, until her throat felt raw and used. And then her first coherent thought came.

*I’m a fucking werewolf.*

Chapter End Notes

i just love werewolves i aint got no excuse
also dingos are fucking adorable and get no recognition so im stepping for them because they are physically incapable of it

Translations from across the nations (of the 100)
Chon yu bilaik - Who are you?
Ai laik Linkon kom Trikru, ai lid Okteivia - I am Lincoln of the tree people, I bring Octavia
Yo na min yu op - You may enter
Nou nouthon - Not at all
Onya - Anya
Sha - Yes
Komba hir - Come here
Nau - Now
Weron ste heda? - Where is the Commander?
Kefa, em ste laksen - Careful, she is hurt
Yu don gon coln yu na kriken Indra - You have grown soft in your old age Indra
Hakom - Why?
Ai nou na bash em op - I promise I will not hurt her
Ku - Fine
now this shit got a little darker than intended so I’m just gonna put a warning for angst shit here. i promise i will make it up to you with lots of clexa fluff next chapter. but for now, i hope you enjoy this chapter and hopefully dont hate me too much. yay!

The vampire kept low to the ground. Not a single twitch, a sudden jerk of the limbs, nothing but complete and utter stillness. The full moon loomed above her, barely casting light on the shadowed body. Slowly, she edged forward, rolling from heel to toe. The dirt dipped under her weight, though it was minuscule as she tried to be as quiet as possible. The bushes shook again and she snapped her head towards it, instantly dropping to the earth. Something, or someone was here. Carefully she brought herself back to her feet, edging closer to the shrub. Once she was only a mere metre away she crouched, and with a calm hand, reached out. Centimeters away her fingers just grazed the green leaves she let out a long breath; just a tad bit closer…. 

“Boo!” Raven yelled, jumping from behind the shrubbery. Clarke jumped back, instinctively clutching her heart though it wasn’t pounding. It couldn’t. 

“What the fuck Raven!” she scolded, punching the Latina in the shoulder. She grinned. “Told ya’ I was sneaky.” She winked. Clarke groaned. “What? You said I couldn’t sneak up on you, excuse me for taking you word by word.” 

“You are honestly one of the most annoying beings on this earth.” She sighed. “Hey, undead beings.” She corrected. Clarke just looked at her. 

“Raven just because your heart doesn’t pump doesn’t mean you’re undead, everything else about you is annoyingly alive.” She reminded, spinning on her heel and strutting away. Raven frowned, jogging to catch up with her. 

“I’m pretty sure by definition that makes me dead.” She stated. Clarke rolled her eyes. 

“What about brain activity then?” Clarke countered. A proud grin pulled at her when Raven scowled. 

“You just wait, one day I’ll get a hold of a brain and I will find out what makes us, us.” 

“Please for the love of god do not do that. That sounds very morally wrong.” She scoffed. Reaching the edge of the forest she poked her red head out, checking down the streets. Seemed empty enough. The pair strode onto the pavement. 

“Morals, morals, the problems of mortals,” Raven waved off. 

“I’m really starting to think you shouldn’t be a vampire,” she turned her face to her. “Too much power for an ass like you.”
Raven mock bowed. “A fine one at that.”

“Piss off Reyes.”

“Not for the life of me.” She quipped back. Clarke just shook her head. They continued strolling down the street, the midnight Tuesday lights lighting up the empty streets. An orange glow followed them from above, the artificial lights stinging the naturally blonde’s eyes. She never liked those lights. Clarke checked her watch. They were going to be late.

“Shit,” she muttered. “You ready to haul ass? Cause we’re late for dinner.”

“Who’s the dinner?” Raven asked, earning another punch to the shoulder. “Quit it! My fine skin will bruise!”

“Mum’s you idiot. God why do I always get stuck with you?”

“Probably because there’s no one else.” Raven shrugged.

“Well, you’re not wrong.”

“But you love me,” Raven smirked. Clarke scoffed, amused by her best friend’s antics.

“Oh totally, very much so.”

“I knew it.”

“Yes you did.”

Deciding not to be too late the pair took off at a sprint, not caring too much if anyone saw them. They would look like a blur anyway, a trick of the shadows they would write off. Clarke couldn’t deny she loved when they got to let more of the thing inside them out, to do more supernatural things compared to human. Sure, there wasn’t anything necessarily wrong with being human, but there were things you missed. The sounds of nature, that deep rooted feeling of being apart of something bigger, not just turning up everyday to a building so you can get ‘somewhere in life.’ But, a much more beautiful meaning, a purpose for something that reaches far beyond human eyes. At times it felt like there was another world within this one, that if you looked hard enough, for long enough, you’d catch a glimpse of it; a whispering in the air, the talk of the earth itself, mumbling softly into your ear. When she was human it was harder to hear it, to find it. But now? She felt so much closer.

They were a couple blocks away now, a cool breeze floating in the air. The cold didn’t really seem to affect her, the heat did but at a more human rate. She did get sunburns easy though. Raven promises her that she’s working on that, some fancy ‘vamperic sunscreen’ that would be 500+spf. It’s things like that that keep her smiling. Raven was going on about something to the left of her, cars? Another one of her crazy inventions that should probably be illegal? A part of her feels bad for nodding out but Raven’s used to it anyway. She says that she doesn’t feel that second world like she does, though she can sense that it’s there. Except, it’s untouchable. A lost dream was what she once said. Clarke thinks Raven has been reading too much. Something in the air changed, and Clarke froze.

“You feel that?” she asked, scanning the area around her. The street seemed quiet and she could see her house up ahead, but something didn’t feel right. She sniffed the air. Nothing. She huffed frustrated. Why did it feel like something was wrong?

“Nah not a thing.” Raven answered. “Probably a possum, you know those buggers can get just about anywhere.”
“Maybe…” Clarke trailed off, not convinced. The hairs on the back of neck stood on end. “Let’s just get inside. Quick.” She ordered, urging the dark haired brunette forward.

“Honestly you are so paranoid Griffin.” Raven said, rolling her eyes but complied and walking faster.

“Yeah well better safe than sorry,” she mumbled, her eyes jumping back and fourth. Now walking significantly faster they edged closer and closer to Clarke’s home, yet for the entire time she felt someone was watching them, remembering their steps. When they got to the decking she felt like she was going to explode from the nerves. Clarke knocked on the door still checking behind them, and with a shuffle and few muffled curses the door swung open. Abby smiled warmly at them.

“Hey honey, for a second I thought you were going to be late.” She breathed, wiping her brow. The older woman looked frazzled, a food-splattered apron loosely hanging over her.

“Hey Mum,” she greeted. “Uh you two go inside, I’m just going to do a quick sweep of the area.” Abby frowned. “Is something wrong?”

“Probably not.” Raven interjected, earning a glare from Clarke. “Lil’ Griffin over here is very paranoid.”

“Am not.”

“Am too.”

“I’m not!”

“You are!”

“Girls!” Abby silenced. The two teenagers stared at the ground. “That’s enough. Clarke, go check if you need too, its better safe then sorry—"

“Told you.” Clarke mumbled. Raven gave her the finger without Abby noticing.

“-And Raven.” Abby sighed. She noticed. “You will help me finish up in the kitchen. Are we clear?”

“Crystal.” They said in unison.

“Good. Raven, in.” Abby directed. Raven gave her a salute and strode in the house. Before she could shut the door she gave one last glance to Clarke, she mouthed to her ‘be careful.’ Clarke nodded.

Once the wooden door shut she spun on her heels, staring into the empty streets layered out before her. It felt like something was still here, that it had never left. Not lifting her eyes off the area in front of her she reached to her side, pulling the wooden dagger from her sheath. She hoped it was nothing, but Jake had always taught her to trust her instincts. So she did. Gripping tight to the blade she jogged out onto the pavement, surveying the blocks of houses to the left and right of her. Up ahead was another street, the one that they had come down. That’s where her gut was telling her to go. Hesitantly she crosses the road, hugging the walls of the houses on the right. Staying in the shadows, she moved past each home, letting her hand roam over the bricks and stone. There, the gap between the next two houses; an alleyway. A perfect spot to jump out. Crouching she pushed her back against the wall, sidestepping to the edge. She was hoping that whoever was there, if anyone, was expecting her to walk by without checking. She trained hard on her ears, trying to catch any glimpse of sound.
Silence, dead silence. A wave of unease hit her straight to the core.

It was never good when it was quiet. There should always be something, a grumble from the homeless man two doors up, the snoring of the dog sleeping outside. Always something, never nothing. She swallowed, hard. She was right at the edge of the wall. This was it, she had to get the surprise on them, this was her only chance. Straightening her spine, she bent down slightly. She counted down in her head. ‘3, 2, 1….’

She jumped, dagger out. You could barely hear her steps land. Clarke frowned.

There was no one there.

“What?” she breathed confused. She could have sworn-

Someone pounced on her from behind, sending them tumbling to the ground. It was a man. He struggled to keep her down, sitting on top of her. Clarke snarled, her eyes flashing black. He only had a few seconds. Just as she began to flip him off something sharp punctured her neck. It wasn’t fangs like she had expected, but a needle. Shit. With a growl she shoved him off, sending him stumbling back. She jumped back to her feet.

“It’s always the roof.” She muttered. Of course, the one place she didn’t check. The place that she likes using most. “Who are you?”

His own eyes morphed into black, his face hidden by a black mask. It only had three holes, two for the eyes, and one for the fanged mouth. “You are a very stupid girl.” He snickered. Clarke flicked her dagger out.

“You’ll be dead in the next few seconds, so I suggest you talk fast.” She threatened. Though, what she didn’t expect was for wrist to spike with pain. She shook it off.

“You are a fool for thinking we did not notice you.” He grinned.

“You know exactly who. It’s about time we caught up, you’ve been poking a little too close for our liking.” A stabbing pain burned in the back of her neck. “But, you could be quite an asset. So, you’ve been given the lucky chance of a choice.”

“A choice?” she repeated, trying to smother her own groans of discomfort. Her veins felt like they were on fire. He nodded, stepping closer. She tried to stop him, but her footing faltered.

“Well, one of them is already working as you can see. Anyway, let’s not waste time.” He clapped his hands together. Clarke struggled to stand. “You can either come with us, or everyone you know killed, as well as you.”

“I won’t let you live long enough to do that.” She panted. Shit, what the hell did he inject her with? He laughed, a cold one that disturbed your very soul.

“If you do I will be very impressed. Now listen to me, I’ve given you the choice. Which will you choose?”

“Go to hell.” She growled. She could feel her knees threatening to buckle under her weight. The longer it went, the more intense her body burned. She wanted to scream but she wouldn’t dare make herself look so weak; her body said otherwise. “Fuck,” she cursed. Not being able to bear it no more she crumpled to the ground, her entirety screaming in agony. “The hell did you do to me?” she
snapped.

“Oh my apologies.” He dropped to his knees, grinning as the girl in front of him squirmed, struggling
to keep her mouth closed. “The first one is always the worst.” He went to pat her on the head like a
dog, but he quickly realized that was the wrong move. Her jaw clamped down on his hand, crushing
the bones inside. He swore and she took the opportunity to pounce him, even if her bones shook.

“You fucking-“

“Bitch.” She snarled and lifted the dagger above his heart. His eye widened. With as much force as
she could she plunged it into his chest. He roared, his eyes dimming to the usual dark brown. Except,
he didn’t die. She only got half way. Clarke let go of the dagger and clutched at her head, waves
upon waves of agony pulsating in her skull. After getting over the initial shock he shoved her off
him, scrambling back up to his own two feet; he gripped the dagger in his chest, and pulled. Clarke
nearly threw up from the sound. With a gasp and splat of blood, the wooden dagger now sat in his
dark skinned hands.

“Now I must say,” he coughed, blood leaking from his mouth. “That was impressive.” Clarke rolled
onto her back, not even being able to think, let alone speak. He crept closer, this time taking care to
keep his limbs near him. Clarke roared, finally giving up of holding in the sounds; it sounded a
wounded beast, nothing of the girl. “You know, I reckon you hold more use than I’ve given you
credit for. For that, I’ll let you live.” She tried to look at him, to pull the strength to dive at his neck.
“But, you still are a problem. And I think your stubbornness to give in may come as an issue later.”
He tilted his head. “Of course, there are other ways to get rid of you.”

“Fu,” she tried to force the word out. “Fuck you.” She spat. He snickered.

“Where’s your house again Wanheda? The one up the road?”

“D-Don’t.”

“Then I wouldn’t speak like that to me.” She fought to bite her tongue. “That’s better. Now, I best be
off. When you wake up, you’ll either be dead, or stowed away for later.”

“I’ll find you,” she whispered, blinking back the tears. “I’ll rip out your tongue and shove it down
your throat.”

“Maybe one day Clarke. But today is not that day.” With a smirk he strode out of the alleyway,
slipping the needle back in his pocket. Clarke groaned once more, rolling onto her side. She had
never felt pain like this before. But before she could complain anymore, before she could feel more
of that blistering pain, she passed out.

When she woke up, the pain was gone. Her head felt heavy, like she had been run over multiple
times by a tank. She tried to get a smell of where she was. Perfume, wood, blood. Wait blood?
Opening her eyes was a harder task, but when she managed too she instantly regretted it. There, right
next to her, was a human body. A drained human body. Had she done that? Clarke blinked, trying to
adjust to the foreign light. Sunrise, that’s what it was. How had she gotten here? Groaning she
managed to pull her tired body up, leaning against something solid behind her; she tried to move her
head but her neck ached in protest. Fighting the pain, she looked behind her. A bed. Looking closer
she noticed it to be her bed. Hold on. She scanned the room around her, the carpet under her fingers.
She was in her room?

“The fuck?” she muttered, the words sending her head into a pound fest. Ignoring the pain she tried
to pull herself up but she immediately failed, collapsing back to the ground. What had happened last
night? Her head was foggy, a strange haze refusing access to the memories she wanted to see. She looked back over to the dead human next to her. The bite marks sat clearly placed on her neck; but Clarke wasn’t full. If anything it just reminded her how long it had been since she had drunken blood.

So who killed the girl? The moment the notion of killing came up a barrage of memories slammed into her, almost making her smack her head against the bed frame.

Alleyway, attacked, injected, threatened. Jesus fucking Christ this was very bad. Raven, she needed to warn Raven. Her legs like cement she gave up on moving, instead she tried to speak. That was harder then expected. After many failed attempts, a quiet rasp voice echoed in the room.

“Hello?” she croaked, almost instantly falling into coughing fit. Her throat felt desert dry. “Shit,” she cursed. A bang at the door made jump. Was it locked?

“Clarke? Why is your door locked, are you alright?” Abby called, her voice worried. Clarke hadn’t come back last night. Raven had assured she had just gotten carried away like she always did but she didn’t believe it. The weird thumping at three in the morning didn’t help.

“I’m here,” she grunted. “It’s not locked there’s something in front of it. Just push.”

“Honey are you okay?” she called again.

“Uh I don’t think so-“ the door creaked open, pushing the boxes in its path out of the way. The second she entered the room she froze, blood draining rom her face. The silence was deafening. It was only then that Clarke realised what this looked like.

“It wasn’t me,” she instantly said. “I woke up in here, with this body-“

“You killed an innocent Clarke. That was the line, that was the one rule I made.” Her voice rose, shaking the walls around them. “You killed someone Clarke!”

“I didn’t!” Clarke snapped. “Let me finish, I was attacked last night-“

“You killed someone Clarke!”

“I didn’t!” Clarke yelled, trying to stand. She couldn’t. “Fuck, just trust me, I didn’t do this. Someone has framed me, the guy last night. He tried to kill me-“

“I shouldn’t have listened to him, I shouldn’t have listened to him,” Abby mumbled to herself, turning away. “Oh no, no, no.” With a groan, the vampire managed to pull herself up on shaky legs, her hand holding onto the bed frame for support.

“Mum, stop it. This wasn’t me, please. Trust me.” She begged, her voice cracking. “Mum I didn’t do this-“
“I prayed this day wouldn’t come. I was stupid to think it wouldn’t, you’re a vampire after all.” Abby said, making Clarke flinch. Her wet eyes didn’t leave the body. “What have you done?” she breathed. Clarke was about to repeat her same words when Abby disappeared into the corridor. She went to chase after her, only to collapse to the floor. Her body felt like it had been to the war and back.

“Fuck, come on don’t fail on me now,” Clarke muttered, attempting to pull herself up. It didn’t work. In frustration she began army crawling towards the door, heaving herself closer and closer out of the death filled room. Her finger grazed the door, and she let herself fall into the carpet. A sob formed itself in the back of throat, slowly but surely morphing into full on crying. She doesn’t remember how long she cried, all she knows was her last thought before she collapsed in exhaustion.

How had this happened?

Clarke woke up again hours later, though this time someone was waking her up. Someone was shaking her. With her eyes closed she tried to swat away the hands but was only met with them being caught. Her mind felt a lot less heavy then before, she cracked open one eye.

“Raven?” she said dazed. She heard a breath of relief and she forced herself to actually open her eyes. She was still in her room, though she was leaning against the bed again, the body was in the corner of the room. Before she could stop it a sob escaped from her as she realised it wasn’t all just a dream. It wasn’t just a fucked up nightmare.

“Clarke, Clarke, are you here?” Raven rambled, grabbing Clarke’s face and forcing her to drag her sight from the body. “Don’t look there, look at me.”

But the moment Clarke connected eyes with Raven an entirely different fear engulfed her. She grabbed her by the shoulders, almost shaking her in panic. “Raven I didn’t do it, you have to believe me I didn’t-“

“I know, I know, it’s okay.” Raven said, pulling her into a tight embrace. She buried her face into crook of the blonde’s neck. “It’s okay, I believe you. I know you didn’t do it.”

“I fucked up Raven.” She cried, not letting go. Raven shook her head.

“No, no you didn’t. Someone did this to you, some sick fuck who I’m going to kill very slowly you understand?”

“No Raven-“

“They must be incredibly stupid to think they won’t be getting any backlash-“

“Raven.” Clarke interrupted; she pulled herself from the hug. Raven’s eyes were ringed in red, worn and tired. “It’s my fault. We weren’t careful enough Raven.”

“What do you mean?” she asked confused.

“You know who.” Raven gulped. “They… they knew we were on to them. Last night, they sent someone after me. He injected me with something and I passed out.”

Raven frowned. “Why would he do that?”

“He said some things before I passed out.” Clarke mumbled quietly. Fear flashed on her best friend’s face. With a shaky breath, Clarke continued. “He threatened to kill everyone, to kill you if I didn’t go with him. Then, I don’t know I bit his hand and I nearly killed him but I wasn’t strong enough.”
“How can you not be strong enough?” Raven scoffed in disbelief. Clarke sighed; running a hand through her faded red hair.

“Whatever I was injected with, it fucking hurt. Like nothing I’ve ever felt, I could barely move.”

“What was it?”

“I have no idea, but whatever it was it was powerful. It works on vampires, it’d probably kill humans.” Clarke explained. Raven hung her head, letting herself fall back. She hugged her knees close to her chest.

“They knew?” she said softly. Clarke nodded. “Shit, how? We were so careful.” Raven cursed.

“It doesn’t matter. What matter’s is that we got too close, too cocky. We pay the price for that.” Clarke said, her voice gaining strength. Raven just looked at her, her eyes pleading.

“Clarke… you can’t go to jail…”

“I won’t. What’s probably going to happen is worse.” Clarke went on.

“Nothing can be worse than that Griffin.” Raven argued, her face afraid that she was wrong.

“Mum made a fail safe.” Clarke mumbled quietly, her voice barely heard. “She was never okay with this, okay with me. So, she made a fail safe incase it all went too far. Dad was against it so she never thought about when he was around, but now? She thinks I murdered that…. Girl. She’ll do it.”

“Do what?” Raven questioned, her voice small.

“They’ll make me forget Raven. Forget… what I am, what we’ve done. Everything. She’ll bring me up as a normal kid.”

“That’s impossible,” Raven scoffed. Clarke sighed, unable to look at her.

“You know it’s not.” She muttered. Raven shook her head.

“No, I’m not letting it happen.”

“Raven-“

“No. Whoever she get’s to do it, I won’t let them.” She said firmly. “I wont let them do that to you Clarke.”

“Raven they have too if we ever want another chance at getting near them again.” Clarke reasoned.

“It’s not worth it!” Raven yelled, instantly softening her voice. “Clarke, shit it’s not worth losing everything.”

“But it is. They’ll think I’m gone, dead or whatever. We lie low for a while, get them to think we’ve moved on, and then we strike again.” Clarke insisted. Raven still wasn’t convinced. She held up her hands, a humourless chuckle falling from her lips.

“And how on earth do you think you’ll know huh? If you’re memories gone, how the hell will you find your way back?”

“I’ll find a way. Mum would have too… top up. One go won’t make it last. Eventually I’ll remember, and you’ll make sure it happens.” Clarke affirmed.
“Jesus,” Raven breathed. “This is crazy. You expect me to just let this happen? To just watch you be reduced too nothing?”

“I won’t be nothing. I’ll be… human. Or at least, I’ll think I am. And you’ll make sure it stays that way,” Clarke said, forcing herself to look at Raven. Her stomach plummeted when she saw the clear torn and fear on her face. She took a deep breath, though it didn’t help. More of a habit she guessed. “Abby will come back, and you’ll side with her. You’ll say I killed that girl.”

“No fucking way.” Raven growled, her nostrils flaring. “There’s no way in hell that’s happening.”

“Fucking hell Raven this isn’t about me! This is about taking those monsters down! You must do this, if Abby does it. This may not happen all right? But if it does, I need to be able to trust you’ll take her side.” Clarke tried, her voice hoarse.

Raven just scoffed again. “No. I can’t do that Clarke. I’m sorry, but I can’t. We’ll find another way okay? We’ll… we’ll run away or something. Go far; live in the mountains or some shit for a couple years. It’ll be fine,” Raven cried. Sniffing, she wiped at her nose. “We’ll get out of this Clarke. I promise you.” She reassured, a hopeful smile tugging at her. Clarke chuckled, a sad one.

“You’re so hopeful Raven, I’ll never forget that I promise you.” She said softly, Raven smiled.

“So, you won’t do it?” she asked, visibly perking up. Clarke bit back a sob.

“Look at me Raven.” She said, she did.

“Are you okay?”

“Just, be a quiet for a moment yeah. Just look at me.” Clarke assured. Raven’s head started to feel heavy. Her eyes widened.

“Clarke don’t, stop-“

“I’m sorry Raven. But the stakes are too high, I can’t risk getting you or anyone killed.”

“Clarke,” her voice caught. “Don’t, come on, we’ll find a way.”

“I can’t risk that.” She whispered. Raven tried to squirm away but Clarke had anticipated this, and held one of her arms down next to her, forcing Raven to lean towards her. Gently but firmly she held her chin. “Don’t fight it, let me in Raven.”

“No,” she mumbled, though it was half-hearted. The heaviness grew in Raven’s head but she fought with every ounce of will power she had against Clarke’s thrall. Clarke concentrated harder, the heaviness setting into her own mind.

“Raven, just keep looking at me okay? Can you do that?” Clarke said softly. The words itched their way up her throat, begging to be released. She tried to look away, but Clarke was holding her firmly in place, giving her nowhere else to look but the deep blue. A ring of soft, beautiful gold began glow in Clarke’s eyes but the stubbornness held her back from falling in completely. “Answer me Raven.” She asked gently.

“Yes.” She grunted, pulling all her strength together to try and keep her mouth shut. She wasn’t going to let this happen, Clarke was being an idiot if she thought she’d just let her walk into that death trap. Losing your memories is like losing yourself; even if she weren’t dead, she would lose her best friend. “Clarke please-“
“Shhh, just relax okay? I’m going to need you to promise some things for me.” A bead of sweat slid down the back of Clarke’s neck. She couldn’t hold on to her for too long. “Will you do that?”

Raven didn’t answer, managing the willpower. Inwardly, Clarke huffed. Taking one last breath she concreted even harder, attempting to open the locked door to Raven’s mind. Blood began to leak from Clarke’s nose. “Will you do that?” she asked again, the gold in her eyes glowing brighter. It was too much, and soon Raven’s face slacked slightly.

“Yes,” she whispered, and Clarke could tell she was still fighting. It didn’t matter; she was mostly in. Hopefully the logical part of Raven will realize she was doing this for the best.

“Oh, now I’m going to say some things, and you are going to do them, no matter what do you understand?”

“No matter what,” Raven repeated, her voice barely above a whisper.

“Okay, you’re going to side with Abby. You will think I killed that girl, you will not believe me when I say otherwise understand?” Clarke said, her voice breaking. She forced herself to keep going, to stay strong. Raven repeated the words, and a pain started to develop in Clarke’s mind. She ignored it.

“You killed her,” she whispered. Clarke nodded.

“That’s right. You will listen to Abby, and make sure I don’t remember when my memory is taken. You will make sure I don’t remember what I am, what’ve I’ve done, for at least two years understand?”

“I understand.” Raven repeated. The pain in her head intensified, blood soon leaking from her ears. She could taste the salty red crimson fall onto her lips.

“And if you ever suspect that I’m starting to remember, you will not tell Abby, You will say that you worry that you think she’ll move me away. Understand?” Clarke said, her voice cracking. She could feel her hold slipping.

“I understand.”

“Good, now lastly, you will forget everything about the mountain men, you will forget everything about him. You’ll forget all that we did, we planned, in your memories you will think of those times of just hanging out,” She could feel a wetness begin in her eyes. She knew it wasn’t tears.

“Understand?” she croaked.

“I understand.” She mumbled back. Clarke let out a breath of relief. Just as blood started to slip from her eyes she slowly let go of her hold, only after a second did Raven gasp and pulled herself as far as she could.

“It’s done.” Clarke whispered, her skull pounding. Shit she was going to get one hell of headache for the next week or so. After a few moments the world stopped spinning, and Raven was left to realize what had just happened. She peered up at Clarke, seeing the blood on her face.

“No…” she muttered, as if the word alone would fix everything. They sat in silence for minutes that felt like hours, the perception of time bending to make the pain last longer than it should. It was after a long while, that Raven felt the ability to speak again, her voice her own once more. “It won’t work.”

Clarke forced herself to stare at her. She smiled sadly. “You know it will.”
“You’re an idiot Clarke, a complete and utter idiot.” She snapped. With a frustrated growl she got to her feet. “I’m not doing any of that shit.”

“If you don’t, we’re all dead.”

“Then I suggest you choose your coffin.”

“Damn it Raven!” Clarke hissed, pulling her own self to her feet. She stepped closer but Raven stepped back, purposely avoiding her eyes. Her heart sank. “I won’t do it again, I promise. That was… the one and only time.”

Raven dared to stare into Clarke’s eyes. She wasn’t lying. “I don’t care if you’ve… compelled me or whatever I’m not doing it. I’m not betraying you like that.”

“I can’t have you doubting Raven, or they’ll know something’s up-“

“How are you even considering this? These are your fucking memories Clarke!” Raven fumed, edging closer. The two vampires stood stall, their backs stiff. “You can’t let this happen!”

“It may not, what I said will only kick in if this all goes to hell. I may not be forced to forget Raven.” Clarke reminded. Raven just shook her head with a scoff.

“If that’s true then why invade my mind like that?”

“It had to be done, and so does this.” Clarke blue eyes melted to black and within a heartbeat she pounced at Raven, and dove her head straight at her neck. She took the smallest amount of blood before she was forcefully shoved off.

“What the fuck was that?” Raven snapped, her own eyes now black. Clarke’s eyes returned to blue, her fangs retracting.

“You know what,” she panted, blood dripping on her chin. Raven’s eyes widened and she instantly calmed herself enough that she lost the darkness in her eyes.

“You can’t make me, even you know that.” She reminded, backing up slightly.

“I know, but it’s happening. Swear an oath you’ll do the things I said.” Clarke said, adjusting her stance.

“No fucking way.”

“Don’t make me Raven.” Clarke warned. Raven knew she had to keep herself as calm as possible or she could accidentally seal the blood oath, the problem with that, was that that left her mind relaxed as well. She couldn’t have both. Clarke used this, and soon that now familiar heaviness started both of their minds.

“Don’t make me hurt you Clarke. I’ll knock you out and drag you by the hair out of this town if I have too.”

“Swear the oath Raven.” She breathed, her knees shaking. Raven growled, but the words came out, albeit they were rough.

“I swear it.” She grunted. The heaviness disappeared, and Clarke almost collapsed to the ground. Her footing stumbled, sending her back a few steps. “Stop this Clarke!” Raven roared.

“Bite me.”
“You wish.” Raven growled. The snarl on the blonde’s face faded away, her shoulders relaxing. Raven audibly let out a breath of relief. “Clarke we can solve this. I know we can, you don’t need to go sacrificing yourself like this,” Raven reasoned. Clarke sighed, but nodded defeated. She ran a hand through her hair. She knew it was a ruse a second too late. When Raven was close enough, Clarke punched her as hard as she could in the stomach. With the air knocked out of her, Clarke got near her, taunting her.

“You gonna’ fight back Reyes? Or you scared?”

“Low blow Griff. Figuratively and literally.” She growled, fighting the urge to fight back. Clarke grinned, bouncing on the balls of feet.

“What? You don’t wanna’ get a punch in? Don’t wanna’ prove you’re point?” she taunted, edging closer with a smirk. Inside she wanted to throw up. Raven growled low, a warning. “Oh don’t hold out on me. Come on, I’m not gonna’ remember now am I?”

With a frustrated snarl Raven gave in, but Clarke had planned this. So as Raven jumped at her, jaw wide she sidestepped and grab her head, pressing it against her own neck. It wasn’t long before instincts overrode rationality, because in seconds Raven was stumbling back, trying to spit out what she swallowed. Shit.

“It’s a blood oath now, you can’t go back on that.”

“Clarke…”

“It’s alright, I didn’t hit too hard. I didn’t want to leave a nasty bruise.”

“Clarke-“

“I’m sorry if I hurt you. But, I had to make sure you wouldn’t ruin this. They’ll hunt you down and I won’t be able to fight them off if you do-“

“Clarke!” Raven snapped. Clarke fell silent. Raven just sighed, letting herself sit on the bloodied bed. With tired eyes, she looked up to her best friend.

“I’m going to miss you.” She muttered quietly. Carefully, Clarke edged her way next to her, the bed dipping from the weight.

“I won’t be gone.” She replied softly.

“A part of you will be. How long do you think you’ll be oblivious?”

Clarke thought for a bit. “Best case, a year or two. Then the memories should come back.”

“Worst case?”

Clarke didn’t answer. In the distance she heard a howl.

“Clarke I don’t know if I can do this.” She whispered. The howling grew louder.

“I know. That’s why I made sure you didn’t have too. Your ‘instincts’ will kick in before you have to think it.”

“I hate you, you know that right?” Raven said with a grin. Clarke smiled back.

“Yeah I hate you too.” She said, playfully punching her arm. The howling soon became deafening. It
Clarke woke up panting, her eyes snapping open in the darkness of her room. She could see perfectly in the dark anyway. The howling still pounded at her ears from outside. She shook her head. Just another vampire dream she told herself, just another one. Just a dream, a realistic, shitty dream. She wanted to throw up.

“Fucking dogs,” she muttered, shakily pulling herself from her bed. Instinctively she checked the corner where the body was in her dream. She didn’t blink as she stared hard at the emptiness of it. The dog outside howled again. Huffing, she stomped over to her window and slid it open. Scanning the neighbourhood she saw the culprit quite literally right outside her house, just sitting in her backyard. Though it wasn’t a dog like she had thought it was but… a wolf it looked like. Were there even wolves in this country? Intrigued Clarke stealthily made her way down the stairs hoping that she didn’t wake her Mum up. If she did wake up she’d probably just go right back to sleep. Making sure that that strange blade was with her Clarke carefully creaked opened the back door, poking her head outside. The wolf, which she could now see to have black fur tipped in silver, practically fell over in excitement. The blonde shut the door just in time for the wolf to jump at her, slamming her into the ground. Shit, that thing was strong.

But it didn’t hurt her. Instead, to her surprise, it started ecstatically licking her face, yips slipping out as it did. Eventually, after being covered in dog drool she managed to push it back enough that it wasn’t standing over her.

“Quit it,” Clarke chuckled, managing to sit herself up and hold the head of the wolf. Weirdly, its eyes were green. Clarke ignored it. Not being able to lick at her anymore, the wolf began barking joyfully, bouncing up and down with it’s powerful body. “Hey, hey quiet or my Mum will hear.” Clarke scolded. She knew she was just talking to an oddly friendly wolf, but what she didn’t know was that the wolf could understand her. Because a moment later the wolf stopped jumping, a guilty look in it’s eye. It whined softly, and then stepped back enough so Clarke could stand up. Wow this thing was intelligent. Wanting to test her theory she beckoned the wolf forward, having to fling out her arms so that they didn’t go tumbling over again. It barreled towards her. Paranoia making her check around her, she went to work. “All right… girl,” the wolf yipped in confirmation. “Sit.” Clarke watched the wolf roll its eyes in awe, and then plant it’s butt to the ground. She didn’t really know how she could tell, but it felt like the wolf was looking at her like ‘really?’

Clarke frowned. “Too easy?” she asked. It nodded its head once. “Okay then… jump.” Again, the what-she-was-discovering-to-be sassy wolf rolled its eyes but complied. Nearby pebbles bounced from its weight. “Woah, you’re a heavy one aren’t yah?” Clarke commented, her mind spinning in awe. Who had trained this wolf? Who had even managed to breed a wolf, and then train it so? She looked for a collar but saw none, just the thick black and silver fur. And those jaded green eyes. They reminded her of something but she couldn’t quite put her finger on it. The wolf nipped at hand, offended. “Ow!” Clarke hissed, stepping back. The wolf just looked at her. “Really? You’re mad I called you heavy?”

The wolf yipped.

Clarke scoffed. “Nothing gets past you I guess.” The wolf grinned at her, the act strangely human. Clarke crouched down again, reaching out the bitten hand carefully. At first, it just looked at her strangely, but slowly it realised what she was asking and trotted forward, letting her hand touch her head. “Incredible…” Clarke whispered, scratching behind the ear of the wolf. It barked, pleased at the compliment. Clarke laughed, stroking the wolf’s head. A thought then hit her, why had it come
here? With a mental ‘fuck it’; Clarke decided she’d ask the wolf. “Now, what brings a big ol’ wolfie like you, into a town like this?” she said, not really expecting an answer. The wolf backed out of Clarke’s hands and she frowned, watching as it started pawing at the ground. “Hey careful, the garden is new,” Clarke warned, earning an annoyed bark which she could only assume to mean ‘shut up.’ She rose up her hands. “Alright, I won’t question such a genius like you,” Clarke drawled. The wolf huffed but continued digging at the earth, moving in a circle. Curious Clarke wandered over, being careful not to get too close, as it seemed very concentrated. She watched it drag itself in a circle, keeping one paw firmly pressed against the soil. She furrowed her brows.

“Zero?” Clarke questioned once the wolf was done. It growled, letting out a frustrated bark. It yipped pointing its head at the circle furiously. “Uh, infinite?”

It rolled its green eyes again, barking its disapproval. “Okay then what is it?” Clarke tried again. The wolf huffed at her and she was about to think it was going to pounce on her when it started drawing again, making a line with its paw. It then adjusted itself, and made two angled lines at the end of the main one. With a satisfied yip it sat its ass down at the end of the line, looking over at Clarke with a proud grin. The wolf had made an arrow. “You are zero?” it shook its head and barked as it pointedly stared at the circle. Clarke stared closer, realisation dawning on her. “Hold on, is it the letter O?” Clarke said. The wolf practically collapsed in relief, barking hysterically in joy. It started pawing desperately where it stood, trying to emphasize the arrow it had drawn. Clarke crept closer, looking wide eyed between the ‘O’ and the wolf. “You are… O…” she said, as if she was reading a word she didn’t understand. The wolf howled. “You are O? You are…?” she raked through her mind, thinking off all the words starting with ‘O’, words that most likely a hyper-intelligent wolf had heard. The wolf ran at her, forcing its way between her legs and almost making Clarke fall over in the process. It then ran back to her, running in circles around her, barking and yipping the entire time. Clarke was midway through her mental stack of words when another howl sounded, one that wasn’t from the wolf. It stopped running around her, trotting to a stop. It stared in the direction the howl had come from, and then howled back. Another howl sounded, this one slightly closer than the last. The wolf began to head towards the sound when it stopped, turning its head back to Clarke. It barked in what she assumed to be a goodbye.

“You are… you are…” Clarke muttered, trying to find the word. With one last excited yip the wolf spun on its paws kicking off from the dirt and effortlessly jumping over the picket fence. It was then that the word she was looking for suddenly hit her. “Octavia…” she breathed.

The sun was teetering over the edge, a blanket of blood orange filtering through the sky. Octavia blinked, the sunlight stinging her eyelids. Groaning, the brunette sat up, rubbing her eyes. It was then that she realised, that she wasn’t wearing any clothes, except for a tattered blanket her aching body was hiding under. Self-consciously she snatched at it, pulling tighter towards her. Why the hell was she naked, and was she in sitting under a tree?

“Holy fucking shit…” she muttered. The night came back to her in faded pieces, most of it being a haze of running and howling. Jesus Christ she spent most of the night as an animal, as… “A werewolf,” she said out loud, finishing her thoughts. She scoffed, partly in disbelief, partly in amazement. She was a werewolf, an actual werewolf. How was that even possible? Octavia frowned. There was that girl, Anya or something, she must have been one too except, somehow she knew she wasn’t. She was different, she could smell it. Octavia laughed, she could smell. Shaking her head she remembered that she was possibly in the middle of nowhere with nothing but an old looking blanket. She had to move, get to her house or something. Octavia pulled herself onto two
legs when she almost immediately fell down. Two legs she reminded herself, not four, adjust for two legs. On her second attempt, the teen found herself standing at the edge of the forest, just right before the trees finished and faded into hills. She sniffed the air instinctively to try and find out where she was but nearly tumbled over from the invasion at her senses. She could smell everything, or at least that was what it felt like. She could scent the strong wet smell of the earth, the lighter greener smell of the grass below, the scent of the person who had used this blanket before. Bringing it up to her nose she took a deep drag, shutting her eyes. That girl’s, it was hers. Secretly sending a thank you prayer to her so that she didn’t have to wander around in nothing but her birthday suit she set off back to her house, which should only about fifteen minutes from here. Though as she headed her way down onto the plain grass she stilled, a mischievous grin tugging at her lips. If she could smell even better than before… could she run faster? She looked up above. It would be about five-thirty in the morning right now, most people should be asleep. She adjusted her grip on the blanket so she could clutch it with one hand, and with a primal excitement, she ran.

She was fast and she loved every second of it. She tried to pump her legs even faster, attempting to try and find her limit. She must have been at least hitting thirty kilometers per hour, but something in her bones told her she could go faster, she could go even more. She saw her house already coming up but decided she wouldn’t stop at it just yet. She wanted to see if she could push it. Her breathing starting to thicken she surged even faster, her legs a blur to any passers by. Weirdly, she could perfectly see the world around her. It wasn’t in streaks but as if she was just walking. Octavia growled and pushed harder, the wind whipping manically through her hair. Fourty, fourty-three, fourty-five…

“Come on O,” she puffed. She aimed even higher, and within a few minutes, she had managed to reach what she would guess to be about fifty-five kilometers per hour. Realising that she had way overshot her house she slowed down enough so that she could turn around, the earth feeling like it was in slow motion. With a chuckle of disbelief she spun herself around and sprinted back, again pushing her legs to run furiously. She made it to her home in only a few minutes. Slowing to a stop she figured she might as well could just walk straight up to the front door. She did, happily knocking on the door. Inside she heard a bang and a yell from inside, Bellamy she noted, and then a messy string of steps sprinting for the door. It swung open, revealing a very disheveled looking older brother. “Damn, you look like shit.” Octavia commented, then waltzed her way past him. Bellamy stood frozen in shock for a couple seconds, his mouth hung open before reality kicked in again and he managed to slam the door close. He stumbled into the living room to find his sister leisurely poking through the fridge, as if she hadn’t disappeared for the entire night.

“O…” he breathed, as if his eyes was telling him things that weren’t true. “What-“

“Hey do we got any steak or something? I’m starving.” Octavia asked, shutting the fridge door with a huff. “We got shit in the freezer?”

Bellamy shook his head. “O, stop, I need you to stop.” He said, raising his hand.

“Okie dokie, I’m stopping. Standing right here, not moving a muscle.” She complied. Bellamy couldn’t stop the anger that burned through him at her nonchalance.

“Where the hell have you been O?” he growled, stepping towards her. “I’ve been up all night, worried sick, while you what? What were you even doing for an entire night that you couldn’t tell me?”

“Wait, you don’t know?” Octavia frowned, walking up to him and away from the kitchen.

“Don’t know what?” he said, fear in his voice.
“That I’m a werewolf?” she answered, like it was obvious. His eyes widened, instantly looking to the left and right of him before he ran over to her, his brown eyes panicked.

“You can’t say shit like that out loud,” he scolded. “And… how did you know?”

“How did I know?” she scoffed. “How about, oh I don’t know, spending my evening as a fucking wolf?”

He stepped back, his jaw dropping. “You… you changed?”

“No shit. It was fucking painful, honestly the worst pain I’ve ever experienced. It even beat that time me and Murphy got into that brawl—“

“O, Octavia, listen to me. You can’t tell anyone do you understand? Not anyone. Not your friend’s not even Clarke or Raven, you can’t tell anyone.” He warned, grabbing Octavia by the shoulders. “Not a fucking word okay?”

“Stop it Bell, you’re scaring me,” Octavia said uneasily, not liking being forced to look at him in his grip.

“You should be. This is serious O, this is our secret understand?”

“Bell stop it, its fine. I’m not going to go shouting from the rooftops anytime soon…”

“Take this seriously Octavia!” he snapped. She instantly pulled herself from his grip, easily overriding his strength.

“Don’t yell at me.” She muttered low. Bellamy sighed, dragging his face with his hands.

“Octavia, just I need you to swear to me you won’t tell anyone.” He insisted, his voice softer. “You have too. No one can know.”

“Why?” she questioned, the hairs on the back of her neck rising. “Also, did you know but never told me?”

“O-“

“You knew didn’t you? You fucking knew but never said a word. Why’s that huh? Some jealousy bullshit or something?” Octavia growled. Bellamy stepped forward only for Octavia to edge back.

“O you have to understand it was for your safety. I need you to promise—“

“Was I… was I bitten or something?” Octavia said, trying to calm herself down. Something felt different, like she could pounce at him at any second with all this new power. She tried to tone it down but the frustration and hurt hit her like a ton of bricks.

“Of course not,” he instantly waved off. “It was…“ his trail of words stopped.

“Was what? Why am I, this thing?” she urged, something inside of her flinching from her words. Bellamy looked he was about to say something but the words never came. A growl escaped her lips, much more animal than human. “Tell me Bell!” she snapped.

“It was your father!” Bellamy yelled, immediately quieting his voice when he saw her freeze. “It was… your Dad. He was a werewolf, like you. It was why he had so many issues, the aggression and his… dislike of you. He wanted to make a pack or something, but when you were born and he saw you were girl…”
“He thought he had failed.” Octavia finished, her voice trembling. Bellamy nodded solemnly.

“What you are… it couldn’t be seen. To be born a wolf is very rare, and a female one at that even more so. That fact that you even survived the first change…” he gave a sad smile. “I knew you’d make it.”

“Why are you telling me this now? Why not before, when I was questioning myself every second of my life of why I was different? When nothing made sense?” she tried to keep her voice from breaking. “I was terrified Bell. Fucking terrified because I had no idea what was happening. The only reason I’m probably still here was because someone was with me who actually helped me.”

His eyes widened. “Who?”

“It doesn’t matter. What matters is, you left me. You abandoned me.”

“I kept you safe.” Bellamy reasoned, his face softening. “You can’t even begin to understand how worried we were for you. Do you even know why he was trying to form a pack?”

A thick silence answered him before Octavia found the courage to answer him herself. “Why?” she asked, her voice weak.

“Because they were practically wiped out. Almost all of them were killed. He was alone, for years, he went insane. He’d say that he couldn’t bite anyone because then he’d be hunted himself and killed. They’d find him.”

“How do you know all this?” Octavia whispered in shock, taking everything in. He hung his head, letting himself fall into the couch. Octavia didn’t join him, but she stood near.

“Your Dad. The week before he died, he knew he had gone wrong too many times. He was drunk and, he just told me everything. He didn’t cry once but it was the first time that I had heard his voice shake.” Bellamy sighed. “I know he was wrong and stupid and disgusting in many ways, but in the end he was worried for you. Somewhere deep down in his excuse of a heart, he was scared you’d be killed. But he never told me to keep you safe, it was Mum who did that.”

Octavia swallowed, hard, nausea flooding her. “I…” she forced the words out of her throat. “I may have told someone. Or, well shown someone.”

“How? I mean you can’t talk when you’re a wolf can you?” he said, his voice a lot smoother on the way he talked about it. About what she was.
“No you idiot I managed to draw an ‘O’ in the dirt. I then made an arrow and made it point at me. You know like, ‘I’m O.’” She explained. Bellamy just looked at her in disbelief. “What? How was I supposed to know I wasn’t meant to tell my best mate?” Octavia snapped, not liking the look from Bellamy. He shook his head.

“No that’s not why I’m staring at you it’s just… you knew you were you when you turned?”

“Am I not meant too?” Octavia frowned.

“I-I’m not sure,” he stammered. “I think it’s meant to take time until you can… control it or whatever.”

“Well I was perfectly there the entire time. Though, I guess I was more like ‘wolfy’ in the head wise.” Octavia said.

“Wolfy?” he questioned, smiling.

“Yeah you know, like more of a wolf type of mind. Like sure, I knew I was me but I also knew that there was a deer nearby.” She went on.

“Are there even deer here?”

“There are introduced. If you go deep enough in the forest you find some, I really hope they aren’t that endangered cause I ate one.” Octavia shrugged.

Bellamy couldn’t stop the grin forming on his face. “Seriously?”

“Oh okay fine, maybe like two but I was hungry! What was I meant to do eat a rabbit or something? I have standards.”

“You’re a werewolf Octavia.” He deadpanned.

“Yah, exactly. A werewolf with standards.” She affirmed, drawing out the last word. Bellamy shook his head, standing up from the couch. Octavia tensed, thinking she was going to get another verbal beating when he suddenly hugged her, holding on to her tightly.

“I was scared you were gone O.” He mumbled, his voice muffled from being in her hair. She could still hear him eerily perfectly. She hugged him back.

“It’s okay, I’m here now. Everything is fine.” She comforted. Bellamy shut his eyes, forcing back the tears. He took a shaky breath.

“I’m sorry to say this but we need to do something about Clarke.” He muttered, pulling himself from the embrace. Octavia sighed, nodding her head.

“I suppose so. It was late at night, I could just tell her she was dreaming it if she asks about it. It sounds crazy anyway, be pretty easy to write off.” She offered. He nodded, using his sleeve to wipe at his eyes.

“Right. Well that’s good then. Who was this… who was that other person you were talking about? The one that you said helped you through it?”

Octavia tensed. “She’s fine. We can trust her.”

“No, we can’t.” He said, shaking his head. “It’s too dangerous O, a single slip and we could attract that crazed government forces right up our asses.”
“We can.” Octavia repeated, her face hardening. “She’s not human herself. She’d be an idiot to dob her own self in.”

“Is she a wolf?” he asked confused. She felt the hairs on the back of her neck rise.

“It doesn’t matter, point is, she’s fine.”

“O I don’t think-“

“She’s fine.” Octavia growled. Bellamy stared her down but gave in with a huff.

“Are you sure?” he questioned. She just looked at him. He sighed, sitting back on the couch. “Fine, but no one else. Understand?”

“Yes sir.” Octavia mock saluted. Bellamy bit back his grin.

“Good. Now, get in the shower you stink.” He advised, scrunching his nose. Octavia scoffed but complied, heading for the stairs.

“I’m not that bad,” she defended, walking up.

“Oh you really are.”

“You know I am the one who could kick your ass here right?” she said, nearing the top of the stairs.

Bellamy grinned, shutting his eyes in hopes of getting a nap. He had been up all night. “Doesn’t change the fact you stink.” He retorted.

“Asshole.” Octavia muttered.

“I heard that!” Bellamy called, turning his head towards the stairwell.

“Piss off Bell!” she called back. With a light chuckle to himself he let her go, letting himself sink into the couch.

What a weird morning.

Chapter End Notes

i wrote the last bit of this at 5am so if there’s a typo that is driving you mad, let me know :)
comments and kudos makes me write faster (please validate me)
Chapter Summary

shit goes fucking down

Chapter Notes

pro tip: dont listen to orchestral music while you write or youll get really poetic and dramatic

now before you guys kill me yes I know I'm a week overdue I'm really sorry about that. i just couldn't get the first part of the chapter done so after some Important Research of clexa fanfic i actually got inspired. as promised, theres some clexa fluff so i hope you guys enjoy that ;D
also thank you so fucking much for all the support! 4.5k views???? you guys are bloody (pun intended) incredible i love you all

See the end of the chapter for more notes

If she ran, if she went as far as the world could offer, if she could step onto the earth with nothing but a desire and shaking bones; then maybe she wouldn’t be feeling like this. If she could open the skies themselves and let the sun warm her skin without burn and swim the oceans without air then maybe she wouldn’t be like this. Empty and angry. A dangerous pair that keep striking at her in waves, a rope wrapped around her neck tugging her back and fourth. What if she just forgave her mother? What if she just let go of the unease inside of her that never left, a cavern like hole in her heart that she could never quite explain but never deny that it wasn’t there? Maybe then she wouldn’t be sitting in Math class with two broken pencils and hand that never stopped fidgeting. Dreams that seemed more like reality, a secret world hidden in a stone walled room with a cell that stilled her soul, finding out truths that felt like they had already been known. Clarke sighed through her noise, the scribbling of the pen to the right of her grating against her senses. She didn’t know why everything was pissing her off. But it was. She gripped tighter to own pencil forcing herself to relax and not snap at someone for just doing the work they were given.

She snapped the pencil again. She clenched her fist and shut her eyes, what was that thing they always tried to drill into your heads? Mindfulness or something? The blonde growled under her breath and opened her eyes; not even bothering with whatever mediation crap this excuse of a school had shown to her. Why was she so angry? It didn’t help that Kane was subbing the class. Clarke wonders if he knew of Jake’s death, if he knew just what he had gotten involved with. For all she knew he could have something to do with it; after all it seemed like anything was possible nowadays. Clarke realised she had been staring at him and he was looking at her funny, a silent question on his face. She shook her head and stared back down at the empty worksheet in front of her. Algebra. What was even the point in this? Something inside of her begged to be outside and out of this cramped room but Clarke knew Jaha was still irritated from it happening last time, and Kane’s a goody-two shoes and would probably dob her in. She refrained from looking up, learning from past mistakes.
Her throat still burned. And now a headache that didn’t soften had leeches its way into her head, souring her mood even more. For the first time she was actually looking forward to P.E class, as then she could actually do something, be outside hopefully and not doing test or assignments. Clarke snorted. It’s strange hearing those thoughts from her own self. But to top off the clusterfuck of things to make her day worse, she was so hungry. She didn’t even know what for but the metaphorical hunger also rang physical and had been constantly nagging her throughout the morning, not stopping even after she had eaten an ungodly amount of sausages. She couldn’t get back to sleep after that wolf. After… Octavia? No, that was insane. No way Octavia was what, a werewolf? She was just going to drive herself mad with thoughts like those. ‘Madder than you already are?’ she questioned herself. Internally, she scolded herself. Leave it to her to get into an argument between one mind.

The bell rang, a harsh sound that made her jump. She glared hard at the bell, as if by staring at it alone it would light up in flames. Kane looked up as if surprised from it. He thought they had another ten minutes left.

“Alright, finish off the sheet for homework if you didn’t finish it. Have a good lunch,” he said, dismissing the group of teens. Everyone instantly shuffled out of their seats in speeds you didn’t know possible, piling for the doors and fanning out through the corridors. Clarke wasn’t necessarily slower, but more… patient. She had no place to be anyway. No place to be indeed. Maybe she would always be like this, stuck between two clashing words with no home or destination. Just, existing. Being. Was that all she’d ever be, just chasing clues left behind by better souls and pretending she had connections to them? A darkness that had nothing to do with the beast she was swept through her. Walking out of the classroom with slumped shoulders her thoughts crashed even lower. She didn’t feel like sitting with her friends today, putting on a smile and all that shit. Casting one last longing glance towards the canteen that just sat a few hallways away, Clarke turned on her heel and headed for the oval.

Since the lunch bell had just rung the oval was pretty empty, only just starting to accumulate the usual people. She walked right through the middle and the students would divert like the parting sea, their body’s subconsciously picking up the powerful presence of the oblivious girl. Humans had to evolve some type of defense over the years. The dirt delving underneath her shoes she went to the very edge and mindlessly sat down on an old bench, green chips decorating the tattered wood. She sat down, and stared out into the field. She stared at the people, at the grass that dented under their weight, at the sweat that was seeping down their necks, at the rapid or relaxed breathing that controlled the depth of their chests. There was something oddly normal about observing everyone, at noting the close details that many would pass over, something natural. She also couldn’t deny that as she gazed out there was another feeling that tugged from inside of her, one that she couldn’t quite place but know that it was strong, powerful. Real. Doing her best to ignore it she kept looking out onto the people feeling the most empty she’s ever experienced. She just stared, and the world stared back.

Lexa was seen to be most of the most powerful hunters to ever grace the planet. A seventeen year old to hold all that power, it scared a lot of people. Which was good, she needed fear to keep her people under control. With blood lingering on the letters of her name Lexa had seen and done things that no one should have to do, lost things that her innocent hands shouldn’t know how to lose. But, unlike the many fallen leaders before her, she did not let that take her down with them. With a calloused Lexa strived forward with an unnerving power that united the fighting nations into one massive powerhouse, dramatically reducing the vampire’s numbers in unbelievable speeds. And yet, here she was. Training a twelve-year-old boy who she had become worryingly close with and would give the world for. A little brother her mind would occasionally whisper. Aden huffed, crossing his arms in frustration.

“I’m doing it right!” he whined. Lexa hid her smile.
“If you were doing it right, then I wouldn’t be telling you off.” Lexa smirked. He waved her off.

“Just let me try again,” he ordered, shifting back into his slightly off fighting stance. Lexa scoffed; normally people who would order her around would get very not nice consequences. But of course, there was always an exception to any rule. Lexa nodded.

“Okay. Now, remember to rotate, use the momentum to add more power into your swing.” She instructed. He nodded, his face scrunched up in concentration. This was it he thought; he could feel it this time. Lexa took a few steps back. Doing the usual glance around to see if anyone was watching them her entire body locked up in too many emotions to count. That blonde, Clarke, was there. She wasn’t watching them though; she was looking out onto the field. Lexa frowned. Why did she look so sad? Her fist clenched at the thought of someone making her that sad, if someone teased her or something. Shit, if someone even touched-

“Ow!” Lexa hissed, clutching at her stomach. It took her a few moments to realise what had happened because Aden had the biggest shit-eating grin. The grin in particular formed slowly, his face lighting up and taking its painful time. Oh no.

“Yes! I did it! I hit you!” he shouted, practically jumping up in joy. He fist pumped the air. “Ha ha! You owe me Dishonoured!” he beamed. Under her breath, Lexa muttered a variety of words that children should not be hearing.

“The hell is Dishonoured?” she huffed. Shit. Leave it to her to make a cocky bet only to have it back fire right up her ass. Aden was still jumping around like a rabbit on crack.

“The game I want! You said if I hit you, I could get any game I want.” He explained, a nag of doubt showing on his face at having to remind her. Lexa sighed; did she even have the money? But looking at Aden’s tiny ecstatic eyes won her over, damn her for being a softy around kids.

“Yes that is what I said,” Lexa said reluctantly, she heard another squeal from Aden. “We’ll get it tomorrow.”

“Wooo!” he rejoiced. Lexa shook her head but still had to bite back her own grin. Remembering why Aden had actually managed to hit her she turned around again, hating herself for the fear that engulfed her when she didn’t spot Clarke immediately. But she did, still in the same place, with a sadness surrounding her the made the leaves droop, and also looking right at her. God damnit she should have known Aden to attract the attention of anyone near by. Bloody rascal. But when green met blue that contentedness that she could never explain only felt flowed through her again, and she realised that all she wanted to do was to hold the blonde and tell her everything would be okay. To kiss her forehead and hug her tight, a stray hand smoothing down the locks in her hair. But, she knew she couldn’t do that. Not ever, not if she wanted to keep Clarke safe from the train wreck of a world she lives in. She could never forgive herself if she got her hurt or worse, killed. Memories of Costia flashed in her mind and it took all of her strength not to just break down and cry. She was better that that, stronger than that. In all honesty she probably would have, but Clarke smiled. It was small, and it was weak, but somehow Lexa knew that Clarke must have sensed the sadness in Lexa’s own self because that tiny smile made her smile back. Lexa could have gotten lost into those blue eyes for days. She would have, if it weren’t for that little bugger Aden waltzing up into her view. Into Clarke’s view. Oh my god he was heading towards Clarke.

“Aden!” Lexa hissed, her voice a whisper. She didn’t want Clarke to hear. Stumbling on after him she managed to grab him halfway towards her crush, except she now knew she couldn’t go back cause Clarke had noticed Aden walking towards her. “Aden!” Lexa scolded again, grabbing him by the shoulders and forcing him to look at her. That bastard had that same shit-eating grin. Buy Dishonoured her ass. “What are you doing?”
“I’m going over to the nice girl over there.” He said, as if it was the most obvious thing in the world. 

“Yes but why?”

“Because you kept looking at her, and because of that I’m now getting Dishonoured.” He grinned.
“I’m going to say thank you.” With that, he spun on his heel and ran towards Clarke.

“No- Aden!” Lexa whispered harshly. “Son of a bitch.” She muttered and ran on after him. She had to give it to him, with small legs he could run. Trying her best to slow down as gracefully as possible, which wasn’t too graceful, Lexa haulted to a stop in front of Clarke who was looking at both of them curiously. Being this close, she could practically feel the sorrow infecting the air around the blonde. She wanted nothing more than to banish it all to hell.

“Hi.” Aden grinned proudly, flinging out his arm. Clarke chuckled and outstretched her own arm too. At that, Lexa relaxed a bit. Maybe this wasn’t going to end up too bad. “I’m Aden, I wanted to thank you for distracting Lexa so I could win my game.” Nope scratch that, this was a terrible idea. 

“Distracting Lexa huh?” Clarke smirked, raising an eyebrow at Lexa. She felt her cheeks flush. “Did I distract you?”

Lexa had decided that she was going to kill Aden. With push ups. Many push ups, until his arms fall off. “I could only be distracted if you were to look back.” She retorted, internally high fiving herself. Clarke’s tiny smile broadened into a full-fledged grin.

“Well you did smile back didn’t you?”

“You were first to smile were you not?”

Clarke’s dusty heart started to beat incredibly slowly. “Touché.”

“Anyway,” Aden interrupted, earning a subtle glare from Lexa. “What’s your name?” he asked. Lexa tensed. They had all been warned that Clarke was Kane’s kid, and that he was a possible threat. So it was pretty obvious that everyone was meant to stay away from her and not make any contact. If Aden put two and two together what would she do? She shifted uncomfortably.

“Clarke. Nice to meet you Aden.” She greeted, grabbing his smaller hand and shaking it. Aden furrowed his brows.

“Clarke Griffin?” he said. Lexa’s blood ran cold.

Surprised, Clarke nodded. “Yeah, how did you know that?”

“Your Dad, Kane.” he replied smoothly. Like he had planned this. “My sister is in one of his classes. He mentioned you.” He doesn’t have a sister.

“Stepdad.” Clarke corrected, her heart aching at the memory of Jake. At his death, his planned death. She ignored the flare of anger. Sensing her discomfort, Lexa intervened.

“Well now that Aden here as embarrassed me enough,” she looked pointedly at the young boy. He grinned back at her. “I think it’s best we be off. He has some homework to do I believe.”

“That’s not due till Monday!” he exclaimed. Lexa didn’t hide her smugness.

“We all know how you like to procrastinate. Better safe than sorry.” Lexa teased. Clarke shook off the memory of the dream from last night at her words. Lexa turned back to Clarke, her face softening
in seconds. “It was nice talking to you Clarke.” She said warmly.

“It was nice talking to you too.” Clarke replied softly. As if a flashbulb had appeared over her head, Clarke suddenly stood up and reached into her back pocket. Lexa was confused only for a few moments as soon she saw a phone in Clarke’s hands. Clarke took a deep breath, surprised when it actually calmed her nerves slightly. Weird, normally it doesn’t do anything. “So its my best mate’s Ocatvia’s big AFL game tonight, I was wondering if you wanted to tag along?” Clarke asked, hopeful. Lexa reconisged the name and after a bit of thought realised it was one of their new hunters, the one that Indra had liked. She also knew that she shouldn’t go because she needed to put distance between her and the blonde. She had been reckless enough. But as Lexa forced the dry words from the back of her throat a younger voice interjected.

“She would love too. Lexa doesn’t do anything anyway so I can bet she’s free.” Aden said, not looking at Lexa’s furiously red face. A slow grin pulled at Clarke’s lips.

“Is that true Lex?” she teased. Lexa was going to kill Aden, again.

“I’d love to go.” Lexa said, ignoring Clarke’s question. Her cheeky grin widened.

“I’m glad. Give me your number so I can give you the details.” She instructed, unlocking her phone and opening up her contacts. Lexa didn’t mention that she could have just told her then. Pulling out her own phone they exchanged numbers, both of them trusting each other with naming their contacts. In hindsight, that was probably a terrible idea as Clarke had put herself as ‘Lexa’s Favourite Blonde.’

“Really?” Lexa smirked. Clarke shrugged.

“Tell me it’s not true and I’ll change it.” She challenged. Lexa scoffed, but didn’t say anything. Inside Clarke, her heart pounded so intensely that she felt it. She almost stumbled over in shock from the feeling in her chest. She put on a face as if she didn’t think her body was betraying her.

“I’ll see you tonight.” Clarke said. Lexa nodded, slipping her phone back in her pocket.

“I’ll see you tonight Clarke.”

“Bye Clarke!” Aden said excitedly. Lexa jumped, forgetting he was there. Clarke didn’t though; she must be good at keeping note of her surroundings.

“Goodbye Aden,” she smiled. He grinned proudly at her and clasped Lexa’s olive skinned hand, tugging her away. Clarke glanced down at the joined hands, her heart doing flips. She couldn’t deny it was adorable. Lexa waved at Clarke as Aden kept pulling her along, almost making her fall over. Laughing gently, Clarke waved back.

Aden had managed to drag her all the way over to where they were training before Lexa finally managed to free her hand from his surprisingly strong grip. Oh boy was he in for it.

“Aden-“

“I like her.” He interrupted, not even letting Lexa finish her sentence. She wonders if she should have let him get so comfortable around her.

“What?” she said confused. He sighed and rolled his eyes.

“The girl, Clarke. I like her. I give you my blessing.” He said, as if it was obvious. If Lexa was drinking something, you could bet that it would be all over the ground by now.
“Excuse me?” she sputtered. “Aden what-“

“I saw you staring at her Lexa. What, you honestly think I just wanted to go over to say thank you?” he asked, cocking his head to the side. That sneaky bugger. He grinned at Lexa’s shocked face. “She’s okay. And I know she’s Kane’s stepdaughter so I won’t say anything to Anya or Indra.” He said. Lexa was still speechless. “Oh and your welcome for getting her number for you,” he winked. Walking past her he picked up his bag and swung it over his shoulder. He took a swig of water from his drink bottle. “I’ll tell Indra and Ann you’ll be out tonight?”


“Cool. Oh, and before you forget, there’s a JB HI-FI about fifteen minutes from here if you take the tram. I’ll be at home.” With that, the young hunter twisted on her feet and strutted away. It took Lexa a few more seconds to get a grasp on what just happened.

That sneaky bastard.

***

Octavia grunted, forcing as much strength into her arms as possible. One more and…

“Suck it bitch!” she yelled in triumph as she pushed herself up to her knees. The guy next to her scowled, puffing and dripping sweat like a waterfall.

“You got lucky kid.” He panted, standing up on shaky legs. Octavia roared in laughter, swinging her head back.

“Oh come on don’t be a sore loser, that’s what you get for challenging me to a push up contest.” She grinned wickedly. He grumbled something under his breath and honestly Octavia was about to tease him even more when Bellamy slammed open the gym door. The push up contest that Octavia had challenged with this guy had gathered quite a crowd, most of the people in the gym laughing and watching along. The mass of heads swiveled to the entrance where a very disappointed looking older brother was standing. The moment he saw the crowd, he knew his sister was behind it. He sighed through his nose.

“O.” Was all he said. Octavia gave a melodramatic groan but got up to feet. She grinned to the crowd.

“It was nice meeting you all but as you can see, my ride has arrived.” With that she twisted on her heel and waltzed up to Bellamy pushing her way through small mass of people. He glared at her the entire way and Octavia frowned, confused at his hostility. The crowd began to disperse, people going back to their usual routines. “What’s wrong?” she asked. Bellamy huffed and grabbed her arm though she instantly shook it off.

“Really?”

“What’s wrong?” she repeated, worry seeping into her voice. Bellamy turned around and walked away, Octavia easily catching up to him. When they weren’t so much in the open, but more of the empty parking lot he spun on his feet so fast there should have been sparks.

“What the hell O?” he snapped. “Are you stupid?”
“The hell you on about?” she defended, tensing up.

Bellamy scoffed. “A push up contest? Seriously? Do you know how stupid that is? You’re a girl Octavia.”

“So I’m not meant to be able to do push ups?” Octavia growled. “You know I would really think being sexist should not be one of your most prominent qualities around someone who could rip out your throat.”

“You know that’s not what I meant.” He glared. “You can’t go off showing your strength like that. It’s too obvious, too dangerous, it will attract the attention of wolf hunters.” Bellamy warned, taking a step forward. Octavia’s hackles rose.

“I can take care of myself.” She muttered.

“No, you can’t. Not now. You’ve only just discovered what you are O, this is the most dangerous time for you. I do not want to see you doing shit like this again.”

Octavia growled again, though this time the sound was much more primal. “I’ll do what I want.”

“You’re going to get yourself killed!” he snapped. Bellamy sighed, holding the bridge of his nose and shaking his head. He softened his voice. “O you need to be careful. Please.” He tried. Something inside of Octavia begged her to fight him, to knock him down for doubting her strength. It hurt more than it should, and she could only assume that was due to her wolf self. But her human side fought for rationality, and she knew that the bigger of a deal she made this, the worse for her it would be in the long term. So she swallowed her pride, the feeling grating down her throat.

“Fine.” She grunted with a swollen tongue. “I’ll be more careful,” she drawled, making Bellamy narrow his eyes.

“Good.” He said, his shoulders relaxing. “This is what’s best O. I know you want to try out all your new abilities but... you have to be careful. There’s always someone watching, you must learn that. There’s always someone.”

“Real upbeat advice Bell.”

“O,” he warned. Octavia rolled her eyes but held up her hands in surrender.

“Alright, alright, I’ll be on the lookout for any twats hiding in bushes. I promise.”

“Good, now,” he grew hesitant. “About tonight’s footy game...”

Octavia’s eyes widened. “Nuh uh, I’m going. No way I’m not.”

“O you can’t, we’ve just been over this,” Bellamy groaned. Octavia shook her head.

“No you said not to show off, I wouldn’t show off, I’ll just play the game.” She explained. She took a breath. “And win of course,” She added. Bellamy’s glare grew.

“O you are not going.” The hairs on her neck stood up. “You may have to pull from the team, its too obvious-“

“I’m going whether you say so or not.” She interrupted, her eyes cold. “You can’t stop me.”

Bellamy stood even closer, their faces a breath away. “You are going to get yourself killed.” He muttered low.
“I’ll do what I damn please.”

“You can’t do this O.” He tried, feeling his lack of doubt slipping. Her eyes darkened as she whispered her next words with such determination and threat he almost stumbled back.

“Watch me.”

Lexa had always loved nature. It offered such a strange sense of calm and ease for her, and was the main reason they kept their bases for hunting quite rural. That and also, it protected the base during the day. But she had always felt such claustrophobia when confined to small places, when being forced to shack up in an abandoned building to scope out a nightwalkers nest; she missed nature. It was like she had a connection to it, and as Lexa sat now in the middle of a towering forest, the dirt and leaves beneath her slender fingers there was no where else she’d rather be. Lexa closed her eyes, letting the sun warm her face, as if the sky itself was caressing her, embracing her into a tight hold. Warmth flushed through her and she let out a long breath as she heard the snap of a twig behind her. But the environment remained calm and content, and for some reason that told her that the person behind her wasn’t a threat.

“You mind if I join you?” a growing familiar voice said. Lexa couldn’t stop the small smile pull at her lips. She turned to her head to come face to face with the girl who was becoming a bigger part of her life than she was expecting.

“Of course Clarke.” Lexa answered, shuffling slightly to side even though there was much space already. The blonde smiled shyly and sat down, adjusting herself so that their knees brushed next to each other. Neither moved away from the touch. Lexa stared at Clarke in awe, taking in the now glowing blonde curls that snuck from out of her messy bun, a collage of paint splatters staining her shirt. Clarke didn’t notice though, as she was busy staring out at the view and trying her hardest to fight the urge to just stare at Lexa. She wouldn’t want to be looked at by someone like her anyway.

“The view is beautiful,” Clarke said, trying to break the silence. Lexa didn’t take her eyes off Clarke.

“It is.” She mumbled. Realising that she must look like a creep she awkwardly cleared her throat, bringing her gaze back to the front of her. Back to the sloping hill with the ancient trees lining the sides, rebellious sprouts here and there blooming from the middle and ruining the symmetrical path. It really was breath taking, the nature around them singing from both of the girls presence. Silence fell between the two girls again, this one a lot more comfortable than the last. Neither really felt the need to talk, to fill in the spaces of conversation with endless small talk. So they both admired the view, taking their sweet time till one of them felt the urge to speak up.

“I think I may be sick,” Clarke said, her gaze dropping to the ground. Lexa looked to her, her eyes soft.

“You came all this way just to give me a cold?” Lexa joked, not wanting Clarke to be so sad. Clarke grinned at the humour despite herself.

“Not that type you dork.” She brought her gaze up again. “I just… feel like I’m missing something you know? Like I’m incomplete even.”

Lexa nodded. “I feel the same way too.”

“Really?” Clarke asked curious, her eyes catching Lexa’s. The brunette looked out to the trees once more.
“Yes. I don’t believe I feel the same as you but, I do understand that certain… emptiness you feel,” Lexa said, trying to find the right words. “Like there’s something you’re missing, something right there that you should know but you don’t.”

“Yes,” Clarke said slowly. “Yeah that’s it.”

Brief silence fell between them again.

“Who was the little boy from earlier today?” Clarke asked, regaining Lexa’s attention.

“Aden,” Lexa clarified. She paused. “He’s like a younger brother to me. I take care of him.”

“I can see that,” Clarke chuckled. She knew she was going too far but her curiosity got the best of her. “What do you mean take care of him?” she asked. The air became thicker and Clarke knew she was treading dangerous territory. Not wanting to ruin this newfound friendship with the new girl, she attempted back track. “You don’t have to answer, I was just-“

“His older sister died. I made a promise to her, to her family, that if anything happened I’d take care of him.” Lexa said softly. She blinked a couple times. “When she passed…” her words caught in her throat. “When she passed my foster mother adopted him, as he had no one left. He became my responsibility.”

“Who was she?” Clarke inquired carefully. Lexa tore her sight from the swaying leaves to Clarke, her shimmering blue eyes so earnest and soft she could have swam in them forever. It was then that Lexa realised she could trust her, that in all her years of doubt and loss; she had found someone she could trust. Her hands shook.

“Her name was Costia.” Lexa started, not breaking her stare. “She was someone that I’ll never find again. She…” Lexa had to look away. “My family and many others, there’s this group we have, an organisation. Her and I were a part of that. Sometimes it was dangerous.” Anya was going to kill her for talking to an outsider about this. She pushed those thoughts away. “One day, when I was coming back from the gym I found a note on my bed. You see, earlier that day Costia had previously told me to stay, that something felt off, but I ignored her. I wrote it off to her paranoia that everyone was after her. So I went hun- to the gym anyway, and when I came back…” she couldn’t finish her sentence, her eyes glazed over as she replayed the events in her mind in excruciating detail.

“When you came back?” Clarke pushed gently. Lexa wiped her eyes quickly.

“When I came back there was a note, and on it, it just had this address. But it was in her handwriting, so I figured she just wanted to meet up or something. So of course I went, just me, to where it said.” She took a shuddering breath. “What I found it… changed me.”

“What did you find?”

Lexa turned to Clarke. “Costia was murdered. They had left her head just lying on the trunk of a tree just… sitting there.”

“Jesus Lexa…” Clarke breathed.

“That was years ago,” Lexa swiftly added. “But, Aden was her younger brother. He had no one left except for a drunken aunt. I got him out of there as soon as I could.” Lexa finished. Clarke was in shock, not expecting anything like this. It took her a few moments to find the ability to speak again.

“Did… did they ever find who did it?” she asked. A sinister smirk found its way on Lexa’s lips.
“I did.”

Clarke’s eyes widened. “What did you do?”

For an entire second, Lexa considered telling Clarke the truth. Considered telling her about her true reason for staying here, for coming to this small town school in TonDC. For an entire second Lexa wanted to be selfish and explain everything so she could have someone to talk to about the crazy shit that went on in her life. But the thought left as quickly as it came. It was too dangerous, and worse, Clarke could think her to be crazy and never speak to her again. For some reason that scared much more than anything else. “I called the police, and I never saw them again.” Lexa lied.

“Really?” Clarke questioned doubtful. Lexa frowned, turning to her.

“What would you do?”

“If I found the people that had murdered someone I…’ she looked to Lexa. “Loved, then I’d do much worse then just call the police. Some very not nice things.”

“What if they were stronger than you, bigger than you?” Lexa asked breathless.

“Wouldn’t change a thing. A life for a life.” Clarke said.


“What language is that?” Clarke questioned. She had never heard anything like those words before. Pride swelled in Lexa’s heart.

“Trigedasleng, the language of my people.” Lexa said. Clarke smiled.

“Jus drein jus daun,” Clarke said, her accent slightly off.

“Jus drein jus daun.”

The pair stayed together for quite some time, as the hour drifted onwards the sun grew less intense and sunburn that Clarke knew she was going to have to deal with burned less. They didn’t speak much after Lexa’s confession though wasn’t really a true need too. They just sat, and watched.

School had finished an hour ago, and it dawned on Clarke that it was Octavia’s big footy game tonight and that she would probably behead her if she missed it. She also then remembered that Lexa agreed to go with her, and the excitement that rose at that thought was beyond embarrassing. Clarke gently tapped Lexa’s shoulder, the small touch alone sending the tiny spark of electricity through them. She wondered what would happen if she held her. She shook her head at herself.

“We should go, need to get ready for O’s game tonight.” Clarke reminded. Lexa nodded and easily rose up to her feet, Clarke meanwhile, sat lazily on the ground.

“Really?” Lexa smirked.

“What? You aren’t going to be chivalrous and lend a hand?” Clarke teased. Lexa scoffed but gave in anyway, taking a hold of Clarke’s outstretched hand and easily hoisting her up. She didn’t want to let go.

“You’re welcome,” Lexa said sarcastically, letting go. Clarke didn’t want Lexa to let go too.

“Thanks M’lady,” Clarke mocked, tipping an imaginary fedora. Lexa just shook her head.
“You are beyond ridiculous.”

“And yet, you’re still here.” Clarke grinned.

“Shof op Klark” Lexa said, not even meaning to slip into her native tongue. Clarke didn’t seem bothered though, if anything her smile brightened.

“I’m gonna’ go ahead and assume that means ‘you are the best Clarke’” she quipped, heading on back to the school.

“Oh definitely that’s exactly what I said.” Lexa threw back. Clarke just laughed, and before Lexa could stop herself, she was laughing too. Walking back in a fit of giggles Lexa felt more at peace then she had in a long time. Like an imaginary weight was so slowly lifting itself off her she struggled to remind herself that love is weakness, because if that was true then why did she feel so bright around the blonde? Why did she feel such strength? Confusion was working its way into a place that it hadn’t been in a long while, and Lexa didn’t fight against like she normally would. Because for once she was content, at peace, happy. And even if it was just for a single night, for a single day, she would let go; and she would be happy. That didn’t last long, as suddenly Clarke froze, and the air, cooled.

“Did you hear that?” she said warily. Lexa trained hard on her ears but heard nothing. But she trusted Clarke, so as both of the girls turned around slowly she wasn’t too surprised to find a man standing behind them. He wasn’t too close, but he wasn’t far away enough for her liking, and something about him just screamed wrong. When he grinned menacingly, revealing the tip of fangs, Lexa knew he was a vampire.

A burst of protectiveness engulfed Clarke, something that she really wasn’t expecting, and she instantly took a step forward adjusting herself so she was slightly in front of Lexa. Because there was something off about the man, something… evil.

“Who are you?” Lexa demanded, a cold mask slipping over her face. The dark skinned man held up his hands.

“Hey, no need to be so hostile there kid.” He chuckled, Clarke almost snarled at him. “My name is Pike, Charles Pike. Most people call me Charles.”

“Okay Pike, what are you doing sneaking up on teenage girls?” Lexa said, subtly reaching for her stake at her side.

He clicked his tongue. “There’ll be no need for that.” He warned, staring down Lexa. “I mean no harm.”

“For some reason I don’t quite believe that.” Clarke growled, the sound lower than she expected. Pike looked over to her, a smile creeping on his lips.

“How’s your mountain men investigation going?” he asked, testing her. Real confusion flashed on the blonde’s face.

“What?” she frowned, “who are the mountain men?”

Lexa tensed. Why the hell would he ask Clarke about them? “Very bad people.” Lexa explained. Clarke still looked confused, and at that Pike’s features lit up.

“It actually worked,” he breathed, not quite believing it. “Shit,” he chuckled. Anger replaced Clarke’s confusion.
“The fuck you on about?” Clarke snapped. Lexa pulled the stake out of her sheathe, ignoring Pike’s warning. He stopped laughing. She gripped tighter.

“Answer her question.” Lexa muttered low. She didn’t like how at ease he was, something wasn’t right. She was missing something.

“Don’t worry, you’ll find out soon enough.” He said vaguely to Lexa. He turned back to Clarke, his smile brightening. “And from what I can see, you’ll find out very soon. Geez, it’s a wonder you’ve made it this far.” He said, a hint of wonder in his voice. Clarke clenched her fists.

“Why are you here?” she questioned. Pike glanced up to the sky, noting the suns position. He was lucky it was growing dark enough that he could actually come here, using the looming trees as cover against the harsh light. He began stepping back.

“Now, I would love to answer that, and I will, soon enough. But for now I must go.” He shifted his gaze to Clarke. “You, I hope to see soon. And you,” he stared at Lexa, his eyes a lot colder. “Keep your loved ones close. We wouldn’t want a repeat of last time.” He grinned.

“I’ll kill you.” Lexa snarled, her eyes seeing red. He snickered.

“Maybe one day, but today is not that day. I’ll see you later ladies.” With a slight bow he ran, running at speeds that Clarke couldn’t believe. He was like a black blur within the forest. Her mouth dropped.

“Clarke we have to go, now.”

“But he-“

“Now Clarke.” Lexa ordered, her leader-self seeping through. Clarke still looked extremely confused and a bit intrigued but Lexa grabbed her shoulders, forcing her to face her. The touch alone stripped Clarke’s face of those emotions. “We need to go Clarke.” She said softly. Clarke swallowed, hard.

“Okay,” she whispered back. Lexa fought the urge to drop her gaze to the blonde’s lips. Clarke though, wasn’t so resistant. Lexa instantly coughed and pulled herself away, worried she’d do something she’d later regret. Clarke blushed but looked away to hide her embarrassment. “Will I still see you tonight?” Clarke asked hesitantly.

Lexa sighed. “I don’t know,” she said honestly. Watching Clarke’s face fall was one of the most painful things she’s had to endure. And that’s saying something, considering she’s been tortured quite a few times before. Lexa cursed herself for being so weak. “Fine,” she gave in. Clarke’s face lit up beautifully. “But, we need to careful. You need to be careful.” Lexa advised. Clarke nodded.

“Sure, of course. Here, pinkie promise?” Clarke said, flicking out her pinkie.

“Seriously?” Lexa scoffed. Clarke rolled her eyes.

“Come on don’t leave me hanging, my pinkie won’t survive these harsh winds.”

“Clarke there’s barely a breeze.” Lexa deadpanned.

“Yeah to us there’s a breeze, but an innocent little pinkie?” Clarke grinned cheekily. “I think it needs a pinkie hug.”

“Oh does it now?” Lexa smirked, cocking up an eyebrow.
“It does indeed.” Clarke nodded. With an overdramatic sigh, Lexa wrapped her pinkie around Clarke’s. The spark went through and for a few seconds the two girls just stood, staring down at their joined hands.

“So uh pinkie promise?” Lexa piped up, trying to break the silence. Clarke cleared her throat.

“Yeah, pinkie promise.”

“So you’ll be extra careful tonight? No taking alleyway short cuts?” Lexa challenged.

“I promise.”

“Good.” Lexa smiled. They let go of their pinkies. Clarke took a quick glance at her watch, swearing as she did. “Late are we?” she asked even before Clarke could get a word out.

She gave her an apologetic smile. “We are. You ready to haul ass?”

“As I’ll ever be.” Lexa grinned. Clarke grinned back.

“Run.”

They ran.

Octavia checked the time again, her eyes climbing up the stadium to find bright red numbers shining in the growing darkness. Six thirty. The brunette gulped. The sun was due to set around eight, and Octavia was extremely grateful that school started in the summer. It should hopefully give her enough time; if they win quickly. Looking out onto the field she spotted her teammates doing their usual warm ups which honestly she should be joining in with. And she would, but now she was just trying to do the opposite and calm herself down as much as possible. At the last full moon she had no idea what was to come, and everything hit at once. But now, now that the wolf was awakened inside of her the build was gradual, starting slow in the tips of toes. A tingle, a spark, a sign of what was to come. Octavia couldn’t lie and say she wasn’t excited, still reeling from her last change. Though she wasn’t looking forward to the pain.

That will be painful.

“Yo O, you coming?” one of her teammates called. Her head snapped towards her and she forced herself to take a deep breath.

“You’ll be fine,” she whispered to herself. “Prove Bell wrong, win the game, run around as four legged animal – you got this.” With a reassuring nod to herself, Octavia ran back to finish up on the warm ups. The game was going to start soon.

“O if you can’t do the exercise you can just tell us,” one of her teammates mocked. Octavia grinned.

“Watch me.”

“Raven I swear to god if you don’t shut up soon I’m going to shove this radio down your throat.” Clarke threatened, trying to block out the sounds of her best friend’s ‘singing’. Raven shook her head.

“Oh come on blondie, live a little! It’s O’s first big game, It’s gonna’ be crazy.” She turned to Clarke
with a manic grin. “We’re going to have so much fun.”

“Nope, nu uh. Whatever crazed plans you have cancel them, Lexa will be joining us and I don’t want you to accidently kill her.” Clarke warned. Raven stopped laughing.

“What?” she breathed, trying to keep the fear from her voice. Clarke frowned.

“You don’t like her?” Clarke asked.

“I mean yeah I guess I do,” Raven stammered unsure. Well, it wasn’t that she didn’t hate the girl; she did spare her life and all. But she was a hunter, one that’s probably high up the chain, maybe even the Commander for Christ sake, it would be incredibly dangerous for her to come along. “Why do you want her to go?”

This time, Clarke stammered. “Well she’s new and she wants to meet more people so I invited her to come along with us but like if that’s too much or something or you don’t like her then-“

“Clarke.” Raven interrupted, stopping the rambling blonde. Her face reddened.

“Yeah?” she said meekly.

“You like her don’t you?” she grinned mischievously. Clarke looked away this time, her face somehow going even redder.

“What? No, of course I don’t.” She waved off. Raven’s face lit up.

“Oh my god you do!” she jumped, slapping Clarke’s shoulder.

“Eyes on the road!” Clarke snapped. Raven pouted but listened, staring back out at the road. They were nearly there. But it wasn’t long before Raven couldn’t hold her tongue anymore.

“You so like her.” Raven teased, daring a side-glance. Clarke glared at her.

“As a friend I do. She’s nothing more,” Clarke lied. Raven just nodded her head in sarcastic understanding, giving her a big thumbs up.

“I’m sure,” she winked. Clarke groaned, letting her head fall against the chair which only made Raven roar in laughter. Realising that Clarke had distracted her, Raven leant forward to turn up the music.


“Watch me.” She turned up the radio.

Lexa was pacing, which was something she only did when she was torn on very important decisions. Which is why it came as a surprise to Anya that she was doing it because she couldn’t decide on an outfit. Her Lexa, torn over an outfit. For a second Anya thought someone had kidnapped her and replaced her foster sister with a clone. Anya was sitting on the couch lazily, dressed in PJ’s even though it was only six thirty. As Anya finished her episode of *Brooklyn Nine-Nine* Lexa barreled into the living room, her face flushed. Anya merely raised a single eyebrow in question.

“Is a leather jacket too much?” she asked flustered, holding up the jacket in her hand.

“This is for?”
“Octavia’s game tonight.” Lexa clarified. Anya stiffened. Octavia was actually going to her game tonight? Did she not know that she was going to turn again?

“Why are you caring what you wear? Also, why are you even going?” Anya said confused.

“I’ve been invited.” Lexa explained, though the words were much smaller than before.

“By?” Anya prodded.

“A friend.” Lexa answered, not wanting to talk about her possible crush. A slow cheeky grin pulled at Anya’s face.

“A friend huh?” she challenged. Lexa forced her face into neutrality.

“A friend, yes. Now, tell me is the jacket too much?” Lexa said, desperately trying to change the topic. Anya still held the same knowing grin.

“A friend my ass, who is she?”

“A friend,” Lexa repeated. Anya just rolled her eyes. “Ann I’m being serious, she’s just a friend.”

“She?” Anya smirked. This time Lexa rolled her eyes.

“I should have never asked you for help.” She muttered.

“Oh come on Lex, here. I’ll help you with an outfit for your date.” She winked. Lexa tried to hide her blush.

“It’s not a date,” she said a little too quickly. Anya just nodded sarcastically, giving a big thumbs up.

“Oh I’m sure,” she drawled. Lexa groaned.

“I hate you so much.” She grumbled, heading back into her room to try on yet another outfit. Anya laughed hard, swinging her head back.

“Nah you love me!” she cackled, chasing on after her. Lexa was about to slam the door in Anya’s face when a foot in the way stopped her.

“You are not coming in here.” She deadpanned. Anya gave her a wolfish grin.

“Watch me.”

Raven pulled into the parking lot, internally cursing this good for nothing car. If her uncle actually let her fix it then maybe she wouldn’t feel such hatred for it because heavens above this thing was so damn slow. In all honestly she wouldn’t have minded sprinting here with supernatural speed like they used to do but, once again, she couldn’t. She pushed away those thoughts, shifting in her seat to see Clarke staring out of the front window with surprising interest.

“You right Griffin?” she asked concerned. Clarke reluctantly dragged her sight away from the swarming crowds.

“Lot of people.” She answered, her voice slightly off. Raven frowned but thought nothing of it.

“Come on, let’s get to our seats.” Raven urged, hopping out of the car. Clarke nodded to herself,
mentally chanting to get on with it. She couldn’t really explain her strange fascination she was having with people these days. She got out of the car and easily caught up to Raven. She checked her father’s watch.

“The game is starting real soon,” Clarke said. Raven nodded.

“Yeah lets be quick and see if we can chat to O before they start,” Raven suggested, attempting to push her way through the crowd. Clarke shook her head at Raven’s manners, and was about to make a comment on it when her eyes caught sight of a certain brunette walking up to her. Though she wasn’t alone like she expected, but with someone else. A dirty blonde with a razor sharp jawline that made her stomach plummet. It was stupid of her to think that a girl that gorgeous wouldn’t be dating someone. It didn’t help that Lexa was looking incredible beautiful as well, with a sleek leather jacket, combat boots and her hair up in intricate braids. She was stunning.

She was stunning. Lexa almost tripped over when she saw the blonde, only narrowly missing that atrocious embarrassment. Anya of course, noticed straight away.

“Watch your step,” she teased. Lexa glared at her.

“Shut up or you’re sleeping on the floor tonight.” She grumbled.

“Threats already?” Anya said in mock surprise. “You must really like her.”

“I hate you.”

Anya bit back her smile. “Sure you do.” She winked. With a huff Lexa shoved her sister forward, watching her stumble for a couple steps before quickly regaining her balance. Impressive, she would have said if she wasn’t meant to be angry with her. Lexa looked back out to the crowd but couldn’t spot Clarke anymore. She must already gone in. She cursed to herself. With much objection, she turned to Anya.

“Keep a look out for a blonde. Around five and a half feet, blue eyes.” She ordered. Like Raven, she pushed her way through the crowd. Most people stepped out of her way when they saw her death glare. Anya bobbed her head.


“I’m not dignifying that with a response.” She grunted.

“I’ll take that as a yes then.”

Lexa just looked at her.

“Alright, alright I’ll stop,” she chuckled, raising her hands in surrender. “I will look out for her though. Promise.”

Lexa huffed. “Good.”

Clark and Raven made their way to their seats, surprised at how packed the stadium was. There was a lot more people then they were expecting, especially considering it was so early in the season. Raven let out an impressed whistle and plopped herself down in her chair, nearly losing her sausage in bread to the dirty cement ground below. Clarke sat down next to her, a lot more graceful. Initially they had searched the field to try and spot Octavia but found no such luck, so with some reluctance they decided to just get to their spot. Also, since Octavia was playing, she had managed to get them to really good seats, watching the game only a few metres away from the actual field.
“So,” Raven said, clasping her hands together. “Who’s playing who?”

“Really Raven?” Clarke sighed. Raven breamed back at her. With a roll of the eyes, Clarke answered her. “Us, Skaikru, if you didn’t already know, and Azgeda.”

Raven scowled. “We’re versing them? Urgh.” Clarke snorted. “Not a big fan huh?”

“Are you kidding me? Those cunts play dirty. I’d keep eye on O if I were you, probably gonna’ get some blood and gore tonight.” Raven went on, facing back to the field as the game was just about to start. Clarke gulped, ignoring the emptiness that engulfed her at Raven’s use of the word blood.

“Yeah, should be interesting.” Clarke mumbled. About to get settled in for the (hopefully) two hour game, Clarke jumped when a hand touched her shoulder. She spun around only to come face to face with that stunning brunette. “Lexa,” Clarke smiled.

“Hey,” she smiled back. “Mind if I join you?”

“Oh yeah, yeah of course,” she said, dusting off the empty red seat next to her. “Here,” She pointed. Lexa sat down, Anya scowling when there wasn’t a spare seat next to Lexa. But Raven, being the opportunist she was, caught the dirty blonde’s attention.

“Hey Lexa’s friend, I’ve got a seat here.” She waved. Anya looked up frowning for a second as she stared at the Latina. There was something familiar about her. Shaking it off she stalked over, mouthing ‘have fun’ to her younger sister. She plopped herself into her seat. “What’s your name?” Raven questioned.

“What’s yours?” Anya counted. Raven grinned. Sure, this girl did try to kill her last time she saw her but she was really hot. That had to count for something right? After all, Raven loves a challenge.

“Name’s Raven.” She introduced, holding out her hand. With a scoff, the dirty blonde took it.

“Anya.” She greeted.

“Your mate drag you along too?” Raven asked, letting go. She ignored the butterflies in her stomach that had suddenly taken residency. At that, Anya seemed to relax a bit.

“Yeah. Lexa’s got a massive crush on that blonde over there,” Anya smirked. Raven nodded knowingly, keeping her voice low so Clarke wouldn’t hear. “Yeah me too. She won’t admit it though of course.”

“Same on my end too.”

An idea struck Raven. “Hey, you wanna’ make a bet?” she asked, her eyes sparkling with mischief.

Anya frowned. “On when they’ll finally stop being stubborn and admit their feelings for each other?”

“Yeah.”

“Well, it would be really mean of me to do that to my sister…” Raven’s face fell. “So yeah, I’ll do it.” Anya agreed.

“Alright!” Raven grinned. “So what’s your bet?”
Anya thought about for a bit. “Well, Lexa is extremely stubborn so I’d say about two weeks.”

“Only two?” Raven gaped surprised. “Sheesh I’m going for a month.”

“That’s a lot of faith you’ve got there,” Anya smirked. Raven did a small mock bow.

“You bet.”

Suddenly a horn blared, signaling the start of the game. All four heads whipped to the front, they all smiled when Octavia came sprinting onto the field. Anya leaned over to Raven’s ear.

“Three weeks,” she whispered, making Raven shiver.

“It’s on.” She whispered back.

An hour and half in, and to Octavia’s surprise, they were actually doing quite well. The only problem was the sun was going to set soon, and she was starting to truly worry that she wasn’t going to make it. She realised that she was going to have to find some excuse to go off the field. She began sprinting up the grass, reminding herself to drop her speed as she followed the footy with her eyes as it flew overhead. She needed to fake an injury, or maybe even have one. It seemed like when she turned all of her cuts, bruises and scars would disappear so if could just hurt herself just enough that it was bad enough to be taken off, she should be alright. Nervously she glanced up above at the sky. Jesus she was cutting it close. One of the Azgeda player’s caught the ball and took off at a furious run, skillfully dodging on coming attacks and passing it to another teammate. Okay, if she could intercept one their catches and over jump it, perhaps landing badly on her shoulder that could be enough. She took a deep breath. Her limbs felt like they were on fire, not a painful burn but one that was riling her up more and more, sparking her veins. She wanted to run at ridiculous speeds to try and work off the energy but she forced herself not too, reminding her shaking self that humans surrounded her. That made her grin.

Humans, the thing she used to think she was.

“O! stop standing around and do something!” her coach snapped. Octavia growled under her breath and took off, chasing the path of the jumping ball. It was nearing the enemy’s goals. Shit she was not going to let these scumbags win. Efficiently sidestepping past the players she saw the Azgeda player lining up for a kick at the goals. If she could jump at the perfect time right in front of him she could block it. And probably fuck up her shoulders.

“Good enough.” She puffed to herself. She saw him begin his run. “Oh fuck it,” she muttered to herself. Pushing her legs as hard as she could in a blur of speed she was close enough to make the jump, subtle be damned, and she lunged.

The footy hit her square in the chest and sent her flying back. Fuck, that girl had a strong kick. She slammed into the ground, clutching the ball close as pain rippled through her. The girl gaped at her. Groaning Octavia pulled herself up to shaky legs. What she didn’t expect though, was the hoard of players charging at her. “Oh sh-“ One of Azgeda players slammed into her, knocking her right into the ground. Stars twinkled in her sight. A shrill whistle blasted into her ears and distantly she heard a bunch of pissed off shouting from her the referee. Her leg was throbbing, and she looked down to see a nasty scar; well, at least she got the ball.

A chorus of ‘ohs’ erupted from the crowd and the four girls jumped to their feet.

“The hell was she thinking?” Raven snapped. Clarke squeezed Lexa’s hand.
“I’ll be right back, I’m going to go check on O.” She said, and hopped to the bottom rows. Lexa tried to grab her but missed.

“Clarke she may need medical attention, I don’t think you’ll be able to help her,” Lexa advised.

Clarke spun around with a proud smirk. “My mum’s a doctor. I can help her, she hates strangers helping her anyway.” With that she sprinted down the steps, and gracefully flew on the fence. Lexa turned to Raven but the Latina interrupted her before she could speak.

“She’ll be fine, both of them, don’t worry.”

Lexa was silent for a short while. “I’m going to go after her.”

“You sure are,” Raven grinned slyly. Confused, Lexa looked to Anya who was giving her the exact same grin.

“Go,” she said. Lexa nodded and headed down to the field.

Clarke caught up easily to Octavia, and found her being carried off in a stretcher. Though Octavia was thrashing around, swearing an impressive amount of profanities and trying her best to tell them that she could walk. Clarke jogged up and the relief on Octavia’s face made her smile. She didn’t need to tell Clarke what she wanted.

“You two, she doesn’t need the stretcher.” Clarke instructed. The two men scoffed.

“Sorry but you can talk to your friend later, right now she needs help.” He dismissed, walking along.

“No, listen to her, her Mum’s a doctor!” Octavia growled. “I’m perfectly fine it’s just a cut.”

“A deep cut that could get infected.” The other paramedic said. Clarke held back her own growl.

“I’m Abby Griffins daughter, who I’m guessing is your boss.” They stopped, sharing a nervous glance.

“That doesn’t mean-“

“Put the stretcher down.” Clarke muttered low. Octavia could sense the authority and power in her friend’s voice. She frowned.

“Ma’am-“

“Put. It. Down.” She repeated. Both of their faces slacked lightly and without their own permission they put down the stretcher. Octavia was too relieved to notice the confused expression on the men’s faces. Clarke smiled. “Good, now go. I know where a first aid box is.” They nodded dumbly and walked off, constantly looking back over their shoulder at the blonde teen. Clarke crouched down next to Octavia and swung her arm over her shoulder, pulling her up.

“Thanks Griff,” she breathed, trying to not to wince as she put pressure on her leg. Okay so maybe it was a little worse than she previously thought. Clarke didn’t comment, knowing how much Octavia hated when people pointed out her weakness. Together they made their way towards to the changing rooms where the first aid was.

Lexa was half way across the field when someone grabbed her shoulder. Instantly she spun around and snatched the person’s wrist, ready to throw them over when she realised who it was.

“Anya?” she said confused.
“We need to go, now.” Anya said, fear staining her tone. Lexa gulped.

“What’s wrong?”

“Indra’s called us in, they’ve spotted a nightwalker’s nest. Big, and she thinks they’re planning something. Tonight.” She explained, already tugging Lexa away. She didn’t pull back.

“How many?” she muttered, her voice small. Nightwalkers planning things was never good. Anya let go of Lexa’s shoulder, trusting her to follow her. She did.

“A lot.” She simply said. Lexa nodded and didn’t ask any more questions. With one last fleeting glance at Clarke, who was now helping Octavia into the changing rooms, Lexa spun around and ran to her car.

Clarke kicked open the pale blur door to the change rooms, guiding in a limping Octavia. Inside where rows and rows of lockers, long benches sitting in the middle of each little section, Clarke led Octavia over to the one on the far left and carefully laid her down, letting her back lean against the back of the metal lockers. In the back were showers where the first aid was stored, hanging idly on the wall.

“I’ll be right back,” Clarke said and Octavia nodded, lifting her leg with a grunt onto the bench. When she got a proper look at the scar she winced. It wasn’t looking too good. Blood dripped all the way down her leg, a long deep cut right on her thigh. That Azgeda player must have dug her foot hard into her leg; it was probably on purpose. The thought made Octavia growl. Clarke came back, holding antibiotic, a wet towel, a roll of bandage and a bowl of water. Octavia squinted.

“Where’d you get the bowl?” she asked warily.

“You don’t want to know,” Clarke winked. Octavia groaned but shifted slightly offering Clarke a better view of her leg.

But as Clarke sat down and dabbed the towel into the water, her entirety froze. Her eyes were glued to the blood leaking from the wound.

“Clarke?” Octavia questioned. Clarke’s head snapped up. “Sorry,” she mumbled. Her throat suddenly felt a hundred times drier, and her skull pounded relentlessly. She shook her head and started to clean the wound; her hand was shaking violently.

“Clarke, are you alright?” Octavia said worried, touching Clarke’s hand.

“Y-Yeah,” she stuttered. She was not. At all. Something snapped inside of her and she jumped back, dropping the bowl with an echoing clang. The world started to sway. She couldn’t stop staring at the blood.

“Clarke’s what’s wrong?” Octavia said low, now very concerned. Clarke took in a deep breath to try and calm whatever was happening down but that was her mistake, because as she breathed in she caught scent of the blood in the room. She could smell it. Actually smell it.

And it smelled fantastic.

Octavia swung her leg off the bench, and with a grimaced managed to stand up. Clarke’s eyes were still trapped to her leg. She felt her mouth water.

“Clarke?” Octavia tried again. She didn’t have time for whatever was going on, the sun was going to
set soon. She couldn’t risk turning in front of Clarke. She was about to scold her for wasting time when Clarke stumbled back in inhuman speeds to the back off the room, smashing her back into the tilled wall.

Everything hit her at once. It was like a puzzle finally clicking. The blood, she wanted it. She wanted it so bad. Clarke suddenly realised how blind she had been, how naïve. The dreams, the dreams that were too realistic to be not real, the reason why there was a cage in her own basement; it was for her. She was a monster, a killer.

Her medication was never for a sickness, a disease; it was blood. The entire time, it was blood to make sure she didn’t do anything rash. And she hadn’t had any in an entire week. A deep and primal low growl vibrated from her throat. Octavia froze the second she heard the sound. She didn’t know how, but she knew what it meant. That was one of a predator to its prey.

“Clarke what’s going on?” Octavia said uneasily, stepping forward. She had to bite back her wince. The blood called to her, practically begging for her to take it. “Stay back,” Clarke breathed, the briefest flash of rationality slipping through. She was losing her grip on anything human in her, and it was then she knew that she was going to kill Octavia to get what she wanted. Fear trickled into her veins.

“What’s wron-“ Octavia was interrupted by a deafening roar from the blonde, her eyes melting to black. Her breath caught in her throat.

Clarke was a vampire.

Octavia sprinted to her right, barreling past the rows of lockers. She could hear Clarke chasing her from behind. Adrenaline pumping through her veins Octavia leaped up on the top of row of lockers, her supernatural strength easily allowing it.

“Clarke stop this! I’m your friend!” she yelled. She heard another bone-chilling roar but couldn’t spot the head of yellow. Octavia swallowed down her own fear. Suddenly, the lights cut out. “Clarke!”

“Run…” she heard a deep voice growl low. It sounded nothing like her best friend, but like a beast. There was a beat of dead silence, of Octavia surveying through the dimness with her heightened sight, when someone clashed into the metal lockers, knocking them over. Octavia yelped and jumped, her foot just leaving as the surface below her crumbled to the ground. Landing on the next row of lockers, Clarke smashed into that one as well. Like skipping stones Octavia jumped from the next row to the next, only to have a raging vampire crash into it. But Octavia kept checking behind her, just making out the shadowed figure of the blonde and didn’t notice that she had run out of places to jump. Midway through the air she saw there was no way to land, but the hard solid ground.

Octavia slammed back first into the cold floor, cracks spraying from where she hit. With a blurred sight from pained tears Octavia glanced up to the thin window in the tops of the walls. The sun had set. Jesus fucking Christ. The brunette tried her best to scramble up to her feet, slipping multiple times as she did. Her wound was still bleeding heavily.

Clarke took a deep drag of the scent, sighing in content when she found the blood in the air. She crept right back to where Octavia was lying down previously, finding the teen breathing hard as she stood with weak legs. Clarke could see perfectly in the dark, and so could Octavia. Clarke let out a disturbing hiss, opening her jaw wide to reveal two elongated fangs ready to strike.

“Clarke, it’s me, O.” Octavia tried, holding back her tears. Clarke slowly began to edge closer to her. “Clarke it’s me!” Octavia cried. “I don’t want to hurt you,” she whispered, her bottom lip trembling.
With a final roar, Clarke pounced at her. They both fell to the ground, Clarke on top of the brunette. Sitting on her she pinned her wrists to the ground, her eyes a soulless black. “Clarke, don’t.”

She dived at her neck.

Chapter End Notes

i know im terribly evil for leaving it on a cliff hanger. i dont got an excuse i just like cliff hangers
comments and kudos makes me write faster (please validate me)

TRANSLATIONS (even though its not really needed for this chap)
Jus drein jus daun - Blood must have blood
Shof op Klark - Shut up Clarke
Clarke bit hard into Octavia’s neck, the soft flesh easily ripping. The pain was sharp but it was the pressure on her wrists that were worse, the hands that were holding her down. Barely human, Clarke had her first lick of live blood in years and she almost groaned. She drank as messily and as fast as you could, not caring about a single thing but the red gold. Octavia could feel herself becoming weaker and weaker but in contrast she was also feeling her strength increasing, as if her body was preparing to rip apart. Focusing on that, Octavia closed her eyes and concentrated on trying to send that energy to her legs. At first thinking that she was idiot for thinking that’d work, her thigh started to tingle, flooding with power. With an animalistic growl Octavia kicked Clarke off her, sending the vampire flying backwards in the air. She slammed into a wall of lockers, the metal smashing inwards.

Immediately Octavia scrambled up on swaying legs.

“Clarke,” Octavia breathed, putting a hand to her neck. She blinked a couple times. “You need to stop this, right now.” The vampire tried to stand back up, her head spinning in ecstasy and pain as her arms gave in sending her back to the cracked ground. The two teens locked eyes, one of them craving a lot more. Octavia began edging closer to Clarke, as she was lying on the floor and looked not to be able to get up. She gulped. “Clarke?” she said hesitantly. The vampire lay dead still, not even a millimeter of movement. “Clar-“

Clarke lunged at her but Octavia was half expecting it, and managed to side step as she grabbed the vampire mid way, flinging her to the other side of the room. Clarke crashed into the ground once more, rolling on the floor until she hit the shower wall. Her head snapped up, a snarl on her lips. Shit, shit, she couldn’t turn with Clarke here, not because Clarke would find out she’s a werewolf but… she may kill her. Running out of options the vampire found her feet, growling threateningly as claw-like nails extended themselves from her hands. Octavia sucked in a breath. Could she hurt her friend? Was she even her friend anymore? Or just an echo of her past self, a monster in a body that she’ll no longer be able to recognise? The vampire crouched slightly, preparing to launch at her. Last chance.

“Clarke, it’s me Octavia. Come on, please.” She blinked back her emotions, pushing harder against
the bite on her neck. “I don’t want to hurt you but I won’t let you kill me.”

The vampire didn’t show any signs of understanding, just a pure untainted desire to kill. Octavia changed her stance, raising fists. “I’m sorry Clarke.”

The vampire snarled and charged at her. With a battle cry of her own, Octavia was about to charge right back at her, when someone grabbed the back of her shirt tugging her backwards. She spun around to warn whomever it was to run when the same person shoved her out of the room, slamming the door behind her.

“Help me!” the girl shouted, struggling against the door that Clarke was smashing against. Octavia blinked.

“Raven?”

“Yes that’s my name, at the door O!” the Latina snapped. Shaking her head out of her daze, Octavia scrambled up to her feet and put all her weight against the door. Clarke kept ramming at it, the door jumping forward each time she did. But Raven and Octavia with their combined strengths, could hold Clarke back. For now. Knowing that her friend was much safer, Raven to turned to Octavia. “You want to tell me what the hell is going on?”

“You’ll think I’m crazy.”

Raven rolled her eyes. “Yes I know Clarke’s a vampire, my point is why is she trying to kill you?”

“You do?” Octavia gaped. Clarke slammed against the door again, the hinges rattling. Raven nodded. “Well Clarke’s a vampire, that should be answer enough.” Octavia said dejected.

“It isn’t.” Raven said, her nostrils flaring. “She’s not like that, out of everyone I know she actually has the most self control. This is not her, at all. There’s no way that…” Raven’s flow of words stopped when an idea hit her. Shit. Shit. “Oh my god I’m an idiot. A complete utter idiot.” She muttered to herself.

“What are you talking about?” Octavia snapped. Raven glanced nervously at the door, then at her friend. She frowned.

“Did she bite you?”

“You think? She practically took a chunk out of my neck.” Octavia grumbled. Raven’s eyes widened.

“You can’t get any of her blood in you do you understand? Not a drop, yo-you need to get away,” Raven rambled. A roar sounded at the other side of the door and the pair put a lot more pressure against it.

“You’ll die if I leave, I’m not going anywhere.” Octavia retorted. Raven growled lightly. “Look just tell me how we cure her and we can move on.”

“What are you mad? Listen something’s wrong with her.-“

“She’s a vampire.”

“-That isn’t that.” Raven glared. “Listen, hold the door I need to make a call.”

“You’re making a god damn phone call now? While we’re holding back something that could kill us
“Both and the only thing stopping that is a bathroom door?”

“Just hold the door,” Raven snapped. Octavia rolled her eyes but did. She glanced at her watch; the moon should be up either now, or very soon. She hissed under her breath. Dialing in the number, she was extremely relieved that the person picked up only after two rings. “Abby!” Raven rejoiced. God she had never been this happy to call the older woman. On the other end, the mother frowned.

“Raven? Are you okay?” she asked concerned.

“No, I need you to check the medicine stash for Clarke.”

“The hospital blood?”

“Yes, yes go to it now. Are you at home?”

“No I’m-“

“Get home, now.” Raven interrupted.

“What’s going on Raven?” Abby huffed irritated.

“There’s a chance Octavia and I could die, as well as Clarke. So I suggest you’re fast.”

“Jesus Raven what the hell have you do-“ she hung the call. Raven slipped the phone back in her pocket. Clarke wasn’t ramming against the door now, but pushing against it. And damn was she strong.

“I think I know what’s wrong,” Raven panted.

“Yeah,” Octavia said out of breath. “She’s a va-“

“Do you even know how many times she’s saved your ass?” Raven snapped, fed up of Octavia’s bitterness.

“I mean-“

“Years ago, when she was Wanheda, she was the one that kept you safe. I have no idea what for, she said it was too dangerous for you to tell me but it was something about you being ‘special.’” Octavia’s eyes widened. “There were people who were dangerous to you she’d say, and whenever they come round she’d always throw them off or scared the shit out of them so that they’d leave.”

“But how-“

“So shut the hell up about her being a vampire. I’m one too, and we’re a proud race, it’s just the extremist who ruin everything.” Raven growled.

“You’re… you’re a vampire too?” Octavia breathed. Raven nodded.

“You bet.” She grinned. Every muscle in Octavia tensed.

“For how long?” she asked hesitantly.

“Years Octavia.”

“Fucking hell,” Octavia muttered. She fought the urge to run a hand through her hair. “Is there anyone else?”
“Not that I know of. There are things I’ll tell you later, right now we need to focus on this door.” Raven ordered, noticing the weight pushing against the door was lighter than before. But as she was about to comment on it, raw pain stabbed Octavia in the gut and she crumpled to the ground. “Octavia!” Raven yelled.

“I’m fine!” Octavia snapped, leaning against the door as she pulled herself up. “I’m fine.” She panted.

“The hell was that?”

“Uh well there is something I need to tell you and its gotta’ do with that moon up there.” Octavia started.

Raven’s jaw dropped. “No wa-“

“I’m a werewolf. I’m guessing that was the thing Clarke was talking about.” She said, awkwardly rushing over the last part. The pain struck again but Octavia was waiting for it, only doubling over.

“Shit dude, that explains so much,” Raven breathed. “That must be the reason why I always randomly smell a dog nearby.”

“Hey!” Octavia scolded. “Wolf, I’m not a dog.”

“I’m like pretty sure species wise you’re-“

“Fuck!” Octavia hissed, clutching her stomach as she fell to the floor.

“Shit! Octav-“ Clarke slammed into the door catching Raven completely off guard. Having not putting as much pressure as before as Clarke had smacked away, Raven flew to the ground. Clarke kicked open the door with a roar of triumph. “RUN!” Raven bellowed, punching the blonde in the gut and hauling Octavia up. “Go, go, go!”

“I’m going!” Octavia snapped, snatching her arm off Raven’s shoulder. They bolted for the stairs. Whirling past the classrooms blood dripped in the pristine hallways, Clarke thundering from behind with the snarls of a beast. Scrambling up the steps Raven forced Octavia to at least use the railing so she wouldn’t fall, because if she did fall there was no time to go back for her. Raven’s shoulder throbbed in pain.

“In here Raven!” Octavia signaled, waving manically over by the science lab. She whipped her head towards her than beyound just catching sight of Clarke appearing at the top of the stairs, blood trickling from her chin. Her white shirt was painted in red.

“IN!” Raven roared. They scurried into the classroom, slamming the door shut in the raging vampire’s face. The snarl from the other end nearly made Raven want to cower in surrender. “I’ll hold, grab that table!”

Octavia nodded, sprinting over to rows and rows of tables. Easily picking up the table with newfound strength she collapsed to the ground half way, her spine splitting in agony.

“Fight it Octavia! You can’t turn now, if you turn we die!” Raven barked. Octavia screamed in another bout of pain. “Don’t O!”

“I’m fucking trying Reyes!” she snarled. Breathing ragged Octavia pushed the table as fast as she
could to the door, grunting as she dragged another one and stacked it on top. The tables were for one and Raven knew they wouldn’t hold enough weight to give Octavia change time to turn. Jesus Christ what the hell kind of situation was this?

“O I need you to hold the door with me,” Raven ordered. Stumbling, Octavia pulled another table forward.

“I can’t,” she panted. “I’m barely holding as of right now- Aargh!”

“Octavia!” Raven yelled, watching as her friend crumpled to the floor with bone-chilling echoes of pain.

“I-I can’t,” Octavia stuttered, her breath trembling. Sweat was dripping from her forehead. “I can’t hold on.”

“You have to O,” Raven encouraged. Clarke smashed against the door and the stacked tables tumbled to the bloodied floor. Raven frowned. Blood, she had to call Abby. Raven reached for her pocket except-

“Why do you look like you shit your pants? You didn’t did you?”

“I don’t have the phone,” Raven mumbled, as if it wasn’t true. Fuck it must have fallen out when she was slammed to the floor before. “Fuck!” Raven cursed.

“You don’t have the phone?” Octavia roared. Her voice was deepening, becoming more guttural. “How the fuck,” she had to pause to hide her groan of pain. “How the fuck did you lose it?”

“When I fell it must have fallen out. Do you, do you have yours?” Raven stammered. Clarke began hammering against the door, punches upon punches that rattled its very frame.

“No I was playing the game remember? I don’t have fucking pockets,” Octavia growled. Her bones snapped and Octavia arched as her spine lengthened.

“I can’t hold the door, I need you grab that shelf and bring it here!”

“I’m growing a fucking tailbone here Raven!” Octavia snarled.

“I can’t do both, fight it and bring it over here or we’re both-“

“RAVEN!” Octavia bellowed before she was sucked into her own world of agony. Clarke smashed her hand through a glass gap in the door, digging her nails into Raven’s arm. Clarke pulled the arm in, bending it at an awkward angel, and slamming her fangs into it. Raven screamed as Clarke tried to drink as much as she could. Her blood wasn’t near as good as the other one but it was better than nothing. Blinking back tears Raven hit the blonde as hard as she could in the forehead, not even fazing her. She tried to tug but Clarke would only hold tighter, and her arm would bend more.

“Help me Octavia!” Raven bellowed, internally deciding whether it would be worth it to just snatch her arm back and let the flesh rip. She drew her attention from Clarke to her Octavia, sucking in a sharp breath when she saw her friend’s deformed body, uncomfortably teetering between wolf and human. Octavia’s entirety was screaming, begging for her to let the change take place but she couldn’t let it, not if she wanted them to live. Fighting the torment of fire from the pits of hell that licked at her skin, her sight only slightly colour blind, she limped to the end of the room and positioned herself. With primal growls she rammed her body against and grip the sides with her paw-like hands, deep grunts escaping her as she pushed the shelf full of science machines towards the door. The world started to become fuzzy. “Octavia,” Raven muttered. “Octavia!”
“I’m here.” Came her gruff voice. Her head snapped to the side just in time to see the half wolf hiss in pain before barreling for the door. Like, right for the door.

“Octavia stop!”

“Ahhhh!” at the last second she angled her growing body to the side, the force from the clash making Clarke lose her grip. Not missing the chance Raven snatched her arm back, gripping onto the nearby shelf and spinning it around so it could sit against the door. She pushed against the shelf just in case. Clarke roared in pure rage, clawing and pounding against the innocent door. Octavia wobbled over next to Raven, collapsing to the floor in a puddle next to her.

“Thank you,” Raven breathed, trying her best to ignore the throbbing on her arm.

“I can’t, no longer,” Octavia panted, grunts slipping from her as her fingers bent and adjusted. Raven shook her head, her body jolting forward as the door bounced again.

“Just a little bit,” Raven encouraged, giving her a shaky smile. Octavia gave her a watery smile back but it soon fell.

“I’m sorry,” she whispered. With that, she let the last of the change take her.

Lexa and Anya got back to the base as fast as they could, probably breaking an absurd amount of road laws as they powered through. They skidded to a hault, the two jumping out and sprinting to the entrance. Ducking through the debris and snapping at the doorman for being slow Lexa strutted into the base. Her head whipped around to Anya.

“Get my armour, find yours as well. Meet me back here in five.” Lexa ordered. Anya nodded and ran off. Lexa turned back to the front, spotting Indra walking towards her, her face tight. Indra was one to never show fear but there were certain signs that Lexa had picked up over years to see how dire a situation actually was. This wasn’t good.

“Heda,” Indra nodded.

“Chit yu gaf Indra?” Lexa said by way of greeting. Indra’s mouth formed a thin line.

“Emo fous laik sou biga. One of our scouts tracked down a nest, as he surveyed the area he overheard them talking of plans.” Indra swallowed, hard. “Emo chich kom Wanheda.”

“There hasn’t been word of Wanheda for years,” Lexa reminded, her breath catching. “I thought you believed in her to be dead.”

“Ai don swich.” Indra replied stiffly.

“Nou yu” Lexa smirked, Indra gave her the faintest half smile. Lexa took a deep breath. “How many?”

“The nest that was discovered was believed to hold ten of them.”

“Ten?” Lexa breathed, her eyes bulging. Why were there so many, how would they kill them without losing half her people?

“Em gon fotos,” Indra continued hesitantly. “It’s the reapers Heda.”

“Joken skrish,” Lexa swore.
“Language Lexa,” Indra frowned. The brunette just looked at her. “I raised you Heda,” Indra reminded with a subtle grin. “You will not curse when I am near.”

“Sha Indra.” Lexa grumbled.

“Heda!” Anya called, grabbing Lexa’s attention. She held the key to get to her commander’s armour, hand made to an exact fit for her, an exact fit for battle. Lexa looked back to Indra.

“Gather a team of six, yo os gona. Leave without me I will catch up.” Lexa instructed. Indra bowed then left, the second she got off the steps shouting and snapping orders at everyone and anyone. Anya had already changed into her gear Lexa noticed. She handed her the key to her private quarters, where her suit of armour was held. “My weapons?” Lexa asked. Anya gave her a knowing grin.

“I’ve got your two favourite swords being sharpened now, those babies should be able to slice through anything.”

“Os. Make sure all the stakes are sharpened as well, go.” Lexa said. Anya bobbed her head and ran off once more, dodging through the growing lines of frantic crowds. Lexa let out a deep sigh through her nose. To think she was actually having a good day, a moment of rare peace in the catastrophe that was her life. It’d make sense that now there’d be an attack. Lexa tensed. Something didn’t feel right. The largest nest they had ever found held five nightwalkers, and they were practically ready to kill each other anyway those animals. They found them in a crypt, arguing over a bleeding body of who would get to eat first. The thought alone makes her scrunch her nose in disgust. But they were barely functioning at such a high number, so the idea of ten banding together, and to start making plans… they were missing something. Shit, they couldn’t kill them. Not yet, not until she can find out what’s going on. But even then that wasn’t the only problem.

Wanheda. The nightwalker who killed other nightwalkers, other creatures no matter how large or strong. They are said to be the Defender in the nightwalker’s eyes, someone born with the soul purpose to keep their place and people safe. The only nightwalker that made Lexa doubt whether every nightwalker was the same, that not all vampire’s are ravenous beasts. Of course she dismissed the thought as soon as it came, but the main problem was it was there, that no matter how far she could push it to the back of her mind; it would always be there. Wanheda was the reason they steered clear from here, only finally giving in to fix the growing nightwalker’s numbers as a last resort. Wanheda was thought to be dead anyway, but if they were indeed alive – what then? Would she need to fight this notorious nightwalker that all hunters ached to find, to show off it’s head to the others and claim power?

For a second, a single second, Lexa had forgotten just how shit of a world she lives in. For an entire second, Lexa could only think of a certain blonde and what outfit to wear, not whether she would accidently start an all out war by flushing out a nest. For a wonderful fleeting moment, Lexa forgot about the world and smiled.

She wishes she could live that second for the rest of her being.

Lexa left the courtyard, weaving her way through the base and to her private chambers, a wooden house like the rest of them, easily blending in within the lower crowd. Hidden right in plain sight. Lexa slipped in the ancient oak key and heard the satisfying lock click. Shouts of panic began to erupt for outside, and with quick feet Lexa sprinted as fast as she could to her room to put on her battle gear. Swinging open the door to her room she barreled in and stripped herself in seconds, layering the appropriate layers and slipping on the armour. The black material felt tight against her skin and she couldn’t help but feel that extra sense of power as she attaches the shoulder guard. After five minutes of the tedious tying and clipping of gear, Lexa waltzed out of the large room, her blood
red cloak sweeping the floor below.

“Onya!” Lexa bellowed from the decking, the entire base stilling at the commander’s words. Anya was arguing with some idiot when Lexa called. Begrudgingly walking away from the man and not slapping him across the face Anya leisurely strolled up to her sister, easily filtering through the still, slightly bowed crowd.

“Sha?”

“Komba.” Lexa ordered. The dirty blonde nodded and skipped up the steps, giving Lexa her trademark grin as she slipped inside their house. Seeing that Anya had gone in, Lexa turned back to her anxious people. “I know you are all afraid. We have never encountered such a large group of nightwalkers before,” she started, her voice vibrating through everyone’s bones. “Nou jomp fir. Past generations have fought wars with nothing but their bleeding fists, saved lives with nothing but a distant hope; this is nothing. They are nothing, and we will always be far more then they can ever be.” Chins lifted higher. “Osir nou fir raun. Osir don kom au gon dison. Op wor osir gyon, op jus osir gonplei.” Murmurs of agreement fluttered through the crowd. “Today, we fight!” Lexa roared, and her people roared back.

Their voices shook the stones around them.

Fighting back the swell of pride in her heart, and ignoring the chants of ‘heda’ from her people, Lexa nodded and turned back to her home. She found a smirking Anya leaning against a wall, black face paint in hand.

“Well,” she puffed, pulling a chair in front of Lexa. “You almost inspired me to clean my room just then.” She grinned.

“I’d hope so, that room is nothing short of a pig sty.” Lexa snorted. Anya clicked her tongue but dipped her finger in the paint and began layering it around her eyes. They didn’t really talk as Anya worked; practicing the same ancient tradition that they did before every battle, every hunt. Every now and again Anya would mumble for Lexa to close her eyes and she would, her sister’s surprisingly delicate hands spreading the black ink on her skin. When Anya was just about finished, just adding the last touch ups, Lexa spoke.

“Do you feel like something isn’t quite right?” she asked softly. Anya frowned.

“What do you mean?”

“Its just… there’s too many Ann. They never work in such large groups, especially reapers. Why are there so many now? It doesn’t make sense.”

“There is the game tonight,” Anya muttered, still engrossed in her work. Lexa’s eyes widened. “Hey, you’re creasing my paint,” Anya scolded.

“The game.” Lexa breathed. But what she didn’t really say was Clarke. Clarke was at the game. And she wouldn’t even be at the safety of the crowds; she went to go help Octavia. She tried to calm herself down. “Where was the nest found?”

“Uh Gustus said it was around south side of the forest, there’s a graveyard near there.” She answered, not really thinking about it.
“Anya!” Lexa snapped. The dirty blonde jumped.

“What the hell? You’re lucky I was just dipping my finger in the paint then.” She scowled. Lexa sighed in frustration.

“Anya, think about where that is. What’s close to there?” she said through gritted teeth. Anya huffed, letting the tin clatter to the ground.

“I don’t know, a milkbar?” she sighed. Lexa clenched her fists.

“The school Ann. If you cut straight through the forest there, it opens up to the stadium. They’re going to distract us, have us focused on the graveyard while they prowl near the stadium,” Lexa explained. Realising something, she hissed under her breath. “Skirsh, the reason there is so many is cause they’re going split up. Most will stay at the crypt to divert us and—"

“The rest will camp near the entrance of the game and nab the stragglers.” Anya finished, realisation dawning on her. They locked eyes.

“Yeah.”

“We have to go, now.”

“Agreed.” Lexa nodded, standing up swiftly and heading out the door, Anya trailing close behind. First, they needed weapons. “Are my swords ready?”

“Yeah, they’re at the armoury,” Anya replied.

“Good. Meet me at the front gate in three.” Lexa ordered. Anya bobbed her head and left her side, heading the opposite direction towards the entrance. As Lexa strode she subtly touched her hair, checking her braids were still in place. They were, but they were much looser than she would of liked. She growled lightly to herself. No time. The Commander sped up from a walk to a run and soon found herself skidding to a hault on the gravel in front of a stone walled building. She slammed open the doors, the man inside snapping his head up with wide eyes.

“Heda—"

“My weapons.” Lexa snapped. He nervously glanced down at the dagger he was sharpening, abandoning the blade and scurrying to the back where he pulled two glistening swords. He stumbled up towards her.

“They strong,” he muttered hesitantly, his accent thick. Lexa nodded and took them gracefully, examining them briefly before sheathing them with a whine.

“The rest?”

“Oh! Sha, sha, sha,” he rambled, ducking underneath a bench and pulling out the familiar black box. He flipped it open and slid it over to her, her favourite two pairs of daggers staring back at her. With a grin that she couldn’t hide she slipped them to her side and her boots.

“Mochof,” Lexa thanked, and then left without another word. Efficiently striding towards the exit of the base, her people parting as she made way she made it to Anya in exactly three minutes like she promised. “Has Indra left?” she questioned.

Anya nodded stiffly. “Yes. I’ve sent Gustus to warn her to send half her men towards the stadium but we have no way of knowing if he’ll get there in time.”
“Damn it.” Lexa bit. “Alright, we will go now straight to the stadium. We’ll survey the area and find where they are hiding.”

“Ku. Lead the way.” Anya gestured grandly. This time, Lexa managed to bite back her smile. They left the base and headed for the nearby parking lot, where their black SUV sat. Lexa knew there to be spare weapons inside. They both got in the car, Anya taking the driver’s seat as she knows just how truly terrible Lexa is at driving. She always was more of a horse’s type of girl. Anya turned to her with a sly grin. “You know, it would faster if we went right to the graveyard now.”

“No, we go to the stadium.” Lexa said firmly, her jaw locking up. Her grin widened. “What?” Lexa asked furrowing her brows.

“This has nothing to do with a certain blonde does it?” she winked.

“No,” Lexa growled. She stared at the windscreen. “Are you going to drive or waste more of my time?”

Anya shrugged, still smiling smugly. She knew it. “I guess I’m going to drive.”

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After fifteen minutes of driving, again breaking too many laws to count, the car rolled in to the stadiums parking lot. Anya stopped the SUV and hopped out, Lexa following. If anyone saw them right now they’d probably spit their drink, two seemingly normal teenage girls dressed head to toe in battle gear, sporting blades and swords that they shouldn’t even know how to hold. The thought made Lexa smirk. They rounded to the back of the car and Anya pulled open the boot. She leant in and grabbed two sleek black handheld radios, giving one to Lexa and one to her. Adjusting the frequency so they were on the same channel Anya went to reach for the bulletproof vests but Lexa stopped her.

“What are you doing?” she questioned, eyeing the protective clothing.

“Uh getting a vest?” Anya replied with the same confusion.

“Okay but why? These are vampires not gunmen.” Lexa reasoned.

“Yeah but what if they have guns?”

“This is Australia Ann.” Lexa deadpanned. “We actually have decent gun laws they aren’t going to have guns, they’re vampires.”

“Fine,” Anya caved, throwing the vest in the back. She reached up and shut the boot. “But if we get shot, it’s on you.”

“Yeah, two lesbians what could go wrong?”

Anya chuckled. “Yeah it would be pretty stereotypical and shitty if we both go shot right?”

“Oh yeah, absolutely.”

(Looks in the camera like in the office)

Lexa attached the radio at her hip, her foster sister mimicking. Having one last check over of their gear they nodded at each other, and headed for the stadium that glowed into the night. They stuck to the shadows as if they were shadows themselves, a deadly force jumping through the trees with such
grace barely a single sound could be heard. As they neared the stadium Lexa reached behind her, unsheathing her twin swords. Anya pulled out her finely crafted bow as well. Lexa tapped her foot against the ground, gaining the attention of Anya. She brought her finger to her lips and then pointed up. Her sister nodded. Taking different trees the pair clambered up the oak giants, being as careful as possible not to slip or cause too much noise. With her heart pounding, Lexa reached a good enough height, allowing her to perch on one of the branches and having a much better view. After a few seconds, she spotted Anya around the same height on the other tree, nodding to her. Lexa nodded back then scanned her surroundings as hard as possible. For every upturned stone, any suspicious dent in the ground or toss of leaves, anything that could be evidence of if the nightwalkers had come through here. But the longer she spent squinting in the dark the more her heart strained for fear of Clarke. Would she be out by now? Within the safety of the mass crowds? Out of all the people she could have developed a crush for…

Her radio crackled to life.

“Chit yu gaf?” Lexa whispered.

“Footsteps, to your right,” Anya said. Lexa peered to the right of her, not seeing a single sign of movement.

“I see and hear nothing Onya.”

“Are you a skinwalker Lex?” Anya retorted, the smirk clear in her voice. Lexa huffed.

“No.” She grumbled.

“Exactly. There are footsteps, now hush.” Anya said, and Lexa could see her put the radio back at her side. Lexa growled under her breath, hating being ordered around but listened, clipping the radio back to her hip as well. A few more minutes past of the deafening silence, the only sound the rustle of the leaves, and Lexa was about to scold Anya via radio when low and behold, five hulking figures crept into view. She gripped tighter to the branch.

They were definitely nightwalkers, and from way they walked with such power but imbalance, like they were always on edge, about to snap…

They were reapers.

There was only one thing that Lexa feared, and those were reapers. But it wasn’t because of their seemingly increased strength and crazed ferocity; it was that some of them used to be her people. Highly suspected to belong to an organisation called the Mountain Men, who are humans who they believe, wanted to exploit the benefits of vampires, reapers are connected to them. Made by them. The thought of it makes her sick, and for years they have tried to take them down but failed, the looming threat of losing more of her people too great.

The nightwalkers below kept on walking. Thankfully not checking above the group of what looked to be three guys and two women seemed oblivious to their presence, the group’s backs hunched. Lexa caught Anya’s eye, silently she lifted her hand spreading out her fingers. She mouthed the numbers. 5, 4, 3, 2, 1-

They jumped, timing it perfectly so the group was right in front of them.

The moment Lexa crashed into the ground, a body as her cushion her blade cut off his head the second she hit the earth. She checked to her left, and saw Anya had done the same; a stake plunged into the reaper’s heart. With deep breath through her nose Lexa pulled herself up, bending her back
knee and straightening her front leg as she angled one of the swords over her head, the other straight forward, taunting the other nightwalkers to come close. Lexa knew they had a good chance of surviving this, or at least she did, until a sinister mile crept its way on each one of their pale faces.

“Heda…” Anya muttered warily, knocking an arrow. Lexa nervously glanced at Anya.

“Chil au,” Lexa warned. “If you don’t fight back, I promise a quick painless death.” Lexa offered, eyeing the three reapers with a cold stare. One of them snickered.

“Stupid, stupid, stupid,” he mumbled. As he began to walk forward and Anya aimed the arrow for his heart, he let out a bone-chilling roar.

Reapers emerged from all around them, coming from the darkness.

They were surrounded.

“It’s a trap!” Lexa yelled and bolted for the trees, Anya right behind her. They heard cheer of excitement that made her blood freeze, then the unmistakable thunder of tens of reapers barreling towards them.

Lexa knew if they caught up to them they were dead.

Raven had never seen a werewolf before, let alone a transformation. She held a breath her lungs couldn’t squeeze as Octavia screamed and yelled, bones shifting as they jutted awkwardly into place, the edges poking out from the stretching skin. Her jaw dropped as the last of friend’s screams turned animal, guttural snarls snapping from her newly formed jaws, thick salvia splattering the cold floors.

“Holy shit…” Raven breathed. Octavia barked, as if testing out the sound, before snapping her gaze on Raven.

The wolf grinned.

Raven hissed as Clarke slammed into the door once more, taking advantage of the distraction. The door wedged open, the shelves almost knocking to the ground, the only reason they were still upright being Raven’s stubborn hold on pushing it back. “Help me!” Raven demanded, panic sizzling her skin as Clarke’s hand gripped the edge of the door, giving her more leverage. Octavia barked and stumbled towards the door, dizziness briefly swallowing her as she tried to adjust to the new senses. No time. With all her strength she nudged the shelf to the side slightly and pushed her two front legs against the shaking wooden doorway. Her shoulders packed with pure muscle Clarke struggled to push forward, her feet begrudgingly sliding back as the wolf pushed. Raven let out a breathy chuckle. “Keep going!” she encouraged. Octavia growled relentlessly, the more pressure she put the more her breathing quickened. Eventually though, with the combined efforts they managed to shut the door once more only to enrage Clarke even more, her lips pulling back into a gut wrenching snarl.

Octavia kept shoving with all of her weight, her own back legs starting to slip.

“Oh,” Raven panted. “We’re going to have to do something very stupid.”

Octavia barked at her, her green eyes narrowing.

“Yeah well it’s not like I want to do it.” Raven mumbled. The werewolf huffed. “But we have too. I need my phone; I need to see if I’m right. Because if I am, then there’s a very easy way to fix this.”
Raven went on. Octavia gave her a look as if to say ‘oh really?’.

Clarke roared again and with a devastating punch, her clawed hands smashed through the door. Octavia pushed harder.

“We don’t have much time O!” Raven belted. “I need your help, or there’s no way I’ll get to it.”

Octavia shook her large furry head.

“O if you don’t we’re going to die, or we’re going to have to kill Clarke.” The wolf’s head whipped to hers. Octavia internally whimpered when she saw nothing but the truth in the Latina’s eye. Reluctantly, she nodded her head with an impatient growl. Raven smiled in relief. “Ok alright so,” her body jolted forward at another one of Clarke’s rams. “Basic plan is: we open the door, Clarke stumbles in, you distract her while I get the phone and call Abby.” Raven nodded her head at herself, having made up the plan on the spot. “Yeah that sounds good,” she breathed. “You ready?” she asked. Octavia growled at her, showing off her razor sharp teeth. Raven clicked her tongue. “Oh don’t be like that you’ll be fine. You’re a werewolf aren’t you? Not some dog.” The word made the wolf’s blood boil. “Unless of course you’re a coward. You know I could just get a German Shepard from off the street and—”

Octavia barked, cutting her off. If a wolf could sigh, she did her best version of it; most it being a long breath through her wet nose. Raven grinned. “Ready?”

Octavia barked bitterly.

“Okay. One, two, thee—” Raven gripped the bars of the shelf and flung it away, the metal crashing into the ground. Not a second later the door slammed open to reveal a bloodied Clarke, her eyes so black it was almost impossible not be sucked in by them. “Don’t look at her eyes,” Raven warned and sprinted for the door. Octavia barked hysterically, panicking as that stupid Raven was heading directly at Clarke. Raven shrieked in pain as the wolf forced her claw into Clarke’s wrist, smacking it into the ground. Clarke roared in anger as Octavia’s claw dug deeper, blood trickling from the vampire’s wrists. Those soulless eyes flashed bloodlust, and in instinct Octavia dived for the blonde’s neck.

But her bite never made contact as a hand gripped the lower part of her jaw, her front row of teeth grazing the skin below. Clarke’s hand shook as she slowly pushed the wolf’s head back, her fingers ignoring the sting of agony at the razors below it. Octavia blinked confused before biting down.
Another hand wrapped the upper jaw, the vampire prying open the wolf’s mouth like a wrench. The wolf snarled, hating the feeling of being restrained, spit hitting the blonde’s face.

The pair’s eyes locked for a single second, and Octavia’s heart stopped when the vampire smiled.

Octavia pulled back in an instant, though the hands around her muzzle tugged back. She shook her head and finally gained freedom only for Clarke to tackle her, sending them tumbling back down.

Raven wobbled a few steps before instantly crashing to the ground. She cursed and messily brought herself back up, the sounds of chaos behind her only reminding her of how she couldn’t waste a second. She sprinted down the stairs, stumbling multiple times, before sliding to a halt in front of the changing rooms. Like the wolf on the floor above, Raven dropped to the ground, scanning the floors for any sign of that damn phone.

“You little cunt where are you?” Raven muttered, her head spinning at the pressure of time. Scrambling up to her feet she surveyed the hallway, looking up and down frantically. Nothing. Swearing Raven skidded down the halls, checking each and every step she had just run down. Shit, where was the hell was it? Raven heard a crash from upstairs and her legs quickened, checking under the stairs, the shelf of prized awards, the drinking fountain in the corner—

There. Raven almost fell over as she ran over to the fountain, the beautiful black rectangular block sitting idly under the metal. Falling to knees and not even feeling the pain she fumbled for the phone, blood dripping from the bite in her arm down her arm and onto the screen. She hurriedly wiped it with her thumb and unlocked the phone, noticing the five missed calls and slamming down on the call back button. Abby picked up on the first ring.

“Where the hell have you been?” Abby snapped. “I’ve been calling!”

“There’s no time,” Raven panted, the throbbing in her arm making her squeeze her eyes shut. “Tell me, how much is there?

Silence answered her.

“All of it.” Abby muttered quietly. Raven’s eyes widened.

“What do you mean?”

“She hasn’t had any Raven. Not for… a week I think. How the hell is that even possible?”

“Fucking hell…” Raven breathed.

“Not a week Raven! She could kill someone with an appetite like that.” Raven swallowed. “Raven? What’s happening?”

“Thank you for telling me. I’ll call you back soon.” Her finger hovered over the red icon.

“Raven!” Abby yelled, her voice shaking. “Raven answer me!”

She hissed under her breath, giving in with a sigh. “I may or may not have let Clarke tend to a bleeding wound. On Octavia. When she hasn’t drunken anything for a week.” She heard a gasp. “Maybe.”
“Are you insane?” Abby roared.

“I didn’t know!” Raven defended. “She told me she was taking it, who am I to second guess her?”

“Well it’s pretty damn clear you should have.” Abby growled.

“She’s my friend, at least I actually trust her.” Raven spat. Another crash sounded from upstairs. “Abby I have to go. Prepare the cage in the basement, we’ll try leading Clarke to it and then we’ll give all we have of the remaining stash.”

Abby frowned on the other end. “What do you mean remaining, she has all the blood she didn’t have this week?”

“No.” Raven said firmly. “Not the animal blood, she needs human. She’s… far gone Abby. Just pray she can come back.”

Abby stilled. “What do you mean?”

“Update me when you’re ready.” Raven muttered and finished the call before she’d had to argue anymore.

Well. That didn’t go too bad.

A heart shattering pained howl echoed down the stairs and Raven bolted for the steps, this time stuffing the phone in her pocket, and swiftly gliding up the levels. Almost slipping in a pool of blood Raven kicked the lab door open, the door flying of its hinges. Raven took in her surroundings, Clarke and Octavia circling each other, a slight limp in the wolf’s step. Blood dripped from Clarke’s shoulder, a clear and deep bite peppering her ripped skin, the patch of shirt missing. Her wrists were decorated in red.

“Octavia,” Raven said, gathering the werewolf’s attention. Octavia didn’t dare look away but let out a reassured bark, acknowledging Raven’s presence. “We need to go, lead her back home. Abby is waiting for us, we have a cage to hold her but we need to get her there.”

The wolf snorted. How the hell did she think they were going to get Clarke back home? Raven huffed.

“Work with me O. We need to knock her out.”

She snorted again.

“We need too Octavia. Otherwise we’re going to have to do shit we’ll regret.” She fought to keep her voice steady. “I know how we can help her, save her.” Octavia shifted uncomfortably. Raven was starting to make sense, which was never a good sign. “We just need to get her home.” She thought for a moment. “Without dying preferably.” She added. Octavia growled her reluctance but nodded her head, the act so strange and foreign from a wolf. Clarke snarled, making both of them tense. But instead of attacking them once more, Clarke caught sight of Raven. She caught side of the blood bleeding from her neck, the scar on her arm. Something distant and blurry nagged at her, something oddly familiar and…

“Raven?” she mumbled confused. Raven’s eyes widened, as did Octavia’s. The wolf snapped her gaze to the Latina’s, a ‘should that be happening?’ look in her eye. Raven shook her head at the wolf. With feather light steps, she edged closer to Clarke. She dared a look in the blonde’s eyes and saw the faintest, dimmest breath of recognition. It was enough.
“Clarke?” she tried, her voice trembling. Clarke stumbled back a step. That word, it struck something in her, something that her bloodlust filled mind didn’t want. It tried to block the feeling out, but the word was persistent, slamming back again and again into her mind. Clarke, Clarke, Clarke…

“Clarke,” she whispered, the word oddly familiar. Confusion enveloped her then suddenly was stripped away, only leaving cold, cold fear. It… it was her name. The word was her name and… Raven was her friend. A friend who she tried to kill, who she drank from-

“No,” Clarke mumbled. “No, no, no…”

“Clarke, come back to me,” Raven encouraged, stepping closer. Octavia tensed, not liking how close Raven was actually getting.

She could see the red crimson splattered around Raven’s neck, could even taste it in her mouth. She clamped her hands to her head, pain exploding as her two halves fought against one another. One wanting blood, the other anything but.

Raven gulped. “Clarke-“

“No!” Clarke roared. Raven and Octavia jumped back while Clarke spun around, her eyes catching glint of a window as the full moon shone hypnotically, the light dancing across the glass. Raven’s eyes widened.

“Clarke don’t,” Raven warned low. She was too late.

Clarke shut her eyes against the pain, and jumped through the window.

“Clarke!” Raven screamed, sprinting to the smashed in window, flinging her head out just in time to spot Clarke down on the ground below… before instantly getting up to her feet and running like the devil himself was chasing her. Octavia’s two front legs jumped on the window ledge, looking out as well. “We have to go after her.” Raven muttered. She looked to the werewolf. Octavia was about to nod back when a howl thundered through her ears. Raven’s head snapped up. “The hell was that?”

Octavia barked, and then howled back. That girl, Anya, she was in trouble. She needed her help.

“O what’s wrong?” Raven questioned. Octavia struggled to answer her. Where’s a sand pit when you need one? Another howl sounded, this one full of relief and worry. She had to go, now.

“Octavia, tell me.”

Octavia growled. She was trying but it’s pretty hard to communicate without thumbs or a voice. She barked at her frustrated.

“What?” Octavia barked again. “Stop it I don’t-“ Raven’s eyes widened, before she burst out laughing. When the wolf starting growling irritated Raven made an effort to stop. “Sorry,” she panted. “Forgot you couldn’t talk. Okay alright just bark once for yes, twice for no.”

The wolf stared at her.

“You got a better idea?” Raven taunted. Octavia growled but didn’t object. Raven didn’t hide her proud smirk.

“Okay so… was that another werewolf howling?”

Octavia barked twice.
“Is it just a dog or something?”

Octavia glared at her before very slowly shaking her head. Raven waved her off.

“Alright, alright. So, is it a friend?” A bark. “Need help? In trouble?” Another bark. Raven sighed, glancing nervously out into the night. Even though it would be much better with a werewolf at her side it was obvious that wasn’t going to happen. “Okay,” Raven gave in. “Go save your buddie, Red Dog.”

Octavia glared at her but couldn’t say a sarcastic comment back, so with supernatural grace, she jumped through the window.

“You done howling?” Lexa shouted, dodging a punch with a sidestep, grabbing the reapers arm and slamming his elbow into his nose. He stumbled back with a snarl, but as he looked back up with new rage Lexa shoved her stake into his heart. His eyes bulged, before the red in his eyes dimmed and he slumped to the ground. Stepping over his limp body Lexa took off running again.

“Thanks,” Anya panted, jumping down from the tree above and landing gracefully behind Lexa. She took off sprinting to catch up next to her. “She could hear me from up there, I appreciate you holding them back.”

“You were lucky only three had caught up.” She glanced behind her, the trees zipping past as they ran. “There’s still a lot left,” she mumbled.

“Don’t look behind you, we just need to get to somewhere safe, somewhere where we have the advantage.” Anya advised. A fallen tree came into their view, and in synchrony they leaped over it.

“I know. There’s so many here…” she kept her voice strong. “There’s so many that there mustn’t be any at the grave. If we can regroup with Indra, we should stand a chance.”

“Wasn’t Gustus sent to warn them about the stadium?” Anya asked, her brow furrowing. She ducked an on coming branch.

Lexa shook her head. “We can’t lead them there, would be a blood bath. If we… if we could get contact to Indra somehow, find out where she is-“

“We can organize to meet up at a safer vantage point.” Anya finished.

“Exactly.” Lexa breathed.

Anya grinned. “Hey, I’m starting to think we may survive this.”

“There’s no way we’re not.” Lexa chuckled back.

The pair kept running. They dodged any debris in their path but made sure to check behind them every now and again, making sure that they still being chased. Right now their only goal was to lead them away from the stadium, from any innocents who would fall right into their dirty hands. As they ran Lexa decided they would head for the graveyard, hopefully meeting Indra there. They needed all the help they could get. Snarls and roars following them, Lexa and Anya slowed onto the death-filled soil, looking behind to see they had about a minute before an army of reapers would slaughter them.

Lexa swept her gaze over the graveyard. “She’s not here,” she said, trying to hide the fear from her tone. Anya swallowed.
“No she’s not.”

“Can you track her?”

Anyā looked to Lexa. “If she was here, there’s a chance.” She said. Still, she refrained from changing. “Lex I can’t protect you if I turn.”

“Of course you can, just aim for the throat.” Lexa smirked sly. Anya scoffed.

“You’re an idiot.”

“An idiot who is running out of time. Turn, and find the scent.” Anya remained hesitant. “Nau Onya.” Lexa snapped. Anya huffed but finally listened to Lexa. She closed her eyes, and with a flash of light her clothes and armour fell to the ground, a scowling dingo emerging from the pile.

“Find Indra. Quick.” Lexa reminded. The dingo growled but obeyed, carefully weaving it’s way through the gravestones, sniffing any possible sign for where Indra had gone. Lexa turned back to the forest.

The reapers, now much closer, swarmed towards her. She stepped back, slipping the stake back to her side and unsheathing both her swords. Keep them at a distance and don’t let them too close, if she could do that; then she might live. She let out a shuddering breath just spotting the first three reapers emerge from the trees, what looked to be about five more trailing behind them. She gulped. “Anyā, anything?” she yelled. A frustrated bark answered her. Shit. The closest reaper, a woman with flaming red hair, was less then fifty metres away. Even from here, Lexa could see the malicious grin on her lips.

Here we go.

The woman sprinted for her but as she did Lexa bolted for as well. Before she got within swiping distance she edged to the left and using her foot pushed against the top of a headstone, sending her soaring into the air. Like death from above, the reaper gaped, and Lexa landed with her swords outstretched.

Her blade tinged in red, the reaper’s head slowly slid from its body, hitting the ground with a sickening thud. One down.

Two more came at her, a hulking brute swiping at her first. She leapt back; narrowly dodging his claw-like nails she spun, using the momentum to strike against him. He caught both swords with his monstrous hands, Lexa grunting as she tried to pull them out from his grasp.

“Your death will not be quick commander,” he smiled. With one swift moment he ripped the swords from her grasp, throwing them behind him like discarded rubbish. Breathing hard, Lexa edged backwards, her eyes jumping between the two reapers.

“Well, luckily I can’t say the same for you.” She breathed. One of them laughed, the smaller one, and Lexa gave him a sweet smile. She reached for one of daggers at her hip, and threw it straight at his throat. At a perfect 90 degrees the dagger sat half lodged into his neck.

“You bitch” the hulking reaper snarled. Lexa smirked.

“Come get me big boy.” She said, taunting him with a crooked finger. Enraged he charged at her, but Lexa had planned this and in one swift movement ducked and kicked out her leg, sending the reaper into the ground. She then sprinted at the gurgling reaper, blood leaking from his mouth as he desperately clawed at his throat and jumped, flicking her leg out and pushing the blade the rest of the way. His head, like the woman’s, dropped to the ground. She spun around, snatching the dagger
back when a fist hit her dead in the jaw. Stars blasted in her eyes as she fell to the grass from the sheer force of the blow. The reaper didn’t miss his chance and crouched down, gripping her by the throat and standing up. Her legs dangled in the air.

“You are a very stupid girl,” he snarled. Lexa struggled in his grip, trying and failing to escape from his grasp. Noticing the short distance she kicked as hard as could with her legs into his stomach and he wheezed, his grip only slightly slackening. She could feel her last remains of air slipping from her lungs. She glanced to the right, seeing the other five reapers emerging from the trees as well. He followed her gaze. “You know, maybe I will kill you. I’ll just hold as the rest demolish you.” A razor-sharp smile graced his lips. “Yes, I’ll hold as they suck you bone dry. And just when you think it’s over…” he leaned in close, staring her dead in the eye. “We’ll turn you, and as you die and come back, I’ll kill you again.”

“An- Anya” she stammered. He squeezed tighter, the edges of unconsciousness threatening to pull her under. His smile widened.

“If you mean that dog that I saw run off, then I suggest you try calling another friend.” He teased. She shouldn’t have spoken, she needed the air. But if what he said was true, it meant that Anya had found Indra’s scent and was going after her. Jesus her timing was impeccable. The world started to dim. “A slow death,” he whispered, watching her eyelids droop. “One fit for a queen.”

And then the strangest thing happened. Lexa heard a howl, but she could tell that it wasn’t Anya’s. She ignored it, playing it off to some bittersweet trick that her mind was playing on her. That was until suddenly the hand around her throat disappeared and she fell to the ground in a heap. Air rushed into her lungs and gulped greedily, coughing manically as she tried to look up. Her jaw dropped when she saw a bulky black silver-tipped wolf with its snout deep in the reaper’s throat. Shaking her head she tried to gather her bearings, scrambling up to her legs and shuffling over to her fallen swords, picking them up with shaky hands. She took a shuddering breath which only made her cough, before running over to the wolf. Its head shook furiously from side to side until it took one last final bite, completely severing the head. It stepped back, and when it locked eyes with Lexa it bowed.

Lexa frowned. “Who are you?”

Before the wolf could answer her ears caught wind of five reapers barreling towards them, snarling like ferocious beast at the sight of their fallen brethren. Lexa gently put her two swords to the ground, and palmed her four daggers, three of them clutched in one hand as she aimed with the other. She took a deep breath, glancing at the wolf that was letting out a threatening growl. “Are you on my side?”

The wolf barked and Lexa prayed that it meant yes.

“Good.” With that, she threw the dagger at the one growing nearest, passing by the headless woman that she kill before. It landed perfectly between his eyes, and he dropped to the ground. It didn’t slow the others down. Cursing Lexa threw the other daggers, two of them hitting their targets in the neck and one in his shoulder. She picked up her swords. She looked to the wolf and noticed that it hadn’t moved yet even though it was practically bouncing up and down, wanting desperately to run. Lexa soon realised it was waiting on her command. “Take the one on the far right, with the dagger in the shoulder.” The wolf barked. “Once you get that one, lead the other two to the upper section over there. I’ll take the front one, front two if it gets messy.” The reapers were so close now, too close. “Go!”

Octavia bolted, Lexa with her. The ones with the blades in their throat charged at her, somehow not even being affected by their injured necks. The dagger didn’t go in as deep as before. She ducked
and swung, jumped and lunged as if in a dance with no song, plunging her sword deeply right through one of the reapers eye sockets. He screamed, the sound soon being cut off and as Lexa grabbed him by his scruffy hair yanking his head back, sliding the word out of his eye and letting him go. His body swayed awkwardly before she swung at his neck, fully severing his head. Not even a second later a body clashed into her, making her lose grip of one of her swords.

“I’ll rip the flesh from your very bones,” he growled and shoved the sword out of hand, pinning her arms above her head. She spat in his face.

“I’d love to see the day,” she smirked. Before he could utter another word Lexa head butted him with all her might, the act blurring her vision but she fought past it, using his relaxed grip to snatch her sword back. He roared still sitting on to of her. “Karma’s a bitch,” she grinned and plummeted the sword straight into his stomach. He yelled in agony and Lexa shoved him off easily, the reaper quickly finding his feet once more. His stare held the promise of death, and Lexa nearly threw up from the sound of him removing the blade from his stomach, slowly pulling it out as his organs screamed. “Karma’s a bitch.” He smiled, and lunged at her in supernatural speeds. She wasn’t ready.

He charged at her in a blur, and when she quite literally felt the blade teetering just above her neck, an arrow embedded itself in his head. His eyes widened and he tumbled to the ground. Not even looking for whoever saved her she swiftly picked up her sword and descended, the sword cutting cleanly through.

“You’re welcome.” A voice said, forcing her to spin around, her weapons ready. Lexa grinned.

“Indra,” she breathed relieved. “You came.”

“Anya found us yes.” She gestured to the gaping warriors behind, scanning Lexa up and down at her blood drenched suit. Anya smirked from the back, holding tightly to a blanket. “But I see, you have been able to take care of yourself.”

Lexa pulled Indra into a tight embrace, the older woman relaxing in the girls grip. “Thank you.” Lexa mumbled. Indra hugged back.

“Ai laik hapi yu sou nou laksen.” Indra muttered. She pulled back from the embrace, as she did Lexa remembered the wolf. She spun on her heel, spotting the wolf standing hesitantly in the distance, seemingly too afraid to come close to her now. Lexa frowned. “Stay here,” she said to Indra who nodded. Lexa went over to the wolf, noticing it grow more and more restless the closer she came. When she was a mere step away the thing was practically whimpering. “What’s wrong?”

The wolf whined, jumping over a reaper with its head ripped off and trotting over to another one. Lexa followed, and saw it was the one she had landed a dagger in its head in. He was groaning, tossing ever so slightly. The wolf barked, pointing its head at him. When Lexa didn’t understand, squinting her eyes, the wolf pawed at the reaper’s mouth, barking again.

“He said something?” Lexa asked puzzled. The wolf nearly jumped in joy, barking happily at having gotten the message across. It trotted away, probably off to investigate if the other reapers were well and truly dead. She was beginning to like that wolf. Lexa looked back to the reaper. She gripped her hand around the dagger, and pulled. His eyes snapped open, his jaw widening as if to take in a deep breath of air but none going in. Lexa held the blade against his neck. “What did you say that’s gotten a wolf’s attention of all things?” Lexa spat, pushing the dagger slightly. The reaper didn’t answer, the second his eyes finding hers he smiled sinisterly. “Answer me!” Lexa snapped.

“I said nothing, heda,” he mocked, her title like venom on his tongue.
“Don’t lie to me.” She seethed. “Tell me what you said, and I promise you will die quick.”

“You think I don’t want to die long?” he questioned, cocking an eyebrow. She pushed the blade in deeper.

“Don’t make me torture you reaper. Just answer the question.” She threatened. His still eyes stayed their soulless black, that strange glow of red burning in the centre.

“You think you are so clever, so, so, so clever. The great Commander, cable of anything…”

“Stop rambling before I cut out your tongue.” Lexa barked. He shrugged, though the movement was hardly noticeable.

“As you wish. And for what I said before, you must lean close.” He smirked. Lexa scoffed. “I won’t tell you otherwise.” His smirked widened, showing off his fangs. Oh was she going to enjoy killing him. Going against everything, she leaned forward. “Closer,” he muttered. She dug the blade deeper into his neck, a reminder of what she could do. He didn’t seem phased. She leaned even closer, tilting her head ever so slightly so she could hear him better. But when he spoke his next words, she felt the earth drop from beneath her.

“We have the blonde.”

Clarke didn’t know where she was going. She didn’t know what direction she went, didn’t know what places her foot touched, didn’t know if she was ever going to stop. All she could do was run. To run, and run, and run, and run… run till she forgets. Run till everything that happened all becomes some horrible dream, and nothing of a brutal reality that it was. She heard some howls a while ago but she ignored it, the sound only sending a pang of hurt through her. Octavia. She had hurt her, hurt her so bad. She had drunken her blood and… she doesn’t know if she regrets it. The monster that she can now feel inside of still lingers, a ferocious beast barely contained by a leash. She could just feel that a single slip, a little trip and she’d turn into that thing again. That thing that only craved blood and didn’t give a damn about what it had to do to get to it.

But that was her wasn’t it? It wasn’t an it, it was her. She was the thing that would kill; she was the thing that would do anything for that addictive, crimson red. Clarke shook her head, glancing up to find she was walking the streets, yellow lights flickering above her. If she found them again, her friends, would she try to kill them? Would she be able to stop herself or would she just be what fairytales say; a deadly and cold vampire? The words still shook her. She wasn’t even human. But even at that, Octavia isn’t human. She’s a goddamn werewolf. An actual, living and breathing werewolf. And then Raven, there was no a way a human could have held her back, back there. Could one? She didn’t know, she had no clue of the extents of her power, of her own strength. All she knew was that she was a killer.

And that she couldn’t find the feeling that said she didn’t want to be.

Her thoughts creating a heavy cloud around her arm it would pretty easy for someone to get jump on her. Or at least, Clarke learnt that when strong hands gripped her shoulders and threw her into an alleyway. The blonde rolled on the cement ground, jumping to her feet as fast as possible. The whole situation held such a strange sense of déjà vu.

“Clarke, how wonderful it is to meet again.” A man grinned, his face hidden by the shadows. Clarke growled deep in her throat, the monster she was trying to hide away bubbling to the surface. But before she could make a move two pairs of powerful arms gripped her own, refusing any movement.
Her growls deepened as she tried to break free, when one she broke free of one them three more came, restricting her freedom even more.

“Who are you?” Clarke spat. The man emerged from the shadows, and her breath caught in her throat. Pike.

“I think you know.” He grinned, the smile oddly warm. “You see, I told you we would be seeing each other soon.”

“I’ll kill you.” She snarled. She fought to cap her anger.

“Oh I have no doubt you’ll try.” he chuckled. “Though considering how well it went for last time I don’t suggest you do.” He winked. Clarke frowned. Last time? She can’t think another last time except there was that dream- no it wasn’t a dream. It was real, it was memory, and in it she had fought someone. Was it him?

“What do you want with me?” Clarke questioned, again trying to tug her arm free. It didn’t work.

“Oh I mean you no harm Clarke. Quite the opposite in fact.” Clarke frowned. “Today, I offer you a gift. Think of it as an olive branch.”

“What gift?

“This.” He grinned and clicked his fingers. Out of the darkness of a corner, out came a trembling woman, her eyes frantic as a gag denied her access to words. One of Pike’s men, a vampire Clarke’s thinks based on the scent of death on him, shoves the shivering woman forward, sending to her knees.

The beast inside of Clarke rumbled, sinister excitement sprinting through her veins. She shoved it down. “Who is she?”

“A gift,” Pike said, as if it was obvious. “I want to be friends with you Clarke. You did such good in your days as Wanheda, it was such a shame we had to put a stop to that.”

“We?” Clarke questioned. A wide smile tugged at his lips.

“You don’t know?” he asked, his eyes bright. Clarke shook her head slowly. “I was the one who blocked out your memories Clarke.”

The world stilled.

Blocked out her memories? Had she lost them?

“What do you mean?” Clarke said warily, edging backwards instinctively. The men who were holding her pushed her back.

“Your memories. The ones of your escapades with, Raven, was it?” her blood chilled. “Yes it was you and her. And of course, everything you were and did as Wanheda. Gee, your Mum really took everything didn’t she?”

“Leave them out of this.” Clarke muttered low, a strange urge to protect encasing her.

“Leave them? Even the woman who did this to you? Stole everything from you?” he retorted, his own voice growing cold. He stepped closer towards her. “She basically killed you Clarke, but in a much worse way. She made you empty.” He stepped closer. “She took away who you are.” He
edged even closer, a mere hairs breath away. “She made you forget.”

He was taunting her and she knew it. Trying to break her, make her snap. But she refused. She wouldn’t give in easy. If he was going to play this game, then she was going to get some answers.

“You said you did it, yet you keep saying her.” Clarke said, shoving down the anger that so desperately wanted to break the surface, to roar its rage. He grinned so slowly, so coyly she wanted to throw up.

“I was merely a pawn.” He answered, taking a few steps back. Brief relief flooded her. “I was told what to do, and I did it.”

“You’re lying. There’s no way you’d just do something because she asked you too.” Clarke snapped. He gave her that same smile. He edge backwards till he swiveled his head to the woman he had brought out earlier. Clarke’s stomach clenched as he crouched down, stroking her cheek as she shied away from his touch like ice.

“You really do not know the power your mother holds do you?” he contemplated. The woman whimpered, and Pike stood back up, staring Clarke dead in the eye.

“My Mum is-“

“Part of the Ark. She controls this area, this faction.” He explained, though Clarke could detect the bitterness in his voice. “I helped her in her request, and she said she’d consider letting me back in. In her good books so to speak.”

Her throat threatened to close up. “Can you… can you give them back?”

“Yes.”

He held so much power in this situation, so much leverage over her. Depending on how badly she wanted those memories, she would bend over backwards for him.

So how much did she want them?

“Okay well, thank you for the story time. It truly was lovely.” Clarke smiled, clenching her fists. “But I think this is it for tonight for me. Been a long one and all.”

He clicked his tongue, waving his finger. “Not quite yet Clarke. It’s rude to not accept a gift you know.” His eyes lost their warmth. “You wouldn’t want to offend me would you?”

“If it means letting an innocent girl live, then I would. A hundred times over.”

“Oh Clarke how you amuse me,” he chuckled. The arms gripping Clarke’s arms tightened as Pike edged closer. “You think you are so strong but I can see right through. I can see that weakness, or what you think is a weakness, but is actually a strength.”

“Step. Back.” Clarke warned, her muscles tensing. He didn’t.

“What is it you feel Clarke? Do you know what that is? You used to. Very well I hear.” She clenched her fist harder, her nails digging into her skin. “Such power, stripped away so easily. But it can just as easily come back.” He stood directly in front of her. “Do you want it to come back?”

“I want you to piss off.”
Pike growled and grabbed Clarke by the hair, tilting her head back. She struggled against his strength, his much more than Raven’s it seemed. More like hers. “Do. You. Want. It. To. Come. Back?”

Clarke merely grinned. He let go of her, throwing her back into the arms of her capturers. He began pacing.

“You know I’ve waited such a long time for this, you’ve no idea the patience I’ve needed. No idea. And yet here you are, taunting me, mocking me.” He glanced at her. “Such a very stupid girl.”

Without being able to stop herself, Clarke snarled. She felt like a loose cannon, barely able to smother the out control blaze inside of her. Pike’s face shone.

“There! There she is!” he roared. “Let it out Clarke, let it sink into your bones.”

She almost wanted to listen to him. “Go to hell.” She spat. He ran up to her, grabbing the sides of her face.

“Embrace it, embrace that anger. She hurt you didn’t she? Your mother Abby,” he breathed excited. Clarke fought to bite her tongue. She knew he was just trying to manipulate her but dear god if it wasn’t close to working. The inner war raged on inside of her. She couldn’t think of Abby. Thinking of her brought her to the book, thinking of the book brought her to her father, and her father…

She growled at him, a sound that wasn’t human in the slightest. Pike grew giddier. “Do you know what she did Clarke? Do you know of your fathers true death?”

“Shut up,” Clarke hissed, her face dark. He continued, knowing he was close.

“The Ark, they say it was a sacrifice but I know what it really was. They chose to get rid of him Clarke. He didn’t volunteer, they forced him. Because he was weak.”

“Shut up!” Clarke snarled, starting to fight against the men’s around her grip. They all looked at each other nervously. The girl was getting stronger.

“He was soft, he let people live. He didn’t kill everyone he was told to kill, and then he did the unthinkable.” His smile grew so wide his fangs shone in the moonlight. “He found the secret, he found out what they had to do to get where they were. He discovered the origins of the Ark. They killed him. Your mother, she didn’t stop it.”

“I said shut up!” Clarke roared. The men’s grip started to slip even as they tried harder to restrain her, grunts of effort escaping from them. “You don’t get to talk about him!”

“Talk about who? Talk about the idiot who got himself killed?” he took a single step closer, leaning over and whispering into her ear. “Jake?”

Clarke snapped.

Whatever restraint or reigns she had managed to form on the way here had been ripped away, only leaving the blood deprived ferocious beast that bathed in the light of the outside world. Clarke roared, her eyes melting to black and easily ripped herself from her capturers grip. Pike had to hide his yelp of glee. He stepped backward watching with awe as Clarke crept forward, her lip pulling back to reveal her growing fangs.

But he merely clicked his tongue, and pointed to the left of him. “Not me.”
The vampire snapped her gaze onto the shivering woman beside her. Human. Pure human. A growl rumbled deep from inside of her, and despite her attempts to reel her back from inside, to aim her rage at the man who was the cause of it; she couldn’t. Because the human, she knew it’s blood would be the best. And she was so hungry.


“You can and you will.” He warned.

“No, she’s…”

“Yous to take.” Pike encouraged, his voice so soft. Clarke growled low. “Take her, and everything will be okay. Take what you need, there’s no need to kill.” He knew he had said the right thing when he saw her shoulder’s relax. He kept going. “She doesn’t have to die, just take a little, to keep you going.”

But he knew damn well the second her lips made contact with that blood she wouldn’t be able to stop, not unless someone stepped in. He had just had to convince her, to push her. “You don’t have to kill her Clarke.”

“I don’t?”

“No, no, no, not at all.” He mumbled. He gently grabbed her by the shoulders, ushering her towards his ‘gift.’ “Do it Clarke.” He said.

Something broke inside of her, because she did.

Unlike the last time she tried to take blood, there was barely any resistance. Well there was, but it was so weak and feeble. Her fangs sunk into her pale skin and the moment her blood touched her tongue she just knew she wouldn’t be able to stop. But even then, she couldn’t find the ability to care. Because all she could taste was that bliss and it pulled her under and under and let it, her head swam and she felt time itself slow to a wonderful stop.

Pike watched with such pride as Clarke drank. She was valuable like this, without her memories. So vulnerable and weak, so easily toyed with. All he had to do was gain her trust, and he could have her. He could have everything. Without her noticing he slinked back to the shadows, disappearing into the night. His reapers followed him and soon Clarke was left alone.

And finally, after centuries of searching, Pike knew she was the one. They had found her.

It had been two hours, and Lexa had still yet to find any sign of Clarke. She had her people looking everywhere, including that wolf that she had befriended before. Anya had changed back into her dingo form and was trying to find any scent of her, thankfully helping her without teasing. She must have sensed the severity of the situation. The game had finished a while ago and all the people had left the stadium. She had posted some of her own near the gate, taking note of everyone who left. Clarke wasn’t one of them. Lexa was now walking down the dimly lit streets of TonDC. She cursed herself once more. If she hadn’t of left Clarke, if she had stayed with her back at the game, she wouldn’t be in danger. They wouldn’t have her. The thought that she had been trying so hard to hide reared its ugly head once more.

What if she was dead?

Her pace quickened. She had to find her; she was going to find her. Even if it was just… a body…
she would find her. It was her duty. She turned a corner sharply, revealing another empty street.
Lexa sighed but continued. It had been like this for hours. She kept walking, checking behind her
every now and again if someone was following, if a reaper was on her tail. Except soon her entire body
stopped.

She heard a sound, a whimper, a breath – something. She ran up the streets, slowing down for every
house, every building, every alley, anything where someone could be hiding. Her legs started to
burn. She had been searching for so long, it was a miracle she was still awake. Honestly she could
sleep for about three hundred centu-

There. Another sound. Lexa’s pace slows as she edges close to wall. In there, in that alleyway is
where whoever is here is hiding. She gripped the stake at her side and with slow breaths she
sidestepped to the edge. She closed her eyes, took one last deep breath, and jumped.

Her breath caught in her throat.

“Clarke,” Lexa breathed. Lexa surveyed the surroundings, her head spinning. A lifeless body lay
next to the Clarke, clear bite marks on her neck. Clarke herself was covered in her blood. From her
mouth, to her chin, to her shirt the red was massive you wouldn’t have known it to be a white shirt.
And there Clarke sat still, her eyes glued to the wall. Her eyes held nothing. A complete emptiness
that no soul should ever know. She ran up to her, crouching down on knees. “Clarke,” she said
again. She brought up a hand to the blonde’s cheek, and that finally seemed to gain Clarke’s
attention. Her eyes flashed recognition.

“How had she found her?

Lexa chuckled in disbelief. “I found you,” she mumbled. She shook her head. “Are you okay? Are
you hurt?” she asked. She leaned up, looking Clarke up and down. She was doused in blood and the
only real obvious injury large bite mark on her shoulder. Lexa frowned and she reached out to touch
it. Clarke didn’t even flinch as her finger grazed the ripped skin. “Who did this?” she ground out, the
words such rage it even startled her.

Clarke smiled, and it was so far and empty Lexa couldn’t even breathe. “It’s my fault. It all is.”

“No it’s not, trust me.” She tipped Clarke’s chin up. “Nothing is your fault Clarke.”

Green met blue and gazes locked, the intensity so great Lexa was helpless to not be sucked in. She
didn’t know how long she had been staring at her until she cleared her throat, breaking their gaze.
Clarke didn’t look away though, still following her face with her eyes. That is, until they dropped
downwards. Some of numbness that had engulfed started to drift away.

“Why are you… dressed like that.” Clarke asked. She frowned. “Your eyes…”

“War paint.” Lexa quickly finished. She needed to stop staring at her. “And this…” was what? She
really hadn’t planned this far. What was she supposed to say, what could she say to cover the truth?
It was obvious that was going to be impossible. Whether Lexa liked it or not, whether Anya was
going to kill her or not, she couldn’t lie her way out of this one. Not with Clarke seeming so small
she wanted nothing more than to protect her from all the evil in the world. Geez she really was a sap.
Lexa sighed. “It will sound absurd, but I swear to you it’s the truth.”

Okay,” Clarke said softly. Lexa nodded, more to herself than to Clarke.

“I’m… a hunter.”

“A hunter of?”
Lexa held her breath. “…Vampires.”

The word hung between them like a dead weight. Lexa, thinking Clarke thought she was crazy and Clarke, well Clarke was thinking just what she heard. Lexa was a vampire hunter. She killed vampires, she killed… her own kind. Clarke took a quick a glance at the body next to her, and then back to Lexa.

“Kill me.” Clarke said. Lexa squinted.

“What?”

“Kill me,” Clarke repeated. Lexa took a few shuffles backward.

“Clarke, are you okay?” she asked warily. Clarke now knew she had a new goal, a last purpose. She sprang up to her feet, Lexa following suit. “Clarke.”

“You have to kill me Lexa.”

“No,” she scoffed. “I don’t. Are you okay? Did someone hurt you?”

“You’re meant to kill me Lex.” Clarke tried. Lexa’s body stilled. She didn’t mean…

“What do you mean?”

“I’m a vampire Lexa.”

“Don’t joke about that.” Lexa said coldly. If Clarke thought she was being funny, she wasn’t. At all. Slowly but surely, emotion trickled back into Clarke’s body.

“I’m not. You see that girl over there?” she pointed to the body, her finger shaking as she did. She cleared her throat. “I killed her.”

“Stop it Clarke.” Lexa warned. Clarke’s eyes started to burn.

“Listen to me Lexa. I. Killed. Her.” Clarke said, taking a few steps forward. Her head felt so light, her body so free. Was this what acceptance felt like? “I sunk my fangs into her neck, I sucked her blood and enjoyed every last drop of it.”

“Clarke this isn’t funny.”

Clarke laughed, and it was so cold it could have frozen water. “Funny? Listen Lexa.” She strode towards her, closing the gap. “I felt the pulse of her heart as it slowed down, I could taste the fear and hopelessness on my tongue. And it was the most amazing thing I’ve ever felt.”

“Clarke this isn’t funny.”

Clarke laughed, and it was so cold it could have frozen water. “Funny? Listen Lexa.” She strode towards her, closing the gap. “I felt the pulse of her heart as it slowed down, I could taste the fear and hopelessness on my tongue. And it was the most amazing thing I’ve ever felt.”

“Clarke stop-“

“She didn’t even fight back, she already knew she had no chance.” Her words started to shake, her lip started to tremble. She fought to stay strong, but even so tears welled up in her eyes. “At one point, I knew I could have stopped. That if I stopped right there, she would be okay. And I could walk away.” Lexa stepped back as her face paled. “But I didn’t. I kept going, I kept going cause it tasted so good. I watched her die, I let her die, I made her die.”

“Clarke this isn’t you.” Lexa whispered. This wasn’t true, how could it be? The one girl who made her feel such joy, such light… how could it be born from such evil?

“This is me. This is what I am. So kill me.” Her gaze dropped to the stake at Lexa’s side, and she
instinctively covered it with her hand. “Plunge a stake through my heart. Kill me.”

Lexa’s breath shook. “You’re lying.”

“No!” Clarke roared, and Lexa jumped back. “I don’t lie. Unlike the people around me, I don’t lie.”

“You’re delirious or something, someone—”

“I killed her Lex!” Clarke yelled, her broken voice bouncing off the brick walls. Despite her efforts, tears slipped from her eyes. “Do you trust me Lexa?”

She didn’t answer, only blinking back tears. This was… this was insane…

“Do you trust me?” she said again, and her voice cracked. Lexa fought to keep her own from doing the same.

“Yes,” she whispered. Clarke smiled, and it was so, so sad.

“Then believe me when I tell you the monster I am.”

The silence was the most painful thing Lexa had ever felt. She wanted so badly to shout at her for lying, for saying such awful things like that. But she knew it wasn’t true, she wanted to cry; because she knew Clarke was saying the truth. When Clarke saw the acceptance in Lexa’s eyes she took another step forward. Lexa flinched.

“Kill me.”

Lexa was silent.

“It’s your job, it’s what you’re meant to do isn’t it?”

“Yes.” Lexa grunted. Clarke’s voice began to rise.

“Then kill me.”

Again, Lexa didn’t say a word. Clarke’s eyes began to spit fire.

“Kill me!” she snapped. Lexa swiftly snatched the stake from her side, holding it in her hand above her shoulder. The two stood staring at each other. “Do it,” Clarke breathed. Lexa’s hand shook. She needed too; it was her duty wasn’t it? She had killed hundreds of vampires before, was what one to add to that list? Nothing, Clarke would mean nothing. Just another killer rid of this earth, of this world. Lexa didn’t move and Clarke’s temper rose. “Kill me Lexa! Kill me! Do it!”

Lexa roared a battle cry and charged at Clarke. She slammed her up against a bricked wall, her elbow pressing against her neck as she held the stake right over her heart. Clarke could feel the slight pressure of wooden tip against her skin. “Kill me,” Clarke whispered, tears in her eyes. Her grip tightened.

“Why?” she mumbled. She cleared her throat, saying it louder. “Why do you want me to kill you?”

“Because I shouldn’t be allowed to live.” Clarke answered. The world dropped from beneath her. Lexa couldn’t breath, all the air had been sucked out of lungs, a thousand times worse then when that reaper was choking her before. A salty tear leaked from her eye but she instantly wiped it, putting the stake back over Clarke’s heart.

“Why, why do you say that?” she asked. Lexa knew Clarke could have thrown her off in an instant,
if she truly was a vampire, Lexa holding her against a wall would do nothing. Clarke didn’t fight back.

“Tell me Lexa, what are vampires to you? What is my kind?” Clarke questioned softly. Lexa’s hands trembled. Her word got stuck in her throat.

“Monsters.” She muttered out.

“Monsters.” Clarke repeated. “Do you need another reason to kill a vampire who has already killed an innocent?”

No. You don’t. She should kill her; it was what she was trained to do. Born to do. She’s seen her friend’s torn to pieces by vampires before; she’s seen them cut off her girlfriend’s head as a mere warning. She’s seen her own people be stolen from her and turned into beasts, resembling nothing of their past selves, she’s seen vampires kill and kill and only stop because they got bored. But she also saw Clarke who looked at her like she was the only star in the sky, she saw a smile that only she saw, she saw such a broken and ripped soul that kept fighting, that despite everything that went against her, she’d keep on fighting. She saw Clarke, she saw her Clarke.

“Kill me Lexa.” Clarke breathed. “You have too.”

Lexa kept silent.

“Kill me.” Clarke said louder.

Lexa didn’t say a word.

“Kill me!” Clarke roared and Lexa gave in, pushing in the stake. Except, it barely went in. She stared at it, as if it was somehow broken. She tried to push but she couldn’t, like there was some invisible force stopping her. But Lexa knew it wasn’t something Clarke was doing that was stopping her; it was her.

“No.” Lexa whispered. Pure fear tightened Clarke’s features, and Lexa dropped the stake to the ground with a clatter. She took a few steps back. “No.”

“You have too,” Clarke tried. Her voice was desperate. “Lexa you have too!”

“I can’t.” Lexa muttered. She forced her gaze upwards, locking onto Clarke’s. “I can’t,” she repeated.

“Please,” she mumbled.

“No.”

“No! You can’t do this!” Clarke bellowed. She charged at her, but slowed to a stop before she slammed into her. “You have to kill me. It’s your duty, your job.” Clarke begged. Lexa reached a hesitant hand to her cup her jaw.

“No Clarke.” She whispered.

“Why?” she cried, tears streaking freely down her face. Lexa wiped them away with her thumb.

“Because I can’t.”

The last of Clarke’s anger cracked, the last of her rage disappearing. She collapsed to the ground but Lexa caught her before she did. Clarke sat on her knees, sobs wracking their way through her body.
Lexa held on to her as if she was shielding her from a storm.

“I killed her Lexa,” Clarke sobbed. “I did it and I couldn’t stop it.”

“I know.” Lexa whispered, smoothing down her hair. She closed her eyes and held on to her tighter, gently rocking back and forth as Clarke hung on to her like nothing else existed.

“I’m scared… I’m so scared…” she whimpered.

“It’s okay, it’s okay. You’re allowed to be afraid.” Lexa said softly. Clarke didn’t answer for a while as the rest of her emotions tore through her as a merciless force, tearing her apart only to then messily stitch her back together again as another wave of torture strangled her. Lexa didn’t say anything.

When Lexa worried Clarke wasn’t getting enough clean air, she pulled her up slightly, guiding her head to rest on her shoulder. They sat clung to each other, on the dirty concrete ground, not a whisper of the outside world touching them. When Clarke’s sobs started to die down, she spoke up again. “I’m a monster.” She trembled. Lexa pulled her back slightly, Clarke at first resisting but giving in. The brunette cupped Clarke’s jaw, staring right into those depthless blue eyes.

“I won’t let you be one.” She promised. At that Clarke just dived at her, holding on to her even tighter. Lexa tried to hide her own sobs that itched its way up her throat, her stubbornness refusing her own breakdown.

Another time. It was then that her radio crackled to life, Anya’s concerned voice ringing through.

“Update Lex? I haven’t got anything here.” Anya reported, her voice sounding rather tired and bored. Clarke jumped from the sound but Lexa held on to her tighter, gently shushing her as she stroked hair comfortably.

It was then that Lexa realised that this was her last chance. She had to report Clarke, have her killed by someone if not her own or locked up. From the day she was born she learnt one and one thing only; how to be a leader. How to put her people first, how to do things that tear you from inside out to keep those you love going. She had been brought up with laws, protocols, things so precious to her and everything’s she built, there was no way she could just throw it all away. She would not only be betraying herself, but her people. Anya, Indra, Lincoln – everyone who’s ever muttered her title with pride. What would she be then? If she abandoned all that she was? She would be nothing. No vampire was worth giving up that, no person was worth giving up everything you’ve worked so hard for.

“All clear.”

Chapter End Notes

look who accidentally got hella dark again? listen dont blame me im a teenager where Nobody Gets Me™ so angst is just a lot more easy to write. but i do hope you enjoyed the chapter, and if you did, feel free to leave a comment and kudos to help me write faster!!

~A Fuck Ton Of Translations~
Chit yu gaf Indra - What is it Indra?
Emo fous laik sou biga - We found a lot of them. (this may not be correct, but you get the idea)
Emo chich kom Wanheda - They talk of Wanheada
Ai don swich - I can change
Nou yu - Not you
Em gon fotos - It get's worse
Joken skrish - Fucking shit
Sha Indra - Yes Indra
Yo os gona - Your best warriors
Os - Good
Komba - Come
Nou jomp fir - Do not fear
Osir nou fir raun. Osir don kom au gon dison. Op wor osir gyon, op jus osir gonplei. -
We are not afraid. We are born for this. In war we rise, in blood we fight.
Mochof - Thank you
Ku - Okay
Chit yu gaf - What is it?
Chil au - Calm down
Nau Onya - Now Anya
Ai laik hapi yu sou nou laksen - I am glad you are not hurt
But If You Could See The End

Chapter Summary

the aftermath, a lil bit of clexa fluff and some plot build

Chapter Notes

so I made the mistake of listening to piano music while writing the first part of this hence the Extreme Poeticness. I suggest listening to this song as you read it: Julien Marchal - Insight XIV
this chapter is a bit of filler but i urge you to stick with me, as the drama is only getting bigger :)
also, if you want the full immersion and all that jazz, i suggest listening to this song as you get to the more dramatic bits, Woodkid - Iron. mainly because i love it but hey, can you blame me?
ill shut up now, enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

There’s a strange place that no one talks about. It’s hard to find, but there’s no doubt that at some point in anyone’s life that the feeling will creep its way into your mind, into your body, into your tired bones. It can be seen as a pit, as a hole of where you dug in rage, where your bleeding callused hands have been digging and digging to never stop. Where the sun that burns your back doesn’t matter and the breath of death’s wind doesn’t even touch you, blood can mix with the dirt itself but you’ll still see nothing. And so you dig. And you dig, and you dig, and you don’t give a damn what ever forces try to stop you and warn you and hold you; for what does it matter? There’s a storm raging above your hollow eyes and yet the world around you screams for you to stand and be beaten by the hail.

It’s so much easier to fall below.

It’s while you dig that the stories are written. It’s while you’re lost in this pit, this empty hole that to the earth above you can be see as a tyrant. Fighting with such fury and brutality that they can do nothing but be in awe, or fear. But the ink fades once your hole is dug. No words are savored as your eyes can flutter open again, and see what you have created, what you have done. What do you do then? What do you do once your own doing has swallowed you up and it leaves you trapped? No one talks about the aftermath, about the things that you’ve said that you can’t retract. Because that was where Clarke was.

Sheepishly the sun rose at the tips of the sky, hesitant streak of oranges and red bathing the deep blue. Clarke hadn’t let go of Lexa the entire night, and neither had she. For hours and hours the hunter held the vampire with such tender loving care that you would look twice, doubting if they were ever meant to be enemies. Clarke noticed that Lexa had fallen asleep in her arms around three hours ago; at least she thinks it was three hours, but she hadn’t made any move to wake her. Clarke didn’t sleep. She couldn’t sleep.
How could she sleep when she could still taste that woman’s blood on her lips? How could she sleep when what felt like mere moments ago she was begging for death? Clarke glanced upwards, her head resting in the crook of Lexa’s neck as the brunette’s arms wrapped lazily around her. If the girl in front of her weren’t here, she would be dead. Lexa shifted slightly in her sleep, her back barely shuffling against the brick wall it lay against. For the entire night, Clarke had just stared at the body. She’d wanted to throw up the entire time, her stomach coiling at each second her eyes lingered. Through out the black skies she thought about this woman’s life. Her achievements, if she was in a relationship, someone else waiting for her to come back home yet she never would, if she had parents and if she was close with them. Clarke wiped her puffy eyes, practically bone dry from how many times she had cried throughout the night. The early morning sun filtered through Lexa’s eyelids, and with a deep breath through her nose she opened them.

For a heartbeat, her entire body locked up. Where was she, why was there body, why was Clarke in her arms?

When the memories hit her she didn’t know whether to be thankful.

“The sky is most beautiful at this time,” Clarke mumbled. Lexa kept her eyes forward. “It’s ideal for painting.”

Lexa shyly looked down, seeing Clarke looking out onto the street, on through the gap in the trees where the sun was rising. God help her she smiled, her heart thumping at the glow on Clarke’s hair. Her fingers crept forward, nudging Clarke’s hand like a nervous kitten. She bit down her relief as Clarke’s hand intertwined with hers. Lexa looked out again.

“Why doesn’t your kind-“ Clarke tensed. “Why don’t you burn in the daylight?” Lexa rephrased. Clarke’s shoulder’s relaxed.

“I don’t know. I don’t have a memory without being in the sun.” Her stomach dropped. “Though I don’t think I can trust most of my memories.”

At that, Lexa frowned. “What do you mean?”

“Pike said that my memories were stolen, and that was why-“

“Pike?” Lexa seethed, her veins burning at the mention of his name. She should have killed him in the forest.

“Yeah. He was here, he jumped me on the street and threw me into this alleyway.” Clarke fought to keep her voice stable; still a slight tremor rang through. “He had his men hold me as he went on about all this shit. Wanted to be friends or something, he offered… her. He said she was gift.” Bile rose up in her throat. “I said no and he got pissed, h-he wanted me to kill her, to do it but I didn’t want to so he taunted me and he tested me, and he brought up my Dad and-“

“It’s okay Clarke,” Lexa interrupted softly. Clarke sniffed, wiping her nose with the top of her shirt. “Keep going, what do you mean about your memories?”

“I didn’t know, but I’m guessing I did know for a long while. He said he blocked them on Abby’s request. And I can’t deny it because all the dreams I’ve been having, they line up, so it has to be true. She took away my memories, she took them away because of what I did.”

Lexa was stunned, and it took her a short while to find a response. “You did what?”

Clarke looked up, her eyes locking with Lexa’s. “Years ago, I was attacked in this alleyway,” Clarke started, struggling with identifying the dream as real and not just a dream. “I think… I think it was
Pike who attacked me, who grabbed me off the street. He injected me with something and all I can remember is just that pain, it was hell.” Lexa gulped, staying silent as an indicator for Clarke to go on. She did. “I passed out, and when I woke up there was this body next to me. Who I know I didn’t kill. I promise you I didn’t.”

“I believe you Clarke.” Lexa said. Clarke smiled weakly for the first time in twelve hours.

“So I woke up and Mum came and she thought I killed her. And… I just knew what she was going to do. She was going to make me forget.”

“Forget what?”

“Of what I am.” Clarke replied, her voice small. Lexa’s eyes widened, as she sat up straighter. She pulled back her arms but Clarke tightened her grip on Lexa’s hand. She didn’t let go, though it would be near impossible considering those damn sparks that were burning through her from the touch.

“You,” she shook her head. “You didn’t know? Until when?”

“Until last night.”

“Last night?” Lexa gaped. She found out she was a vampire and killed someone in the same night? It was then that Lexa realised how traumatising that would be. How terrifying it would be to not know what was happening to you, being powerless but to let something else that isn’t you lead you. Their trapped stare didn’t break.

“I’m scared Lexa. I’m so scared.” Clarke admitted. She forced her lip not to tremble. “I’m terrified I’ll kill again.”

Lexa didn’t say anything. What could she say? Lie and promise that will never happen? Because it will, no matter how hard she fights it it’s in her nature. The only case in which some vampire actually showed some hard resistance against their savage ways was Wanheda. Lexa had the fleeting thought of possibly trying to track the notorious nightwalker down, maybe found out their secret. The hell was she saying? Clarke was a vampire; she shouldn’t be helping her.

And yet here she was.

“I can’t promise that you will never kill again Clarke.” Lexa said honestly. Clarke bobbed her head knowingly. “But I can promise that you can learn to control it. There’s obviously a way if you didn’t know, somehow you were getting your blood so that you wouldn’t go...”

“Crazy pyscho killer?”

Lexa’s face softened. “Blood-deprived. It’s not healthy for… you. I’m not sure if it can kill you since I’ve never seen a vampire last longer than a couple days before giving in.”

At that, Clarke furrowed her brow. “What do you mean?”

“Sometimes we capture nightwalkers, question them to find their nests and so on.” Lexa explained. “Easiest way is to starve them, then just dangle blood in front of them like a carrot.”

Clarke ignored how cold Lexa’s word sounded at ‘them’, at what she was. “I think my Mum slipped it in my medicine, or you know, was my medicine. I didn’t take it for a week though.”

“A week?” Lexa gasped. She hadn’t known a vampire to last that long, especially considering how
calm Clarke seemed to be during that time. Clarke didn’t say anything and Lexa held back her questions. It was starting to dawn on her that she really did care about this mysterious blonde, and that even though she was a vampire, there was no way in hell she could ever leave her. Anya is not going to like this. Lexa squeezed Clarke’s hand. “We can’t leave the body here Clarke.”

“Are you going to make me move it?” Clarke asked.

Lexa was silent. “No,” she whispered. “No I’m not. I will have some people get rid of it but we must be quick. The hours will past fast and we can’t do anything while people are walking down the streets.”

Clarke nodded dumbly, not trusting herself to speak in case she was to break again. But just as she felt she was falling, Lexa carefully laid her free hand over their joined ones. The spark jolted through, and Clarke’s heart began beating incredibly slowly once more.

“I’m sorry for what happened to you Clarke.” Lexa muttered. Theirs eyes locked, and Clarke could have stared into those green orbs for days. “Trust me, in that I won’t let anything like that happen to you again.”

“You can’t promise something like that.”

“I just did.” Lexa smirked. Despite herself, Clarke couldn’t stop her smile.

“Dork.”

Lexa just grinned.

With some convincing, Lexa managed to get Clarke to her feet. The blonde swayed, and in an instant Lexa was beside incase she were to fall. Lexa laid a hand on the small of her back as support, and Clarke couldn’t help but sink into the touch. Checking that no one was out walking the streets the pair made their way out, Lexa tensing when noticed Clarke was still covered in blood.

“We need to get you clean.” Lexa said, already reaching into her pocket for her phone. But her hand froze midway. She couldn’t bring Clarke back to the base. Anya would definitely be able to scent her, especially now that she wouldn’t be surrounded by crowds to disturb the smell. Lexa was struggling to come to realisation herself, she didn’t need Anya to accidentally kill Clarke as an act to protect her. “Will your house be empty?” Lexa asked. It would be ideal, no questions asked, no worry of an accidental killing. Perfect.

Clarke went completely ridged. She could practically feel the beast inside of her awaken. “No.”

Lexa frowned. “What’s wrong?”

“My mother would be there, maybe Kane.” She tried to hold back her snarl. “I have many questions to ask her.”

“Not your home then,” Lexa finished. No need for another blood bath, cold fingers ran down her spine making her shiver. “Where else? We need to find somewhere private, ideally a house since it has a shower-“

“We could try Octavia’s,” Clarke suggested. Lexa noticed the hesitance in her voice. She merely stared at her, and when Clarke looked back at her she caved. “I… may or may not have attacked her while I was in… that state.”
Lexa’s eyes widened. “Is she okay?”

“She should be because she’s a—“ her throat closed off involuntarily. A blurry instinct took over her, one that didn’t allow her to tell Lexa of what Octavia was. Clarke tried to fight through it but it was like her tongue outright refused to do the movements of the words.

“Clarke?” Lexa questioned, seeing the confusion on the blonde’s face. Clarke shook her head, giving up.

“She should be fine, I hope at least. I can’t promise that she won’t kill me the second we open the door though.” She said sheepishly. Lexa gave her a half-smile.

“Then I’ll open the door.” Clarke smiled back at her. “Lead the way.”

Clarke nodded, and with Lexa’s hand never leaving her back, they headed to Octavia’s house. They tried to stick to the shadows as much as possible, the method not foreign to either of them. Clarke tried to force down the excitement as they crept their way through, always keeping an out for civilians. Eventually, as the morning started to age they moved upwards, jumping from rooftop to rooftop. To Clarke’s surprise, Lexa kept up incredibly easily, adapting the same swiftness and even being smoother than Clarke. Every now and again she’d trip just because she was entranced by Lexa’s grace. Lexa smirked at her the entire way. They arrived at Octavia’s house in good time, neither of them at a loss of breath. Clarke stopped just as she reached the white picket fence. With Octavia’s hearing the second she opens this gate, the moment it creaks open…

“I will go first Clarke,” Lexa said. Clarke gulped and reluctantly stepped back, some primal part of her at outrage at not being first. She ignored it. Lexa opened the gate and Clarke followed as she stepped through. Their feet crunched the gravel below as they edged forward, the sound so unnaturally loud in the empty air. Lexa’s hand lagged back, and Clarke gently took it. Her nerves relaxed slightly. They made their way up to the porch, Lexa leading, and the instant that Lexa raised her hand to knock the door swung open.

Octavia’s eyes widened. “Lexa?” she breathed. “What are you—“

Clarke pushed through from behind Lexa, even as the brunette resisted. Octavia’s eyes found Clarke’s, and they hardened. Lexa tensed, and as she reached out to pull Clarke back Octavia’s hands shot out, snatching Clarke’s shoulders. In one swift powerful move she threw her into the house, but Clarke didn’t fall to the ground. An anger Lexa hadn’t felt in a long while burned through her, but as she moved to tackle the werewolf Clarke caught her eye. She shook her head slightly, and begrudgingly Lexa lowered her hand. Octavia glared at Clarke with such rage and distrust the blonde almost buckled under the weight, the beast in her desperately wanting to crawl to the surface. But she held it back. Octavia didn’t say a word.

Clarke swallowed, hard. “O—“

Octavia punched her. Her head snapped to the side, blood flying from her mouth. Clarke brought her sight back to the panting brunette, her fists clenching and unclenching. She didn’t hit back.

“I’m sorry.” Clarke said. Octavia hit her again with much more power than the last, causing the vampire to stumble backwards. Lexa took a step forward but when those blue eyes flashed warning she held back. She wiped the new blood from her mouth with the back of her hand. Her jaw stung as if a brick had been slammed into it. “I’m sorry Octavia.” She whispered. Octavia’s resolve weakened.

“You’re a vampire.” She said, the last word making Clarke flinch. Hurt and pain showed themselves
in her eyes.

“I am.”

“You didn’t tell me.”

Clarke’s face softened. “I didn’t know.”

“That’s what Raven said.” She muttered. “She said your memories were taken from you. That you didn’t have any blood for a week, that last night…” she took a shuddering breath. “That you went ‘full-vampire’ or something. That’s what Raven calls it.”

“Kripa sheidgeda.” Lexa supplied. Clarke’s faced darkened at the interruption but Lexa just stared right back, not backing down. Octavia’s head whipped around, forgetting Lexa was there. She nodded shakily.

“Yeah. That.” She looked back to Clarke. “Is it true?”

“Yes.”

Her shoulders slacked. “You had no idea what was happening when you tried to kill me?”

Her phrasing dug into Clarke’s heart like a razor. “All I knew was to kill.”

Something like relief shined from Octavia’s eyes. Clarke relaxed just as another punch hit her square in the jaw. But before she could even stumble back from the blow Octavia pulled her into a tight embrace. After getting through the shock of the unexpected hit, she hugged back. Lexa let get of the grip on her swords.

“Thank you for protecting me,” she mumbled. “I promise we’ll get your memories back.”

Clarke just nodded unable to say anything. Eventually Octavia pulled herself out from the embrace, looking behind her to find a scowling Lexa. But the Commander’s face was instantly wiped of the emotion, the usual mask of indifference replacing it. Clarke frowned. She had never seen that before.

“Heda,” Octavia nodded. Lexa didn’t nod back, instead bringing her unflinching gaze over to Clarke. It morphed into one of concern in a heartbeat when she saw Clarke staring at the blood splattered onto the wooden floors. She brushed passed Octavia, hesitantly touching Clarke’s elbow. She didn’t even flinch. Lexa looked back to the frowning Octavia.

“Is Raven here?”

“Yeah but she’s upstairs asleep, she was up all night—“

“Where is your bathroom?” Lexa asked, her voice cool. Octavia hid her surprise from Lexa’s coldness.

“Up stairs on the left but Raven needs sleep she’s been panicking all night—“

“Thank you.” Lexa cut off, lifting her hand. With a small growl Octavia shut her mouth, remembering what Indra had told her. Lexa then turned back to Clarke, gently touching her shoulder. “Clarke,” she said softly. “Follow me.” She shook her shoulder slightly, and that seemed to finally snap out of her daze. She stared at Lexa with wide eyes, obvious panic in them. She squeezed her shoulder lightly. “This way.” Lexa coaxed, and Clarke followed. Clarke stuck close behind Lexa as they walked up, and as they reached the top Lexa opened the door to the bathroom. She ignored the
snoring in the room next door. “I’ll get you some clothes, go shower. You will feel better.”

“I can remember the taste of her blood Lexa.” Clarke whispered. “How fucked up is that?”

“You weren’t you, Clarke. Go take a shower and then rest. We will sort this out afterwards.”

“Sort what out, that I murdered someone? That I nearly killed my best mate?” Clarke spat. Lexa reached a hand out to Clarke’s but she slapped it away. Her heat stung.

“We will sort this out Clarke. But you are tired, weak, and angry. We cannot do anything while you are in this state.” Lexa reminded. She nodded towards the door. “I will check on the body and see if it has been moved, or if it is at least underway while you are showering. The longer you fight me the more time you waste.”

The reminder of the body was like a blow to the gut. Clarke nodded weakly and disappeared into the bathroom, shutting the door carefully. The second it closed Lexa let out a breath she didn’t know she was holding, her head drooping. That is, until the door next to her swung open, and a very disheveled looking Raven wobbled out.

“O I told you only to wake me if there was an emergency, otherwise I will shove a bomb down your throat, throw you into a ditch and-“ she stopped when she saw the girl in the hallway. The girl she didn’t know, the girl that wasn’t Octavia. Lexa. What the hell was she doing here? Her jaw dropped in surprise.

“Would you like to continue that threat?” Lexa asked, tipping her head ever so slightly. Fear tightened its way around Raven’s lungs. The Commander was here, the killer of all vampires, was here, in this house. With her, a vampire. Why the hell was she here? Raven knows that she won’t be able to fight her off, at least not in this state. “…No I would not.” Raven replied. She almost blinked in shock when saw the faintest of smirks of the Commander’s face, gone in an instant. “So uh I’m just going to go downstairs, you know, so don’t mind me I’ll just-“ Raven’s entire body locked up. That smell. “Clarke,” Raven breathed. Lexa’s face turned to stone. They locked eyes. “Where is she?”

Lexa was silent but her foot edged closer to the bathroom door, her hand moving ever so slowly to hover over her stake. Raven’s gazed snapped to Lexa’s foot, then to the door. They both adjusted their stances, the atmosphere thickening with tension.


“She needs to be alone.” Lexa warned, her fingers wrapping around the handle of her stake. Raven saw.

“If you’ve hurt her I will tear your flesh from your bones.”

“I haven’t.” Lexa said.

“Then let me see her.”

“No.”

Raven pounced. Lexa slammed into the floor, the vampire’s body on top of her. Raven snarled before Lexa smashed her elbow in Raven’s jaw, in the few precious seconds she had she shoved Raven off her. The second her body slid backwards Lexa bent her legs and kicked, sending Raven flying back. Scrambling up to her feet, Lexa effortlessly unsheathed her sword and flipped it in her hand. There was hardly any room to swing but enough that she could at least plunge it into the
vampire’s stomach, slowing her down long enough so she could stake her through the heart. Raven’s eyes melted to black, a deep growl vibrating from her throat as fangs revealed themselves over her lips, her hands spreading like a spider as her nails sharpened and pointed into razor sharp claws.

Jaded green met soulless black, and the world held its breath in anticipation.

They charged at each other.

Except, the two fighters never made contact. Neither had noticed when Clarke opened the bathroom door, neither had noticed as she powered toward them, placing one foot as she ran on the edge of the wall then pushing off, her other foot landing on the opposite wall and giving her more height. Raven saw last second as Clarke soared over Lexa’s head and landed perfectly in between them. The blonde caught Lexa’s sword as it swung downwards, her hand gripping the bare blade. She flung out her palm to push Raven back, but she skidded to a hault before her body could touch. Lexa almost instantly relaxed her grip and pulled back but Clarke’s death grip on the blade didn’t let her. The blonde stared Raven down with her own black eyes and with an unearthly hiss, a sound that slithered it’s way into Raven’s bones, pulling her down with unknown power, Raven knelt to the floor as a coldness wrapped around her body. Blood dripped onto the floor from the blonde’s hold on the sword but Raven’s eyes were locked to Clarke, her face a mix of emotions and wants battling against each other.

“No her.” Clarke whispered, but it was if the word itself was said by a thousand ancient voices. A ring of deep gold glowed in her eyes. “Not her,” she breathed again. Raven fought against this unseen force, her body shaking as she let out an animalistic snarl. Lexa tried to pull her sword out when she heard it, alarm bells going off in her head, but somehow Clarke held even tighter. She snarled back, the force of it so unnaturally powerful Raven shrunk into the ground, bowing her head involuntarily. Her snarl trickled down to a low growl, and when Raven finally slackened, she stopped entirely. The blue returned to her eyes, her fangs retracting. She let go of Lexa’s sword, the tip falling with a clunk to the wooden floor. Lexa could only gape. Clarke turned around.

“Don’t hurt her, she is just really protective. She’s lost a lot in life, and holds the things she loves incredibly close.” She locked eyes with Lexa. “I hold her close too, so don’t hurt her again.” With that she calmly walked past the stunned brunette, and slipped back into the bathroom. Once again, she closed the door carefully. With numb hands she slid the bloodied sword back into its sheath with a scratchy whine. Raven lifted her head, letting out a breathy chuckle when she saw Lexa just staring at her uneasily.

“I won’t either.” Lexa said back. Raven didn’t break her gaze for a long while, as if searching for something that might reveal itself in Lexa’s eyes. A slow grin eventually tugged at Raven’s lips and without warning Raven leant forward and planted a quick peck to Lexa’s cheek. She staggered back and her hand snatched to side where her stake was. Her heart caught in her throat when it wasn’t there. Raven cackled, and pulled her hand from behind her back, revealing the stake in question.

“Seems Clarke really catches your attention there, Commander.” She teased. She tossed the stake to Lexa who caught it with one hand. The Latina walked on past her, lingering at the top of the steps. “Just a warning Commander, I don’t want to see you anywhere near Clarke. You’re a killer, and I saw the fear in your eyes back there.” Her eyes turned cold. “You kill what you fear. So if you get too close to Clarke again…” she drew her finger along her neck. “Understand?”
“I would never hurt Clarke.” Lexa hissed. Raven smiled.

“That, I very much doubt.” With that, she spun on her heel and glided down the stairs. Lexa glanced to the bathroom door nervously, and with a sigh followed Raven down.

The moment Clarke went back into the bathroom she collapsed to the tiled floor. A strangled breath clawed its way from her throat, making her gasp. Blood decorated the white tiles. Her chest burned with an unforgiving flame, and it felt as if a cold claw had taken a hold of her heart, ever slowly tightening its grasp. Her hands splayed out from in front of her, her shaking arms and being the only thing keeping her body from the floor. Pain rippled through them and Clarke watched in ragged breaths as her nails lengthen into pointed claws, the skin stretching as her fingers would extend and then retract, as if confused as to what it was meant to do. The pain in her chest increased tenfold and Clarke clenched her fists as she rolled on to her back, her face scrunching in agony. The claw in her chest pressed even deeper, cutting into the bleeding organ. She gasped again and blood splurged out, Clarke forcing herself to move to the side so she wouldn’t choke on it. She shut her eyes tight, and the lights in the room flickered, the supernatural forces meddling with the man-made technology. A gust of wind slammed into her, sending her sliding backwards across the floor as she hit the wall with a thud. Shakily, she pulled herself up so she was sitting, her back leaning against the wall.

The agony in her chest was like lava now, burning so intensely she didn’t understand how she didn’t combusted right then on the spot. Every ounce of air was sucked out of her lungs and eyes snapped open as her mouth opened in a silent scream. Her eyes glowed a pure gold.

The pain stopped.

The lights in the room began flickering uncontrollably. It was in this moment that Clarke could feel… everything. She could feel the wooden structure in the walls, the water surging through the pipes, the dirt in the ground deep below the house. Everything felt alive, like she could touch it, even talk to it. Clarke chuckled in disbelief. It felt like another world, it felt like the world that she could only previously catch glimpses of. The place that was there but wasn’t, something you could feel, only rarely catch a breath of; this was it.

The lights cut out, bathing the room in darkness. Clarke’s eyes still glowed yellow, like a soft beacon but the gold started to drift back to blue.

And then, the woman appeared.

Her light was so bright it was like staring at the sun. Clarke lifted her hand to shield her eyes, only just making out the silhouette of the woman as she took a few steps forward. The power she held was undeniable, and Clarke felt as though she was in the presence of a god.

“Who are you?” Clarke asked, her voice hoarse. Clarke’s eyes seemed to adjust to the blinding light as she lowered her hand, able to see the woman in front of her. It was like being in a room of white. Shadows contrasted deeply onto the woman’s face, her long and flowing chestnut hair fluttering in a breeze that she seemed to emit. Her eyes were a strange mix of brown, blue, and green, somehow all combined into one. The colours swirled in her iris.

The woman frowned, her beautiful white dress dancing elegantly in the same breeze. “You are tainted.” She said, her voice so ancient and young.

“Who are you?” Clarke repeated, urgency taking hold. If the world felt alive before, it was nothing compared to what it felt like now. She could practically hear each grain of dirt sing, each drop of
water roar and cheer in delight. It was incredibly overwhelming.

“You must clean your blood Clarke, the light in you cannot shine with this darkness smothering it.” The woman told her. Clarke’s eyes felt like they were burning, a tear leaking from them from how intense the light was.

“What are you talking about?”

“You must protect her Clarke. Terrible evils are coming, waiting in the dark for so long. Now is time, life will either fall or rise.” She went on, her eyes locking to Clarke’s with such intensity she could do nothing but look away. It was as if they were looking into her soul and she could nothing to stop her.

“Who are you?” Clarke roared, frustration giving her the strength to stand. The breeze changed into a howling wind in a heartbeat, slamming the blonde back into the wall. The tiles smashed and carved inwards at the impact. The wind pinned Clarke to the wall.

“The darkness traps you, refuses the light in you to shine. You must rid of it, before it swallows you hole.” The woman started to walk backwards, the light growing even brighter, hiding the woman in contrasting shadows. “They come for you Clarke. The world rests in yours and hers hands. Do not drop it.” She warned as she stepped back into the light, it began to engulf her.

“Wait,” Clarke breathed. She tried to reach out, to run after the woman who was falling into the beams of white but the wind blasted her back. “Come back!” Clarke yelled. “Come back, what are you talking about? Who is coming, what darkness?”

The woman said one word in response, and as she did all the light in the room disappeared, leaving the room as if nothing had happened. When the words hit Clarke’s ears she felt the floor beneath her drop.

“The Mountain Men.”

***

700 YEARS AGO

He was panicking. He shouldn’t be panicking, but he was panicking. He pumped his legs faster, gliding through the lands in supernatural speeds, the men behind him keeping pace. He swore under his breath. He wasn’t going to be able to outrun them. His leather boots started to burn, and he realised that he had been running so fast the friction was catching up to the fabric.

“Bloody human clothes,” he hissed under his breath. An arrow whizzed passed his head as he said the words, him automatically ducking as it flew over. Knowing he had no other option, he bolted for the lake. The creatures behind him didn’t even slow down when they saw his change of his direction, knowing where he was heading and the uncertainty that came with it. His legs were burning now but he ignored the pain, the cliff edge just coming into his line of sight through the towering trees. Not checking behind him he roared a battle cry, his throat shaking as the crows in the trees squawked and flew. Brief fear flashed in the creatures mind but they continued to chase the vampire, the three of them pushing even faster. The one who was fastest, the leader of the group,
opened their bloodied mouth.

“You cannot run forever Peter!” he snarled. Peter laughed a breathy chuckle.

“Stop me then Adam!” Peter threw back. Adam’s eyes morphed into pure black as rage surged through him, making him run even faster. Peter glanced behind him, his scruffy dirty blonde hair lightly hitting him in the face. “Probably shouldn’t have said that,” he muttered to himself. The cliff loomed closer and Peter took a quick breath. This was not going to end well at all, but he had to get the dagger away. If it ended up in Adam’s hands... he couldn’t let that happen. The moon glistened above them, as if watching, as Peter grew closer to the edge of the cliff. He was running out of land. Checking that the dagger was still in its sheath at his side he skidded on the grass to a halt, his feet just dangling at the edge of the cliff. He turned around, watching as the Adam and his men slowed to a stop as well. His heel crept backwards, pushing right up to the very end of the cliff.

“There’s no where left to run Peter,” Adam said, holding up a hand as a signal for his men to stop. They did, and Adam took a few steps forward.

“You and I both know that isn’t true.” Peter grinned. Adam’s eyes widened.

“Just hand over the dagger and we will leave you be, there is no need for violence Peter.” Adam reasoned. Peter just grinned.

“Oh Adam, you really shouldn’t have touched my family.”

Adam’s face hardened. “You left us no other choice.”

“There’s always a choice.” With that, he flung out his arms and fell backwards, his body falling towards the river down below. Distant shouts grazed his ears but they were soon drowned out at as his body collided into the water.

The coldness set in fast, the ice-cold water freezing his muscles like a clamp. But that wasn’t what scared him; it was the rocks that could smash him into pieces at any time as the he tumbled through the harsh river. The water pulled him under and didn’t let him go, thrashing him back and fourth like a ragdoll as he barreled through. The entire time Peter clutched to the dagger as if it was his lifeline. With a growl Adam dived in after him, snapping at his two men to run the coastline, hopefully catching sight of him. His cloth tunic stuck to his skin as the leather on top constricted like a boa, Peter rolled and rolled through the aggressive waters, dodging on coming razor-edged rocks as best as he could. After what felt like centuries, he managed to push himself to the surface of the raging waters, coughing out manically the river water that had crept into his lungs. Whipping his head behind him he caught sight of a log heading right in his direction. Instead of ducking under the water to let it float over him he did his best to swim to the side, moving from the logs path. As it flew past Peter pulled together all of his remaining strength and pounced at it, his numb hands gripping onto the log desperately. His body was ripped forward as the log kept travelling, and with his painful grip he flip himself on top of the wood. He breathed a breath of relief.

“Well, that was a close one.” He chuckled to himself. His faced paled as he looked up ahead and saw the ending of the rushing river, a row of jagged rocks as it lead into the beginnings of a water wall. “I can never keep my mouth shut can I?” he muttered. He scanned the surroundings, spotting a bank up head where he could find safety. All he had to do was swim over there. It would be easy, if he weren’t clutching on to a log for dear life as a merciless river was aiming him straight towards rows of sharp-teethed rocks. You know, child’s play. Coughing up more river water he adjusted himself on the log, placing his back leg behind him and front leg in front as he stood up facing sideways. He was riding the log like one would a board. He only had a few seconds before he would lose his balance, so like stepping stones he jumped and landed onto a floating piece of debris. It
looked to be a crumbled wooden wall of some sort, Peter didn’t care, as long as it could hold his weight it could be almost anything. Behind him he heard a rage filled roar, and his head snapped around to find Adam holding on to the log he had just jumped from. Peter gulped.

“I’ll kill you Griffin!” Adam snarled, water sputtering out from his mouth.

“Better be quick Adam, your ride won’t last you for too long.” He smirked, and nodded his head toward the rocks up head. Adam’s head whipped to where he had looked, his drenched black hair flicking as he stared back at Peter. But as his eyes locked with Peter’s blue ones, he grinned. “See you on the other side.” He waved. Peter lunged for the bank as another roar touched his ears.

His shoulder slammed into the dirt, pain exploding through his arm. Peter swore but crawled as far as he could from the river edge. With an exasperated sigh, he let his back fall against the dirt. That was way too close, even for his liking. Peter absentmindedly touched the dagger at his side, a breath he didn’t know he was holding escaping when the familiar metal was still there. He closed his eyes for a brief moment. Everything was worth it; it had to be. He had risked his family, his wife, his son for this, for this simple seeming blade that had come to him in a dream one night, a woman in white begging for his help. It seemed oddly real, and the more he thought about it, the more he felt convinced it was.

Turned out he wasn’t the only one after it.

After countless moons of stalking Adam’s lair, it had been embarrassingly easy to gain his trust, to trick him into being his friend, and snatch the dagger right from under his nose. As an afterthought, he probably should’ve taken in how that would have really angered Adam. It didn’t matter, he had the dagger now and Adam didn’t. A shiver runs through him as he remembers the day Adam learnt that it was much more than just a purchase off the market. But an ancient blade, blessed with magic. Adam should have never been turned, at least that’s what Peter thinks, too much power for a crazed man like him. He was, is, power hungry, would kill hundreds if he ever learned to unlock the blade’s power.

He didn’t need a weird dream to tell him that he had to get that dagger the hell away from him. Peter loosed another strained breath and with tired hands pushed himself.

The moment he did someone grabbed his legs, and pulled them down. A bloodied and beaten looking Adam stood over Peter, his eyes black and his mouth open wide. His fang’s glistened in the moonlight.

“I wasn’t expecting you Adam.” Peter grinned, though pure fear gripped his throat. Adam snarled, and plunged his knee down. He wedged his knee onto Peter’s throat, pushing as much pressure as he could down. His face was covered in cuts and scars, deep lacerations on his arms and legs. He had collided into the rocks.

“I hope you said goodbye to your loved one’s Peter.” He growled, managing to hold Peter down as he struggled underneath him, desperately trying to shove the knee off him.

“You touch them and I’ll destroy you.” Peter grunted, his own eyes melting to black. Adam smiled sinisterly.

“If you come back from true death, I’ll let you.” Adam concentrated all his power in his legs, pressing even harder against the soft skin below. It wasn’t that Peter was worried that his lungs were being cut off, it was that Adam would push deep enough that the blood would start to build in his head. He would keep going, denting his neck as much as could, until the blood would bleed from his eyes and he could easily finish the kill. His vision began to swim.
“We can… make a deal…” Peter gasped out.

“Oh we are far passed that Peter and you know it.” He leaned closer. “Your son will be the first to die, if you’re lucky, I may not make his mother watch.” Peter squirmed violently. “But, you can guess which one I’ll choose.”

He knew he wasn’t going to live. His vision was distorting, and the strength in his arms was weakening by the second, lowering and lowering the chance of his escape. He had no chance of one. Peter realised he had no chance of one.

“Please,” he rasped. “Don’t kill them. Kill me, but don’t touch them.”

“You are so weak Peter it disgusts me. You could have been something great. But, you let yourself fall to this, human filth.” Adam spat. “You sided with them, had a child with one them.” His tongue was filled with venom. “And you haven’t even had your first kill.”

“We don’t need to kill… to survive…”

“Shut up! You have wasted your last breath defending those worthless beings. They will be your undoing.” He pressed down even harder. “Goodbye Peter Samuel Griffin.”

Peter’s eyes began to bleed, the world starting to fade from his view.

That is until, the brightest light he had ever seen, erupted before him. Adam’s weight slackened in surprise, and Peter didn’t miss the chance, shoving him off him with all of his depleted might. Adam rolled to ground. Nausea engulfed him as Peter stood up, his body swaying. He turned to the source of the bright light, stumbling back when it was the woman in his dream.

“Peter,” she said softly, and her voice was somehow so old yet so young at the same time. “You are the one.” She smiled.

“What?” Peter panted, wiping the blood tears from eyes. Adam was gaping at the woman, seemingly unable to move from shock. She glowed like a goddess, her body hovering over the ground below. It seemed like the grass was trying to reach up to her, the leaves of the trees leaning her way.

“You are pure of heart, and have done as I have requested. I did not quite believe that you, a nightwalker, would be the one but life seems to be full of surprises does it not?” she grinned. Peter felt a warmth burn at his side, and he touched the spot of warmth to the find the dagger to be glowing with heat. He gripped the leather handle, and pulled it out. Symbols glowed on the blade, hypnotic swirls climbing and wrapping around the steel. It was beautiful.

“Who are you?” Peter breathed, looking between the woman bathed in light and the dagger. “What are you?”

“That does not matter, what matters is what you decide to do next. Today I give you a piece of my soul, a gift.” She said softly, her words like velvet. Adam seemed to finally be free from his daze.

“Hey, if anyone deserves that it’s me.” Adam mumbled, taking shaky steps towards the woman. Peter glared at him, gripping the dagger tightly. The woman didn’t even look at him.

“In return, you will protect my daughters. When the darkness surrounds them, you will be the path of light. When they cannot sleep, you will sing them to slumber. When the ground drops from beneath them, you will catch with ready arms.” Peter locked eyes with her, the strange yet captivating mix of brown, green and blue piercing his own. Adam growled, the lack of attention enraging him.
“You should be giving that to me.” Adam snarled. He was close now. Peter didn’t even look at him. “Hey, are you listening to me? You unearthly wrench answer me-“

The woman snapped her gaze to him, her eyes so, so cold. Adam froze. He didn’t just stop; he actually froze. His lips turned blue, icicles growing from his nose. Just as quick a rush of blistering hot air wrapped around Adam, the ice melting in seconds and instead his skin burning red, his lips cracking. He blinked, and tried to lift his hand, but the ground itself rose and rock clasped around it. His eyes bulged. Before he could utter another word the grass grew from where he stood, the rock’s grip not letting him move. The wind’s heat still burned his skin, layers peeling off. He screamed for help, but no words came out. The grass grew into long hulking vines, wrapping around his legs as it climbed up his body, tightening like a snake around his stomach. Peter watched in astonishment as the vines dragged him below, his body somehow sinking into the ground. He wriggled and writhed, wrestling without success as he tried to escape it’s grip. It didn’t work, and soon, Adam wasn’t there anymore, but swallowed up by the earth itself.

The woman looked back over to Peter as if nothing had happened, her gaze softening. “Do you accept my gift?”

Considering what Peter had just witnessed, the answer was obvious. “Yes.”

“Good.” She smiled. Her gaze dropped to the dagger in Peter’s hand. He instantly handed it out to her, though she didn’t stretch out to grab it, merely still staring at it.

“You can have it, it’s yours. I have no need for it.” Peter mumbled. She shook her head lightly, and he frowned.

“It is not mine to keep. It was made for a soul I did not know until now, it was made for you Peter.” His eyes widened. “I can forge the instrument, but it is the instrument that chooses it’s use, it’s holder. It is yours, it is your line’s.”

“But… but it’s magic.” He breathed. It was too powerful, too much for a simpleton like him. She smiled warmly.

“I see why it chose you.” She winked. She glanced back down to the blade and flicked her hand. The glowing patterns disappeared, but miraculously, wood itself grew from the base of the handle, following the shape of the blade it peaked at the point. It was like a wooden dagger.

“What-“

“For your other enemies.” She explained. Peter gaped, shaking his head.

“But, there’s still metal. It won’t work.” He said confused. The woman did what he could only think to be a smirk.

“It’s magic Peter.” With that, the light exploded, and in the next instant she was gone. He stumbled back, not entirely sure what had happened. He was about to head back home when a warmth bloomed in his chest, he looked down to see at the place of where his heart would be, was glowing. It glowed beautifully, and Peter could feel the warmth spread to every tip of his body.

She had given him a piece of her soul, and in her turn he would protect her daughters.

He would be their Defender.
Clarke took her shower. She tried not to think about what had happened, and even less when she
gazed at the wall and saw that it wasn’t even smashed in. As if the tiles had been replaced, the
material fixing itself. What had even happened? She had gone into the bathroom, attempting to calm
herself down when she heard the thud outside, opening the door to find Lexa and Raven at each
other throats. She didn’t know what took over her in that moment, only that Lexa was being
attacked. Someone was hurting her. She had to stop it. And then when she saw Raven, she made that
sound, that hiss…

She somehow found words within the sound, hidden words that only the directed could understand.
*Stand down.* She was going to say those words but that hiss came out instead, something deep and
ancient rumbling in her chest as she did. She didn’t understand much, except those two words that
rammed themselves into her mind the second she saw Lexa.

*Not her.*

The hot water cascaded down upon her, red water swirling around the drain. She stared up into the
flow of water, the blood from her chin dripping to reveal the pink skin beneath it. The woman who
had appeared, something was familiar about her. She couldn’t place it, but when she was in front of
her there was the strangest sense of… longing. Like the woman held a piece of her. Clarke shook it
off. For all she knew she could just be going crazy. It wouldn’t be the first time anyway. She turned
up the temperature of the water. The words that the woman had spoken, of being tainted, a darkness
inside of her; it shook Clarke to the core. What did she mean? Was she talking about her being a
vampire? It was the obvious choice, but it didn’t feel right. It was something else. But what?

else could Clarke have, could she possibly be?

The water felt like it was burning her now. She doubted whether encounter was even real. When that
fire had burned in her chest, it felt like something was trying to expand, to go through her – but it
couldn’t. Her hands grown and retracted, torn between two fighting forces. Like something was
trying to grow, and something else was stopping it, strangling it. Was something wrong with her?
She didn’t need these questions now, not with the problem of the body and Pike.

She knew the water was too hot, but she didn’t turn it down.

Pike was the cause of all this. He had attacked her all those years ago, he had killed that girl and
framed her; he was the one that took her memories. And there was where the problem lay.

She couldn’t kill Pike if wanted her memories back, which, in a way, made Pike invincible to her.
She couldn’t kill him if she wanted herself back. A sob raked its way through her body. He had
made her kill that girl, taken her when she was weak and lost. She couldn’t let him walk, but she
couldn’t put him in the ground. Irrational anger bubbled up through her throat, a strangled cry on her
lips as she punched the wall. The tiles caved like they did before, but they didn’t fix themselves.
They stayed dented. Clarke shut off the water, her skin red.

The blood was off her skin, but not her conscience.

She stepped out of the shower, grabbing a towel, giving her hair a quick dry before she wrapped the
towel around her torso. She couldn’t think about the woman, it was too much, it was *all* too much;
she was barely dealing with her own drama for pete’s sake, let alone the worlds. Clarke had no idea
what she was going to do. She opened the bathroom door, surprised to find a pile of clothes her size
sitting outside. They were folded and stacked, and Clarke could only guess that Lexa had done it
considering how messy Octavia was. Raven was even worse. The blonde smiled and picked up the
clothes, changing into them. When she was done, a simple white shirt and jeans, she glanced over to

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her old pile of clothes. They were doused in red. Clarke swallowed the lump in her throat, and headed down stairs.

She didn’t really expect much as she made her way into the living room, definitely not for Raven to collide into her arms.

“You look way better not covered in blood,” Raven mumbled, burying her face into Clarke’s wet hair. A smile found it’s way on Clarke’s lips as she hugged back. Raven hadn’t even yelled at her, not even questioning at all about what had happened before. She was grateful for that, she was grateful for Raven.

“I’m sorry I hurt you.” Clarke muttered. Raven pulled Clarke from her arms, holding her at shoulder length. Her face was serious.

“None of this is your fault Clarke, do you understand? It was mine, I should have noticed you had stopped taking your blood. This is on me.”

“No it’s not,” Clarke hastily said. This was the furthest from Raven’s fault, there was no way she was letting the Latina shoulder the blame. “No Raven, it was mine. I didn’t take it on purpose, out of spite. It was stupid of me. None of us could have known what was going to happen.”

Raven smiled weakly. “Thanks Griff. Octavia here tells me that she punched you.”

Octavia glared at Raven who just lifted up her hands in surrender. “Hey! Don’t shoot the messenger!”

“I’m glad you’re okay Clarke.” Lexa said, stepping past the now bickering Octavia and Raven. “I’m sorry about… before. I’m just not used to being around… vampires.” She said carefully. “Raven wanted to talk to you and my instincts took over, I’m sorry for hurting your friend.” Lexa apologised, ducking her head. She very rarely apologised, most of the time being on the opposite end. She hoped her apology was enough. Clarke grinned, touching Lexa’s hand as an indicator that she could look up. She did, and Lexa smiled when she saw Clarke’s.

“It’s okay Lexa.” Clarke said, and a tension Lexa didn’t know she was holding loosened from her shoulders. Lexa stared in Clarke’s eyes, trying to find any glimpse of hate or resentment but found none. A small, genuine smile tugged at her lips at that. Clarke thought it was one of the most beautiful thing’s she had ever seen.

“So.” Raven interrupted, clapping her hands together. Lexa tore her gaze from Clarke, catching the death glare from Raven. Not wanting to get in another fight, especially right in front of her Clarke, she stepped back. Raven nodded her head ever so slightly at the brunette. “Clarke, Lexa told us how she found you, and what Pike had done.” Her words turned bitter and cold at the mention of him. “And if you’re up for it, we want to try and track him down, gather information up on him. I know you’re new to this, and probably scared but-“

“I’m up for it.” Clarke interjected. Raven grinned.

“You sure? Because you don’t have to, I understand with all that happened last night… the girl…” Clarke gulped. “I killed her. That’s the end of it.”

Octavia’s face softened. “Clarke…”

“No it’s fine O. Really, once the body is cleared that will be the end of it. I killed her, it’s my responsibility.”
There was an awkward pause where no one knew what to say. Raven of course, was the first to speak up.

“I guess it’s true you’re not you when you’re hungry,” she mumbled.

“Raven!” Octavia scolded, slapping her shoulder.

“It was a joke! I was trying to lighten this shitty mood!” Raven exclaimed. Octavia rolled her eyes and Clarke put on a smile. Lexa’s phone beeped and she excused herself, Raven eyeing as left the to take her call outside. Clarke frowned.

“What’s your problem with Lexa?” Clarke asked. Raven brought her stiff gaze back to Clarke, her eyes almost losing all their tension instantly.

“Do you know who she is?” Raven pressed.

“What do you mean?”

“Lexa is more than just a hunter Clarke.” Raven deadpanned. Octavia shifted on feet uncomfortable. Clarke furrowed her brows. “Who is she?”

“She’s-“ Raven was stopped when Lexa stormed into the room, her face tight and lips thin. Lexa stopped in front of Clarke, nervously glancing to Raven before grabbing Clarke’s elbow and pulling her over to the side. Lexa heard Raven growl but put it off.

“What’s wrong?” Clarke asked, seeing the worry and anger in Lexa’s eyes.

“The body Clarke.” The blonde stilled, her stomach coiling. “It wasn’t there.”

“Wait, what?”

“The body, it wasn’t there when they got there. There was nothing, not a speck of blood or anything.” Lexa went on, the hint of fear in her voice making Clarke shiver.

“How? What happened?” Clarke said bewildered. Lexa hesitated, and Clarke instantly she something was wrong. “What is it?” Clarke prodded.

“There was a note.” Lexa said softly. Her blood ran cold.

“And?” Clarke swallowed. “What did it say?

“‘You’re welcome for your gift, I’m glad you enjoyed it.’” Lexa said, repeating the words the hunter had relayed to her only minutes before. Clarke almost threw up. “It was for you, from Pike.”

Chapter End Notes

sidenote: Adam and Peter are made up characters, not part of the 100.
so just want to say a huge thank you to everyone. last chapter got so much love and im just very overwhelmed with emotions, thank you to each and everyone of you wonderful souls whos given this story a chance. next chapter will be some lovely clexa fluff, and if you have anything clexa fluff ideas or things you want to see, tell me and ill try include it. again, thank you for reading!
Would It Make A Difference?

Chapter Summary

lots of cleaxa fluff as an apology

Chapter Notes

okay so this chapter was a such a damn PAIN to get out but i finally did it. i think it turned out alright because it came down to the point where i just had to force myself to do it. I'm sorry for the late update, i won't be making a habit of it don't worry, and i hope that the cleaxa fluff in this chap makes up for it.

anyway, prepare for lots of gay yayyy!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Clarke watched as the clock ticked away. She watched the hand jerk to each number, the sound seemingly so loud in an empty bedroom. She thought that perhaps the clock was a second two slow, but she wouldn’t dare check her to see if that was true. Her wrist burned from the weight of her fathers watch. She was still at Octavia’s, not quite ready to go home and confront Abby. That would only end in a fight. Clarke was terrified she’d hurt her. Sure, it was becoming clear that her Mum could have prevented her Dad’s death – but she was still her mother. She would never forgive herself if she were to hurt her.

Or kill her.

Clarke jumped from the knock on the door, quickly wiping the stray tear that had escaped from her. “Come in,” she croaked, internally cursing herself for sounding so hoarse. Well, it's not like she could hide it. A braided brunette shyly poked her head through the door, a sad smile on her lips as she fully opened the door.

“Hey,” Lexa waved, carefully working her way into the room. She sat on the edge of the bed as Clarke sat cross-legged in the middle.

“Hey.”

“So, you’ve been in here a while Clarke.” Lexa said softly. Clarke dropped her gaze to the bed sheets, Lexa shuffled closer. “It’s noon.”

“And?”

“And, you can’t hide in your room all day.” Lexa smiled. When Clarke didn’t look up Lexa frowned, reaching out her hand and gently tipping her chin upwards. Her heart lodged itself in her throat when Clarke’s sunken in eyes locked with hers. “I won’t let you deal with this by yourself Clarke.”

Clarke searched as hard as she could in Lexa’s eyes, trying to find any hint of deceit or distrust. There was none. With her own hand she grasped Lexa’s, pulling it away from her chin and into her
lap. She entwined their fingers. “You do realise I’m a murderer right?” Clarke mumbled, her gaze falling once more.

“By that definition, I’m a murderer as well.”

Clarke’s head snapped up. “You’ve killed someone?”

“Clarke you need to understand that everyone dies,” Lexa started gently. She watched as Clarke swallowed. “No one lives forever, and our lives do not end at our death. We’ve all done things we regret, we’ve done things we wish we could take back. But you need to understand that you can’t, you cannot go back Clarke. What’s done is done.”

“But Lexa,” Clarke breathed, her eyes shining. “I killed her. I didn’t even know her name.”

“I understand.” She squeezed her hand. Lexa took a shuddering breath, forcing the next words out of mouth with more force than should be needed. “When I was first training to become hunter, my foster mother used to lead. She was known as Heda, or The Commander. It wasn’t really her choice, as she mostly just stepped in to smooth the transition for the next true commander, of who the spirit will choose.”

“What do you-“

“Let me finish Clarke.” Lexa smirked. Clarke huffed but didn’t say another word, Lexa nodded in thanks. “When Indra was Heda, we had our first encounter with the Mountain Men.” Clarke’s eyes widened. “The Mountain Men are other humans that learnt of the… vampires existence. But instead of wanting to kill them, they wanted to exploit them, use them.” Lexa’s voice turned cold. “They started kidnapping nightwalkers. On our usual patrols, the numbers were too low and we knew something wasn’t right. Indra knew, and so one night she tracked a night walker for days, in a way never leaving it’s side. As predicted, a group of men showed up, armed with stakes and guns.”

“I was with Indra that night by chance, she wanted to take the opportunity to teach me more of stealth. She – we – didn’t expect them. At first Indra tried to talk to them, find out who they were.” Lexa took a deep breath. “They told her to leave and just let them take the vampire, Indra staked it. They shot her.”

“Lexa, you don’t have to tell me this…”

“It’s okay, I want too.” She gave Clarke a weak smile. “Luckily it was an obvious rookie who shot her, hitting her in the arm. Being Indra, she instantly shoved me away, snapping at me to run while she held them off. Being scared and young I did, but I turned around almost a second later. When I came back Indra was on the ground with a gun to her head. It was one of scariest moments of my life.” Clarke lifted her hand, gently brushing away a tear on Lexa’s cheek she didn’t know had fallen. She subconsciously leaned into the touch. Clarke’s hand a lingered a moment too long, before taking hold of Lexa’s other hand. “I felt such a strange rush of anger then, I knew that Indra was going to die but every part of me refused it to be. Out of coincidence the storm that had been gathering finally struck, the strike surprisingly close, startling the shooter. I dived at him a second later and shoved a dagger into his neck.”

“Jesus Lexa…”

“I can still remember his exact face as he died, it’s all I can see. I have killed many beings before Clarke, but him? His face still haunts me to this day.” She forced herself to look the blonde in the eye. “But I don’t regret it. Because if I did, Indra would be dead. And even if I could go back in time, I know that even if I say did regret killing him, there would be nothing I could do anyway. It’s
how I move on, how I have moved on. Each year on the day that I killed him, I say a prayer, and I hope that in his new current life he is far from this world.” She tightened her grip on Clarke’s hands.

“What you did you cannot undo. You barely had any control of yourself, and Pike was manipulating you into killing that woman anyway. You want blame someone? Blame him.” Lexa growled. “He is the monster, he was using you.”

“But, I killed her when I didn’t have to,” Clarke pleaded.

“And who brought her to you Clarke? Did you go out of your way to find her, or was she brought to you? Forced upon you?”

“Pike brought her but-“

“But nothing. Focus your anger on him Clarke, because you are not a monster. I know that all I’ve been taught is that all your kind are but… I now see that is wrong. You are anything but a monster Clarke, and I will not let you shoulder the blame when the man, who truly is the monster, can still walk above ground.”

Clarke couldn’t find the will to argue Lexa’s point any longer. She was right. This was on Pike, not her. It was him who had thrown her into that alley, it was him who had brought the girl; Clarke wouldn’t had even known of her existence were it not for him. She may have died in her hands but it was Pike who put her there. She would avenge that woman, it was the least she could do; it was what she was going to do. It felt as if a dead weight had lifted off her chest, and as it ascended, Clarke grinned.

“You know if you ever feel like quitting your job you should try for a motivational speaker.” She quipped. The somber mood disappeared in a heartbeat.

“Really Clarke? That is what you say after all this?” Lexa chuckled. Clarke was still grinning.

“You’re such a dork.”

Clarke shrugged. “Yeah but you’re an even bigger one.” It was then that without warning Clarke leaned forward, and Lexa’s heart stopped. Clarke kissed Lexa’s now blushing cheek. “Thank you.” Clarke said seriously. Lexa was extremely angry with herself that she was breathless. Not trusting herself to speak, she nodded. The blonde lifted her hand, gently tracing Lexa’s jaw. “For everything.”

“It was nothing.” Lexa whispered.

“It was everything.” Clarke whispered back, and then withdrew her hand. Their eyes both dropped and the air became thick, but before anything could happen, a loud pounding against the door made both the girl’s jump.

“You done in there, Commander? Some of us want to finish that nap you so rudely interrupted.” Raven yelled, still hammering against the door. Swearing under her breath Lexa snapped her head towards the door but it was Clarke who spoke first.

“Piss off Reyes.” Clarke growled, the sound more animal than normal. She heard a scoff at the other end of the door.

“Hah! In your dreams Griff. Now I’m coming in, so you can get both of your fine asses out of there or momma ain’t going to be too happy.”

“Raven I swear-“
“Clarke,” Lexa said, stopping the blonde mid-insult. “It’s okay.” Lexa smiled. Clarke huffed, obviously wanting to argue but from the look on Lexa’s face she held back.

“Fine. But we’re getting lunch or something.”

“Do you eat normal food?” Lexa asked. Clarke tensed but answered nonetheless.

“I guess so, if it’s meat it’s way easier. Everything else just kind of tastes bland and tasteless, meat seems to be the only thing that has a slight taste.” Clarke explained. Lexa nodded.

“Let’s get some lunch then.”

The door slammed open, revealing a scowling Raven. Lexa instantly edged backwards from Clarke, making the blonde frown but she didn’t question it. Lexa and Raven locked eyes, clear tension and distrust in them, before the brunette slid off the bed. Raven merely stood directly in front of them with her arms crossed, her glare never leaving Lexa. Clarke began to stand up but Raven seemed to finally snap back to reality.

“Clarke wait, I need to talk to you,” Raven said, holding out her hand. Lexa scoffed.

“Clarke and I were going to lunch.”

Raven’s eyes darkened. “No, I need to talk to her.”

“Clarke needs to get out of this house, she’s suffocating in here.”

“And how would you know what’s best for her? You’ve only known her a week.” Raven growled. Lexa’s features tightened, her fists clenching.

“I was the one that found her covered in blood. Where you then? When she most needed someone? Lying around at home?”

“I spent the entire night searching for her!” Raven snarled, stepping right up to Lexa.

“But you never found her. If I hadn’t she could have died.” Lexa spat.

“Enough!” Clarke snapped. The two girls were glaring at each other, neither of them breaking eye contact. It was as if they were in silent war. “That’s enough. Lexa, go wait outside and I’ll join you soon. Raven, we’ll talk before I go.”

The brunette clenched her jaw. A painful silence hung in the air, a tension of who would give in first and fight the first blow. Surprisingly, Lexa nodded stiffly.

“Fine.” She stepped back, still eyeing Raven. “Be quick.”

“Whatever you say Commander,” Raven mocked. Sighing frustrated through her nose, Lexa left the room. When the door was carefully shut, Clarke shoved Raven backwards. “What the hell?” Raven yelped.

“Don’t you ‘what the hell me’, I’m ‘what the helling’ you.” Clarke growled.

“Why are you ‘what the helling’ me? I didn’t do anything to deserve a ‘what the hell’!”

“You do deserve a ‘what the hell!’” Clarke snapped.

“No, you do deserve a ‘what the hell!’” Raven retorted. “It’s your ‘what the hell’ that is out of place
so I’m ‘what the helling-‘"

“Stop it! This is getting ridiculous.” Clarke sighed. Raven held her tongue. “Listen, what’s your problem with Lexa?”

“I don’t have a problem with Lexa,” Raven muttered bitterly. “I have a problem with the Commander.”

Clarke frowned. “The leader thing?”

“The leader thing?” Raven scoffed. “Clarke she commands the entirety of the hunters. All of them. She is the most powerful hunter and dangerous human there is to us. She’s killed hundreds of our kind. She is the enemy.”

“Lexa is different, she won’t hurt us.” Clarke defended. Raven’s anger grew.

“Is that what she told you? Is she making you say that?”

“No, you idiot I talked to her. Something maybe you should consider doing.” Clarke glared. Raven swore under her breath, turning around. She pressed her palm against her forehead.

“You have no idea who she is Clarke, what she’s done.”

“I know her.” Clarke hissed, grabbing Raven’s arm and forcing her to look at her. “The past is the past and you will respect her on that. We’ve all had a shit time and done our best to get through life for as long as possible. Hey, we’re basically dead, does it matter if she’s killing corpses?”

Raven’s face softened. “Clarke…”

“No. You’ll listen to me. Lexa has done what was needed to be done to survive. A title is a title and a person is a person. She’s more than just a hunter, far, far more.”

Their gazes held for a long while. Raven took in the words, mulling them over in her head. It was true, perhaps she was being too harsh on Lexa, and she had spared her life that one time, though that being said it was the only reason she was even letting Lexa in this house. But Raven had been taught to run from hunters her entire life, it had been drilled into her mind that if you ever even catch rumours of the Commander that you should run for the hills as fast as you can. And now Clarke was defending her? Someone who had killed so many of her own people? A slow realisation dawned on Raven and her eyes widened. She stumbled back a couple steps.

“Are you falling for her?” Raven asked breathless. It was as if all the air had been sucked out of the room.

“What?” Clarke croaked.

“Are you falling for her?” Raven repeated, her voice much more serious.

Clarke shook her head in disbelief. “Like you said, I’ve only known her a week there’s no way-“

“Are you falling for her?” Raven said again, anger working it’s way on her tongue. Clarke swallowed, hard.

“I-I don’t know,” she stammered. Raven laughed dryly.

“Oh my god you are,” Raven grinned humorlessly. “You really fucking are.”
“Raven I don’t—“

“She’s a fucking killer Clarke!” Raven snapped, yelling.

“So are we!” Clarke roared back. “We are killers too Raven. You can’t just judge her for it and then completely disregard our own actions. We kill people too, we need to fucking kill to live!” Clarke scoffed.

“No, no we don’t. We can feed off animals—“

“But we have to kill. It isn’t Lexa’s fault that she has to too.”

Raven was silent. Clarke huffed, running a hand through her tousled blonde hair. “You need to promise me you won’t kill her.”

“I can’t promise you that.”

“Promise.” Clarke muttered low. Raven growled deep in her chest and with much reluctance, forced out her next words begrudgingly.

“I promise.”

“Good.” Clarke sighed. “Anything else you wanna’ get sorted?”

“No.” Raven grumbled. Clarke grinned.

“Then I, have a lunch to get too.”

She waltzed out the door.

Lexa was waiting for her outside, leaning lazily against the house. She had heard shouting from inside and was internally deciding whether to step in but just as she had come to decision to go back, Clarke walked out of the house. Lexa was hoping to sneak up on her but Clarke had taken one sniff off the air to know Lexa was there. She spun around grinning, finding a slightly disappointed Lexa.

“Oh don’t look at me like that, I’m sure you’ll get the jump on me some day.” Clarke winked. Blushing, Lexa caught up to join her.

“Where do you want to go?” she asked.

“You don’t have a place in mind?”

“Considering I just moved here no, I do not have a place in mind.” Lexa sassed. Clarke rolled her eyes.

“Alright, alright we’ll go to… ‘The Skybox’ round the corner.”

“Sounds trendy.”

“Piss off,” Clarke grinned, shoving Lexa lightly. The brunette laughed, and with a light nudging and brushing of skin, Clarke gave in and grabbed Lexa’s hand as they walked. Lexa smiled to herself. They made it to the restaurant in good time, though they stuck the shadows as often as possible as Clarke’s skin seemed to be more sensitive then usual. Lexa didn’t mind, she already knew she was in far too deep so there was no point in worrying about what Clarke was. Clarke was Clarke, and that
was that.

As it turns out, Lexa was right in her teasing of The Skybox being a hipsters dream. The restaurant held an obvious futuristic vibe, with the circle windows, the grey metallic like walls, and the oddly American menu. It seemed more of a diner, with burgers, fries, steaks and a whole other variety of food that had even a vampire’s stomach grumbling. Clarke led the way in, as she went here often, offering a smile to the familiar waitress and guiding Lexa to her favourite spot. The pair slid into the red booth, a black table dotted in stars sitting between them. The waitress who Lexa learned to be named Fox came by, giving them both a menu and sending a subtle wink at Clarke when she saw the girl she had brought with her. Fox mouthed the words ‘good job’ before slipping into the kitchen to escape the blonde’s glare.

“I take it you come here often?” Lexa asked amused. Clarke dragged her gaze back over to Lexa, instantly losing its harshness.

“I guess you could say that. It’s the closest place with decent food, and when you have a bunch of mates like mine you tend to learn the nearest food sources quick.”

“I see.” Lexa smiled. Her eyes trailed down the menu. “Are you going to be eating?”

“I’ll just get a drink. They do a mean milkshake.”

“You like them?” Lexa questioned. Clarke shrugged.

“They’re not awful.”

“What does it taste like? For you I mean?”

“You curious?” Clarke said raising a brow.

Lexa’s cheeks flushed. “Well my only experience with your kind has been at the end of the stake, apart from our knowledge of a nightwalker’s weak spots, we don’t know anything.” The hunter explained, trying to ignore the nerves that were biting at her. “And well, I’ve always been curious but if you feel uncomfortable then I can stop and I won’t ask so much—“

“Lex,” Clarke chuckled, her heat beating softly at Lexa’s rambling. “It’s alright. You can ask away.”

“You sure?” Lexa asked, still hesitant. Clarke smiled warmly, reaching over the table and intertwining her hand with Lexa’s.

“I’m sure.” She assured. Lexa let out a breath she didn’t know she was holding.

“Okay—“

“But, it’s a question for a question. Deal?”

“Deal.”

Clarke grinned. “Alright then, ask away.”

“Favourite food?”

“Don’t really have one, everything tastes… bland. And god forbid, if I try to eat vegetables? Shit gets thrown up in a heartbeat.” She tried to keep the longing for her voice, the want to be able to taste again. “What about you?”
“Chicken Parma, or Gnocchi Bolognese.” She answered. “Though of course with an ungodly amount of cheese.” She added.

“Mandatory.” Clarke nodded.

Lexa fought her smile. “Favourite colour?”

“Green.”

“Blue.”

“What type of blue?” Clarke questioned.

“The blue of your eyes. Like the sky.” Lexa said, rubbing her thumb over Clarke’s. Clarke blushed, ducking her head.

“I’m being serious Lexa.” She laughed nervously. Lexa held her gaze.

“I am being serious Clarke.”

For the first time in a long while, Clarke’s heart was pounding in her chest. It should have worried her in some way, any way, but compared to the girl sitting in front her Clarke couldn’t give a damn. “I like your eyes too.”

Lexa let her smile reign and it was so beautiful and so rare it almost blinded her. The questions kept going. They started off simple and laid back, but as time went on they became deeper and more personal. Though it was obvious of the hesitance when this happened, of how it was like treading on eggshells, curiosity forcing each step down. Lexa had ordered a Chicken Parma which Clarke had smiled brightly at, a part of her ecstatic at knowing all these things about Lexa, about this girl who gave the earth a reason to spin. Clarke sipped at the milkshake, more out of politeness than anything (she knew she was probably going to throw it up an hour later) but she loved the taste, the distant hint of it. So even if her body would end up rejecting it, she drank it anyway to savour those moments when her taste buds dimly lit. When the food came their trail of questions stopped, though Clarke piped up here and there as Lexa ate, telling stories of childhood shenanigans. All it really did was make Lexa desperate to find a photo of younger Clarke.

Soon they finished their food and drink, Lexa leaning back lazily with a full stomach.

“I have to admit, that was pretty good.”

“Told ya’” Clarke winked. Lexa scoffed.

“Alright, alright, let’s not let that ego grow too big. I’m pretty sure one more compliment and it’ll collapse on itself and form a black hole.”

“Okay space nerd I’ll try my very best.”

Lexa threw a fry at Clarke which she somehow caught with her mouth. “So rude.” She deadpanned.

“I’m a rude person.”

“You are far from.”

Clarke’s heart fluttered in her chest. “So, would it be all right if I ask about your childhood?” she asked carefully.
Lexa shrugged. “It’s not very interesting. I don’t know nor remember who my biological parents were. I was adopted when I was four by Indra, who to me, is my mother and always be. Indra a year prior had adopted Anya, my foster sister. At heart the girl is a massive softy and she and Indra took care of me. They taught me how to fight, survive, live. They are the best family I could have ever asked for.” Tears welled in her eyes at the fond memories but she held them back. “We moved a lot, often it’d be a new school every year. Mostly it would be to ward off the nighwalkers in the area, staying the twelve months so we could kill them all and make sure they haven’t turned anyone else for when we leave. In primary school though, Indra was much more reluctant to move as she wanted the best for me and Ann. We stayed for much longer there.”

“Stayed where?” Clarke asked, completely entranced by Lexa’s life story.

“Small school, only round two hundred kids. It was tight nit; it’s where I met most of my friends and hunters who follow under me today. Nothing really interesting happened except for this particular day, I remember it was my first day there and I was in year three coming in halfway through, these guys were being assholes to this girl. You know just making of her and mocking her, and I saw her friends just watching, not really wanting to step in. God, it made me so mad.”

“I’m guessing you stepped in?”

Lexa smirked. “Damn right I did. My nine-year-old self walked right up to those fifth graders and told them to piss off. Although it was probably more along the lines of ‘stop it losers’ considering my limited insult vocabulary. But I said what I could anyway and I remember one of them laughing at me taunting like ‘what’s a girl going to do?’”

“Oh no,” Clarke giggled. Lexa’s smirk widened.

“Oh yes. I decked him right there. Got detention for a week and grounded for a month. I also learned just how much punching someone hurts, like damn.”

Clarke was laughing joyfully, it being contagious enough that Lexa joined in. Personally, Lexa would have thought it to be a crime to not laugh with her, her laugh being like velvet to ears. It was so perfect that she didn’t understand how someone could make such a sound. But what Lexa didn’t know, was that Clarke was thinking the exact same thing.

“So what happened to the girl?” Clarke asked, wiping the tears from her eyes from laughing so hard. Lexa’s laugh died down quickly.

“She was fine, we became close friends. After that we stuck like glue, doing almost everything together. She was my first girlfriend.” Lexa swallowed the lump in her throat. “She was Costia.”

“Oh Lex…” Clarke reached under the table, grabbing Lexa’s hand with two of her own. She trailed her fingers over Lexa’s knuckle. “I’m sorry.”

Lexa squeezed Clarke’s hand appreciatively. “You’ve nothing to apologise for.”

“If you say so.” Clarke offered a weak smile. Lexa returned it.

“Time to go?”

“Time to go.” The pair nodded and slid out the booth, Clarke secretly paying for the meal while Lexa went to bathroom as the blonde knew that she’d probably argue with her. Clarke snuck up to the counter, waving for Fox who came with a knowing grin.

“She’s hot. Gotta say, I’m impressed Clarkey.” Fox smirked. Clarke rolled her eyes.
“While I know there’s a compliment in there somewhere, I need you to be quick so I can pay before she gets back.”

Fox cocked an eyebrow. “Why?”

“She’s real polite so she’ll probably want to pay but I’m not letting her do that, so, be quick.” Clarke explained.

“Since when do you pay for a possible free meal?” Fox scoffed.

“Shut up Fox.” Clarke grumbled. The girl held her tongue, not wanting to push it too far. She rung up their meal and Clarke paid, a breath of relief escaping her as Fox handed her the receipt and Lexa emerged from the bathroom. She was confused for only a second.

“You son of a bitch.”

“You called?” Clarke grinned mischievously. Lexa shook her head, walking up to her and taking a quick glance at Fox.

“I take it you were in on this?”

Fox shrugged. “Hey, all I did was let Clarke give me money.”

“Thank for the meal Fox.” With that Lexa tugged on Clarke’s hand and they headed for outside, except before they had even made it to the door Lexa swore, half-running back into the building and to the front. She put a some money in the tip jar, and came back out. Clarke was grinning at her.

“Shut up.” Lexa muttered. She began walking off, Clarke following behind.

“Didn’t say a thing.”

Lexa looked over her shoulder. “Didn’t need too.”

Clarke beamed at her. “So where to now?”

“As much as I’d love to spend the day walking around and spending my time with you, I should get back to my people. Indra and Anya are probably having heart attacks about now.”

“Yeah,” Clarke said a bit deflated. “I suppose I should head back and make sure Raven hasn’t done anything stupid.”

“Yeah.”

“Yeah.” Clarke echoed rolling on her feet. The awkwardness weighed down on the air between them like a brick. Not being able to take it anymore, Lexa bit the bullet.

“Would you mind if I-“

“Yes.”

“…Walked you home.” Lexa finished. Clarke’s cheeks burned, and she lightly shoved Lexa backwards from the smug look on her face. Now, Clarke wasn’t really expecting any repercussions for a shove, especially not for an arrow to lodged itself into her shoulder. Clarke cried out from the attack, stumbling back and almost falling over from the sudden impact. Lexa scanned their surroundings frantically, trying to find whoever had fired the arrow. She spotted them, rather her, running full speed for Clarke and roaring a battle cry.
It was Anya.

“No!” Lexa roared and with speed that took years to obtain she moved in front of Clarke, flicking out her leg last minute just as Anya powered towards her. Her foot slammed into her sister’s stomach, sending the dirty blonde to the ground with a groan. The wind knocked out of her, Anya eyes saw red but before she could even lift the stake in her hand, someone was on top of her, a knife at her throat. “Don’t you dare.” Lexa growled.

“Are you insane?” Anya yelled, struggling to throw Lexa off her with that damn knife right above her neck. “There’s a nightwalker right there! She was going to kill you!”

“Clarke is right there, and you shot an arrow at her. Something that I will not be forgetting anytime soon.” Lexa snarled. Anya relaxed slightly, her face full of confusion.

“But she’s-”

“A vampire, yes. I know.”

“You know?” Anya gaped. “And you’re still with her?”

“I am.”

Anger replaced the confusion fast. “What hell is wrong with you?”

“Nothing.” Lexa seethed, getting off her sister and standing near Clarke. She made sure the blonde was behind her. “Laksen em en ai na frag yu op.”

“Seriously?” Anya scoffed.

“Sha.” Lexa replied, the rage thick on her tongue.

“Lexa I don’t know what the hell has gotten into you but I suggest you get rid of it fast.”

“What’s gotten into me,” Lexa hissed, stepping right up to Anya. “Is the urge to beat you till you can see nothing but the red of your blood.” Lexa muttered. Anya’s eye bored into hers, the feelings of anger like a suffocating force, clogging up her throat. Though within an instant softness replaced the harsh fire, concern flashing in the jaded green as Lexa spun around at the sound of Clarke whimpering. She scrambled over to Clarke’s side, scanning every bit of her. Clarke was sweating like crazy, which was strange, considering all it had been was an arrow. Lexa touched Clarke’s jaw gently, forcing her to look in the eye. “Clarke what’s wrong?”

“Burning,” Clarke half-grunted half-panted. “Pain… everywhere,” before she could get out another word her knees buckled and she fell to the ground. Lexa snapped her gaze on Anya.

“What did you do?” she spat. Anya flinched, not expecting the coldness from her tone.

“Poison. It slows them down, but it can’t kill.”

“Give me the antidote.”

“I don’t have the antidote, there isn’t one. It’s for nightwalkers, it would kill a human.”

Lexa was shaking with barely restrained fury. “How long does it last?”

“Not long.”
“I don’t want a ‘not long’ I want a fucking time. How long?”

“I don’t know! Normally their dead within seconds after being hit!” Anya exclaimed. Lexa looked back to Clarke, saw how she was clearly biting back her cries of pain. Lexa gripped the dagger in her hand with her knuckles white, not trusting herself she threw the knife as she could from her. You know, just in case she accidently killed Anya. Just as Lexa was about to get up and drag a whimpering Clarke to Nyko, a gust of wind blew, blowing open Anya’s jacket and revealing a small vial of a purple liquid. Lexa frowned before the realisation hit.


“There isn’t one.”

“Giv ai op!” Lexa demanded. Anya growled her defiance, but reached to the vial strapped to her. She handed it to Lexa, who snatched it from her hand. Lexa crouched over by Clarke. “Here Clarke, I need you to drink this.” She said softly. Clarke nodded weakly, allowing Lexa to pull her back up and pour the liquid in her mouth. Clarke struggled to swallow, the liquid being disgustingly, but she did so anyway and soon found the agonising pain in her veins retreating. She almost cried in relief. “There you go, you’ll be okay,” Lexa smiled brightly, unable to stop her grin. She pulled Clarke into a tight embrace, resting her head over her shoulder. “You’re all right, you’ll be okay.” She mumbled, gently stroking her hair. Lexa took a shuddering breath. “You’re okay now.”

Anya watched in complete disbelief of the entire exchange. She had never in her life, seen Lexa so upset and angry about someone like that since… shit. Since her. She watched as Lexa clung to the blonde like she was the only thing in existence, that the only thing that would keep her here was this single person. And Anya saw that Clarke hugged her in the exact same way back. Anya’s eyes nearly bulged out of head. Was this why Lexa had been so happy lately? Because of Clarke? Because of… a vampire? She shuddered at the thought. But, it was more than a thought. It was a reality. Her sister was in love with a vampire.

The hell was she supposed to do?

Nausea plagued her gut and she fought to keep herself balanced. That is, until the vampire moved and got closer to Lexa’s neck. Instinctively she reached for her stake, but her grip soon loosened, as she watched the vampire merely tuck away a few strands of hair, and then hug Lexa tighter. Her senses told her that there was no essence of something sinister or dark in the motion, nothing malicious. It was just… affectionate, calming. Real. Anya internally swore, realising that she really didn’t have a say about who Lexa would date, and that it seemed, she was going to date this vampire. And she could do nothing about it. Against everything, the thought made her laugh.

Lexa was in love with a vampire.

He watched with buzzing skin as the sun finally abandoned the skies, the wonderful darkness replacing the light. With shaking hands he adjusted his shirt, the act so oddly human it made him smirk. He was spending too much time with them it seemed. The smirk darkened. Well, a particular human that makes his own empty soul cringe. A deranged growl erupted from behind him, the vampire spinning around with a sigh to find one of his men arguing with another. Though, snarling and hitting would be a much better word for it. It always took much longer for the new ones to learn how to speak again.
“Hey,” Pike snapped, the two men shutting their mouths but not breaking their stares. “I need to look
professional, so I’d appreciate it if you’d all shut the hell up.”

“Taunt…” one of the men growled, his eyes black with that familiar red in the centre. Pike rolled his
eyes.

“Stop being a child and get over it. I have people to impress.” He warned, the reaper finally seemed
to get the message and backing down. Pike looked back out to the front, his eyes landing on the large
glittering stone sitting in the middle of the grass landing, the towering trees arching in a circle around
it. Pike and his five reapers were waiting near the centre, the deadly vampire growing anxious as the
minutes ticked by. They had agreed to a meeting, but if they were stupid enough to have backtracked
on the deal then there’s no doubt in hell that he’d tear them all to shreds. And make their children
watch. The image of the possible-slaughter-to-be made him smile. A branch snapped from behind
him. “I see you’ve finally come.” Pike grinned, not bothering to turn around.

“We have.” A masculine voice answered. The reapers spun around, thankfully not speaking a word.
In a deliberate sign of disrespect Pike casually wandered a few steps, slumping down on the stone.
Walking towards him were the highest members of The Ark, more commonly dubbed as the
Council. When the group edged what seemed to be close enough, the five of them spread out, Abby
Griffin in the centre.

Her face was as cold as ice.

“You called for a meeting Pike. What is it you want to say?”

“Oh Abby, I thought we were past formalities,” Pike smirked. The older woman clenched her fists
from behind her back.

“We are not friends Pike.” She gritted out, clear rage and disdain in them. It only made Pike’s lips
widen.

“Are you sure? After everything I’ve done for you?” He cocked his head to the side. “Everything
I’ve done for your daughter?”

“Don’t you dare speak of her,” Abby snarled, an arm flipping out and snatching her own. Marcus
Kane shook his head slowly.

“Do not let him goat you Abby. He thrives off it.” He warned, his eyes flicking over to Pike’s
reluctantly. The vampire licked his lips.

“I’m still surprised they let you in Marcus. Two humans in an alliance of vampires? A hunter
even? Who’d you suck off for that gig?”

“Enough!” Thelonious Jaha snapped. Marcus took in a shaky breath. “Pike, if you’ve called us only
for childish insults then I suggest you leave and take your unearthly vampires with you.”

Pike sighed. “I suppose you’re right, though you can’t blame a man for a little teasing can you?”

“Speak fast Pike. We have better things to do then talk to an excuse of creature like you.” Marcus
spat. Pike didn’t seem the slightest bit phased; instead he got up from the ancient rock, striding right
up to the hunter’s face.

“All bark Marcus, all bark.” He whispered. Marcus’s nostrils flared, Pike took a step back, his eyes
roaming over each of the council members. “Now for the reason why I called you all, I have news.”
“And the need to call all of us for something you could have told one was?”

“It’s about Wanheda,” Pike grinned. As expected, all five of them froze. But Pike was only looking at Abby. He watched her swallow. “She’s back.”

“If by Wanheda you mean Clarke’s attempt at reliving her father’s name,” Jaha clarified, his voice holding an undeniable shake. “Then you’re wrong. Clarke has no idea of her origins or of what she is.”

Pike clicked his tongue. “Been keeping secrets have we?” he teased. He was still watching Abby, looking nowhere but her.

“Clarke has been acting strange this week yes, as I’ve told the council. But she still doesn’t know.”

“So you talked to her last night then?” Pike pushed. Abby bit her tongue.

“Abby?” Jaha questioned, noticing her silence. “What is he talking about?”

She remained silent, her eyes shining with the rage of a storm at Pike.

“Abby?” Marcus questioned as well. At his words, her resolve slackened.

“Last night…” she took in a sharp breath. “Last night I got a call from Raven. According to her, Clarke lost it.”

“Oh she did more than lose it,” Pike interrupted. All eyes turned to him.

“What did she do?” Jaha asked, fear wrapped in his voice.

“Nothing.” Abby snapped. “She attacked Raven and Octavia, that is it. She spent the night with them after it happened. Raven has it handled.”

“Don’t forget the Commander’s presence,” Pike added. Everyone flinched as if they’d been hit.

“The Commander was with her?” Jaha breathed.

“Oh yes, but don’t worry, she didn’t kill her. Or your Raven for that matter. From what I here, she helped her even.”

“What?” Jaha exclaimed confused. Abby cursed herself for being stupid enough for giving Pike a chance while Marcus shifted uncomfortable on his feet. It actually made sense if the Commander had been there, considering his meeting with her the other day. Clarke had introduced her as a friend. She was close with her obviously if the Commander was letting this ‘friendship’ grow.

“According to my sources, it seems Clarke and the Commander are quite the pair. Very close even.” Pike noted. An idea began to form in Jaha’s mind.

“You’re lying Pike. Clarke wouldn’t be stupid enough to go near her.” Abby hissed.

“How would she know when you took her memories?” Pike countered. Abby lunged at him then, her fist smashing into Pike’s jaw.

“Abby!” Jaha scolded, roughly grabbing her by the shoulders and throwing her back. Pike laughed, wiping his cut lip with the back of his hand.

“I must say that was quite a good shot,” he chuckled. “I’m surprised you made it.”
“I will destroy you in a heartbeat Pike, I hope remember that.” She muttered. Jaha lifted his hand.

“Quiet. Pike, you say they are close?” he asked.

“That’s right sir.”

He turned to Abby, “It might be wise if we use this to our advantage.” He pondered.

“You believe him?” the mother gaped. “Are you insane?”

“I’d be insane not too. He knows the risks of calling us, he knows his very, very thin relationship he holds with us. He wouldn’t waste it just to tell lies.” Jaha defended.

“Actually that sounds exactly like something he would do.” Abby growled.

“I am the Chancellor,” he huffed. “What I say, we do. And I say we believe him, and that we consider using Clarke to manipulate the Commander. Maybe even get her someplace isolated so we could kill her.”

Abby blinked. “You want to what? Do you want Clarke to die?”

“Of course not-“

“The Commander would know the second something is wrong, she’d slit Clarke’s throat without even thinking.” Abby fumed. “And you want to send my daughter on a suicide mission just because Pike of all people said so?”

“Abby, I think we should possibly consider this,” Marcus interjected. She snapped her furious gaze on him. “I’ve seen them together. What Pike is saying is true.”

“So?” Abby cried. “She’s possibly friends with the Commander, so what? If anything we need to get her away from her, not closer!”

“Abby, this is the opportunity we’ve been waiting for,” Jaha went on, trying desperately to convince her. “We can finally take out our biggest threat, be free of the hunters!”

“Or they’d be even more pissed for killing their leader and kill us all as payback.” Abby snarled. The older woman and man kept arguing, insults flying back and fourth as they spat. Pike was grinning wildly, loving how everything was panning out. It didn’t go unnoticed. As Abby and Jaha roared Marcus watched Pike, saw the gleam in his eye. He wanted this. Wanted them to fight. There had to be something else.

“Tell me,” Marcus ordered, lifting his chin at Pike. The grinning vampire turned to him, his expression falling.

“What is it? What are you hiding?”

“What makes you think I’m hiding anything?” Pike teased. Marcus almost reached to the stake strapped behind him and slammed it into that disgusting’s vampire’s chest. Almost.

“You are. For your sake, I suggest you tell me.”

“Well how would you be able to hear me over all this shouting?”
Marcus took a shuddering breath. He turned his gaze over to the two other council members. “Abby, Jaha, stop shouting like children. Pike is hiding something from us.”

Marcus was surprised that his words actually worked. The air of the rage was replaced with dead silence, all trembling eyes on Pike. Pike was glad when he could spot anger in each one of the council members. He really did love getting them riled up.

“Now, I haven’t been hiding things. You simply interrupted me before I could finish.” He said.

“Get it out with then.” Abby glared. Pike bowed sarcastically.

“As you wish.” He stared her in the eye. “Clarke killed a human.”

It was like setting off a bomb.

Each pair of eyes widened, and after a second of stunned silence, the outrage exploded from each of them. One of the council members Hannah Green snarled, her eyes melting to black along with Jaha’s. Pike’s smug grin fell from his face and he jumped to his feet in preparation for an attack, his reapers tensing and adjusting their stances as well. Though everyone’s fists clenched tightly, the knuckles begging to meet bone, no one moved. The shouting’s of disbelief over, Abby took a deep breath.

“You have no right to make such an accusation at Clarke. For that reason alone I could have you killed.” She threatened. The most newly turned of his reapers growled low, warning her to step back. Pike raised his hand.

“Quiet.” The reaper stopped. “This is not an accusation, it is a fact.”

“You son of a-“

“And might I add, I have the body to prove it.” Pike finished, not letting Abby interrupt. Marcus’s features were blank.

“You have the body?” he asked empty. Pike nodded. “You are absolutely positive we’ll find Clarke’s DNA on it?”

“Completely.”

Jaha sighed deeply, dragging a hand across his face. “If what you are telling Marcus is completely true, and you will promise to bring the body to us before sunrise…”

“I will.”

“…Then you’ll need to tell us how you know this. Why she did it. You understand this is very unlike her, she’s never killed since her memories were taken.”

“That’s not true.” Abby whispered. All eyes turned to her shocked, except Pike, who was merely intrigued.

“Excuse me?” Jaha scoffed. The mother’s sight remained downcast.

“A year after… the incident… on the anniversary of the day I looked back over it.” She explained uncomfortable. “I had my doubts, very small ones since the beginning but I pushed them to the side. For a single day, as respect for the girl, I didn’t ignore them. I… I don’t think Clarke did it.”

Dumbfounded, Jaha could hardly speak. “You’re saying that for over a year you’ve known that-“
“Clarke has never killed an innocent. Someone had set her up.”

“And you’re telling me this now?” Jaha growled. Pike smiled brightly.

“Oh the reason for that is obvious,” he grinned. Abby glared at him. “You see, I think Abby here is a tad bit ashamed of herself.”

“Shut up Pike.” Marcus barked. Pike raised his hands.

“Hey I’m just saying there boy toy, to have your daughters memories taken for a mistake you made? Sheesh, even I would feel a small tug of guilt from that.” He laughed. Marcus took a step forward but Abby gripped his arm, pulling him back. She shook her head slow, clearly disheartened.

“He’s right Marcus.” She mumbled. “Though I do regret my reasoning for taking her memories, I don’t regret taking them. It’s kept her safe, safer, and that’s the only thing I care about. Now, if that’s all, I think this meeting’s done.”

Everyone seemed to relax at that, their shoulders slacking. The sun was completely gone, only leaving the beauty of the nighttime skies. In habit he checked over his men, noting that they are all seemed to be fine. Except of course the newbie, who was eyeing Marcus with a hungry stare. He scowled, mostly at himself for bringing along someone so loose around humans. Not wanting to cause more trouble than he had already, he clapped his hands together.

“I agree, I think it’s best I be off.” He clicked his fingers and the reapers began edging backwards, Pike himself getting off the glimmering stone. He offered them his trademark smirk. “Council.” They all nodded at him, though some were much stiffer than others.

“Pike.” Abby barked. He tilted his head at her. “I want to see the body, now.”

The vampire smiled. “Follow me.”

It was midnight and she was still here. Though really she didn’t mind, she was more worried about Bellamy’s reaction. Octavia scowled. He really needed to get his boundaries over her in check soon, or things will probably backfire along the road. But right now, Bellamy wasn’t at the forefront of her mind – the dirt threatening to pile in her lungs was. Octavia grunted, trying to dig her fingers further into the dirt wall, aiming her head at her chest as the specks of brown dust tumbled down on her. Indra, like always, was standing at the top of the pit. She was watching intently as Octavia desperately tried to escape the hole in the earth, having told she could use nothing but her wits and strength. The girl was obedient and did as told, though that didn’t mean she was doing so great in other categories.

They had been here for three hours. Indra could see the girl was starting to weaken. She was half way up, clinging to the roots and slowly but surely hauling herself up. It had taken her a long while to find the certain amount of pressure she had to push against, how much she could depend on holding on to strangling roots and how much she had to use of her own. Though Indra wouldn’t voice it, the girl was doing well. Very well actually. She had made it quite far, the furthest she’s seen (excluding Lexa and Anya) someone go. But then again, there was the fact that the girl was a werewolf.

She had been trying to make their trainings much tougher since she had learned. Although Indra was
mad at first for not being notified immediately, she soon learned that the girl herself didn’t know. Which, in her opinion, was extremely reckless and dangerous. The girl agreed but left it at that, saying there was nothing more that she could do except live with what she was given. And what she was given? Raw, animalistic power. Now though it may sound like every man’s dream, the short temper that went along with it was beginning to grate at her. Indra saw Octavia’s footing slip, the girl swearing as she frantically tried to dig her foot back in the earth. It wasn’t working. Not supporting enough of her weight, the girl’s grip in the dirt wall was slipping as well. Her eyes bulged as she realised what was about to happen, how she was going to have to start all over again. For the sixth time. Octavia growled deep in her chest, the sound startling Indra, and with a gasp she watched as Octavia flung herself up in one strong pull and then cling to the wall like a spider, only to kick off the wall with the momentum she had and practically running up it. Octavia collapsed to the wonderful, wonderful flat grassy ground. She almost moaned.

“Os hana Oktevia. We are done for today.” Indra said.

“Thank you Indra,” Octavia panted, clearly breathless from the climb. “Could you uh, maybe help me up?”

Indra smirked, the rare motion hidden by the dark. “Sha strikon.” The older woman strode over, delicately hauling Octavia up and onto her feet. The girl winced.

“Thanks, I can walk back from here.” With shaky steps, she managed a few metres forward. Slowly, her legs began to work again, and she soon found herself walking with a slightly-limping-but-not-quite pace to where her stuff was. She passed the ring and leaned down with a sharp intake of breath as she grabbed her bag, swinging it over her shoulder and standing back up. Her knees protested, tweaking with reluctance but she ignored it. She headed for the for the exit, internally groaning at the distance, when someone came in her view. And not just anyone someone. “Heda,” she quickly mumbled, nodding her head. Lexa’s face was impassive.

“Get in ring Oktevia.” She said. Octavia frowned.

“I was just leaving…”

“You can leave after you get into the ring. Now.” Her tone was harsher than before. Not quite knowing what to do Octavia nodded dumbly, walking back over and slugging off her bag. She got in the ring, ducking under the red wires.

“What’s going on?” Octavia asked nervously. At that a devilish smirk pulled at Lexa’s lips. The Commander got in the ring, taking off her cape and shoulder guard, going down to just a grey shirt and shorts. Black face paint dripped around her eyes, making her look terrifying.

“We’re going to fight.”

Octavia’s eyes widened. “Hold on-“

“I’m going to see if you’re all you’re marked up to be Octavia. See why Indra speaks of you so fondly.”

“She speaks of me?” Octavia asked hopeful. She was rewarded with a kick to the stomach. She staggered back; shock and frustration clear as day on her face. “What the hell?” Octavia snapped. Lexa didn’t answer, instead taking another shot at Octavia. This time though she was expecting it and the younger fighter managed to block it. Realising that she was actually going to have to fight her, Octavia edged closer to the Commander, the two girls circling each other. They were like wolves, their eyes deadlocked and footing light. Octavia’s own wolf was riling up inside of her,
sensing something from the way Lexa was looking at her. There was rage in them, a coldness that made bones shiver. Lexa lunged at her in the blink of an eye, the girl like a shadow as she moved and dodged, hit and struck. She was like night itself, blending into the dark and popping back out, landing a flurry punches to the girl's stomach then landing a hard round house kick to the face. Octavia did get a couple shots in, but Lexa was clearly better trained than her and though Octavia did beat her in strength, she did not in skill. Octavia rushed at her but Lexa slipped under her like water, sweeping out her leg as she did and sending Octavia plummeting to the hard ground. Knowing the shit-storm she was in if she didn’t get up Octavia scrambled up maniacally, but Lexa was faster. Lexa pressed her knee against the girl’s throat.

“Le-Lexa,” Octavia gasped out. Lexa growled and pushed harder, watching as the girl struggled to push her off. In her peripheral vision she saw movement and her head snapped up to see Indra storming her way over.

“Leska!” Indra snapped. “Ban of em!”

Lexa ignored her. Indra continued shouting but it was easy to block it out, and as Lexa saw Octavia’s face bleed red, she leaned forward, her face inches above the girls. A mask of complete utter coldness and mercilessness covered her face.

“If you ever hit Clarke again, I will rip you limb from you limb while you are alive, so you can feel every muscle that I tear from your body.” Lexa muttered. “Do you understand?”

Octavia nodded, feeling the growing temptation of unconsciousness nag at her.

Lexa smiled, and it was the scariest thing Octavia had ever seen. “Good.”

“Lex get off her!” another voice called. It was Anya’s. Feeling like she had gotten the message across Lexa leaned her leg off the girl, watching coldly as she instantly gasped for air, coughing hysterically. Lexa merely strode over to the other side of the ring and put back on her clothes. Indra and Anya jumped into the ring, rushing over to Octavia’s side.

“Are you alright Oktevia?” Indra asked gently. Octavia nodded, still lying down and savouring as much air as she could. Indra bit back her smile of relief.

“You good wolfie?” Anya questioned, throwing a quick glare at Lexa. Lexa shrugged back at her.

“Yeah, yeah I’m fine.” She breathed.

“What the hell happened?” Indra growled. She stood up, Anya joining her. “Lexa?”

She turned to them, now back in her gear. She looked directly Anya. “Simply a warning.”

Anya sighed as she realised what Lexa was implying. “Really Lex?”

“Yes.” She walked past her, purposely bumping into her shoulder with a surprising amount of force. Anya saw as Lexa strolled down to their place, not a sign of regret on any of her features. Anya glanced to Octavia.

“Well, at least you didn’t shoot an arrow at her.”

Chapter End Notes
i love badass lexa so much you dont even understand
btw im going on a little camping trip for a few days and im going to see dingos so, if i
dont update it means ive either died from happiness, or a spider bit me.
or a snake, or i went into the water, or i brushed a plant..
bloody australia

~traaaaaanslations~
Laksen em en ai na frag yu op - Hurt her and I will kill you
Sha - Yes
Giv ai op! - Give it to me!
Os hana Oktevia - Good job Octavia
Sha strikon - Yes young one
Ban of em! - Get off her!
Would It Change Your Fate?

Chapter Summary

this is it ladies and gentlebabies, hold on to your gay asses cause its about to get GAY

Chapter Notes

yall are gonna kill me and i apologise in advance
SIDENOTE: check out this fic that my girlfriend is writing, id love you all so much if you did!!
http://archiveofourown.org/works/8208341/chapters/18807482

(also listen to this song: Civilization Epic Rap by Dan Bull for that Full Immersion)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The sun was rising. Soft light was slowly filtering into the room, the beams eventually finding the lithe female figure lying on the bed. But it wasn’t the sudden sun that had woken her up, or the screeching laughs from the birds nearby, she had already been awake. For a while. Lexa groaned, rubbing the tiredness out of her eyes and sitting up. When she’d gotten back after that fight with Octavia she’d instantly collapsed into her bed, but that didn’t mean she rested easily. She had had a nightmare, one that she hadn’t had in a long, long while.

She dreamed about Costia’s death. It startled her, soon confusing her as why her mind was reminding her of it, of the thing she tried so hard to forget. Though a small part of her knew. A small part of her knew that she was terrified the same thing was going to happen to Clarke. But Clarke was a vampire, which surprisingly reassured the hunter. She could protect herself if she wasn’t there, she could at least defend herself. Except that brought up an entirely different issue, the issue of Clarke being able to defend herself too well, to accidently slip into the ferocious beast that hid in the depths of her being. Normally the Nightwalkers that she kills are already there, relishing in that place, a place of no remorse, no conscious, only the desire to kill and survive. Where feelings hold no place and fear is a distant dream. She had rarely seen Nightwalkers who hadn’t let themselves go, who’d somehow held on to their fading morals with a death grip, a stubborn refusal to let that last part of them go. But Clarke was like that. Raven was. It was like seeing an entirely different breed.

One of whose only goal is existing. One of whose only goal is living.

How many had she killed not knowing that? How many vampires had she killed… who were trying so desperately to be human?

Did they still deserve to die? Born and bred as killers, having to live on live blood to keep them above ground, yet they still had their own individual hopes and desires. Had families, places they wanted to go, memories and longings. Should she consider them as people, or the beasts that she always had?

It was questions like that that didn’t let her rest.
Lexa lazily swung her legs over the edge of the bed, her head hung low. She shut her eyes tight, denying the useless tears that tried to make themselves known. Could she still lead her people, could she still follow the traditions that had shaped her entire life? Or would she have to destroy that just to ease her conscious?

“Too many fucking questions.” Lexa growled, her words only heard by her. Getting off the bed she strolled to the oak framed window, sliding up the panel and gazing out. She let the light breeze wash over her, let the morning air sink into her skin and rid her of all her doubts, all her fears. God, what she would do to stand here forever. She took a deep breath through her nose, a faint smile tugging at her lips as she picked up the scents and smells of early morning. She loved it, loved it so much. The tight ball in her chest lessened, its strain slacking. Suddenly it wasn’t enough. Just standing by a window wasn’t enough. Determination in her emerald eyes Lexa lifted up the glass panel as high as it could go, easily hoisting herself through the gap. She was on the top floor of her and her sister’s house, so as the hunter eased herself outside she made sure to grip tightly to the window ledge, clinging on to it desperately. Anya had incredible hearing thanks to her more supernatural tendencies, so she had to be extra careful. She dared a glance downward, the path of grass that circled the house greeting her. It seemed that she had the gift of green fingers, because wherever they went no matter what, grass and plants would always grow near them. When Lexa had given gardening a shot on one empty Sunday afternoon, it had felt like the easiest thing in the world. It pissed off Anya, as she had about as much luck with gardening as a cat had at barking.

Lexa sucked in a sharp breath, feeling her fingers beginning to shake. She really had not planned this through. A thought came that she should just go back inside, go back to bed or make breakfast, but then a warm breeze brushed against her, as if begging her to stay out. But she couldn’t get down without waking up Anya, and then she’d have to deal with a concerned older sister, and probably a verbal beating for what happened last night. With a sad sigh, Lexa began hauling herself back up. But then she heard a voice in her head, one that would appear every now and again. Jump. Jump? She couldn’t, the house wasn’t too high but it would definitely hurt her ankle, possibly sprain it if she slipped. The thud would be too loud. Jump. She shouldn’t jump, but her head still looked downwards once more. Maybe if she landed on that patch over there, where the grass was thicker. It could muffle the sound. Jump. She needed to be outside, just for a moment, just to let the morning sun warm her face. If only for a heartbeat, so she could feel some peace. Jump.

Lexa jumped. And without her knowing, the ground itself dipped as her feet touched, softening the landing and sparing her ankle of any pain. Lexa frowned.

Barely a sound, barely a thump.

Well, at least the world was feeling kind today.

Dusting off her bare knees Lexa headed to her favourite spot. Few were up at this hour, and the workers that were merely bowed their heads at her and scurried off when they got too near. The look on her face had some stumbling for safety. Lexa wandered through the base, her gaze flowing over each of the houses and buildings, a part of her instinctually taking note of everything. Eventually she reached the very back of the base, where an old watcher tower stood. Before this place was a food court, it had been holding ground of some sort. For historical reasons they kept the aged watch tower, turning it into easy Tourist Spot. Using the key that only she knew where it hid, a tight cramped hole in the brick wall, Lexa opened the door. She slipped in, gliding up the spiraling stairs like a silent shadow. Quickly she found herself at the top, taking the emergency passageway to the roof.

She looked over her base. Her people, her life. Her used-to-be everything.
But what was it now?

Her stomach plummeted and Lexa meagerly walked to the edge, slowly sitting herself down while letting her legs idly swing over the ledge. She closed her eyes, letting the senses and smells take her somewhere else that wasn’t here. Anywhere that wasn’t here. It didn’t work. With a huff she opened them, her eyes lifting upwards and finding the forest far beyond. A yearning to be there tightened her throat but she managed to push it off, mainly focusing on just the sight of it. So Lexa sat, and she watched the dreamlike sky blend and mix with itself, colours spilling into others as the true morning climbed to its usual pedestal. It seemed as if she was watching a dance, like the clouds and skies were deliberately acting so beautiful as a distraction for her. Lexa watched with an aching heart. She didn’t know how long she had been up there, just sitting and watching the day awaken. It could have been ten minutes; it could have been an hour. The only reminder of reality was when a cold wind tickled her bare arms, a line of goose bumps rising from the phantom touch. She blinked, bringing herself out of her daze. The sky was blue now, the blood of the morning long gone. Begrudgingly she pulled herself to her feet, a slight shiver running through from only wearing a grey tank top and shorts. She cursed herself for acting so rashly, but a part of her reveled in it. Loved the subtle reminder that she was here, she was fighting – that she was real.

As if the earth was worried the girl was going to go and never come back a warmer breath of wind passed through, calling her to stay. But Lexa shuffled down the steps; soon back on the ground and putting the key back in its place. Strolling back to her home she noticed that more people had woken up, the sounds of metal clanking as swords clashed, the shrill shriek as the blacksmiths forged, the hesitant smell of baked goods wafting past her. Pride swelled in her chest, wiping away the doubt that lurked. Not all of it, but enough that her head no longer drooped. Lexa walked to the side of her house, knowing and hating that she hadn’t brought her key. Though then again she had climbed and jumped out of a window of all things so, forgetting her key wasn’t really the weirdest thing to have happened this morning. With a sigh to herself Lexa tilted her sight upwards, taking a few steps in preparation to run at the wall and jump, hopefully giving her the height to latch on to something. It’d probably wake Anya up, so she’d have to be quick and jump into her bed as fast as can so she could feign sleep.

“Here goes nothing.” Lexa murmured. With a few pump of the legs her foot found the wall, and with a grunt she pushed. In the precious seconds she had air borne her eyes caught sight of the open window ledge. She flung herself at it, her hand just snatching on to the wood, herself wincing from the pressure she had to put on it to hold on. She latched on with a second hand and with a few grunts heaved herself up and through, resting her belly on the ledge whilst the top part of her was in the room. Slowly, she let her arms extend to the floor and crawled forward, her arms holding her weight. It was then that the door slammed open, scaring the absolute shit out of Lexa.

“Fuck!” Lexa yelped, her arm slipping from the scare and face planting into the ground, the rest of her following. She heard a snicker.

“Smooth. You know I almost didn’t come check on you, figured an elephant was just walking by.” Anya smirked. Lexa muttered something under breath, pulling herself up to her full height. She scowled at Anya.

“Thanks for the help by the way.”

“Ever heard of a door?”

“I thought you were asleep!” Lexa exclaimed, throwing up her arms exasperated. Anya merely raised a brow.

“And you thought waking everyone in a two block radius would avoid that?”
“You know next time I won’t go the lengths to let you sleep in.” Lexa glared.

“You don’t give two shits if you wake me up,” Anya scoffed. “You just wanted to avoid talking about what happened last night.” Guilt rippled in the green of her eyes. “We need to talk Lex.” Anya said seriously.

Lexa sighed, knowing she was made. She’ll pick the lock next time. “There is nothing to talk about.”

Anya’s face darkened. “Yes there is. You beat up Octavia for no reason. That calls for a talk.”

“It wasn’t for no reason.” Lexa muttered. Anya pushed herself from where she was leaning against the wall. “She hit Clarke when she was weak, hurting. And Clarke didn’t even stop it, she let her. Let her punch without regret. It wasn’t right.”

“What you did wasn’t right.” Anya snarled. “You can’t just beat up anyone who hurts her.”

“Yes I can.” Lexa snarled right back, stepping up to Anya. The older sister growled deep her chest, her iris glowing a subtle orange. Lexa wasn’t intimidated in the slightest.

“You’ve been acting reckless and you know it. I don’t know what’s going on with you but it needs to stop. Octavia is part of our people now, whether you like it or not, so you’ll treat her so.” Anya tried to hide her sharp intake of breath. “You need to apologise to her.”

Lexa shoved her sister roughly, her knuckles deathly white. “How dare you.” She hissed. “How dare you insult me like that.”

“I’m not insulting you Lexa.” Anya said, seeing the fury in her eyes. Her own anger snapped at her like an impatient dog, begging her to unleash the bottled up emotions inside. “I’m merely stating, that you’re seeming to forget that we kill vampires and not our own people.”

Lexa completely stilled. “You think I don’t know that?”

Anya stood her ground. “No. Not anymore. You’ve been so caught up in teenage hormones that you’re forgetting you have people to lead. Have you forgotten the attack of the reapers two nights ago? Have you even bothered to think of what that actually means? Of how many there were, of the possible chaos it could bring?” She fumed. Lexa was too still. “Or have you been thinking about that stupid blonde vampire?”

Silence answered her. Lexa’s burning gaze never left Anya’s, the words weighing down in the air like a physical force. But Lexa didn’t speak, and in all honesty that scared Anya the most. Though it may seem like she was pushing it too far she wasn’t, it was simply the truth. They had to focus on the reapers, on their duty, not dinner dates. After what seemed like centuries, Lexa spoke.

“Do you want to know the last time I truly smiled Anya?” Lexa whispered, her breath trembling. Anya’s heart broke.

“Lexa-“

“Do you?” Lexa snapped, her voice like a whip. “Because I didn’t, not for a long, long while. And do you want to know when I finally remembered what a smile of happiness was?” Anya swallowed, hard. She shook her head. Lexa smiled like the devil she was, taking steps forward until she was breath away from Anya’s empty face. “Our first day at the new school, when Clarke smiled at me.”

Anya’s voice was cracked. “We have people to protect. A duty to serve.”
“And I want to be fucking selfish for once!” Lexa roared, shoving Anya once more. Her back hit the wall with a smack. “I want to be selfish. For once. I’ve lost everything for this bloody cause, for living a life I didn’t get to choose.” Lexa spat, the ire clear in her eyes. “I’ve given up everything that matters to me just to keep us going. I’ve ripped myself apart, messily stitched myself back together if only to be destroyed all over again for my people. And I’d do it again, like I always. Do.” She was shaking, tears running down her cheeks. Anya was holding in her own, her knees wobbling. She kept herself standing. “I just want to be selfish.” Lexa sobbed, her own resolve breaking. “I just want to know what its like to be happy again.” Light shone through the open window, the warmth of the sunrays touching her back, as if extending a warm hand. “Please Anya.”

“I’m sorry,” she croaked. Her eyes snapped shut, tears dripping from her eyelashes. She took in a shaky breath, and opened them. “I’m sorry.”

She left the room without so much as another breath.

Lexa didn’t move, her body seemingly numb and unable to do anything. What Anya had said had struck her to the core, in turn ripping out the words that were buried so deep inside of her. So deep she didn’t even know what she was saying. But she knew it was all true. Her knees gave way from the weight that was seemingly lifted from her shoulders, as if the bricks on her chest had crumbled to dust. For the first time in a long while, Lexa wanted to be selfish. She wanted to keep Clarke, she wanted to show her the world, she wanted to tangle her hands in her hair and kiss her from nightfall to daybreak. She wanted all the things she never had, never let grow.

She wanted to be loved.

Somehow, it wasn’t the blinding, burning sun that woke her, but the slam of a door. Clarke’s eyes snapped open, a part of her thanking the gods that she was woken up. She’d been having a nightmare.

She had dreamed about the woman. It rattled her, soon enraging her as why her mind was so sadistic of reminding her of it, of the thing she tried so hard to forget. Though a small part of her knew. A part of her knew the guilt that would never leave her, and that dark, deep and buried sinister bliss. Bile rose up in her throat at the thought. The monster in her snickered. Clarke swung her legs over the bed, only wobbling a little as she found her feet. Raven and Octavia had gone home last night, and there was no chance in hell that either of them had come back at such an ungodly hour. Maybe Octavia, considering how athletic she was and her new alliance with the hunters. But Bellamy had texted her last night saying he wanted the day with her, and that unless it was the apocalypse itself then she shouldn’t make any plans with her. Though honestly, she knows that plan isn’t going to work in the slightest. But Bellamy is a late sleeper, so Octavia must still be at home.

And if it can’t be Raven or Octavia then who could it be?

Clarke crept over to her desk, pulling out the drawer and grabbing the mysterious dagger from inside. A strange sense of calm briefly washed through her, like the blade completed some part of her. She brushed it off. Clarke quietly wedged open her door, opening it just enough so she could slip through. She tiptoed down the stairs with feline grace, the act of sneaking up on someone so uncomfortably easy and natural. She heard shuffling in the kitchen, the sound of the fridge door swinging open. Clarke poked her head out from the stairwell, her eyes landing on someone going through her fridge. Going through her food. It angered her more than it should have, probably some bullshit territory thing or something. Gripping tight to her dagger Clarke took silent steps towards whoever was in her house. The dryness in her throat unnerved her, but it wasn’t near as bad as it had been last week. It was only slight. She kept repeating to herself. The urge is barely there, you have
control. She edged closer, the icy cold tiled floor prickling her bare feet. But the moment she turned round the bench and the scent of them stung her nose her entirety froze. She almost dropped the dagger.

“Mum?”

Abby yelped in surprise, dropping the milk she was putting into the fridge. “Jesus Clarke you scared the daylights out of me,” she breathed, clutching her heart. Clarke swallowed, hard. Too much anger burned through her, too much fire danced in her veins. She had been avoiding her for weeks, doing quite well actually, timing it so she rarely ever even caught glimpses of her. Mainly it was out of spite but it was also out of fear, fear of this exact moment. Fear of the rage that loosened the shackles of the creature she was, the rage at her father’s death. She was terrified of the bloodlust that was sizzling the ends of her fingers.

“What are you doing here?” she choked out, her iron grip on the dagger shaking. Each breath gave her more of her scent; let more of that tainted smell into her lungs. She was panting, restraining herself as best she could. Abby frowned, standing up. Her daughter’s trembling eyes followed her.

“I live here believe it or not,” Abby chuckled. “Are you okay?” she asked, the tension coming off Clarke in waves.

“I’m fine.” Clarke grunted. God, just seeing her so close. Memories of Abby consoling her just after Jake’s death flashed in her mind, the memories of her mother lying over and over to her face, saying it was accident. That it couldn’t have been stopped. That nothing could have changed it. She bit her cheek so hard that it bled to stop the growl from leaving her throat. “I thought you had work today?”

Abby sighed, rubbing the back of her neck nervously. Clarke forced her attention from it. “I’m taking the day off.”

“What?” Clarke asked, the confusion slightly dulling the anger inside of her. The nervousness in her mother’s eyes slipped away, leaving a much more somber look. They were full of sorrow and regret. This only increased Clarke’s confusion.

“We need to talk Clarke.” She simply said. Clarke was silent. “I know about—” Abby froze. “Where did you get that?”

“What?” Clarke said dumbly. Abby’s voice was petrified, the purest darkest form of fear infecting her words.

“Where did you get that Clarke?” Abby hissed, pointing at the dagger. Clarke’s eyes widened. Shit.

“I… found it.”

“What.”

That rage trickled back in. “In the backyard.”

“No you didn’t.” Abby snapped. It took all of Clarke’s mental strength not to snarl. “Where did you find it Clarke?”

“Why do you care?” Clarke countered, wanting so badly for Abby to admit it. Wanting to hear the betrayal from her own mouth. “It’s just a knife I found. I thought you were a burglar.”

“That dagger…” she seemed to struggle to breathe. “It was your father’s.”
Clarke’s own breathing stumbled. “Why did he have a dagger?”

“I know you killed someone Clarke.”

The floor dropped from beneath her. She staggered back, the dagger falling, falling, falling until it landed with a clunk. The world swayed. “I-I didn’t.”

“I saw the body Clarke.” Abby growled. Despair shone itself in her eyes. “I saw the body.” She repeated, her words now barely above a whisper.

Clarke blinked back her tears. “Did you kill Dad?”

“Excuse me?” Abby scoffed. She let out a strangled cry. “Clarke I would never-“

“The ledger, the book on The Ark or whatever. I-It’d said he was a sacrifice. He was given as peace or some shit.” Her voice turned so, so cold. “You signed off on it.”

“Clarke…” Abby whimpered. She reached a hand out, but Clarke flinched and jumped back.

“Tell me you didn’t. Tell me…” her own voice shattered. “Tell me you tried to stop it.”

A harsh sob wracked its way through Abby’s shivering body. She opened her mouth, but no words came out. No words could come out. Because Clarke had told her to tell the truth.

“No…” Clarke breathed. Abby’s head dropped, tears freely flowing down. “No, no, no-“

“I’m so sorry Clarke. But, he had killed someone. He was on thin ice anyway. The hunters were closing in, we needed a diversion, something to throw them off.” Clarke couldn’t think, her head was spinning. She wanted to run, to run as far away as she could; but her legs wouldn’t move. Blood dripped from her fists from how hard she was clenching. “You have to understand, we have to think of everyone Clarke. We can’t- it’s everyone. Individuals can’t exist. He… he knew he was dead the moment he relapsed. He went willingly.”

“Please, stop.” Clarke whispered shaking her head.

“Jake was a good man.” Abby assured, her eyes ringed in red. “I loved him so much. I still do, but you have to understand. It had to be done Clarke. He was the only one.”

“Shut up.” Clarke muttered, refusing to meet Abby’s desperate gaze. Her mother reached for her, her hand wrapping around her wrist.

“Please, believe me Clarke, there was no other choice-“

“He was your husband!” Clarke screamed. “He was my father. He was our family.” Clarke slapped away the contact, Abby’s face fracturing as if she’d been shot. “You destroyed our family. You killed him, you signed his death wish. And then, oh and then,” Clarke hissed, a red haze clouding her vision. “You had the audacity to make me forget. You then destroyed me. You took away what I had left of him.”

“Clarke I-“

“You ruined everything!” Clarke roared, her voice cracked and raw. “Everything I had, everything I was, you fucking took away. I don’t know what’s real; I don’t know what to even believe. Because of you, I killed a person. Because of you, I took an innocent life. Do you even understand that?”

Instead of edging back Clarke went forward, Abby backing up from each deadly step she took. “I
didn’t know what was happening, what to do. All I could feel was the urge to kill. Do you have any idea how disgusting that is to feel?” she seethed. She kept walking forward. “I was so desperate, so hungry, and so lost. I didn’t know, I didn’t bloody know. And it’s all because of your hideous selfishness that makes me sick to my core. You’re the real killer. You killed Dad. You killed me. And now, you killed that girl.” Abby was shaking so violently it was a miracle the woman was still standing. Her back hit the fridge, and she cowered to the corner of the room. Clarke closed in on her, her eyes completely black. “So what do you have to say for yourself mother?” Clarke spat. Abby gulped.

“I’m so, so sorry Clarke. I’m just… so sorry.” Abby pleaded. The roaring in her veins began to die down. “I should have told you, I should have. I just, I couldn’t. I loved him, I loved him so much, and I let him die. I was ashamed Clarke, I still am.” Abby’s neck glowed red. “Please, you have to believe me. I didn’t want to, but I had to. There was no other choice.” She could see the veins in her neck. “Clarke please, I can’t… I can’t lose you too.”

Clarke edged closer to her mother, to the person who had betrayed everything. Who had aided in the murder of her father. Who had stolen her memories. Who had lied to her for years of what she was. And Clarke smiled, revealing the tips of her fangs. “You’ll never lose me,” she purred. Her claw-like nails traced the slope of her neck. She brushed away the hair in Abby’s face and then leaned in close. “Because I was never yours to lose.”

She left the room without so much as another breath, snatching her dagger off the freezing floor and leaving behind a shell of her mother.

She’d made it about two steps out the door before she threw up.

Her entire body was shaking, her mind spinning with too many thoughts to count. A part of her didn’t want to believe it; a part of her didn’t believe when she’d initially found out. It was just a signature; it didn’t truly mean her mother had sanctioned it. But now she had heard the words she didn’t know if she wanted to hear. A sickness toyed with her stomach, a ball of molten flame clawing at her heart. Clarke staggered down the street, her vision blurred. But it wasn’t only shock and despair that lingered there, she could sense something dark and twisted clawing its way up. Breaking through the mental barriers made to keep it below. It snaked its way into her bones, stripping away the remains of her humanity that clung to her so desperately. Clarke realised this is what it felt like just before she tried to kill Octavia.

She ran, ran so fast the ground below had trouble keeping up with her. She had to get out, had to get far, far away. What if she killed again? Normally the thought of it has her sprinting for the nearest bathroom, but now, it’s like watching the shadows themselves grin. And she hated, hated so bad that the smallest part of her was even excited at the prospect. Clarke ran so fast she wounded up at Raven’s front door in mere minutes. Her knuckles pounded against the door, the wood rattling on its hinges from the force. Clarke anxiously waited for Raven to answer, feeling more and more of her slip away, the thing inside of her taking up the missing space. Inside she heard a variety curses, a thump of what she’d guess to be Raven tripping, a few more curses, and then finally the sound of her running for the door. It swung open seconds later, revealing a very frazzled looking Raven. The girl frowned, taking Clarke’s obviously nervous from, her hands actually shaking.

“What’s wrong?” she asked, forgetting her insults she was going to say at Clarke for waking her up so early. Her head started pound, as if in retaliation for not letting the thing inside of her free.

“I had a fight with Mum this morning and, well, I’m pretty sure I’m on the verge of a killing spree.” Clarke saw the slight confusion in Raven’s eyes. “Literally. I mean I’m actually on the edge of a killing spree. Now. You know, drink blood, full-on buffy vampire-“
“Okay, okay I get it,” Raven interjected, lifting her hand. Reality smacked into her like a truck. “Alright just, take deep breaths. You just need to calm down all right? Sometimes us and our… vampire selves can be like separate entities, but they are connected. You just need to calm down and everything will be fine.” She assured. Foreign anger sizzled her skin. “Calm down? You’re solution is to just calm down?”

“Clarke this will pass, it happens to the best of us. Just stop for a second, think. Be calm.”

She tried. She really did. She closed her eyes, forcing herself to take calming breaths. Inhale, exhale, inhale, exhale, inhale… what was that smell? Her eyes snapped open, her head whipping behind her to spot a man jogging, headphones blocking out the rest of the world. Something ancient and sinister grumbled inside of her. He wasn’t going to fast, she could easily catch up to him. If she was quiet and he didn’t notice then it’d be even quicker, though maybe she could let him run for a bit, just to see how much-

“Shit,” Clarke swore, shaking her head in attempt to rid herself of those disturbingly taunting thoughts. Her throat was like a desert now.

“Clarke when was the last time you had blood?” Raven asked slowly, watching with growing concern as Clarke stared at that jogger. Though at the mere mention of the word Clarke’s wide eyes were on her in a heartbeat.

“Blood?”

“Yeah… when did you last have some?”

Clarke swallowed, hard. “Two nights ago. Friday.”

Raven’s face softened. “Well you’re probably just going through a little withdrawal, it’d explain why you’re so wound up.” She frowned. “Though you should be able to ignore it, I don’t know why you’d struggle with that.”

“Well the point is I am,” Clarke snarled, the sound a little too animal-like. God it felt as if her blood was on fire, everything roaring at her to run, to find something, do something. And it was becoming harder and harder to resist, to not just turn around and chase down that jogger. Clarke’s terrified as to what she’d do next.

“What does it feel like?” Raven questioned, making Clarke tilt her head confused.

“Well… it just feels like I’m at edge, like all it’d take would be one little push, and I’m gone. Like there’s something inside of me that wants to get out to… to kill.” Clarke explained, her voice shaking. But not just because saying it out loud scared her more than she’d care to admit, but that speaking itself was becoming increasingly difficult. Clarke looked up to see a mask of fear and concern on her friend’s face. “What is it?”

“That’s…” Raven shook her head at herself. “That’s not normal Clarke.”

“Is anything normal at this point?”

“No I’m being serious. Something’s wrong.”

Clarke choked back the fear creeping up her throat. “Well I think our priority right now is that I’m about this close to sprinting down the street, taking a right and taking that jogger so if you have any ideas, I’m open.”
“How do you know he took a right?”

Clarke turned her head, taking a deep drag of the air. She hated that her head swam at the distant scent of human. Of sweat. Of-

“He went that way. I can smell it.” Clarke confirmed, determinedly dragging her gaze back to Raven. She was staring at her with her jaw dropped. “What?”

“You, you shouldn’t be able to tell that from here.” Raven breathed. Clarke stiffened.

“Well, I can. Now can we move on before I go all Dracula on someone’s ass?” Clarke urged, feeling the beginnings of a strange warmth build in her stomach. Seeming to finally snap back to the situation at hand Raven nodded, more to herself than Clarke.

“I don’t have any blood here right now, the hospitals been getting a little suspicious lately with the disappearing bags so… the fastest and best bet would probably be to hunt for it.”

Clarke’s head popped up like a meerkat. The beast inside of her howled in excitement. “Hunting?” Clarke echoed, trying her best to fight the smile forming on her lips.

“For animals,” Raven quickly clarified, not quite trusting the glint in Clarke’s eye. “Like deer, rabbits, shit that isn’t human.”

It made her angrier than it should have. “Okay. Lead the way.”

She did.

- 

Raven couldn’t lie and say she wasn’t loving this. Couldn’t say that she wasn’t loving hunting with her best friend again, doing the things they hadn’t done in so, so, long. Because she was. She was loving every god damn second. They sprinted through the forest, Raven after so long being able to let herself go, to be free. It was exhilarating. The pair slowed to a stop, a small creek sitting in front of them. Raven walked up to it and crouched down, inspecting the prints in the dirt. Curious, Clarke crouched down next to her.

“What are you looking at?” Clarke asked.

Raven looked up at Clarke surprised. It was the blonde who had taught her how to hunt, how to track. She pushed away the stinging in her heart. “Tracks.” She pointed to one she had spotted below her. “Something big-ish came through here, probably a deer.”

“Is it close?” Clarke perked up. Raven failed to hide her own excitement. She was hunting with her best friend again. She was doing the things that she hadn’t done in so long…

“We’ll follow the tracks, they seem to follow the creek. Hopefully we’ll get close enough to catch its scent, then we’ll be golden.” Raven grinned.

Clarke grinned as well, though it was shaky. It was taking nearly all of her mental strength not to just give in to the battle inside of her, to stop fighting back against that darkness. But she didn’t. She couldn’t. “Let’s get moving then.”

They followed the line of the creek, sticking close to the trees as mostly Raven kept an eye out for the tracks. Though the further they moved down the more Clarke got the hang of it, probably her subconsciously finally kicking in, because soon she was taking the lead and not Raven. In all
honesty she didn’t truly mind, or at least the vampire in her didn’t mind. It was obvious Clarke was born a leader, but she was more than that, that human trait passing on through death. She was an Alpha in Raven’s black eyes, and finally falling back into that pattern of Clarke taking lead, it weirdly calmed Raven. A part of her at least. Clarke suddenly stopped, flicking out an arm just in time to catch Raven.

“What is it?” Raven whispered. Clarke was staring forward. She slowly bent her knees, Raven mimicking.

“It’s near,” Clarke murmured, her eyes still trained forward. Raven frowned. She sniffed the air.

“I don’t smell anything.”

“It’s faint,” Clarke encouraged. She was still looking forward. “But it’s there.”

Raven didn’t like the strange darkness in Clarke’s voice, that hint of something else hiding underneath. It sounded off, wrong. Raven nodded, Clarke somehow seeing and taking it as an indicant to keep moving. Their steps barely crunched the leaves below, more like a breeze of wind then two teenagers stomping through the forest. And Clarke glided through the trees, through the flickering light that blinked above, honing in on her target with an unnerving ease; though the doubt left quick. The thing inside of her was right at the edge now, banging against the trapdoor that would lead to it’s control, the sound like war drums in her ears. But Clarke kept stalking. She kept her feet moving, she kept her eyes clear, and something like triumph brightened her face as there, far up ahead, was the head of a deer nipping the grass.

They stopped only for a moment, Clarke throwing a quick glance to Raven. Her friend nodded, confirming she had seen what Clarke had seen. Raven gave her a devil’s grin and Clarke eagerly returned it.

The pair crept forward towards their prey, not a false breath leaving either of them, Clarke letting her entire body relax. The sight of the animal, the promise of blood seemed to calm the raging storm in Clarke, because the monster inside retreated ever so slightly, giving faith to it’s host. It was so close now. The deer was idly standing by the creek, its focus on the grass it was eating from. The area it was standing in was mostly clear, save for the few stubborn bushes peppered around it. Clarke and Raven reached the edge of the tree’s cover, realising they would have to either creep up incredibly quietly on open ground, or run for it and catch it by surprise. Clarke’s blood burned at the idea of a chase. Swallowing the primal growl that itched up her throat, Clarke flung out an arm at Raven, indicating for her to stay back. Raven frowned, shaking her head. Clarke’s face hardened in a way Raven had never seen before, the blonde looking like a stranger.

“Mine.” She muttered low, so low Raven barely caught it. But she did, and from the underlying threat in her voice, Raven stepped down. Clarke lowered her arm, her features relaxing and looking like her best friend once more. Weird. Clarke stared back at the deer, ever so carefully slipping out of the cover of the trees. Raven anxiously stayed behind.

‘Faster, faster, faster,’ a voice inside of her head chanted.

Clarke’s blue eyes melted to a pure, soulless black. She was a hundred metres away. Her fangs now sat snugly over her bottom lip. Ninety, eighty, seventy. The deer lifted its head. Sixty, fifty. The deer shifted uneasily on its hooves. Forty, thirty, twenty. The deer spun its head around, its eyes locking onto Clarke’s. It held her gaze for what barely counted as a second, and sprinted. Clarke was expecting it though, and the vampire used all the strength she was pouring into legs, and sprang.

Raven gaped at the sight of Clarke soaring through the air just a moment before the deer moved. She watched as Clarke landed with deadly efficiency on its back, the panicked movements of the deer’s
attempt of flipping her off. But it was useless because a breath later Clarke wrapped her arms around it’s head, and twisted.

They crashed into ground, the deer’s legs instantly giving way. Raven stumbled out from where she had been hiding, staggering over to the fallen animal.

“You good Clarkey?” Raven questioned, deliberately using the fond nickname. Just in case Clarke was gone. The seconds weighed on, Raven’s dead heart freezing over, before with a gasp Clarke’s head popped up from under the deer. It was on top on her, the body of the deer lying over Clarke’s belly. With a few grunts she managed to pull herself out from under it, jumping back up to her feet. Raven merely raised a brow.

“I’m fine,” Clarke breathed. Raven bobbed her head. There was a gap of silence, of the two girls staring at Clarke’s kill. Eventually Raven brought her gaze up to Clarke’s.

“You killed it quick.” Raven commented. “It was a mercy kill.”

“And?”

“I thought I lost you for a moment. But you seemed to have found your way back.” Clarke stared at Raven blankly. “I’m glad.”

Clarke gulped. “Me too.” There was another breath of silence, but it was soon broken as the dryness in Clarke’s throat flared, reminding her of why she had even killed the deer. And like a spider the beast inside crept along her veins, bleeding into her system, begging for nothing more than for her to drink the animal dry. Clarke sank to her knees over the deer, letting her hand gently graze across its neck. Raven appeared crouched at the opposite side, the two girls on either side of the deer’s outstretched neck.

“You ready?” Raven asked. Clarke didn’t answer, instead leaning down and biting hard into the deer’s jugular. Red splattered her shirt but something primal had taken over her, blocking out any other signs of the outside world, leaving only the blood that she greedily gulped down. Her eyes nearly rolled to the back of her head in the bliss that consumed her, but she didn’t as she realised this wasn’t near as good as that human’s blood.

Suddenly the blood tasted wrong in her mouth, the taste of it foul. She spluttered it out, her hand instinctively flinging out and covering the bite where blood was leaking. Clarke panted breathless, looking to the right of her to see Raven hadn’t even noticed, still engulfed in her own world as she drank. Pain sliced her stomach, her body angry at its loss of food. So Clarke took a steadying breath and pushed away the thoughts of two nights ago. The high that she felt hours after. The strength that flooded her limbs. The near drunk state that she bathed in. She ignored it all, shoving it to the back of her mind in a cage and swallowing the key. And then, darkness on her tongue, she drank until stars plastered her vision.

Lexa paced back and forth in the dimly lit room, biting her finger. Anya sighed from besides her, letting her head fall back in the chair she had been sitting in for over two hours now. Indra, Lincoln and Gustus stood around the edges of the room, all of them watching their Commander pace and pace and pace-

“Lex!” Anya snapped, stopping Lexa in her tracks. “For the love of god please stop fucking pacing

“Shof of Onya!” Indra scolded. “You will not speak to her that way.”
Lexa sighed, blowing out a breath with her hands on her neck. “No it’s alright Indra. I shouldn’t be pacing so much.” Indra still threw a glare at Anya who threw out her hand at Lexa, emphasising that she had said it was okay. Indra still glared at her. “Do we have any other ideas?”

“Heda, I believe you already know what needs to be done.” Gustus said quietly. Lexa’s burning gaze bored into his.

“I told you. We’re not doing that. It’s too dangerous.”

“But not for us,” Indra stepped in. “She’d be well guarded anyway, she wouldn’t be alone for a second.”

“I said no.” Lexa growled. Lincoln said nothing, his expression blank while fury lit itself up in Anya’s eyes.

“She’s a vampire Lexa. Have you not realised that?” Anya spat. Lexa clenched her fists, not stepping back as Anya pushed herself out of her chair. The scrape of wood and stone echoed in the room.

“I have. What you’re not realising, is that she’s not dangerous.”

“Please,” Anya scoffed. “She’s a killer. You think I didn’t hear about that body you tried to have moved?” Lexa paled. “Yeah. That one. Tell me, was it her?”

“Anya…” Lincoln warned, hesitating to intervene. The dirty blonde raised her hand at him.

“Was it her?” Anya repeated, her now yellow eyes searing into Lexa’s. But Lexa was strong, and her face was as stoic as ever, not giving the slightest hint of what she was truly feeling. Only her eyes gave her away, the cold rage that burned in them too bright to smother.

“It was Pike.” Lexa snarled. “He brought her the girl and forced her. Now she must live with that guilt for the rest of her life. And I will not let you send her into an obvious trap and get her killed for nothing.”

The room sat still. Indra had her hand on her sword, noting how close Anya was to Lexa. Though she had practically raised both of them, Lexa was her priority, and she wouldn’t let Anya hurt her. Anya raised her chin, taking a few steps forward till she was a mere breath away.

“When this goes to hell, it’s on you.” Anya muttered. And then she left, gone as quick as the words left her mouth, left Lexa holding her own hands tight to hide the shaking. Anya slammed the door close, a crack slicing the stone. Lexa could only stare at the door, at her sister’s resentment that she could feel to be building.

“Heda.” Lincoln said, bringing back Lexa’s attention. She looked at him, her face unreadable. He cleared his throat. “I believe we should send our best scouts for him. If we could get word on at least where he is, we can set off and track him ourselves, hopefully leading us to his home. Once we find it, we come back and plan an attack.”

Lincoln let his words sink in, watching Lexa closely as she considered his idea. Indra’s and Gustus’s scowl obviously showed they disapproved, but they didn’t say anything. Slowly, after a long while, Lexa bobbed her head.

“That may actually work Lincoln. Mochof.” Lincoln bowed, understanding what she was truly thanking him for. For making a plan that didn’t involve using Clarke as bait. Lexa’s icy stare found Indra’s. “Prepare a team, I want this quiet, only people you trust with your life. They leave in an hour.” Indra nodded, leaving her place and heading off to complete Lexa’s orders. “Gustus-“
“We cannot trust her Heda.” He warned warily. Before Lexa could shout at him though he had disappeared from the room, following Indra in what he’d know would Lexa’s orders. He was right, because he didn’t see Lincoln running on after him. With a sigh Lexa turned back to Lincoln. He smiled at her warmly, coming up to her and resting a hand on her shoulder.

“Everything will work itself out Lexa. I promise.” He said, squeezing Lexa’s shoulder comfortingly. Lexa smiled back appreciatively.

“Thank you Lincoln. Find your gear, you will leave with the scouting party.” Lincoln nodded, removing his hand and strolling for the door. Except just before he left he stopped, holding out the door half open.

“Oh and Lexa?”

“Chit yu gaf?”

Lincoln smirked. “Remember, that one bites.” He winked. Lexa’s eyes widened, her cheeks blooming red.

“Lincoln!” Lexa hissed, though she knew that he meant it without harm, there was no malice in his voice. But Lincoln was already out the door, and Lexa heard him cackling as he sauntered on away, And for a moment, Lexa let herself smile.

For a moment, Lexa thought of that blonde and just where exactly, she’d bite.

She had lost track of time. It wasn’t surprising, considering her head was swimming and her eyelids were hooded. She thinks Raven stopped a bit ago, having noticed that she was starting to get a lot more down her throat quicker. She didn’t really know how, but she knew she was reaching her limit, that soon she’d be completely full. Though something about that limit didn’t seem like it was enough, like there was another voice in her head, pushing to keep going till the deer was absolutely devoid of any blood at all. But what was worse was how tempting that voice seemed to be. She felt herself just reach that limit, and keep going.

Raven blinked a couple times, wiping her mouth with her shirt lazily. It had been a while since she’d last hunted and actually succeeded, so her head was still hazy, her body swaying slightly. She had been ignoring her own over Clarke’s health lately though, and only did she realise how bad she wanted it as well. She’s probably actually lucky that Clarke came round about to go all Jack the Ripper on someone’s ass. Raven frowned, looking over to her friend to find her still drinking. She should have stopped by now.

“Hey Clarke,” Raven mumbled, her words slurring a little. She shook her head in an attempt to clear it. “Clarke.” She repeated, this time her words clear. Clarke didn’t react. Her finger’s didn’t feel as numb anymore so Raven crawled up to shaky legs, carefully but untimely clumsily stepping over the deer’s neck. She sunk to her knees next to Clarke. “Hey, that’s enough. It’ll be really weird if the locals find a deer like this.”

Once again, Clarke ignored her. Worry replaced the haziness in her mind. “Clarke I’m being serious. Stop.” Raven reached out a hand and tried to tug away earning a growl from her. “Quit it Clarke we’re done.” Clarke growled again, louder. With a huff Raven pulled herself to her feet. She sighed. “Well, can’t say I didn’t warn you.” Raven backed up a few steps, Clarke still oblivious, and then charged at her. Their bodies crashed, Clarke’s fang being forcibly ripped from the deer’s neck, the
flesh tearing. Instantly Clarke whirled onto Raven, her eyes flashing bloodlust. But before she could do anything, a hard slap snapped her head to the side. “Clarke!” Raven hissed, grabbing Clarke’s wrist and pulling them down. To Raven’s wonderful surprise, Clarke’s jaw dropped.

“…Ow!” Clarke exclaimed, clearly offended. “What the fuck Raven?”

“You’re what the fucking me?” Raven growled. “You were about to kill me!”

“Was not.” Clarke scoffed.

“Was too.”

“I wasn’t!”

“You were!”

“Argh! Okay so maybe I had like the slightest urge but that was because you quite literally tackled me to the ground and ripped me off my kill!”

“Yah, because you needed to stop.” Raven glared. Clarke forced her mouth shut, staring at her fidgeting feet. “Clarke I know you felt the limit and you… kept going.”

“I didn’t…” Clarke took a moment to gather her thoughts. “I knew it was there, but, some part of me just wanted to keep going. Right until… right until there was nothing left.”

Raven swore. “That’s not normal Clarke. Something’s… there is something seriously wrong.”

“With me?” Clarke asked, her voice small. The hard lines on Raven’s face disappeared. She swallowed, hard.

“Yes,” Raven breathed. Her words trembled. “It’s probably why you killed that girl, there’s something… off. Something wrong. But we’ll fix it,” Raven promised, her eyes wide with hope. She grabbed Clarke’s hands tightly. “I promise Clarke. We’ll fix you.”

Clarke blinked back her tears, forcing a watery smile. “I know.”

The woods groaned, and Clarke quickly withdrew her hands from Raven. She stepped back, the beast that was rallying inside of her now finally at bay, sated, for now. She glanced at the body of the deer next to them, staring into those lifeless eyes. Every kill, every time she ended a life, she felt something inside of her break. Though yes, the monster in her reviled in it, the clinging humanity recoiled, guilt bleeding into either her dreams or her thoughts. Slowly she moved back down to the deer, crouching down and stroking its cheek with a bloodied hand. The words she wanted to say lodged themselves in her throat, so with great effort, Clarke forced them out though they were barely above a whisper.

“In peace may you leave the shore, in love may you find the next, safe passage on your travels until our final journey to the sky.” Clarke gently closed the eyes of the deer and stood back up, her knees barking in protest. Raven was staring at her, her face unreadable. They locked eyes, and Raven nodded. Clarke almost broke down right there.

What she had just done, this hunting of this animal, it had reminded her of something. Something that she hadn’t fully comprehended until now.

She was a vampire. Not a human.
Her heart didn’t beat, her lungs didn’t breathe, her tongue didn’t taste. She would live forever in the body of a seventeen year-old, her body aging at a much, much slower rate. She would outlast the ones she loves unless she turned them, though now thinking on it; she could never do that.

Because from the true realisation of what she was, Clarke couldn’t find the strength to breathe.

She then remembered she didn’t have to.

Her thoughts swirled darker and darker, and Clarke almost let herself be pulled under, until a familiar scent trickled by. Her head snapped up, her previous train of thought lost. Raven looked at her curiously.

“What is it?”

Clarke frowned, taking a deep drag through her nose. There, that scent. A moment later a growl was on her lips, her eyes slipping back to black. Raven’s eyes widened, slipping on her feet as she stumbled after Clarke, the blonde running at speeds that shouldn’t be possible. Raven swore and cursed many times as she chased after her, mostly at herself because her head was still dizzy from the blood, her toe being an innocent victim to multiple stones and rocks. But Clarke kept running like the death himself was chasing her, and soon, Raven lost track of her.

Clarke skidded to a hault, her feet sliding forward on the dead leaves. As her eyes took in the scene before her the blackness in them disappeared. She frowned.

“Octavia?” She questioned aloud. In front of her Octavia was latched onto a tree, tediously trying to work her way up the wooden shaft. At her name her head whipped to the side, something like relief shining in them.

“Hey Clarke,” she smiled, her arms trembling. “What’s with the blood?” she asked slightly concerned.

“Hunting.”

“Ah,” Octavia nodded. She grinned. “What brings a pretty girl like you round parts like these?”

“What are you doing Octavia.” Clarke deadpanned. The brunette rolled her eyes from her friend’s tone.

“Well if you had eyes, you’d clearly see that I’m climbing a tree.”

Clarke just shook her head with a huff. “Because?”

“Because Indra told-“ Octavia was interrupted by a feral battle cry. Both heads snapped around just in time to spot Raven tackle Clarke to the ground. Raven slammed her arm up against Clarke’s neck, pushing hard.

“Gotcha.” Raven grinned. Clarke snarled viciously, her hands grabbing Raven’s arm in an attempt to shove it off. Octavia jumped down from tree, losing the height she’d gained, and charged at Raven. In a heartbeat Octavia snaked her arms around Raven’s waist and threw her off, the positions switching in that now Raven was lying on the ground, a hulking weight on top of her. “O?” Raven said confused as she recognised the person above her. Octavia frowned as well.

“Raven?” She didn’t have time to reply as now Clarke had smashed into Octavia, sending them tumbling into the ground. It was instinct, she had seen someone trying to hurt Raven and something had sparked inside of her, an urge to protect that she couldn’t fight. After a few seconds of
struggling, Clarke learned that she was on top of Octavia and not some attacker. This made her relax at least, loosening her grip. That is until Octavia snarled angrily from being restrained, her eyes burning yellow. The sound triggered something in Clarke because she snarled right back.

But then Raven barreled at them and slammed her back into the ground. Thoroughly confused Octavia scrambled up to her feet, frowning at the sight of Clarke and Raven tossing and turning in the dirt. She was also fighting the desire to join in.

“Hey!” Octavia snapped. They didn’t hear her. Growling under her breath about how stupid and idiotic her friends were Octavia stormed over to them. In one swift movement she crouched down and harshly grabbed both of them by the hair, pulling them away from each other. They instantly struggled against her grip, but they eventually stopped when they realised they were fighting each other for next to no reason. Honestly Octavia is surprised the pair even count as above the age of twelve. “You done?” Octavia sassed, eyeing them both.

Initially they both stayed stubbornly silent, until Clarke finally caved. “Yes.” She grumbled. Octavia turned her gaze to Raven, cocking an eyebrow. The Latina sighed overdramatically.

“Yes Mum.” She muttered.

“Good.” Octavia nodded. She let go of the back of their heads, the two girls wincing as she did.

“Geez when did you get so strong?” Raven growled, rubbing where Octavia had pulled.

“When my body ripped itself inside out and morphed into an entirely different creature.” She smirked. Raven thought for a moment, and then bobbed her head.

“Yeah that’d do it.”

Octavia gave her a feline’s grin, though it soon transformed into a scowl as the adrenaline from the brawl wore off. Her body was still recovering from yesterday. Clarke noticed.

“You right?” Clarke asked, watching with concern as Octavia massaged her stomach. Her hand stilled, instantly going to her side.

“I’m fine.” She said a little too quickly.

“What’s wrong?” Clarke said again, her voice now much more serious. Octavia swallowed.

“I told you I’m fine.” She growled. Raven furrowed her brows.

“No you’re not, what’re you hiding?” she questioned. Octavia snapped her gaze at her with wide eyes, soon narrowing them with a harsh glare. Raven merely mouthed ‘what?’

“Are you hurt?” Clarke asked, stepping forward and quickly scanning her body for any obvious injuries. Octavia scowled, instantly stepping back.

“No.”

“Show me.”

“What?”

Clarke moved so she was right in front of her, her blue eyes piercing into Octavia’s with a terrifying intensity. “Why are you lying?”
“I’m not.” Octavia growled, pulling back her lip. Raven merely *tsked*.

“Yeah hate to ruin it babe but you kinda are.” Raven added. Clarke snorted while Octavia’s cheeks lit up like a flame.

“One time Raven! It was one dream!” Octavia snapped, slapping Clarke on the shoulder when she saw she was holding in her laughter. Raven just did her trademark grin, mouthing ‘I’ll always wait for you my love.’ This of course, only riled up Octavia even more. “Oh I swear to god I’m gonna’-“

Octavia howled in pain, quite literally, as something pushed hard against her stomach. Right where the stock of her bruises were. She staggered back only for someone to pull up her shirt, revealing the blotched skin underneath. Both Raven and Clarke gasped. Octavia hurriedly pulled her shirt back down.

“Who… who did that?” Clarke breathed. Something so cold and dark swirled in her gut. Octavia didn’t answer.

“O,” Raven prodded, her tensed fists physically shaking. “*Who* did that?”

Octavia remained hesitant. She was worried, not for Lexa’s sake, but for Clarke’s. She had killed a person just a few days ago. She was far from stable. And from the wild look in her eye, that promise of bloodshed, she couldn’t trust that Clarke wouldn’t do something rash. Like murder. And though Lexa wasn’t exactly on her top ten list of favourite people right now, she was her leader, she couldn’t deliberately put her life in danger. “It was from training. It’s harsher for me since I tend to run around on four legs.”

“Bullshit.” Clarke growled. She was slowly closing in on her, like a predator to its prey. Octavia’s wolf grew restless from within her.

“It’s the truth.”

“O I know you heal faster than humans. I’ve seen it. You were attacked by Clarke two nights ago yet you’ve already nearly fully healed.” Octavia shifted on her feet uncomfortable. “There’s no way that’s from training. *Those* are the bruises of a beating. I’d know.”

Octavia’s face softened. “It’s… Look I can’t tell you. It’s not safe for…” she decided to take the plunge. “It’s not safe for Clarke. You have to understand. Trust me in that it’s nothing, alright?”

“Clarke you have to understand that you’re not the most… stable these last couple of days.” She clenched her fists.

“Settle down?” Clarke snarled. “Are you actually being serious?”

“Uh oh.” Raven mumbled.

“I can take care of myself. I don’t need to be handled with a fucking ‘fragile’ sticker on my forehead.” She seethed, forcing herself to take a calming breath. “I can take care of myself. I’m fine.” She said again, though this time much more calmly. Octavia and Raven shared a glance.

“Okay…” Raven said slowly. “Well you have to understand where we’re at least coming from. You
did kill someone Clarke. You don’t come back from that unscathed.”

Coldness spiked through her. “And I haven’t, but you two treating me like a baby, is just going to make it worse.” Clarke explained. She raised a brow. “We clear?”

The pair both huffed. “Crystal.” Raven grumbled.

With one issue solved, it was time to fix another. Clarke turned toward Octavia. “Now, tell me who did that.” She said. Octavia sighed.

“Clarke no. I can’t. We’re leaving it at that.” Clarke’s hackles rose. “It’s none of your business anyway.”

"Tell me who. Did. It." Clarke growled, her knuckles pale from clenching so hard. Octavia glanced nervously to Raven who could only shrug helplessly.

"Clarke listen, calm down and then we'll talk about it okay? I don't want you to hurt them because you don't know the whole story."

Clarke took a too slow of a step forward, the tension so thick it was like a ball of lead on everyone's chest, pushing and pushing. "So it was someone you know? Someone you don't want to be hurt?"

"Clarke come on," Octavia groaned. "I'll get my revenge on her another time alright? Can you just let me go back to my training? Indra will skin me alive if I don't."

The vampire's blue eyes lit up like a spark, only for those same orbs to freeze. "Llexa." She muttered low. "It was Lexa wasn't it?"

"She did that?" Raven spat, her sharp gaze whirling onto Octavia. The werewolf growled in warning.

"It's fine. Listen, let's all just forget this, and go on our way-"

"Where is she?" Clarke interrupted, her eyes too dark. The other two girls noticed, Raven's anger dulling to make way for concern.

Octavia gulped. "I don't know."

"Do not lie to me Octavia." Clarke snarled softly. Her friend's features hardened.

"You don't intimidate me Clarke." Octavia challenged. "Back down and go home."

It was like someone had poured lava all over her skin, burning her right down to the bone. Seeing Octavia with those bruises, knowing someone had done them, had dealt them… it made her madder than she thought possible. And learning that it was Lexa who dealt them didn't help. It made it worse.

She needed to find Lexa. Now.

Clarke stepped back, not invading the werewolf's space as much as she was before. Octavia's shoulders slackened slightly, a breath of relief escaping her. But Clarke was far from giving up. She shut her eyes tight, not letting a blip of light slip through, welcoming in the darkness that allowed her to focus on her body. On that scent, the pine and oak scent that drives her to edge of insanity, that scent that somehow excites her and calms her at once…

Clarke's head snapped to behind her, her eyes wide.
That's when the tugging sensation in her gut started.

"Clarke? What's wrong?" Raven questioned, glancing confused between the blonde and where she was looking. Something had shifted inside of her, a long forgotten presence that had finally found the strength to breathe. It readied itself in her chest, a slow sizzling at the tips of her fingers, an ancient jaw widening to let the Call echo through, her heart thumping to the beat of the mute song. But to Clarke, all she felt was an undeniable gut instinct of exactly where Lexa was. As if something was reaching out an invisible hand, pulling and tugging her along where its holder sat. And so she followed.

"Clarke wait!" Octavia called quickly following, Raven in tow, to wherever their friend was running off too. But Clarke didn't hear their voices. She could barely hear anything. All she could think of was Lexa, as if her entirety was just screaming her name, screaming and praying for a reply. She pumped her legs harder, the speed she was gaining easily rising to supernatural levels. The faster she pushed, the more ground she gained, the more she felt that weird feeling in her chest, as if a bomb was ticking inside of her. Like someone was hitting her ribs from the inside. She'd gotten used to it over the past week, and it only seemed to come out when she was around Lexa anyway so it couldn't be too bad. Clarke skidded to a hault at the edge of the forest, her brows furrowing. She sniffed to find the scent again. The tugging in her increased tenfold in response, practically shouting at her to go right. So she did.

Octavia and Raven tumbled on after their friend, Raven struggling a lot more than Octavia. It surprised Octavia, considering how vampires didn't even have to breathe, what was even the problem? Still, Raven lagged, and with an exhausted wave of the hand Octavia let her wolf soar. She soon found herself right at Clarke's heels, though she had to give it to her. Clarke was fast. But not fast enough. She followed her through the town centre, a blur of wind as they powered through, earning many quizzical looks from passers-by. Thankfully they didn't slow enough for their faces to be noticed. They tore through the centre, the local park, even past the diner that Octavia thought she was going too. She kept going and going, Octavia's nerves growing as she began to realise where Clarke was headed.

But she couldn't, could she? Octavia had scouted the place top to bottom, under Indra's order to 'put her nose to good use', so she knew that there were no lingering scents surrounding the base. She'd hidden them all this morning anyway. It'd be impossible for Clarke to even catch the faintest whiff of any hunters, especially Lexa. That was the one Indra had grilled her about the most, pushed her the hardest to learn to mask.

So how the hell did Clarke know where to go?

They entered the all-too familiar clearing, Clarke's steps finally slowing. The pulling in her chest was almost unbearable now, throwing out any ideas of rationality. She was mad, she was pissed, she was angry. But there was the tiniest of voices that nagged at her from the back of her mind, not her, not her, never at her. Clarke was finding it harder and harder to ignore that incessant nagging. She padded her way to what looked to be a junkyard. A dead end.

"Clarke," Octavia panted. "What's wrong? What's with the sudden love of Usain Bolt?"

Clarke shook her head. "Here, she's here but…" she scrunched her nose. "Where?"

"What are you talking about?" Octavia said uneasily, her skin crawling at how Clarke knew. How did she know?

"Lexa she's…" she took a deep breath, Lexa's scent like a beacon in the dark. She walked forward without really processing it, soon finding herself in front of a pile of junk, but with closer inspection
realised she could possibly fit through it. With a frown, Clarke did. She’d only just made it through the thin gap when a strong hand gripped her arm. Clarke spun around, instantly gripping the attacks wrist. She relaxed when she saw it was Octavia. The brunette didn’t let go. “O what are you doing?”

“We need to go back.” Octavia said, though Clarke sensed something about her voice off.

“Why?” Clarke questioned, snatching her arm back. Octavia shifted uneasily.

“It’s… getting late.” Octavia lied. Clarke just looked at her. She glanced upwards.

“It’s like, what, five o’clock? I have time to tell Lexa who the hell she has to answer to when she fucks with you.”

Octavia bit down the pride and gratitude that swelled in her chest. “You can’t Clarke. You’re not stable; you’ll do something you’ll regret. And I for one do not want an army of hunters killing us all.”

Clarke’s eyes darkened. “I’m not unstable. I’ll be fine. But you honestly can’t expect me not to do anything after seeing what she did to you.”

“Clarke don’t it’s not worth it,” Octavia pleaded. Clarke smirked.

“Trust me, it is.” With that she swaggered her way over to a massive iron door. Clarke pounded her fist against the door. The hatch slid open, a pair hard brown eyes staring her down.

“Chon yu bilaiq?” the man growled. Clarke grinned.

“I’m here to see Lexa.”

“You have no right to be here Clarke.” The man said, his voice cold. The fact that he knew her only unnerved her for a second. Octavia come up from behind her.

“Gustus,” she panted. “Sou nao em in.”

“Ku.” Gustus grunted. Relief bloomed on the young hunter’s face. Clarke glared at her.

“What did you say?”

“I said for him to fuck off.”

Clarke gave her a razor sharp smile. “What did you really say Octavia?”

This time, Octavia smirked. “I said for him to not let you in.”

“Ah.” Clarke nodded. She turned back to the door, seeing the eye hatch had closed. A devilish grunt tugged at her lips, and Octavia’s smirk dropped.

“Clarke whatever you’re thinking of doing—“

“It’s Gusts right?” Clarke shouted. The hatch slid open reluctantly, those harsh brown eyes returning.

“What of it?”

Clarke took a few steps backwards. “Get back.” His eyes widened, and a second later Clarke charged at her door, and kicked.
It flew off its hinges.

All heads nearby snapped onto the source of the bang, Clarke strolling through the gaping hole like nothing at happened. Octavia shakily followed in after, her jaw dropped to shock, similar to Gustus’s.

“So.” Clarke smiled. “Someone want to tell me where Lexa is?”

Lexa was reading in her room. Candles gave the room a warm glow, the flames offering hints of warmth here and there. Lexa herself sat on her bed, her back leaning against the wall. She was reading Empire of Storms, her shoulders tense, as the scene got more extreme, the enemies rounding closer and closer. She held her breath as her eyes trailed the words quick; anxiety building in her stomach, as it seemed like everything had gone wrong. It was when she was the tip of the last word, her breathing still suspended, when there was a frantic knocking at the door. Growling under her breath Lexa slid off her bed, stomping over to the door and swinging it open with a huff. Though before she could dive into her pissed off shouting’s, she saw the man was mumbling madly, repeating saying ‘sorry’ and ‘he tried to stop her’. Lexa shook her head, raising her hand.

“What are you trying to say?” Lexa sighed, fed up of only catching random words. He took a deep breath, trying to calm himself down.

“I-I tried to make her stay, w-we all did b-but then she just walked right in and—” the man was suddenly shoved to the side, his words cutting off. Lexa could tell it wasn’t hard, merely meant to startle him. Still panic set in her lungs and she instantly moved to find a weapon when out of all people she could have expected to turn up at her front door, Clarke did. Lexa stumbled back a few steps shocked.

“Evening Lex.” Clarke grinned, waltzing into her room. Lexa fumbled for words, shutting the door close behind her.

“Clarke? What are you doing here?” she breathed. Stopping in the centre of the room, Clarke spun on her feet. Her cocky smile dropped.

“We need to talk.” She stated, offering no room for argument.

Confused, Lexa walked towards her. “About?”

“About Octavia.”

“There’s nothing to talk about.” Lexa said. Anger, pure and untrained, burst in Clarke’s eyes.

“Yes. There is. You do not, ever, have the right to hurt my friends.” Clarke snarled. She stepped closer to Lexa. “Why did you do it?”

The world dropped from beneath her. Lexa opened her mouth, then closed it. She gulped. “It was training. Perhaps, I went a little too hard.”

“A little too hard?” Clarke seethed. Lexa struggled to keep her face impassive. “Don’t you dare bullshit me Lexa. Trust me, I am not in the fucking mood.”

“Octavia chose to join us Clarke. She chose to live all the consequences that come with that decision.” Lexa reasoned, but it seemed to only rile up Clarke even more.
“That was a beating Lexa. Not training or some shit. My Mum’s a doctor, I’ve been dragged to the hospitals too many times to count. I know exactly what those bruises look like.” She moved forward, their faces so, so close. “There was rage in those hits. Anger.”

Lexa swallowed, hard. Her throat was dry, her eyes fighting the urge to flick to Clarke’s lips that were so damn close. “Well you are mistaken Clarke.” Despite herself, Clarke shivered at the way Lexa said her name.

“Why? Tell me why you threw punches like that? Is it because she’s a werewolf?” she shoved the emotions that forced their way up her throat down. “Is it because she’s like me, not human?”

Lexa’s face softened. “Clarke. Believe me, that is far from it.”

“Then why? Because I’m not leaving here until I get an answer.” Clarke said defiantly. Lexa stared into Clarke’s eyes, finding herself being pulled into them like she always does. Clarke had come all the way here, found her at her home, just to yell at her for hurting her friend. Sure, Lexa didn’t like the whole ‘being-the-object-of-Clarke’s-anger’ thing, but it was just so… Clarke. And it was this girl, this one, impossible girl, that had destroyed everything Lexa had build only to replace it with gold. With something she never thought she’d ever feel again.

With love.

Lexa took a deep breath. She’d been denying it; she’d been pretending it was nothing more than just a flimsy crush. But she knew there was something more, something deeper and stronger than that. And it may not be love, but there was something that drew Lexa to Clarke as if she were magnet, that made her knees weak by just being in the girl’s presence. They had shared their deepest secrets, had fought life and death, even declined it when one of them was begging for it.

Lexa had lost a lot of things. But the worst things she’d lost were the things she never had in the first place.

“Clarke.” Lexa said softly. From the sincerity in Lexa’s voice, Clarke found it near impossible to hold on to her anger. It slipped through her fingers like sand. “Do you remember when we came back, the night after I found you?”

“I’ll never forget that night Lexa.” Clarke muttered. Lexa nodded solemnly. So close.

“Do you remember when we went to Octavia’s house, and as we went in Octavia punched you?” Lexa reminded, her voice turning slightly bitter at the recount. Clarke internally winced from the memory.

“I do.”

“I couldn’t handle that Clarke.” Lexa said. “Seeing that… seeing you not fight back…” she took a trembling breath. “It made me realise something.”

“Realise what?”

Lexa smiled, one of those rare ones Clarke hardly ever sees, the one that sends butterflies flying in her belly. And with that smile that could cure the world, Lexa gently cupped Clarke’s cheek, and kissed her.

And to Lexa’s upmost surprise, Clarke immediately kissed back.

And dear god was it like the earth itself had exploded.
Lexa’s lips were soft, so much softer than she had expected. At first it was gentle, careful, as if afraid that if they put too much pressure the other would disappear. Clarke snaked a hand around Lexa’s neck, pulling her in.

Lexa swore she saw stars.

The entire world was blocked out, Lexa’s one and only focus was Clarke. Was the taste of her lips against hers, the way she moved so perfectly in time with her own. The gentleness didn’t last forever. Lexa brushed her tongue over Clarke’s lips, and she was answered almost instantly with an open mouth. They kissed and kissed, Clarke slowly edging their way towards Lexa’s bed. Her legs hit the edge of the bed and Lexa smirked against Clarke’s lips. Clarke nipped Lexa’s lightly in retaliation.

Lexa’s heart stumbled as she was pushed down, Clarke crawling on top of her. For a moment they just stared at each other, watching both of their ragged breaths. Both of their hearts were pounding. Lexa reached a tentative hand up, gently stroking Clarke’s jaw. Clarke leaned into it.

“I’m still mad at you.” Clarke whispered, her statement being contradicted with a grin. Lexa didn’t hide her own.

“I know.” She tugged at Clarke’s shirt. “Are you going to kiss me now?”

Clarke’s eyes shone with something Lexa never thought she’d have the luck to see, and then she kissed her.

Her skin burned from everywhere Clarke touched, moans escaping her lips as Clarke moved down to her neck, sucking lightly and most likely leaving a hickie. Lexa wouldn’t admit how much she loved the thought of it, of people knowing she was hers. And so it went on, the heat growing between them, the bond that had been there the moment they had laid eyes on each other growing, strengthening. Clarke had never felt so complete, so at peace, like something was finally clicking into its rightful place.

Everything felt wrong up until this point.

Everything felt lost, empty, right up until now. Until she had given to the feelings that had been consuming her for far too long. Clarke gripped the bottom of Lexa’s shirt, glancing upwards to see if it was okay. Lexa nodded, and as Clarke was about to pull it off, someone knocked against the door.

Clarke snarled at the interruption, her eyes snapping onto the door. Lexa giggled, poking Clarke’s stomach.

“Shut up.” Clarke mumbled. They didn’t move off each other.

“Chi yu gaf?” Lexa growled, making Clarke smirk. Quietly Lexa muttered a quick ‘shut up’.

An unsure voice spoke from the other side of the door. “I-I’ve come to tell you dinner will be served soon Heda. And that there will be two guests tonight.”

“Who?” Clarke asked, earning another poke from Lexa, which was a lot harder than the last. Clarke looked down confused, finding Lexa with a panicked expression. Clarke of course only grinned.

“A-Are you okay Heda?” the man questioned unsure. Lexa rolled her eyes from the smug look on Clarke’s face.

“I’m fine Titus.” Lexa assured, eyeing Clarke with a scowl. Though it didn’t last long. “Who are the
guests?”

“Octavia and some girl named Raven. I can escort them out if you wish, but Octavia said she wanted to be here until Clarke left.”

Clarke sunk lower over Lexa’s body, forcing the brunette to hide her groan. She leaned and whispered into Lexa’s ear. “How do you think Octavia and Raven would feel about staying the night?”

Lexa almost burst into flames. Almost. “I have guestrooms.” Lexa whispered back.

“Well, that works out well doesn’t?” Clarke murmured. She leaned back up, sitting on Lexa’s lap.

“We’ll be out in a bit for dinner…” Clarke frowned as she tried to remember his name.

“Titus,” Lexa whispered.

“Titus.” Clarke said with as much confidence like Lexa hadn’t just told her. Titus lingered unsure for a moment longer, before finally they heard the scuff of his boots against the floor as he walked away. Clarke turned back to Lexa, her eyes holding a glint that made Lexa shiver. “Now, where were we?”

Ten minutes Clarke and Lexa emerged from Lexa’s room, their clothes looking ruffled but not too obvious. Though it wasn’t the appearance that Clarke was worried about, it was the smell.

With a room with what would be full of a werewolf, a skinwalker, and a vampire, there was pretty much no chance in hell that they weren’t going to instantly know. Clarke didn’t particularly care; she was more worried for Lexa. Though of course she denied it and said it was fine Clarke could sense something else, so she made a mental note not to be too obvious around others, around Lexa’s people. They all ate dinner together outside. Rows and rows of long oak tables lined through the centre of the square, the mouthwatering smells of meat, bread, cheese, chicken and so many things that had Clarke frowning slightly. It was times like these when she wished she were human. But Lexa noticed, and as they sat down, all earning glares from Raven, Octavia, and Anya, Lexa took Clarke’s hand from under the table. And she held it tight, putting the words she couldn’t say into it. It’s okay.

And Clarke for the first time in a long while believed it.

Dinner went by surprisingly fast. After the initial glares from the group the tension began to settle, and it was Raven who caved first and started complaining about ‘some twit’ she’s been dealing with at school. Anya listened oddly closely, even cracking a smile at Raven’s lame attempt at jokes, which had both Lexa and Clarke sighing. Lexa noticed Anya’s behavior and gave her a knowing smirk.

Anya kicked from under the table.

After they finished their food, Raven and Clarke just sipping on water they all bid their goodbyes, Raven and Octavia agreeing to spend the night at the base. They didn’t need that much of a convincing, well Raven didn’t, because as soon Raven had heard the words ‘free breakfast’ she was practically skipping over to one of the small guesthouses. Octavia agreed to stay as well, heading off to text her brother before she’d go to bed. Of course it ended in a call, which lasted for half an hour.

Lexa and Clarke stood at the entrance to the last of the three guesthouses, Clarke giving Raven a quick goodbye hug. Raven had insisted she should stay with her, but Clarke had politely declined. Octavia had done the same, eventually ending up sharing with Raven. With Raven and Octavia
gone, Lexa turned to face Clarke.

Even in the dim light, she was stunningly beautiful. Clarke, taking a quick glance around, leaned forward and captured Lexa’s lips with soft kiss. It was slow, as if she had all the time in the world, and it drove Lexa completely insane. Clarke leaned out of the kiss, her hand coming up to rest of Lexa’s jaw.

Clarke stared into Lexa’s questioningly, not quite having the guts to ask herself, and hoping that Lexa would. Lexa knew exactly what she was asking, and though her entire body was screaming her answer, she struggled to say the words. She swallowed down the words that she begged to say. Noting Lexa’s silence Clarke tried to hide her look of defeat. She kissed Lexa’s cheek.

“Goodnight Lexa.”

Lexa smiled. “Goodnight Clarke.”

Clarke began stepping back, not quite ready to turn around and lose her sight of Lexa. “I’ll be seeing you at breakfast?”

“Of course Clarke.”

With one last shared smile, Clarke disappeared into the house, leaving Lexa to return to her own.

And Lexa found that as she slept that night that it was the most restful and peaceful sleep she had ever had.

When Lexa woke up, a smile was already on her face. She brought a hand to her lips, remembering the tastes of Clarke’s, the way they felt smothered against hers. She was out of her bed in seconds, rushing into her bathroom with childish delight and hopping into the shower. She let the water cascade over her, that same dopey smile never leaving its place.

She had never been this happy.

After she was done with her shower she slipped out, wrapping a towel around her and padding her way back into her room. She moved through her routine cheerfully, her stomach doing flips at the idea of seeing Clarke soon. Of spending breakfast with her. Lexa was so happy even the thought of school couldn’t bring her down.

It had been an hour, and Lexa was waiting at the breakfast table for Clarke. Originally she had planned to go right up to her door, but she soon decided that was a little much, and she didn’t want to seem clingy or something to Clarke. Internally she scolded herself for sounding so childish. Still, she waited at the breakfast table.

Another hour passed, and Clarke still hadn’t come. Raven and Octavia were here now, Anya sitting surprisingly close to Raven. Anya glared at her, and Lexa just smirked. Her sister may not know it yet, but she did.

It had been three hours now, and worry was starting to coil in Lexa’s stomach. Did she do something wrong? Was Clarke upset that she didn’t ask her to stay the night with her? Her doubts were making their appearance, playing over and over in her mind. Raven and Octavia had gone, she vaguely remembers Octavia had gone off to show Raven around. Lexa stood up from her spot at the table, her bones stiff and sore from sitting for so long. She walked up through the base.
Another half an hour passed, and there was no sign of Clarke. Dread was clawing at her gut. Lexa searched through the base, finally finding Anya. She was training with Octavia, Raven watching and cheering, every now and again throwing insults. Lexa walked up to them, Octavia and Anya pausing their fight.

“What’s up?” Anya panted, wiping the sweat from her brow.

“Have any of you seen Clarke?”

They all shook their heads. Lexa cursed to herself quietly, turning her head away.

“Why?” Octavia asked concerned. Lexa turned to her.

“She didn’t come for breakfast.”

“It’s eleven. She would be up by now.”

Everyone glanced at each other nervously.

“Maybe she had breakfast in bed?” Raven offered. Lexa glared at her and spun on her feet, heading straight for Clarke’s guesthouse. Within minutes she was walking her way up the rickety steps, knocking on Clarke’s door.

No answer.

She knocked again, this time much more urgent.

Not a sound.

Lexa cursed quietly to herself. One last chance. She knocked, as loud and as hard as she could.

No answer.

With a deep breath Lexa took a few steps back, she rolled her neck, and charged at the door, flicking out her leg and slamming it open. Lexa slowly walked into the one-story building, her head spinning as she took in the chaos around her. The fallen over chairs, the ruffled up rug, the knocked over ornaments. She sprinted into the guest bedroom, not sure if her heart was even functioning anymore. She slammed open the bedroom door and staggered in.

And she saw an empty bed.

And Lexa forgot the world around her, as cold, pure fear made way into her heart, wrapping over and over again like a rope, squeezing tighter and tighter.

She stumbled out into the air, gasping for breaths. Everything was spinning, nothing seemed real. She had to found out where Clarke was.

With new determination Lexa regained her composure, forcing herself to take control of the situation. She began heading towards the guards who had taken the night shift, hopefully to find out what had happened during the night, when a face she refused to believe existed emerged into her sight with a grin.

Nia.
And right then, Lexa knew.

Lexa knew.

Lexa stood frozen still as Nia glided her way over, a man and woman trailing behind her, their eyes flicking everywhere and anywhere. Waiting for an attack. Nia stood in front of her Lexa, her smile so cold a shiver scraped down Lexa’s spine.

“Lexa, I was just looking for you.” She purred. Lexa’s nostrils flared.

“What is it you want Nia?” Lexa spat, her mind too restless to bother with manners. Nia didn’t seem phased.

“Well, I saw you walking into that guesthouse over there and coming quite flustered, I wanted to offer you my help.” She nodded her head slightly. “Heda.” She grinned.

Lexa clenched her fists. “I have things to do Nia.”

“Oh I know, I know,” Nia waved off. “But, I have some information which may be of value to you.”

“And that is?” Lexa sighed. Nia smiled.

“One of my scouts tells me that while she was helping with the night shift, she swears she saw one of the most peculiar things. Though no one believes her, I thought I might let you know, she had been drinking after all.” Lexa tensed, her eyes boring into Nia’s. “You see she tells me, that last night she saw a group of armed men slip into the camp and sneak right into that building there,” she pointed to Clarke’s guesthouse. Lexa didn’t dare breathe. “And then she tells me that soon after the men came out again, a woman with blonde hair on one of their backs.”

No. Nia was lying. She always lies, she lies to get her way. She’s always wanted to be Heda, it was no secret. She was probably just taking advantage of Clarke’s disappearance, making up some tall tale. Except then Lexa locked eyes with Nia, and she felt the world itself drop.

Because Lexa knew.

“Who?” Lexa whispered, the word broken and torn. Nia feigned a look of grievance.

“I do hope you weren’t too close with the girl Heda,” Nia drawled. Lexa felt like she was drowning. “It was the Mountain Men.”

Chapter End Notes

so ill be moving to canada to a remote cabin so yall wont find me and kill me.

please trust me that it was hard to write this, especially the last bit, but i had to. i promise you it will get better.

but for now, im an evil fuck.

tra-tra-translations
Shof of Onya! - Quiet Anya!
Mochof - Thank you
Chit yu gaf? - What is it?
Sou nao em in - Don't let her in
Ku - Okay
It had happened at night. She didn’t really know when, all she knew that it happened fast. She was sleeping, one of the best sleeps she’s actually had in a long while, when she abruptly sat up. Something had felt wrong, off. The tensions in the air making the hairs rise on the back of her neck. She slipped out of bed, trusting her gut and lining her back to the wall, the bedroom door next to her. She had heard no sound as she strained her ears, no breath nor scuff of dust. Just… silence. At first she had scolded herself and crawled back into bed but, again, that feeling was still there. That unsettlement. She rolled over and pulled off the candle in the candlestick, slipping the golden metal under her pillow. It eased some of her nerves, her fist clenched tight to the possible-weapon. She had closed her eyes, trying to fall back to that blissful sleep she had fallen into before, when the door slammed open.

She was out of her bed in seconds, jumping off the mattress and at the door. Her mind didn’t really take in to account what she was seeing, who she was fighting. Later on she would notice that they were all clad in black, almost military like. Almost, as they certainly didn’t fight like them. Clarke used the butt of the candlestick and smashed it into the first guy’s head, his masked face just popping out to scan the bedroom. He clunked to the floor, a barrage of other men storming into the room. She instantly swung at the first to edge closest, her supernatural strength and sheer force of the blow knocking the man out. But then more kept coming at her, and though she kept swinging, eventually losing the weapon and whipping out her claws, diving at necks; it was obvious she was outnumbered.

But Clarke didn’t let herself dwell on that.

She kept going, kept fighting, bodies beginning to pile. It seemed like they couldn’t truly fight back because they were trying to keep her alive, and trying to attack yet not kill a crazed vampire was pretty up there on the ‘no fucking way’ scale. Hope flashed in her chest as she realised she’d soon kill or injure enough to dive for the door, when a shrill high pitched sound blasted at her ears, instantly bringing her to her knees. Her head felt like it was splitting open, and blinking through tears she numbly felt someone lift her up to her feet. She could barely open her eyes, and when she managed to creak them up a crack, something slammed her in the head and the world went black.
And now, she had woken to an empty, cold, white room.

Clarke groaned, her head pounding relentlessly. Her eyes flickered open, soon snapping shut at the harsh brightness of the room. Slowly she opened them again, a weak hand as a shield, and looked around wherever the hell she was. The room, or cell she supposed, didn’t hold much, just a plain white bed where she laid. The walls were empty, a tall silver metal door on the opposite side, no window but what looked to be an eye hatch. Clarke swung her lugs over the bed, wincing as her ribs groaned. She then realised her clothes were different. White like the room, tight, uncomfortable; fear swelled in her chest despite her attempts to fight it. With shaky legs she began exploring the small room, each step becoming more stable.

Her first coherent thought was Lexa.

Had she been taken too? Was she in one these rooms, wondering around aimlessly as well? Had they hurt her?

A growl escaped her lips at the thought. It surprised her, but not as much as it should. Clarke scanned the cold room once more, her eyes falling on a security camera sitting snugly in the corner. Clarke grinned. She waltzed up to it, bending down and focusing power into her legs she jumped upwards, her arms swiping for the camera. Fingers found metal and she ripped it clean off the wall. She stumbled back a couple steps, sparks stinging the tips of her hands. Her gaze found the door.

No window, no glass. Just towering metal, and that eye hatch for someone to peer into. Clarke scowled. There was no way she was getting out quietly. Like the night before she moved to the back of the wall, adjusting her grip on the camera. If someone had been watching her, then her ripping it off would at least call for someone to check up on her. They’d open the door, and she could use that for an escape. She took a steadying breath, more out of habit, and waited.

She didn’t make a sound, counting the seconds in her head. And thank heavens above; with her ear pressed against the wall, she heard the sound of foot stops running. A smile spread then fell as she soon learned those were a lot of footsteps. She tried to push harder against the wall. Twenty maybe? Fifteen?

“Fuck,” Clarke cursed under her breath. She gripped tighter to the camera. They were right outside her door; she had no choice. She lifted it up as the hatch released on the door, the metal clicking and creaking, as it swung open hesitantly.

Before she had even pounced out from hiding another body was colliding with hers.

Clarke and her attacker tumbled to the ground, her reflexes kicking in fast enough that she managed to scramble out of his hold and back to her own two legs. Her eyes found her attackers and she was surprised to find it was a woman.

But she wasn’t really a woman. Her eyes were wild, a strange red glowing in the black centre. Her clothes were ripped and messy, covered in bloodstains and muck. She looked crazed. But before they cold dive into another fight, more of the crazed looking people filed into the room, vampires Clarke scents, surrounding her. Shit. Clarke growled when they started getting too close, closing in on her like a monstrous wave about to swallow. They all growled back low, and Clarke snarled in response. They stopped, but not because of her, but because their leader had entered the room.

Clarke almost lost all human control right there.

Pike.
But surprisingly, it wasn’t a morbid complicated threat that left her lips upon seeing him. “Is Lexa okay?”

Pike smirked. “She’s fine.”

“Is she here?” Clarke said, still wondering wherever the fuck she was. Pike snickered.

“No, that bitch is far from here Clarke. It’s only you and I. Oh, and of course, your new roomies.”

Clarke lunged at him. Her out stretched claw never made contact though as that woman from before leapt into her path, shoving her back. Clarke went to charge at him again but stopped when she looked around, seeing all fourteen black eyes searing into her. Reluctantly, she backed down. She turned to Pike, her features so cold it was a wonder he didn’t tremble. “Call her that again and I’ll rip your limbs from their sockets.”

He lifted up his scarred hands. “My mistake.” He apologised. His eerie smile returned. “Now, I’m glad you could finally join us Clarke. We have much to do.”

“The hell are you talking about?” Clarke snapped. “Let me go. You’ve no use for me unless you want me to kill you all.”

At that, Pike burst out laughing. “Oh Clarke,” he chuckled. “Do you really have no idea?”

“No idea of what?” Clarke hissed, though unease tightened her throat. Pike grinned as he took a couple steps forward, leaving the safety of the woman’s protection. She stuck close to his heel.

“Of who you are Clarke, of what power you hold.” Something dark shifted on his face. “Of what hides in your blood.”

Clarke felt sick. “You can’t keep me here. You won’t live the night if I do.”

“I doubt that very much Wanheda,” Pike mocked. It was his mistake, because Clarke had taken a lot of notice of how he had moved, how the woman wasn’t standing directly in front of him anymore. How he was the closest, how she could get to him first before anyone else could. She gave him a razor sharp smile, and dived at him. And this time, her fingers found his flesh.

Pike roared as Clarke dug her nails into his neck, hooking into his throat and pulling forward, sending him tumbling to the floor. Chaos erupted as blood stained the white walls, the red spraying from the wounds in his neck. Clarke fought off tooth and claw against the reapers that charged at her, earning kicks and punches to the stomach, chest and face, taking it all and fighting back until she was backed into the wall. The woman reaper slammed into her, elbowing her right in the forehead, and knocking her unconscious.

When Clarke woke up the next time, she was chained.

It was a different room, this one much larger. It made her uneasy. A white fluorescent light blinked from above, the rays pale and artificial, making Clarke feel even more uncomfortable. Starting to gain her bearings Clarke tugged at her chains, the metal scratching against her wrist. She was pulled up against the end wall, chains around her ankles and wrists, the ankles loose enough so she could kneel down. Her arms stayed suspended, tight to the wall.

“Good job Clarke, you’ve made everything about a hundred times worse.” Clarke grumbled to herself. She sighed and let her head fall back against the wall with a thud. She blinked back tears. It was then that the one solitary door at the opposite end of the room swung open, Pike, a bandage wrapped around his neck, striding through.
Clarke grinned.

“What’s with the bandage?” Clarke teased. She cocked her head. “You hurt self?”

“It’s amusing that you mock me now Clarke, when you are the one whose about to be in excruciating pain.”

Clarke paled, pulling herself to her feet. The chains rattled. “What are you talking about? Are you going to torture me?” Pike strolled up to her, only two lackeys following him this time. That woman reaper was there, giving Clarke the death stare. She shrugged it off.

“Oh I’d never do anything of the sort. You see, what you did cut our conversation short.” Anger flickered across his face for a second. “But, we can’t leave it waiting. So, it’s time you do what you were born to do.”

“And that is?”

Pike reached into his pocket, and pulled out a syringe with a golden liquid. Clarke’s eyes widened. “This.” He smirked. Instantly Clarke’s back was against the wall, irrationally trying to get as far away from the syringe as possible. She squirmed in her chains as Pike grew closer, and when he was close enough she tried to kick him, but her leg barked in pain from the restraint. “Don’t try to resist Clarke, there’s nothing you can-“

She head butted him. He staggered back, his reapers tensing but not moving. His head snapped up, a snarl on his lips.

“I’m going to enjoy watching you scream.” He growled, storming back towards her. Clarke tried to hit him again but he was expecting it, his hand coming up to push her forehead against the wall. She couldn’t move. Pike lifted the syringe, hovering just over neck, just slightly pushing it in. Clarke hissed. “You see Clarke, you wouldn’t remember, but I gave you a little gift a long while ago.” Pike muttered low. Clarke remembered the night. “But it’s been there, waiting, sleeping in your system, making you that slightest bit off.” He smiled icily. “Like us.”

Clarke almost threw up. “I could never be like you.” She spat. Pike laughed.

“Soon you will be Clarke.” He pushed in the syringe painfully slow, carefully pushing the plunger. “But first, we need to get rid of it. The ritual requires clean blood, and right now, yours is a little infected.” Once it was fully in he ripped the syringe out, tucking back it in his pocket and taking a few steps back. Clarke didn’t feel anything. She chuckled.

“Is that it?” she snickered. “All that big pep-talk and then-“ her throat closed up. Coldness swept over her, chilling her to the bone. Pike grinned.

“Go on Clarke.” He taunted. She struggled to speak, to form a sarcastic reply. Soon, the coldness turned hot, burning and burning and burning until it was like lava itself was flowing under her skin.

She screamed.

The chains held her back as she thrashed back and forth, her head hitting the back wall again and again. The pain was nothing short of unbearable, like the cells themselves were actually burning from inside out, a flame that licked her bones so terribly she could only scream and whimper and pray that death would take her. But it didn’t, it merely watched as Clarke cried out through tears. She tried slamming her head into the back wall harder, and Pike soon realising what she was trying to do flashed over to her, grabbing and holding her head so she couldn’t move it. Clarke sobbed.
“You’re not escaping that easy.” He muttered smiling. Another wave of torment hit her and she screamed from her very soul, her entire body shaking violently as sweat poured like rain down her face. She wanted it to end, she wanted to die. Anything, anything to stop the pain.

It felt never ending, and honestly she has no clue when it stopped, if it ever did. All she remembers is Pike’s gleaming face, watching her with sinister delight as whatever the hell he had injected her with thrummed through her system, ripping her from the inside. She remembers the curve of his smile as dry sobs escaped her throat, her body long out of water from crying and sweating. She remembers the snicker in his voice as he watched her squirm. She remembers the glint in his eye as she passed out.

And how happy she was to see the world disappear.

600 YEARS AGO

He had barely made it out. Sweat stuck the tips of his ragged blonde hair to his face, his steps clumsy and exhausted. Pain flared in his stomach once more and he clutched it tightly, limping as fast he could to cover. A boulder came into his blurry view, and thanking the heavens themselves he collapsed to the desert ground, letting his bleeding back lean against the rock. He had no idea how he was still alive. Peter winced as he lifted his shirt, revealing the deep scar in his belly. He swore. Dropping the brown bag he had been clinging to so desperately next to him, he leaned forward with a wince and ripped the ends of his pants. He pressed tightly to the wound, the cloth soon morphing red. He could feel his vision fading, his eyelids drooping. But he stayed strong, refusing sleep to consume him. He had to stay awake, conscious; otherwise those crazy followers will corner him again and finish the job. He let out a breathy chuckle.

Well, at least he got the bones.

With a groan he crawled back up to his feet, not letting himself spend too long on the ground. He looked down, seeing a pool of blood where he was just sitting. He snorted. Snatching the bag, the ancient bones inside rattling, he took off again with a lame leg.

He didn't stop running until his legs gave out from under him, physically incapable of going any longer. He slammed into the sand, the red splatters exploding from the impact. His hand never let go of the bag. With pain-filled grunts he kept going, army crawling forward. Don't stop, don't stop.

The day grew dark, gorgeous stars creeping up from the horizon. He kept crawling, fighting till the last of his strength left his bones, leaving a bare resemblance of the once immortal man. Peter's head lifted shakily, staring over the sloping dunes and spotting a stone temple, a crystal glistening from the top. He didn't smile, but his lips twitched. He kept moving, dragging his body through the sand, leaving a trail of blood in his wake. Thankfully he had lost the Followers a while ago, though they would have regrouped to send a search party out by now, and with his constant bleeding it'd be easy to find him. All it did was remind him how little time he had. With the sun finally gone, moonlight bathing him, his scarred stomach finally grazed stone. Wonderful, wonderful stone. Not letting himself stop for too long he threw the bag through the entrance, a gaping arch with no door except for unreadable symbols carved into the rock. The Language of Her. Spitting blood to the ground he found the wall of the temple, using it as leverage to haul himself up to shaky legs. He stumbled through the arch, barely keeping himself up as he sank to his knees roughly, messily pouring the contents out of the bag and rearranging the bones.
It took longer than it should have, his mind hazy with pain and adrenaline.

Eventually, the moon shining through the gap in the ceiling, the bones were perfectly arranged. They formed the shape of a human body.

But he knew it wasn't human.

With ragged breaths he reached for the dagger in his pocket, mumbling the enchantment so the wood morphed into razor sharp metal. Shuffling over to the skull, he lifted his hand over the forehead of the bone and sliced his hand. Hissing he clenched his fists tight, squeezing to try and get as much blood out as he could. The ground began to shake. Ignoring the unstable stone he sat on he moved down the set out bones, slicing his hand, wrist, and arm as he let droplets of blood touch every individual bone. The shaking became violent, stones creaking and dust falling. It didn't affect him. He reached into the bag, revealing a jar of red liquid.

Her blood.

Seeing it made him cringe, his stomach recoiling at the memory of the woman striking his belly. A trembling breath escaping him he leaned forward and with two hands gently poured the liquid over the bones, the dark red mixing with the already blood stained white. And when he was done, having completely touched every bone, the shaking stopped.

And a crack erupted, unseen winds blasting him backwards. His back smashed into one of the stone pillars. He didn't open his eyes at first, his head still recovering from the sudden impact, but when they did relief soared through his system.

"Please," he whispered. He pointedly looked to the bones. "Bind her. I'm begging you."

The woman in a flowing white dress stepped closer to him, the light shining from behind her blinding. Her face was a mix of grief and pain.

"Peter..." she started, instantly being interrupted with a manic cough from the man.

"She's lost My Lady, there's no hope for her no more. She was the one that killed her."

"She murdered her sister, yes." Peter nodded solemnly. "I tried to stop it, but I was too late. I managed to trap her with the help of Leona, she... she held her down long enough that I got her blood. She already had the bones so I stole them." The ancient woman hung her head. "Please, she'll never stop. If we don't bind her she'll kill us all."

"You don't know that." The woman muttered, lifting her gaze. Peter sighed.

"You know that I do." He said sadly. The woman turned away from him, unable to look him in the eye, unable to face the truth. Peter winced as he pulled himself up. "I'll give whatever is needed."

She finally looked back to him, her eyes hollow and full of despair. "Peter, we can still save her. I know it."

"My Lady, please, let us end this suffering now." Peter breathed. She let out a single tear, something she had never done before, and nodded stiffly.

"The price will be steep." She explained, her voice far away. Peter nodded knowingly.
"I know. If the price is my life I gladly give it."

She smiled sadly. "It is not Peter." He looked at her expectantly. "It is the gift I have given to you. It
is your bloodline."

"No," he whispered, blinking rapidly. The woman continued.

"Your duty will be stripped, passed on to another generation. The gifts I have given you will lay
dormant until a daughter is born, and only then, will they be given the chance to reawaken."

"But I've done so much good!" Peter yelled. "I've done everything you've asked, protected your
daughters for every second of my being for the last century! Who will protect them with me gone?"

"You will. But you will have not the aid you have now. If one of them dies," her breath caught. "If
one of them dies again, then my soul will be completely lost, and you'll lose all connection to me."

Peter was left gaping unable to speak. He had become so attached, finally feeling like he had
belonged. In all honesty he didn't really care if he had to give his life, but giving away what she had
given him, the warmth and beating he felt in his chest… that is far worse than him killing himself.
But he remembered the chaos the woman had caused, the reason he was even here, pleading to trap
her and prevent her from ever coming back.

He knew what he had to do, and it destroyed him.

"Okay." He murmured. "I'll do it."

"Peter we can find another way-"

"No we can't!" Peter snapped. "This is the only way. We have no other choice." His voice dropped.
"I have no other choice."

The woman glided forward, reaching out and resting her glowing hand on his cheek. "Thank you for
everything. I'm glad fate chose you Peter. Your duty… only your son can fulfill it. You can only
teach him." Her face softened. "I'm sorry I have to do this."

"It's okay. It's not your choice." He took a deep breath, glancing down to the laid out bones. "I'm
ready. Thank you for everything, for giving me a purpose."

She stepped back. "Goodbye Peter."

"Goodbye."

A moment later Peter felt the one thing that felt right in his life be dimmed out. The bones glowed
red, the blood searing into the skull.

And Peter prayed that his future daughter would one day feel what he felt.

And he said goodbye.

- 

She wasn’t really conscious as he did the ritual. She kept drifting in and out, the pain thankfully
gone, but leaving her at the brink of death – teetering on the edge. If she dared she could shrink into
herself, leaning over and staring into that abyss. But something kept her tethered to this world, to
being alive. She couldn’t fall in, not just yet.
Not when Pike was still alive. Not when Lexa was still out there.

Though as she swayed in and out of consciousness, still chained to the wall, she remembers Pike coming in with a sneer. He had said something to her but she didn’t catch it, barely even able to crack open an eye. The only reason she was sitting upright due to the restraints pulling. And though she knew she was a mere breath away from disappearing, she felt such lightness. She felt different, free. Alive even. Whatever Pike had injected her with had eradicated any sense of that evil that was in her, and though it had nearly killed her, she would be happy to die like this. Without that nagging in the back of her mind, pushing her to lose all sense of her humanity.

Pike had come in what she thinks to be a while ago now, a dagger in his palm and an empty jar in his hand. No reapers followed him, as they didn’t need too. Clarke could hardly blink in her state, let alone fight. He released one of the shackles at her wrist and her arm clunked to the floor, the weight to tough to bear. It had woken her up a little.

Her body swayed as Pike readied himself, sliding the jar under Clarke’s arm in preparation to pool the blood. Clarke had tried to resist in some way, some distant part of her shouting at her to run, to not let him take her blood, that death would be better safer option. But the voice wasn’t loud enough, so Clarke stopped fighting and just relished not having any darkness in her anymore. With blurred vision Clarke saw him slice her arm, dark red filling up the empty glass.

She could only watch.

Her strength was next to nothing, and though she managed enough to lift her head slightly, to look Pike in the eye; all she saw was a grin. A face of happiness, excitement. Joyful even.

She was too weak to throw up. She had heard a couple words then, Pike’s voice just above a whisper.

“Everything will be right Clarke.” He had said. “Soon, you’ll be what you were meant to be. And nothing and no one will ever be able to stop you.” Then the world dimmed, the loss of blood finally catching up to her, only her stubbornness keeping her alive. She would have scoffed if she could. Like she’d let herself die without ripping out Pike’s throat.

She’s not going till he’s in the fucking ground.

She doesn’t remember him leaving. Only waking up to him gone.

She felt so, so weak. So lost, so helpless. And she hated it more than anything she had ever known. Defiance pumped through her, and with a pained groan she managed to open her eyes, lifting herself with shaking limbs to sit up and lean against the wall, no longer laying sideways on the floor. She tried to speak but knew it was a lost cause, her throat scratchy and dry, closed. Exhaustion held back the need to cry. Suddenly, the door swung open.

It was that woman reaper.

But, she seemed different. Her steps were hesitant, soft. She crept into the room, clutching something tight in her hand. Clarke’s vision was too muddled to make it out. The woman came up close to Clarke, her face nervous and unsure. She crouched down in front of her.

“Drein daun,” she whispered, her dirty brown hair hiding her face. She put her hand out, what Clarke could now see to be a bag. A bag of... “Em ste jus. Em kiln, ai swega.”

Clarke could only groan in response, unable to speak. She tried to lift her hand, to try and grab the bag of blood and bring it to her lips but the moment the woman put it in her shaking hands it was
dropped. The woman winced, her head frantically jumping behind her to see if anyone had heard. After a few long moments, when no one came in, she turned back to Clarke. She handed the bag out again, this time much more urgently.

“Drein daun,” she repeated. Clarke didn’t have the energy to lift her arm. “Drein!”

“Can’t…” Clarke croaked, her voice scratchy and raw. It barely sounded like her. She shook her head slowly. “…Move.”

The woman furrowed her brows, trying to understand what Clarke was saying. It finally clicked and Clarke couldn’t tell if her face had lightened up or fallen. The woman picked up the bag carefully, and shuffling closer she gently cupped the back of Clarke’s head. She held the blood near Clarke’s mouth, and the blonde rallied all the strained strength she had to bite down. She just pierced the plastic.

“Os, os,” the woman whispered, watching closely as Clarke gulped down greedily. At first Clarke was slow, but the moment the red splashed her tongue she tried to get as much as she could. Clarke brought her hands up to hold the bag, and carefully the woman let go. Luckily, the bag didn’t slip this time from Clarke’s grip. The woman moved back a little, only leaning forward when she feared Clarke would drop the bag, or got too lost in her drinking that she’d spill. She watched closely.

Clarke drained the bag empty in seconds.

The woman reached out for the empty plastic, stuffing it into her pants to keep it hidden. She then used the bottom of her probably once white shirt to wipe Clarke’s mouth, hiding the evidence of the blood she’d consumed. When she was done, the woman began backing away. She stood up, watching the blonde barely move, her eyes hooded and empty. Lost. The woman’s heart ached but like always, she ignored it. She started walking away.

“Wait,” Clarke breathed, straightening her head. The woman paused, slowly turning back around. Clarke swallowed. “Thank you.” The woman only nodded in response. Feeling some of her strength return, Clarke continued. “Who are you?” she asked. She didn’t get an answer, but a puzzled face. Giving up on verbal communication Clarke pointed to herself, her finger pressing into her chest. “Clarke.” She said. She pointed to the woman, her face questioning.

The woman still looked confused. Clarke huffed. She pointed to herself again. “Clarke.” She tried.

“Klark…” the woman repeated, the word sounding strange on her tongue. Clarke’s face lit up. She nodded, some of the haziness in her mind fading. Clarke pointed to the woman, her face expectant. Thank god, it seemed that she finally understood what Clarke was asking.

“Echo,” she said, pointing to herself.

“Echo?”

“Echo.” She confirmed. If Clarke had the energy she would have laughed. Instead, she bowed her head in thanks. Echo watched her curiously, and then slipped out of the room.

Three days later, Clarke learnt what hell was.

It had taken her three days to recover. Echo came back again, only once, and when she did Clarke saw the massive bruise swelling on her cheek. When Clarke had pointed to it Echo had flinched, expecting the blonde to hit her. Clarke didn’t understand why she ever would. But Echo still came
with the blood, letting Clarke drink and then carefully cleaning the evidence to then slip out of the room as if she were never there. On the second day, Pike had come in as well. He came in with that same sneer, and unceremoniously chucked a packet of blood at her. He merely muttered a quick ‘drink, I need you alive,’ before she was left alone was more.

It had taken her a good ten minutes to crawl her way forward, reach for the bag and tear into it without a helping hand. She had spilled half of it in the process, losing the much-needed liquid strength.

But now, three days, later, she was beginning to feel like herself again. With none of what she had been injected with years ago in her system she felt incredible. She just felt... at ease. There was no voice in the back of head, clinging to violence and destruction as a primary need. There was just her, and nothing else. She loved it.

She knew it was too good to be true.

Clarke jumped awake when the door slammed open, the metal clanging against the white walls.

“Morning Clarke. We have a big day today.” Pike grinned. Clarke straightened in her chains, the scrape of the shackles echoing in the large room.

“And what do you have planned today? An AA meeting?” Clarke drawled, cocking her head. When Pike actually chuckled, she knew it was bad. Very, very bad.

“Oh I’ve got something better than that.” Pike smirked. He reached into his pocket, and pulled out a key. “Ready for some fun Clarke?”

All amusement drained from her face. She pushed her back against the wall, and Pike took that a sign to come forward. When he got near enough, Clarke struggled against her restraints, twisting in her shackles to try and land any sort of hit on Pike. Unsurprisingly, it didn’t work, and he was already half-expecting a headbutt so his hand flicked out instantly to push her head back. But just as he lifted the key, the thing she both wanted and despised, he paused. He looked her in the eye.

“Do you know why you named yourself Wanheda Clarke?” he questioned. Clarke gave up on resisting, slacking in her chains. Seeing as there was no way she could get out of this, she caved.

“No. I don’t.”

“Funny, you didn’t know when you had your memories either.” Pike pondered. Clarke squinted her eyes, confused, when she suddenly felt the strangest thing - her chains unlock. The moment they did, Clarke pounced on him.

Her eyes flashed black, fangs gleaming, but before she could tear into his despicable throat there was a stake in her stomach. Clarke roared, instantly rolling off of him and scrambling to swaying legs. In contrast, Pike took his time in getting up, dusting off his shoulders and ignoring the pained grunts. With a mental ‘fuck it’, Clarke gripped the stake in her belly, and pulled it out. The bloodstained wood clattered to the pristine white floor. Eyes of bloodlust locked onto Pike’s calm ones.

“Clarke, killing me will be one of the biggest mistakes you’ve ever made.” He simply said. Clarke growled, flexing her free hands. But Pike’s eyes were shining. “Tell me, do you remember what you did for your sixth birthday?”

The anger in her stumbled, and Pike smiled.

“Do you?” he pressed. Clarke growled low.
“Yes.”

“Do you remember what Jake did for you?”

The darkness in her eyes was snubbed out almost instantly. “What?” she breathed.

“Jake,” Pike continued, knowing he had her. “Do you remember how he hoisted you on his back and ran through the entire town in the blink of an eye, knowing how much you loved it? Knowing how much you loved seeing the world as a blur?”

“Fuck you.” Clarke spat, clenching her fists. “You’re lying, you don’t know shit about me.”

At that, Pike burst out laughing. “Oh it’s quite the contrary Clarke, I know you more than you know yourself. I was the one who hid all your memories, I saw them all. Each, and every, one.”

Clarke blinked back her tears. “Go to hell. You don’t know anything-”

“Then answer my question,” Pike interjected. “What did you do for your sixth birthday?”

“Birthday party. Friend’s came over, had cake, the usual. Nothing special happened.” Clarke answered, hating the doubt that nipped at her heels.

“You also fell over, there’s a scar on your elbow.” He corrected. Clarke blinked surprised. How had she forgotten that?

“I know.” She said, but she could see Pike knew she had forgotten. Forgotten, or had she been made to forget? “I fell off a chair.”

“Tree.” Pike corrected again. Clarke sucked in a sharp breath.

“No, it was a chair. I was reaching-”

“For the cookie jar. I know, I put that memory there. Classic you know?” he smiled, his fangs shining. Clarke’s stomach dropped, the ground below feeling unstable.

“N-No, I remember, I was-”

“Jake let you piggy back ride him. He climbed up a tree because you had always wanted to see the view from up there, you always wanted to see how small the town looked from up above.” Clarke almost threw up. “So he let you on his back and climbed up, because he could, and on the way down your gripped slipped and you fell off. Jake of course was on the ground before you, catching you, but as you fell your elbow smashed through a branch. Hence, the scar.”

It felt like she had been shot. Because… Pike was right. He was right. Him saying it, she can remember now. She can remember how small her house looked from above, how she was terrified to fall and how Jake soothed her, promising her that he wouldn’t let anything happen. And even then, she’d still held on to him with white knuckles. She staggered back, the world seeming to bend. Her knees gave out, and the moment they touched the ground Pike was in front of her.

“Everything you remember about Jake is a lie.” Pike whispered. Despite much resistance, tears slipped from her blue eyes. Blue like Jake’s. “Nothing you remember about him is real. Only I can give you that.” Clarke didn’t, couldn’t, look at him. That didn’t deter Pike though. “Your whole life, you’ll never know what was real and what was fake, even on your deathbed, you won’t be able to tell me how Jake died. You won’t be able to tell me his final words to you. You won’t remember him, but a version that isn’t real.” He leaned in close, roughly grabbing Clarke’s face and forcing her
to look at him. She was too broken to fight back, but her eyes burned their hate, their venom. “I’m the only one who can give him back to you Clarke. Only me.” He mumbled. “So tell me, Wanheda, can you kill me?”

She stared at him. Stared at the man who had destroyed everything, had taken her away from the one good thing left in her life. Had made her a monster, had taught her what murder felt like. This man was the embodiment of everything she hated, everything she’d sworn to kill. And with war drums in her ears, she shook her head. “No.”

“I’m sorry, I didn’t quite hear you.” Pike sneered. Clarke bared her teeth at him, the beast inside of her slipping out. He chuckled, raising his hands. “My bad, a step too far I see.” With that he stood back up, acting as if nothing had happened but a relaxed chat. “It’s time you become what you were meant to become Clarke.” He gestured for her to stand, and she spat at his feet. Pike laughed.

“I’d rather die.” Clarke snapped. Pike smirked.

“Luckily for you, that isn’t an option.”

Before she could even blink Pike charged at her, smashing her into the wall. The bricks caved inwards, cracks slicing outwards. And not even letting the shock of the sudden attack disappear a needle was halfway in her neck, a red liquid infecting her system. Clarke shoved him back, the syringe still lodged in her skin. With a growl she gripped it and tugged it out, quickly analysing it to find out whatever the hell it was. Jesus how many times is she going to be injected with a mysterious drug? The needle held no labels so Clarke let it fall useless to the floor.

“The hell did you put in me now?” Clarke snarled, taking a step forward only for a strangely familiar pain to flare in her ankle. Pike began edging back for the door.

“The first is the worst, but soon you’ll be begging for it. Be back in a few.” He grinned, and right as Clarke went to stumble on after him he had slinked into the hallway and slammed close the door.

“Hey!” Clarke roared, banging her fists against the door. Pain slithered into her bones, tightening like coils. “Hey- fuck.” Clarke cursed. It was weird in that it felt like this had already happened before, the agony similar to when…

Realisation smacked into her like a truck. “No,” Clarke breathed. “No, no, no-” her rambling was cut off by a scream. She collapsed to her hand and knees, panting uncontrollably.

She knew what was happening now. Lexa had told her about the Mountain Men, how they would take Lexa’s people and make them things that should never have existed. Things that were closest things they’d ever have to demons in this world. And now… it was happening to her. She knew it.

She was going to become a reaper.

Three days later, the attacks started.

For three days, Lexa was in a strange state of nothingness. She knew it was worrying Anya and Indra, pretty much everyone who knew her, even Octavia seemed to be concerned with her at this point. It didn’t matter though. When Lexa had discovered the Mountain Men had taken Clarke, that Nia had sold her out; it had taken all of her will power not to the chop the bitch’s head off. Luckily, Anya had caught her just as she was preparing her blades, successfully convincing her that Nia was expecting this and the fallout from her attacking her would endanger her position as Heda. Because in the end it was Lexa’s word against Nia’s, there was no actual evidence that said Nia had anything
Lexa knew this was on purpose. She wanted her to act irrationally, to do something without thinking the implications through.

Lexa would not give her that.

In three days she hadn’t slept. She had tried last night, but the moment she closed her eyes all she saw was the blue of Clarke’s eyes, the way they shone so brightly when she kissed her, the smile that seemed to be only reserved for her. And the knowledge, that if she hadn’t of been so cowardly and invited her to just spend the night with her, that Clarke wouldn’t be gone. It was Lexa’s fault.

Costia’s death was her fault. Clarke’s kidnapping was her fault.

Everything was.

Lexa squeezed her eyes shut, forcing herself to take deep breaths. She couldn’t think about her, not now at least. Right now she needed to concentrate. Though she’s been trying to for three days and having no luck in the matter, she still pushed through. She tracked Pike last night, and though it had taken all of her self restraint to not run at him and rip him limb from limb she had actually managed to find the Mountain. To find where Clarke was.

She almost didn’t turn away. The only reason she did, was that she knew Clarke needed her alive if she was to get her back.

Which she was, she had to.

She was going to get her back.

She was.

A frantic knocking at the door had her nearly dropping the dagger in her hand, her reflexes kicking in fast enough that she was able to catch her slip. Muttering curses under her breath she stormed her way over to the door. With a growl she swung it open.

“What do you want-“

“Close the door!” Aden yelled, diving into Lexa’s room and smashing his back against the innocent wood. Lexa stared at the young hunter in shock, her jaw hanging open. Aden saw her. “Heda stop staring at me googly-eyed and help me!”

“Aden what-“

Something slammed against the door. “Now!” Aden snapped. Shaking her head in an attempt to rid herself of her shocked daze Lexa helped in barricading the door, leaning her weight against it. She heard an animalistic snarl on the other end. Alarm bells went off in her head.

“What the hell is going on?” Lexa snapped, her eyes jumping to where she had left her dagger on the bench. The young hunter looked to his mentor guiltily.

“I... may or may not have really annoyed the new girl.” He mumbled regretfully.

“Octavia?” Lexa questioned with a frown. Something hit the door again, the wood jumping. Lexa grunted as she pushed harder. “What did you do?”

Aden visibly winced. “Well, she was training with Anya, trying to learn how to turn into a dog and stuff. And I was watching though Anya said that I wasn’t allowed,” he stared at the floor. “But I saw
her turn into a dog, and it was really cute. And I didn’t even do anything bad! I just took a picture, posted it, and captioned it, adorable werewolf bestie who is also a huge nerd.”

Lexa just looked at him, trying and failing to understand what the boy had said in that jumbled mess. She shook her head. “What? Say it again and say it clearly or you’ll be mucking out the stables for a month.”

It amused Lexa that she saw fear flash in his eyes. He gulped. “I took a picture with Octavia as a dog and posted it saying she looked adorable.” Aden murmured. Lexa sighed. “Of course you did.” She muttered. With a huff she grabbed Aden by the shoulder and jumped back, taking him with her. As expected the door slammed open, revealing a very pissed off werewolf. The wolf snarled but upon seeing Lexa shut up instantly. Octavia glared at Aden, mad that the tiny bastard had come to Lexa of all people knowing she wouldn’t be able to touch him.

“Octavia.” Lexa said by way of greeting. The wolf took a few steps back, obviously worried for what Lexa was going to do with her. Considering their last dealings with conflict, she wasn’t really sure what Lexa would do. Especially with Clarke being gone, the girl was unpredictable. “I’m not going to hurt you.” Lexa said, her voice surprisingly soft. At that, Octavia relaxed. She nodded her head. “But, I must ask what you intended to do with Aden after his… prank.”

Octavia rolled her eyes, the act looking exceedingly strange on a wolf. Carefully she padded forward, making sure to look up to Lexa for confirmation, and then moved behind them. In one swift movement the wolf grabbed Aden’s shirt by her teeth and pulled, sending the boy to fall right on his ass.

“Hey!” Aden scolded, scrambling back up to his feet with a scowl. The wolf snorted, happily trotting back over to the door and planting its butt down. She woofed satisfied. Aden glared at Octavia. “Yeah woof to you too.” He grumbled. Lexa didn’t smile, seeming more irritated than anything that she had been interrupted for a petty fight. With a long breath through her nose she ran a hand through her loose hair, her fingers finding knots.

“Aden apologise to Octavia. Then take down the photo, I’ve told you before about how we can’t just give our location out like that. Octavia, go back to your training with Anya.” Lexa ordered disinterested. The two them glanced to each other. “Now.”

The pair lagged a moment, sharing a look of uncertainty, before Aden finally spoke up.

“Sorry Octavia.” He mumbled. Octavia barked in reply, her eyes narrowing when she realised she couldn’t mutter out a witty reply when she was a wolf. Lexa bobbed her head. “Good, now get out. I don’t want to see you too here again.” She hardened her gaze at Aden. “Especially you Aden.”

“Sorry Lexa.”

Her face softened slightly at that. “Go.” He did, the werewolf silently following him. When they left Lexa closed the door shut slowly, carefully closing and locking the door. She then spun around and let her back slump against it. She couldn’t do this. She couldn’t. Every time she saw Octavia she thought of Clarke, every time she saw Aden she thought of people she loves. And the way Aden had run in here like a child, like she was his older sister who he expected to protect him no matter what. The way Octavia had been hesitant, worried that she’d hit her again.

She let her back slide down, letting her face fall into hands.
Three days she had been hiding in this room, denial and despair keeping her company like long lost friends. Every second was a moment wasted where she could be going after Clarke, planning something, anything to get her back. But every time she tried she always failed, her mind either getting sidetracked in grief and rage or her legs giving out from under her, the mere reminder of the situation she was in too much for her to handle. How was she meant to deal with this? How was she meant to save the one thing in her life that made her want to live again? Clarke would know what to do. She’d sit down and form a plan, not waste time moping around pathetically, crawling up into a ball on her bed and pray that everything was just a dream. Why couldn’t it be a dream? Why did life have to be so good, so perfect for a few precious seconds, only to collapse a second later? What sadistic bastard would do that to someone?

Sobs itched their way up her throat, and Lexa didn’t fight them. It pained her that she could still remember the way her hair smelt, could still remember the way her eyes darkened at her own teasing smirk. Or was it her smirk? Was it the right side of her lip that twitched upward or the left?

She couldn’t fucking do this.

Aden lingered a moment longer before he left Heda’s house, just hearing the beginnings of sobs echo from the room he was just in. His stomach plummeted. “It didn’t work.” He sighed disappointed. Octavia padded over to him, brushing against his legs. He scratched behind her ear, knowing that the wolf loved it. “I thought it would work.”

Octavia barked softly, following Aden as he moved down the outside steps to Lexa’s home and sat down. She sat next to him, but when she saw the defeated look on his face she opted to lie down, letting her head rest in his lap. He absentmindedly started playing with her ear. “Normally it always cheers her up when I get in trouble. She didn’t even smile when you made me fall over.” He said sadly, his eyes downcast. Octavia whined. “She hasn’t left her room in forever.” He mumbled, finally lifting his gaze to let out onto the garden before him. He smiled at seeing that. Lexa was always good at gardening. Suddenly, his face lit up. “I have an idea!” he blurted out, instantly jumping to his feet and almost making Octavia toppled over. The young hunter glided down the steps giddy as Octavia begrudgingly pulled herself to her feet, huffing to herself from the lack of touch. Oddly she’d grown to like the presence of the boy, and it had been his idea to try and cheer up Lexa after Clarke’s disappearance. He had been so adorable when he explained his ‘plan’ to her, it would be near impossible to say no. So she had herself turn, learning that no matter when she did it always hurt, and chased Aden for a while around the base. That part wasn’t really needed, but it was incredibly fun and earned them many curious looks at the sight of a terrifying werewolf chasing a little blonde kid with her tongue sticking out.

Octavia trotted over to Aden’s side, curious as to what he was doing. The hunter was scanning over the garden seriously, staring at the flowers with intense detail. She nudged his side, licking his arm when she didn’t get a response.

“Ew!” he squealed, jumping back. The wolf grinned at him. “Urgh, you suck.”

Octavia barked at him goofily, her tail wagging. Aden rolled his eyes, the same blue ones drifting back to Lexa’s garden. “You wanna’ help me? I want to pick out a flower for Lexa. They’re blossoming now, she’s been waiting for ages.”

Octavia barked again in confirmation, padding her way over to Aden and sniffing the flowers, trying to find the best smelling ones. In this form she was slightly colour blind, so the only way she could pick out a good flower Lexa was by smell. The pair soon got lost in their quest to find the perfect flower, both of them jumping startled when a stern voice interrupted them.
“What are you doing?” Anya questioned, eyeing the werewolf and hunter warily. Their heads snapped to her, both looking like a deer caught in the headlights.

“Uh…”

Octavia barked, trying to communicate and failing. The wolf scowled, mostly at herself.

“Annoying huh?” Anya smirked. Octavia growled lightly, giving up and looking over to Aden expectantly. Anya raised a brow at him.

“We were finding a flower for Lexa. She’s been really sad lately, I wanted to make her feel better.”

Anya’s face softened, Octavia rubbing her head comfortingly against Aden’s side. “I think she’d like that Aden.” Anya said with a small smile, but he seemed unconvinced.

“I don’t know,” he sighed. “I tried to cheer her up before but I just seemed to make it worse.”

“Aden you could never do that, not for her.” Anya assured, crouching down so she was eye level with him. Still he stared at the ground, but Anya waited till he built the courage to lock eyes with her.

“Really?”

“Really. She loves you. She’s just… going through a bit of a difficult time right now. Go find her a flower, I’m sure she’ll love it.” Anya stood up, noticing Aden stood a bit taller himself. She smiled, reaching out and ruffling his blonde hair. He swatted her hand away. “Later squirt.”

“Bye Anya.” He grinned, Octavia barking from beside him. Chuckling to herself Anya headed for the house, her mood soon dropping as she remembered why she was even here. Sighing, she pushed her way into the house, hesitantly walking up to Lexa’s door. She listened, and when she heard nothing instantly opened the door. But unlike an empty room she was expecting, she saw Lexa on her bed, sitting on the edge and staring at nothing. She moved towards her, sitting down next to her sister.

“Hey.” Anya greeted, elbowing Lexa lightly. She grunted in response. Anya sighed again. “Lex we need to-“

“We don’t need to talk.” Lexa interrupted, finally lifting her sunken in eyes and locking with Anya’s. Her heart broke when she saw Lexa had been crying.

“Lex…”

“I’m fine.” Lexa growled, hostility radiating off her. “If you’ve come here to ‘talk’ then you can leave.”

Anya’s eyes hardened. “I haven’t. I’ve come with important news.” She saw the fear in Lexa’s eyes.

“Is it about…” she couldn’t find the strength to finish her sentence. Anya nodded solemnly.

“There was an attack Lexa. Authorities say it was animal, like the one before. But it’s most likely vampires.” Anya explained. Lexa stilled.

“We don’t know it’s her.” She whispered, the denial thick in her words. Anya smiled sadly.

“We don’t know it’s not. Come on, we’re leaving.”

At that, Lexa looked at her sister confused. “Where?”
“Hospital. Unlike the others, this one lived.” Lexa’s eyes widened, her jaw dropping. Anya smirked. “We’re going to find out what the hell is happening in this town.”

Chapter End Notes

again, i apologise for the lack of quality in this chap, i promise to make it up in the next one. thanks for reading!!
p.s. i fucking love the idea of reaper clarke and ive seen hardly any fics with it so i just had to do it.. im not sorry at this point (whoops?)

~is it a bird, is it a plane? No, it's translations!~
Drein daun - Drink
Em ste jus, Em kiln, ai swega - It is blood. It's clean, I promise.
Drein! - Drink!
Os, os - Good, good
But She Can Fall Over And Over Again

Chapter Summary

lexa and anya go questioning, and since i can't help it, theres angst (are you surprised at this point though?)

Chapter Notes

Okay, so before you all kill me, let me just remind you that its nearly christmas and it'd be really rude to kill someone at such a Festive time. SO I've fully planned out the last few chapters, and originally it was going to end on chapter 15 but then this scene grew way larger than I planned so I've just left it as its own chapter to avoid a massive 20k chapter or something. I apologise for disappearing, but I do hope you like this update. (Also! if you want that Full Immersion listen to the song The Best I Can - Miracle of Sound, put it on loop and read)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Lexa hated hospitals.

It wasn’t that she hated what they did, in that aspect she loved them, adored them even. It wasn’t that she hated the nurses and doctors who worked at them, fighting tooth and claw day in day out to keep it afloat. It wasn’t any of that. She couldn’t fault hospitals on what they stood for, what they did.

But still, she hated them. She hated the feeling that crept along her bones now, like tiny snickering creatures that danced along her veins, scraping curved claws long and hard into the impressionable flesh from inside. The way the overwhelming scent of artificial cleaner and aerosol burned her nostrils so intensely it was a bewilderment that they didn’t bleed.

No, Lexa hated hospitals not for what they were, but for the memories that clung attached to them.

The memories of sitting in a waiting room, her leg twitching up and down and a trembling hand with half-bitten nails awkwardly dangling by her side. The memories of waiting, and waiting and waiting until a doctor would burst from the opposite doors with either a smile or a face of complete neutrality.

Lexa has only been to hospitals to see if someone she knows will die.

Or if nature is feeling kind, survive.

Being in the hospital now made Lexa’s very blood burn and freeze, made her legs numb and steps uneven. She hated hospitals.

And Anya knew that.

“You’ll be alright Lex,” Anya whispered encouragingly, knocking her shoulder lightly with Lexa’s. “Just tell me if it all gets a bit too much.”
“I’ll be fine Anya.” Lexa growled, refusing to make eye contact with her sister. The skinwalker, the older sister who had been attached to Lexa’s side like a ball and chain for over a decade, laughed, shaking her head with a slow smile that tugged at her lips like hooks were in her cheeks. Lexa would be forever stubborn.

“Right. Of course.” She said, but from the way her voice dripped with sarcasm Lexa threw her a hard glare. Anya caught it with a smirk. With a sigh Lexa dragged her gaze back to front, a sudden waves of nerves scurrying under her skin.

They had been sitting in the waiting room for about an hour now, a bud in her ear where Raven, a technological genius apparently, could pipe up at anytime, hopefully with the news that she’d finally hacked the hospital’s records and found out where they needed to go. From her last update, it should be done by now, and Lexa was really starting to pray to gods she didn’t believe in just so Raven could hurry the hell up and get her out of this place. The underside of her wrist was coated in an angry red, her fingers sore from constantly moving, scratching, itching with nerves. Anya had noticed before, gently grabbing her hand and pulling it away so she couldn’t dig at her own skin anymore. She knows she should be grateful, but to her all it did was take away the one outlet she had for the anxiety that was building up in her chest like a ball of lead, expanding and pressing, the size of it’s surface growing while the suffocating weight of it becomes tighter and tighter and tighter-

“Okay I got her name,” Raven’s voice appeared in her ear, Lexa jumping from the sudden sound. Anya cocked a brow at her, her favourite method of communication apparently, making Lexa scowl at her and slap the shoulder of the snickering dirty blonde.

“You going to tell me?” Lexa muttered, stretching her arms wide as she talked within a yawn. The ear bud was too small to be seen without a curious stare, and Lexa really didn’t want to be known as the crazy girl who talks to herself.

A scoff in her ear. “Yeah, yeah princess hold on.” Lexa blew out a slow breath, trying her best to calm herself down. Not that it had helped in anyway before. From Raven’s end she could only hear furious typing in her ear, the clicks and taps so fast Lexa was honestly a little shocked that she wasn’t just splattering out random letters, but forming actual words, code even. The girl may be annoying, an annoying vampire with a temper and stubbornness that almost rivaled Octavia’s; but shit she is probably the one of the most intelligent people she’s ever known. The typing suddenly stopped.

“Alright, you’re after one… Zoe Monroe. Second floor, room 3B. She came in last night so I doubt they’ll be letting in visitors.”

Lexa tapped Anya’s shoulder. “We’re going to have to get in undetected. No visitors.”

“I expected as much,” Anya huffed. With a quick glance in case anyone was watching, she reached inside the back pocket of her jeans, pulling out two black wallets. Lexa couldn’t hide her devilish grin.

“My, my, what is it you have there?”

“What I have,” she flicked open one of the wallets, inside revealing a fake ID card for an internship at a news firm. Lexa plucked it out of Anya’s hand. “Is two cards that, with some Oscar level acting, should keep us out of securities hands if we get caught.” Lexa, like her sister, raised a brow. “Oh come on you know what I mean. Just chuck in a few frantic movements, messy hair and a desperate voice – boom. You got two guys letting you through as they wonder whether you’ll get in any trouble for your late assignment.”

“Hm.” Lexa tucked the ID into her front pocket. “Let’s hope we don’t caught then.” With a wink, Lexa got out of her seat, a muttering Anya mimicking. The waiting room wasn’t too full, but it also
wasn’t empty. Carefully, they edged their way through the standing larger masses, creeping up to the far wall of the room. With a side-glance, Lexa could see a nurse at the front, a panel of glass slightly distorting her image. They had to get to double doors hiding right by her side, hopefully slip through before anyone notices that they’d even moved. The problem was the gap of distance between them, and the doors. No one seemed to be talking to her and there was no time to just wait until some unlucky soul burst through the entrance begging for help. They couldn’t roll across and hide just under her line of sight, as that would look pretty damn suspicious to the other people in the room. But they also couldn’t just set fire to a bin and run for it, because to get to the patient with as little hitches as possible, and to have security cameras and men on high alert on the lookout for trouble; there was a very slim chance of achieving that goal with everyone on the lookout.

But as Lexa’s shoulders slumped, and she began weighing the dangerous options between one another, she suddenly took great notice of the laptop the nurse kept periodically glancing at.

A laptop could be hacked.

“Hey, Raven?” Lexa whispered, turning around so she was facing the white wall. “Could you hack a computer remotely if I got close enough?”

“Uh can you do a backflip?”

Lexa frowned, not quite sure in what Raven meant. Was that a yes or no? “Tell me Raven can you do it?”

“Please, I can do it in my sleep. Plus I already chipped up your phone so we are good to go my friend.”

Lexa choked on air. “You what?”

“Yeah… is this a bad time to mention I meant phones plural?”

“You- You put a chip- I,” she shook her head in frustration. “Jesus Christ this- God, I can’t believe-“

“Are you done with the lagging out? You want my help or not superspy?”

Reluctantly, Lexa shut her mouth, leashing her anger and stuffing it into a cage. Later, she would lecture Raven later. She forced a long, long sigh through her nose.

“I need you do something that will hold her attention for a few minutes. Not so big that it attracts a lot of attention, only hers.”

“GOTCHA.”

“No explosions,” Lexa rushed, her words tripping over themselves in their haste. “No fires either.”

She didn’t get an answer, just a flurry of the rapid tapping of keys as a voice. She turned to Anya, ignoring the amused smirk plastered on her face. Lexa shook her head, her eyes hard enough that the message was clear in them. Don’t ask.

“Raven is going to mess with the nurses laptop. When it happens, we go. Don’t run or do anything to draw attention. Just move.”

Anya didn’t mention that she had done this many times before, Lexa accompanying her most of those times even, instead choosing to nod like it was indeed her first, and at least, in some small way, help ease some of Lexa’s obvious nerves.
She knew Lexa wasn’t actually nervous about the mission. Calling it a mission made it seem bigger than what it is, but with how Lexa had been cooped up in her room for days on end, her lips practically sewn shut and her eyes simultaneously distant and burning, an anger so dark and consuming that even catching slightest glimpse of it would make you flinch. So with Lexa suddenly out, on the hunt for a lead no less – it was strange. It did make Anya relived, happy, joyful even; but between the days from Clarke’s disappearance, it had also become strange. She wasn’t ready, not that she’d ever be, but with only three days to mourn, which Anya knew she was doing, it simply wasn’t long enough. But Anya hated seeing Lexa so still, so cut off. Taking her on this mission seemed like the obvious choice.

In the end, whether the choice had been right one, here they were. Waiting for the opportunity to pounce. Anya, waiting with her sister, but also waiting with someone who wasn’t quite. Some person who held the same features and talked in the same tongue, but lacked a spark that could only be noticed when gone. It was terrifying and enraging, because Anya knew that that spark could only be lit by a single set of hands.

And right now, those hands were gone.

“Alright, be ready to jump ladies,” Raven said. Lexa tapped Anya’s hand, the only indicator that they were about to strike. Both of their eyes were deadlocked on the nurse now.

“Ready?” Anya breathed. Lexa bobbed her head. Ready for making a run for it, yes. Ready for interviewing a woman who almost died at the hands of a pack of vampires, possibly having to face the reality of Clarke being dead, gone, or worse, ready for finding the dwindling strength in her bones to fight one last fight, and rip Pike’s skin, layer by layer, to hear his last words or outright deny him that chance. Ready for revenge, for fire, for hope, for war.

No, she wasn’t ready. Not in the slightest.

And still, Lexa dipped her head.

“Just one more thing,” Raven piped up.

About to explode from nerves Lexa tried her best not to snarl. “What?”

“Can you actually do a backflip?”

“Raven-“

“No, no seriously. Like… can you?”

Beside her, she heard Anya snicker. Lexa scowled, cursing whatever created this earth for giving her sister her supernatural hearing. “Raven we don’t have time for this. Do it.”

“Oh you can’t can you! Oh you’re embarrassed. Hah, I knew it!”

“Raven!” Lexa snapped, earning a few quizzical looks. She forced a smile, mentally deciding whether jail time for murder was actually that bad. “Do whatever it is you’re going to do or I’m coming back. For you. With a sword.”

Raven sighed dramatically, and Lexa could almost see her eye roll. “Sheesh, fine. No need to be so violent.” Raven muttered. Lexa like always could hear the mashing of the keyboard. “Honestly, there’s no shame in admitting your flaws.”

“Raven I swear-“
Lexa’s voice was cut off with a bang. Well, it wasn’t really a bang, more of a loud pop. And a sizzling hiss. All heads swiveled around to the sound, tens of eyes landing on the nurse behind her glass panel, jumping up and back from her laptop, which had somehow, caught fire.

“I said no explosions!” Lexa hissed, parts of crowd dispersing to help or feed their curiosities.

“This is your chance go, go, go!”

Swearing under her breath, Lexa moved. Anya tailed right behind her, the pair at first holding slow walks as they worked their way to the nurse, before slipping from the edges and, without breathing, through the double doors. When the wood clicked shut Lexa couldn’t help her breathless chuckle. The sisters shared a glance, and with a smirk that echoed on both ends they began trailing the halls.

“That was incredibly stupid Raven.” Lexa murmured, her eyes cautiously jumping around her surroundings.

“You made it didn’t you? I was expecting a thank you at least.”

“You’re terrible.”

“I may be, but I’m also a genius. So, you get to deal with me.” Raven grinned. Lexa scoffed in reply, shaking her head at Raven’s antics. They neared the end of the hall, but the closer they got to the elevator that sat there the more it became obvious that a card was needed to actually use it. Since Anya’s sight was better than hers, she assumed she had noticed as well.

“We’re going to need a card.” Lexa muttered. “The staff would have one.”

As if on cue, a doctor appeared around the corner, his eyes glued on a clipboard as he frantically wrote things down as he walked. They both froze, but Anya just raised her hand and touched Lexa’s shoulder.

“I got it.” She winked.

With a roll of unease in her stomach, Lexa nodded. It wasn’t that she didn’t trust her; it was just a certain uncertainty that nipped at the back of head like a frustrated dog. Anya was never one for subtly, and this was one of the few times where subtly was crucial. So, so crucial. Lexa let her back fall against the wall, trying to act as casual as possible. Anya had left her side, Lexa pulling out her phone and turning it on, silently praying and hoping that Anya wouldn’t do anything incredibly stupid. Except when the screen blinked back to life, she felt her stomach drop and morph into complete, painful, stone.

It was a photo of Clarke, and her; one that she had no memory of setting as her lock screen.

For a moment, or two, she just stared.

She stared, and stared and stared until she felt the burn from the lack of blinking and the snap of the eyelids was enough to let her breathing start up again. Numbly, she swiped open the screen. And when she saw her notes were open and she saw the little message that had been waiting for her, a single tear broke through every one of her walls and soundlessly fell.

*I know you never check your phone, but since I’m your home screen now, you now have reason to :)*

She pressed the button on the edge of her phone, and it dimly fell back asleep. The phone almost felt too heavy to hold.
“Hey,” Anya breathed jogging up to her side. Lexa’s head snapped up and she hurriedly wiped her cheeks before greeting her with a smile.

“Hey,” she said weakly. She cleared her throat. “You get it?” she asked, the strength back in her voice. But Anya noticed how it wasn’t completely.

“Yeah I got it.” She flicked out her hand, a white card dangling from her fingers. She frowned. “You alright?”

“I’m fine.” Lexa waved off. “The better question is, how did you get it?”

Anya didn’t believe her, but decided not to comment on it. “Easy, bumped into him hard enough that I fell to the ground, he helped me up, snatched it off him as he did.” She reached out a hand, which Lexa merely raised a brow at. Anya rolled her eyes. “Fine, be like that. Let’s go.”

Anya moved, and Lexa followed. They didn’t run like Lexa had wanted, as they still had the problem of security cameras. Reluctantly, Lexa walked, though she was really pushing the line between ‘walking’ and ‘running so fast you’d have to do a double take to doubt whether there had been movement at all.’

Really it was a brisk powerwalk.

They got to the elevator, Lexa heaving an anxious breath. Anya swiped the card, the small little ding calming both of the sister’s hearts ever so slightly. She looked over to Lexa, her finger hovering over the button levels.

“Level two right?” she breathed. Lexa nodded. She pressed it, the elevator doors shutting with a grunt. When the elevator jolted upwards, a quiet piano song began playing, speaking over the occasional cough from the elevator. Anya and Lexa shared a glance. “You sure you’re good?”

Lexa tore her sight off her sister, grinding her teeth. “I’m fine.”

“Lex, if this is too much-“

“Drop it,” Lexa hissed, Anya shutting her jaw with a scowl. She shook her head, bringing her gaze to the front, a bitter smile spreading on her lips.

“Fine.” She smiled, but it was cold and sharp. “Excuse me for caring.”

She should say something. Apologise, show her the photo of her phone, tell her how her heart had somehow stopped beating yet simultaneously pounded so hard she was sure there were splinters in her ribcage, say something to erase the hurt that hung onto the edge’s of Anya’s teeth. She should say something.

She didn’t.

The elevator halted abruptly, a soft high-pitched ding signaling that this was it. There was no going back. The doors groaned open, and Lexa thanked whatever God’s were watching them that let there be no one in the hallway. Almost sheepishly, Lexa turned to Anya. Her sister didn’t meet her eye. Lexa swallowed. “Let’s go.”

Anya only gave her a slight dip of the head, but it was enough. They got out of the elevator.
“The room was 3B correct?” Lexa muttered into her earpiece.

“Yup. Hey, just so you know the police have already questioned her multiple times.” Raven said. Lexa frowned.

“And?”

“Well, I may or may not have hacked into some probably illegal documents…” Lexa shook her head. “…But it says that she says it was vampires that attacked her. The problem, they thought she was crazy. I’m gonna’ go out on a limb and say she’s not going to take too kindly to a bunch of teens questioning her more on a topic that she was ridiculed for.”

“Ridiculed?”

“She was suggested for the psych ward.”

“Shit,” Anya muttered, apparently listening in on the conversation. Lexa didn’t bother in scolding her for eaves dropping; if anything it meant that she didn’t have to relay the information back to her.

“Thank you Raven.” Lexa murmured, her chest tightening as she caught sight of the room they were looking for. “If there’s any trouble notify me instantly, understand? Don’t try to solve the problem on your own.”

“Please, I could take everyone who tries to get that room before you can blink.” Raven scoffed. Anya snorted, Lexa giving off the faintest smile.

“I know. That’s why I want you tell me before you do anything. We don’t need another explosion.”

The pair slowed as they stood in front of the eerily white door. Lexa reached out her hand to turn the knob, but something in her pulled her back, her hand just hovering over the silver handle. She gulped dryly, the lump in her throat clawing relentlessly on its way down. She knew she should just open the door, get it over with. It was just an interview, just a talk to find information. That’s all, nothing more, nothing less.

So why could she feel a bead sweat trailing down the back of her neck?

Suddenly, a gentle hand was on hers. Lexa’s shiny eyes snapped up to Anya’s, and the harshness that had previously resided there was gone.

“This will get us closer to her Lex.” Anya breathed. Lexa stared at her blankly. “We can find out where she is, how to get to her back.”

“What if she’s dead?” Lexa whispered, her voice so soft it was a wonder Anya heard her. But she did, her brown eyes softening because of it. She squeezed Lexa’s trembling hand.

“She was already dead,” Anya joked. “You can’t kill a dead person.”

“It’s what we’ve done our entire lives.”

Anya was a silent for a while. “Not this time.” She muttered. “This time, we’re saving a blonde vampire with a stubbornness that almost rivals yours.” Lexa almost smiled, Anya removing her hand and instead resting it on Lexa’s shoulder. She gave her one last final squeeze. “We’ll get her back. Ai sweega.”

Lesa bit her cheek, letting her head hang low. After a few stretched seconds, she twisted open the
They walked into the room slow, their eyes assessing the scene around them. Anya’s head popped up, her chin tilted as she sniffed the air. She gave Lexa a quick look. ‘Human’ she mouthed to her. Lexa surveyed the bed-ridden girl in front of her. She didn’t look much older than herself, her red hair tied up in a loose simple braid, leaving her pale face strangely exposed. The window on the side of the room let the sun sneak its way in, bathing the motionless girl in light, the only sounds being her slightly ragged breathing and the beeping of the heart rate monitor.

But what really caught Lexa’s attention was the white bandage wrapped around her neck.

Zoe’s faded green eyes flickered open. She frowned. “Who are you?” she croaked, her voice surprisingly raspy. The pair stayed standing at the foot of the bed.

“We’re from a news firm,” Lexa said gently, like if she talked too loud the girl’s fragile bones would snap. Anya dipped her head from beside her, pulling out the fake ID’s. Zoe squinted her eyes at them.

“And you’re here…?”

“To talk about the attack.” Anya finished, Lexa giving her a sharp look from her bluntness. Zoe’s features hardened. She pushed herself up so wasn’t entirely lying down anymore, a few grunts slipping from her as she maneuvered herself.

“You can get out then.” She bobbed her head at the door. “You know the way.”

The sister’s shared a glance before Lexa stepped forward. “We understand that it may be difficult—“

“You have no idea of what ‘might be difficult’, ” Zoe growled. Lexa felt Anya stiffen from behind her, probably getting ready to bare her teeth. Her hand, which was hidden from Zoe’s view a she kept it under the bed’s guise, pushed Anya ever so slightly back.

“You’re right.” Lexa agreed, and she saw the confusion flash in the girl’s eyes. “I have no idea what it’s like to be attacked, defenseless.”

“Lex,” Anya warned low. Lexa ignored her.

“What do you mean?” Zoe questioned uneasily. Lexa took that as progress and edged herself around the bed, but she went no further closer to her than the girl’s ankle. Anya stayed where she was, her eyes boring holes into the back of Lexa’s head.

“The attack…” Lexa started, hesitating in whether she could talk about it. Zoe seemed startled by the gentleness, the way in which Lexa left it entirely up to her on what she wanted to divulge. Anya was surprised from this too, having seen nothing but hardness from her sister. Zoe nodded her head, letting Lexa go on. “According to your statement to the police, you were jumped by a gang.”

“How do you know I said that?”

Lexa knew she was treading dangerously. But her face was still neutral, calm. “We’re a news firm, we have sources.” Zoe looked unsettled by this, but she didn’t question it any further. “So, is what you said true?”

“Are you accusing me of lying?” Zoe hissed.

“No, I’m just asking if whether you told the police it was gang after or before you believed it be
vampires.”

Zoe’s face went slack. Anya’s head whirled onto Lexa’s, the plunge of silence bordering on painful. But Lexa was still staring at Zoe, missing the obviously panicked and slightly frustrated gaze from Anya. The brunette didn’t tear her sight away from the frozen girl, not even when it felt like she was intruding on her. She stuck to their line of sight stubbornly, her grip tight and constricted. When Anya was just about to step in, to haul Lexa back to her side, Zoe finally spoke.

“Who told you that?” she all but whispered. Her voice trembled, something like fear, shock and embarrassment woven into the chords.

“Our sources in police.” Lexa replied evenly. The fact that she hadn’t immediately snapped or snarled at her to get out was making the forgotten wings of hope flutter. Its wing shook with dust. “Do you believe you were attacked by vampires?”

“I’ve been over this.” Zoe muttered, her voice dark. “I know I was just in shock-“


Zoe took her time in her reply, her brow furrowing. “Vampires aren’t real,” she said quietly, quiet enough that Lexa had to strain her hearing.

“To be attacked by them they’d have to be pretty real.” Anya had finally stepped in, Zoe’s apprehensive gaze shifting to the older sister.

“Vampires aren’t real,” she repeated, and you had to wonder on whom she was trying to convince. Lexa and Anya, or herself.

“Do you really believe that?” Lexa pushed. She needed the girl to admit it; otherwise they weren’t going to get any information out of her. They could get some, but important details could get left out. There was also a chance that Lexa felt the slightest bit sorry for the girl, being doubted and insulted for only speaking the truth. She wanted to give her some closure, some pride, some reassurance that yes, they were wrong, and she was right. Lexa doesn’t really know why, but some small part of her whispers that it’s what Clarke would have done.

It was clear that Zoe was thinking it through, on whether to go back on her word. She bit her lip, and with a slow sigh, she shook her head. “It was a gang. I was just shaken, so if it’s alright, you can leave now.”

Lexa shut her eyes, taking a breath before opening them. “We know you saw something.”

“I saw a bunch of assholes try to kill me.” Zoe spat. Anya instinctually moved closer to Lexa, her hand already reaching for her. Lexa batted her hand away of course, but when caught her sister’s protective eye, her more animal side slipping out, Lexa had an idea. She turned back to Zoe, and the girl must have seen the sudden brightness in Lexa’s eyes because she squinted.

“Listen, you need to understand that what you saw was real. Vampires are real.” Lexa urged. Zoe shifted uncomfortable, her fingers fidgeting with the hospital blanket.

“Ohay, I really think it’s time you should go-“

“You saw a world you were never meant to see,” Lexa interjected, not letting Zoe finish. She scowled because of it, her eyes hardening. But Lexa kept going. “You caught a glimpse of an entirely different universe that lives in this one. The supernatural one.”
“You need to leave.” Zoe snapped, her hand reaching for the nurses call button. Lexa froze, Anya’s eyes widening. Zoe’s hand hovered over the button. “You nut jobs going to finally get the hell out of my room?”

Lexa stared at her, and with a quick glance to her sister, she swallowed the last remains of doubt that stuck to her throat. “I can show you.”

“Lex.” Anya was definitely pissed now, but Lexa held Zoe’s stare. Slowly, her hand retracted back to her side.

“What do you mean?” she asked softly. There was fear there, one that probably came out of only seeing vampires. So Lexa saying she could show it to her meant that in her mind, she was a vampire or something. Lexa almost laughed at how far off she was.

“There are more than just vampires in this world, Zoe.” Lexa simply stated. Zoe’s jaw dropped a bit, Lexa turning back to her sister. Anya was already scoffing the mere second their eyes caught.

“No. No. I don’t know what the hell has gotten into you but no fucking way.” Anya growled. Lexa turned to fully face her, standing up from where she had been previously crouching.

“Anya…”

Lexa saw it, how her eyes almost flashed yellow. “No. This is done. We’re leaving. Clearly she’s not going to tell us anything so we may as well just leave.”

“She will, if you just show her.” Lexa muttered through gritted teeth.

“Show me what?” Zoe asked, popping up innocently in the midst of the argument. Anya glared at her, one so harsh that Lexa had to snap her fingers to bring her gaze back to her. She could take Anya’s death glare, others couldn’t.

“Ann, please.” Lexa sucked in a shaky breath. “She’s all we’ve got. She’s all… she’s all Clarke’s got.”

Anya swore, tearing her gaze away from Lexa’s pleading eyes. “Jesus Lexa this is insane. She’s a civilian! There’s cameras in here!”

“Raven will shut them down,” Lexa waved off. “Anya you have to show her. Please just… do this for me?”

She stared at her. Stared at her so hard it was a miracle Lexa was alive by the end of it, her clothes not suddenly catching on fire. But Lexa could feel Anya’s resolve was slackening, and eventually, she hung her head defeated. When she lifted her head again, her eyes were a blazing yellow. She turned those eyes on Zoe.

She gasped.

She shuffled back as far as she could into the headboard, something like terror in her eyes.

“What in the fuck,” she shook head, blinking. Once, twice. Anya’s eyes were still yellow. “What the hell are you!”

Lexa lifted her hand her earpiece. “Raven can you cut off the camera for our room?” She was answered with a grunt, the flurry of tapping bursting in her ear. In a few seconds, Lexa anxiously staring at the security camera in the corner, she saw the small red light on its side, flick off. She
turned back to Anya, ignoring the very confused muttering’s from Zoe. “Please?”

She was pushing it. She really was. If she’s being honest, Lexa was surprised even when Anya just showed off her animal eyes. So the fact that Anya bobbed her head and took a few steps back, was such a shock to Lexa she could only blink, similar to Zoe. Lexa moved back till she was by Zoe’s side.

“What you’re about to see, you can never tell another living soul do you understand?” Lexa warned, making sure Zoe was looking to her when she promised. Her voice shook.

“Okay,” she stammered. It was weak, but Lexa took it. Her gaze found Anya’s, and with a last dip of the head, Anya shut her eyes.

The burst of white light blinded the room, and when it left as quickly and sudden as it came, instead of the dirty blonde who previously been standing there, was a dingo. Anya popped her furry head out from under her pile of clothes, scrambling to climb out of it. When she did, Zoe frantically looking to either side of her, unable to see the sudden furry creature, she almost screamed when Anya jumped up on her bed.

For a moment, Zoe just stared. Her jaw was hung open in shock. Lexa moved to the back of the room, seeing if there was a lock on the door. There wasn’t so she simply muttered to Raven that if there’s any movement whatsoever in the halls that she tell her immediately. Anya, however reluctant she may have been, didn’t actually seem to be that pissed off that she had had to turn. Unlike werewolves, skinwalkers didn’t have to go through the pain of shifting, feel each individual bone crack and grow and stretch. For skinwalkers, it was a little more on the magic side, the connection to the earth strong enough that they didn’t have to endure such torment to find their other selves. Though their forms weren’t nearly as powerful as wolves, they did have the advantage of speed and stealth.

Zoe stared at the dingo mesmerized, and instead of screaming for help, she reached out a shaky hand. Anya just stared at it at first, her muzzle twitching. Lexa walked back over to Zoe’s side, pinching Anya’s tail.

“Play nice,” she scolded. Anya growled lightly back at her, but when she turned to Zoe there was something softer in her features. Just as Zoe’s hand began to fall back down, Anya moved so her head touched. Her hand was frozen for a moment, Lexa watching as Zoe seemed to struggle to function for a few breaths, but soon she found some footing, not that Lexa knew how, and the girl took the plunge and hesitantly began patting the dingo.


“As you can see, there’s more than just vampires that are real in this world.” Lexa said, the dazed look on Zoe’s face soon sobering. She gulped, hard.

“What is she?” she asked softly, and something about the hesitancy in voice told Lexa that Zoe was asking out of curiosity, but a part of her was afraid that it could somehow be offensive.

“She’s a skinwalker,” Lexa answered, noticing the way Anya had puffed out a chest a little. “They’re very rare. My sister Anya here, being one of the lucky ones.”

Zoe’s eyes darted between them. “Are you a… skinwalker as well?”
“No,” Lexa said smiling. Not being able to help it she reached out a hand, scratching behind Anya’s ear. “She’s my adoptive sister.”

“Oh.”

There was a bit of silence. Anya must have picked up on the tension, because she shuffled a little closer, gently resting her head on Zoe’s lap. She was sprawled out over the bed, practically sitting on top of the girl. It didn’t seem Zoe had a problem with it though, so Lexa let it be. What she couldn’t let be though, was the vampire attack.

“You’re not from a news firm are you?” Zoe muttered. Lexa glanced to Anya before shaking her head.

“No.”

“Then why are you here?”

Again, that glance. Lexa tells herself it’s to check with Anya, and not for the strength that Anya somehow lends through the depth of her yellow eyes. “We’re vampire hunters.”

“Vampire hunters?” Zoe echoed. Something in her voice wavered. “Shit, I had no idea… I thought I was crazy.” She mumbled. Anya let out the smallest of whines, nudging her muzzle against Zoe’s trembling hand. Lexa bit her smile on how much of a softy Anya was.

“You’re not. Humanity isn’t good with change, or variation, so it’s safer to keep the ‘myths’ as myths, and not the reality they are.”

Zoe nodded her head absent-mindedly, her hand now scratching Anya’s head.

“Zoe, what happened to you…”

She was already shaking her head. “Don’t. I understand that you couldn’t have stopped what happened. You had no idea who, or where I was.”

“It’s our duty, our life is dedicated in protecting people from ending in situations like you.”

“And you messed up.” Zoe shrugged. “It happens, I’m pissed that it did, but it’s not your fault.” Anya licked Zoe’s hand, something she only does when she likes what someone is doing. Or saying apparently. Zoe smiled slightly as scratched under Anya’s chin. Her smile soon fell. “I’m sorry to tell you this, but most of the attack is a blur.”

Leya ignored the shattering of her heart. “Well what do you remember?”

“I was walking alone, home, late at night. A stupid combination I know.” She threw in a nervous chuckle, Lexa giving her a small smile and nodding along. “At the time, I didn’t think much of it. That unease in the bottom of my stomach. I should have trusted my gut, I just knew something was wrong.” She ran her free hand through her hair. “Turns out I was right.”

“What happened?” Lexa asked, still in that gentle tone, too afraid that she’d scare the other girl away. Scare her from revealing any information on Clarke.

“They came out of no where.” She frowned, trying her hardest to fight through the haze that for some reason lingered around her memories. She pinched the bridge of her nose, scrunching her eyes. “There… there was only one at first. Then the others appeared… I think there was argument? A fight? I remember waking up in the hospital,” she shook her head in frustration. “Fuck, I’m sorry.
For some reason I just can’t…”

“You’ve been through a lot.” Lexa mumbled. “It’s understandable.”

Zoe sighed deeply. “I know but I want to help.”

“You’ve helped us immensely,” Lexa lied. With a forced smile, she stood up, Anya stretching before swaying up on her feet as well. She gave Zoe a quiet yip that the red head chuckled softly at, before jumping off her bed and trotting over to her pile of clothes. She paused by them, looking up to Lexa helplessly. Lexa sighed fondly. She scanned the room, spotting a moveable curtain in the corner. She pulled it out, stretching out the material before swooping up her sister’s clothes, unceremoniously dumping them behind the curtain. Anya nipped at her heel in retaliation, scampering over to cover before Lexa could get her back. Zoe raised a curious brow at her. “She likes privacy.” Lexa shrugged.

There was the sudden bright light again, then the groan and sigh that only Anya could make.

A few moments later, Anya emerged from behind the curtain, as if she had never been on four legs just minutes ago. She was grumbling under her breath about how her braid had gotten loose, her hands determinedly trying to fix it. Zoe stared at her slack jawed; only shutting her mouth when Anya winked at her. With an irritated breath, she shook her head. “Nope, going to have to do it at home.” She scowled, mostly at herself.

“You good Ann?” Lexa teased, Anya just wordlessly giving her the finger. She bit the inside of her cheek. “Thank you for all your help Zoe.” Lexa finally said, turning around. If you knew her well enough, or looked close enough like Anya was, you’d see how the edges of her smile trembled.

“I’m sorry I wasn’t more useful,” Zoe apologised, genuinely wanting to help. Lexa forced a smile. She began to make her way to the door, nudging her way past Anya who lagged a moment, glancing between her sister and Zoe. Anya bit her lip.

“Are you sure you don’t remember anything else?” Anya urged, not quite ready to let it go. Zoe’s downcast eyes were answer enough.

“The night is… blurry for me. I can remember everything from before and after clear as day but, not the attack.”

“When you think about the night, how, exactly, does it feel?”

“Ann,” Lexa sighed. “Let it go. She’s told us all she can.” Her voice was tired, defeated. It broke Anya’s heart more than she’d care to admit.

“Lex what if-”

“No problem.” Anya smiled, pushing the curtain back into the corner of the room. It was just as Lexa was turning the handle, the metal of the knob cool against her skin, that Zoe stopped her.
“Wait!” she squeaked, reaching out her hand. Lexa paused, closing her eyes briefly before looking over to the girl.

“What?” Lexa asked, trying to keep the bite out of her tone. Anya shot her a look

“I never caught your name.” Zoe said sheepishly. “Lex seems like a nick name.”

Anya chuckled. “You’re right on that front.”

“My name is Lexa,” Lexa answered, glaring at her sister. Zoe smiled.

“Lexa.” The name felt strange in her mouth. “Okay, well it was nice meeting you- fuck!” Zoe suddenly lurched forward, her hands clutching at the sides of her head. Pain exploded what felt like right behind her eyes, Anya and Lexa sharing a stare for a mere second before rushing over to the cursing girl’s side.

“Zoe, what’s wrong?” Lexa questioned, failing to mask her panic. Zoe kept pushing her hands as hard as she could into head, her brain feeling like it was splitting open, like someone had plunged their hand inside of it and was ripping something out.

“Zoe!” Anya snapped, but she didn’t hear her, the only sound coming out of her mouth being constant repeats of whispered curses. Anya reached over, grabbing her by her shoulders to stop her from rocking back and forth when she suddenly stopped, her back slamming back into the bed.

For a moment, or two, the only sounds in the room were the ragged breaths from all threes girls. And of course, the beeping of the heart rate monitor, which, from its sudden panic, was now calming down.

“What… what the hell was that?” Anya breathed. She looked up to Lexa, the sisters on either side of Zoe, but Lexa just shook her head. Zoe’s eyes abruptly snapped open, and Lexa could have sworn there were the hints of a gold ring within the green. She blinked, one, twice, before she slowly sat up. Lexa held her breath.

Zoe, almost dazed, chuckled in disbelief. “I… I remember.” She whispered. Lexa went completely still, Anya’s jaw dropping. The dirty blonde shook her head, hadn’t she just told them she didn’t know? Lexa, incredibly slowly, leaned out, taking a few unstable steps back. Her lips were thin, tight, and when Zoe finally lifted her sobering gaze up to Lexa’s steel one, the brunette nodded, once. “Tell me.”

It wasn’t a request.

“Are we not going to talk about what just happened?” Anya nearly growled. Lexa shot her a dark look, Zoe’s much softer.

“Well I“In

“Compulsion.” Lexa mumbled. The two other heads in the room snapped onto to her. She let out a shaky breath. “Some vampires can… take away memories. Warp minds.”

Lexa only knew one vampire that could do that. And the mere thought of him makes Lexa want to punch a wall while simultaneously heave her guts out. The room was painfully silent.

When Anya finally spoke up, Zoe jumped. “Can you tell us what happened now?”

The red head nodded, swallowing her nerves. “Okay.” Her head was still a little cloudy, but in
comparison to before it was like seeing in an entirely new light, like before there had been a blanket over her eyes, muddling her sight. Now though, she could remember. “I was walking down the street…”

She was walking down the street. Zoe huffed, checking her watch only to huff again, harder, louder.

“Bloody papers,” she grumbled, cursing herself for leaving her essay so late. It wasn’t really her fault, she did have a lot of things going on in the week, and it wasn’t truly her fault that she was out so late. She had gotten caught up in the library, migrating to an empty Maccas’ when she got kicked out. Really she was just trying to avoid her apartment, dreading an accidental walk in of her roommate and said roommate’s boyfriend doing it in the kitchen again.

She still has nightmares about it.

Zoe gripped her jacket a little tighter around her shoulder’s, a sudden wave of goose bumps trailing up her arms. She frowned, glancing around but feeling no breeze that could have triggered the reaction. The hairs on the back of her neck stood on end, and she pushed herself to walk faster. It was around one in the morning, she knows she should have just done her paper at home and told her roommate to go over to her damn boyfriend’s for once. She remembered the news report of an attack a few weeks ago, her legs speeding up without her thinking it.

Turning a sudden corner, she reached into her jean pocket to pull out her phone. She bit her lip. Should she just call a cab? There was an uncomfortable feeling in her stomach, and Zoe was deciding on whether she should just jog back to the Maccas’ that wasn’t too far back and just wait there, somewhere in the light and with people. She thought about it, but ended up in going against it. It would take her longer anyway; it would be faster to just go now. Ignoring the nagging of paranoia in the back of her head, she stuffed her phone back in her pocket and kept walking.

It wasn’t long before she ended up regretting that decision.

Something had felt tense in the air, like the world had held its breath. She found herself in an eerie silence, where not even a drop of sound could be heard, not the possums, not the bats, nothing. She should have known then that things were going to end very badly.

She had made it a couple more steps when someone’s hand clamped on her mouth. She tried to scream, to yell, kick her feet, but whoever had held her was strong, and they easily pulled into the depths of an empty alley. When they were in it, the man she could now see, let her go, shoving her forward. She fell to the floor, scrambling us as fast as she could up to her feet. Her wide eyes landed on her attacker, not daring to take her sight off him to check if her laptop had gotten broken in the fall.

His dark skinned hands spread, fingers with impossibly long nails glinting in the moonlight. A sinister smile grew on his face, actual fangs showing themselves over his lip. Zoe shrieked. She made a blind dash to get past him, but he merely laughed and shoved her back, the light push strong enough that again, she fell to the floor.

This time, she stayed down.

He took slow steps towards her, his thick clothing as black as the night skies above them.

“What’s a girl like you walking dangerous streets like these? Did you not hear about the murdered woman a week ago?” He snickered. She felt her blood morph into lead. She tried to move, to jump,
to scream, to try and get any sort of help but she couldn’t, the terror too thick in her veins that she fumbled even with the ability to breathe.

“Go to hell,” she breathed, her voice strained with fear. He grinned widely, crouching right at her feet.

“Been there. Thought the weather could have been better.”

She saw it then, the glint in his eye. Enjoyment, that’s what it was, fucked up pleasure. Zoe knew right then that he was going to kill her. She tried to force her leg to move as she was close enough to kick him, but the muscles just twitched, the fear in her too great. He leaned forward, and right as his teeth stretched wide and she was sure he was about to strike, he was suddenly gone. Well, not gone. Kicked. His head snapped upwards as a boot collided with his face, the vampire stumbling back on his feet before eventually crashing to the ground. Somehow, seeing the man fall was enough to unlock her body, Zoe clambering up to two feet. Her eyes widened at the new company.

The vampire snarled viciously, jumping to his feet with black eyes.

And the new girl, the blonde, snarled back with the exact same intensity. But from the way he flinched Zoe guesses that maybe it was with a little bit more. She could only see the back of her head, but her eyes flicked over the girl’s disheveled and ripped clothes, much similar to the vampire’s.

He pounced at her, like his legs had been coiling with energy, but the blonde seemed to be expecting this and side stepped his jump, instead grabbing his shoulder’s mid-way and throwing him into a pile of trash cans. The girl growled savagely, and the idea of the blonde ever being on her side flew out the window when Zoe saw her eyes. Completely black like his, except for the slight glow of red in the centre.

Her fangs, somehow, seemed scarier than his, and when the other vampire swayed up to his feet he chuckled at the sight of them.

“You going to tell me what the hell you think you’re doing Clarke?”

The girl, Clarke, growled again. Clarke glanced at her then, and when she spoke her voice was like gravel. “Mine.”

“Finders keepers.” The vampire smiled. Zoe was sure she wasn’t even breathing at this point, too afraid that the smallest of movements would set one of them off.

But Clarke smiled right back; and it was the most terrifying thing Zoe had ever seen. Suddenly, out of the depth of the shadows and possibly even from the roof, vampires crept their way in. They kept their backs hunched low, legs bent as they slowly closed in, blocking the exits and lining the walls. The other vampire’s smile dropped.

His deathly cold gaze flicked over the men and women surrounding him. “The hell do you think you’re all doing huh?” he spat. Clarke snarled the moment he did, the sound so harsh and animalistic it was a wonder it had come out from the girl’s mouth. Some of the vampires circling them flinched from it. “Mine,” she repeated, and even Zoe could sense the underlying threat in her tone. Like it was the final warning. “Go.”

His features hardened like cold stone. “Lest I remind you Clarke,” he took a few steps forward, and it was almost like they had completely forgotten Zoe was even there. “Who made you what you are.” Clarke’s eyes flickered dangerously. He stepped closed enough that he was a mere breath
away from the blonde’s face, and though his height slightly towered over hers, the look in her eye somehow seemed to give her height. He leaned in close. “Tell me, how does withdrawal feel?”

She shoved him, hard. He laughed even as he staggered back.

“Not well it seems,” he chuckled. Zoe saw Clarke’s hand twitch, like an animal trapped in a cage. She had no idea why the man was taunting her, she seemed like a cannon ready to let loose and destroy anything in its path. They were staring at each other, and with a mumbled prayer Zoe dared to move a foot, to ready herself, to try make any sort of escape.

It seemed the miniscule movement was enough.

Clarke’s head snapped onto her, Zoe freezing like a deer caught in the headlights. Now that she was looking directly at her, Zoe could see the stains of black and red littering her clothes, ripped black jeans that actually looked like it was claws that tore them not fashion, a terribly blotched white shirt and a half-shredded leather jacket hanging loosely around her solid frame. The stare that held nothing humane had Zoe’s heart jumping into her throat. The black in her eyes faded to this incredible blue.

“Leave Pike,” Clarke muttered low, tearing her sight off her. Zoe let loose a strangled breath. At the order, Pike’s hand shot out and grabbed Clarke’s throat.

She just stared at him.

“Let go.”

He didn’t. “I don’t know what’s gotten into you Clarke, but trust me that I will find out. Defy my authority again, and I’ll kill you myself.” Clarke bared teeth in response, his grip tightening. Clarke growled then, like a panther that was readiness its legs, flexing its claws. Some of the vampire’s surrounding them shifted uneasily.

“Let.” Her voice was barely human any more. “Go.”

Pike grinned. “If you want her so bad, all you have to do is ask.” Just as Zoe was sure the invisible leash around Clarke’s throat was about to snap, Pike withdrew his hand. He took a few steps back, gesturing towards Zoe. “Well?”

Clarke’s sight was slow to move to Zoe’s. The red head gulped. “Please,” she whispered.

“I’m not one for an audience.” Clarke muttered, her eyes briefly flicking to Pike’s. The vampire’s all took a collective step back. Not Pike though.

“You didn’t mind an audience before.”

Zoe blinked and his cheek was bleeding. She shook her head, wondering if she was imagining it, but her sight crept over to Clarke, saw her claw-like nails and the panting of her chest. A few of the vampires surrounding them had actually run.

Pike grinned.

“There she is.”

She snarled at him again, low and primal, but instead of stepping towards him like Zoe had expected she stepped away. She stepped towards her. Zoe pushed her back up against the wall, as if in hope that if she pushed hard enough a hole would miraculously open.
The vampire stalked her way towards her, slowly, like she had all the time in the world. It made Zoe’s skin crawl, that and the whole possible about-to-be-murdered thing. She pulled herself to her feet, trying to at least make herself seem the slightest bit intimidating. It didn’t help. The way Clarke’s head tilted like a predator staring down its prey destroyed any of the hope that maybe, just maybe, she’ll get out. Still, she clenched her fists. She wasn’t going down without a fight. She could do that at least.

She stopped a metre from her. Her eyes flickered to Zoe’s balled-up hands. “No point,” Clarke said softly, in complete opposite to how she had been growling before. Zoe couldn’t help her frown. She almost sounded human, but even with her now smooth voice there was that hint of something else, that ease, that unnatural calm, that gave away her lack of humanity.


Clarke squinted at her, and the tension was so think it was bordering on suffocating at this point. “What’s your name?”

“Clarke-“ she didn’t take her eyes off Zoe, her hand lifting to silence Pike. He growled lightly.

“Your name?”

She ground her teeth. Why the hell did this vampire want to know her name? It was weird, and it was unsettling, her jaw aching with how tight she was clenching. Really she wouldn’t have said anything at all, just stared the vampire down, but the longer the stared, she found the answer leave her lips without her permission. “Zoe,” she said, and she frowned the second it came out. She hadn’t meant to say that. Clarke took a step forward.

“Do you have friends?”

“Of course.” Why was she answering her?

Another step. “And who are they? Your close ones?”

Zoe managed to keep her jaw shut for about a second, her clenched fists unraveling. Something in her head began to pound. “Harper, Monty, Bellamy.” Clarke’s face flashed something indescribable, hope maybe, sadness. Zoe found herself blinking, the weird ring of gold in Clarke’s eye astonishingly beautiful. Had her eyes always glowed like that?

Clarke was only a few centimetres away now, and Zoe found herself struggling to hold on to that fear, that logically, she knows she should be feel. Instead, this warmth spread in her chest and it felt like her legs are turned into jelly. She actually almost fell, Clarke moving so she caught her. Her mouth moved to her neck, but just before she pierced the skin there, she inched up to Zoe’s ear.

“When you hear Lexa’s name, you’ll remember.” Zoe didn’t understand how she could have sworn she could feel the blonde’s warm breath. “Tell her to find Abby, the ledger. Remember, it doesn’t stop at Pike.” A small pause. “I’m sorry.”

Then Clarke bit her.

“It didn’t… it didn’t hurt,” Zoe went on, Lexa standing in the corner of the room next to the bed, completely still, and Anya, now on a chair, sitting next to Zoe’s bedside. “I don’t know how but it was almost…”

“Compulsion does that.” Anya mumbled. Lexa didn’t say anything.
Zoe nodded. “Yeah. So, the rest is kind of a blur, but I do remember waking up at the hospital, but like, before I was actually admitted to the hospital.”

“What do you mean?” Anya furrowed her brows.

“Clarke, I remember being carried, I kinda felt like I was flying she was moving so fast. It was insane,” Zoe chuckled. When no one else even smiled she cleared her throat awkwardly. “But I remember she dropped me off at the hospital, burst through the doors and had me wheeled off into emergency.”

Anya shot Lexa a look, which she did not reciprocate.

“Is that all?” Anya asked gently, hating how Lexa wasn’t even looking at her. Zoe bit her lip, glancing to Lexa.

“She… she told me that she wouldn’t be able to hold on for much longer. That…” Zoe hesitated, staring at her fidgeting fingers. Much to everyone surprise, since Lexa hadn’t spoken for the entirety of the recount, Lexa actually spoke.

“That what?” she said softly. She was still staring at the floor, her head only slightly inclining into her direction. Zoe, swallowing her doubt, took a deep breath.

“She said that the next time you see her she won’t be her, and that you have to kill her.”

Lexa didn’t say anything. She shut her eyes tight, walking to the other side of the room soundlessly. Anya’s worried sight followed her.

“Should I have not said that?” Zoe whispered to Anya. The dirty blonde smiled, barely.

“It’s not you don’t worry. Lexa…” Anya heaved a long sigh. “Lexa and Clarke are special. All this is just a bit much for her right now.”

Zoe glanced between them. “Can you promise that you won’t?”

“Won’t what?”

“Kill her,” Zoe clarified. Anya stiffened, Lexa stopped pacing. Zoe saw the confliction heavy in Anya’s eye. “She saved me, albeit it wasn’t in the most conventional way, but she did save me. I… I owe her my life.”

Lexa moved back to her corner in the wall, rubbing her eyes with her fingers. “A lot of people do.” She mumbled. Anya gave her look, which Lexa actually lifted her head up for. There was something tragically empty in her eyes, something that broke Anya’s heart for her sister completely. Lexa finally turned to Zoe, offering her a weak smile. “Thank you,” she said, and even Zoe could tell she was holding back tears. Anya stood up with the scrape of her chair, giving the bedridden girl’s shoulder a little squeeze.

“You’ve been a great help kid.” She smiled. Zoe smiled back at her. Anya moved to the door first, and Lexa was about to follow her when Zoe hands snatched out and grabbed Lexa’s wrist. She frowned down at the girl. Zoe just gave her arm and a little tug, so with a sigh, Lexa bent down and lent close.

“What is it?” she huffed, wanting desperately to get out of here.

“It’s something Clarke wanted me to tell you, just you.” Lexa froze. Zoe lowered her voice to a
whisper. “She said that she won’t be mad at you if you kill her, and that… that if she had had the
time, she thinks she could have loved you.”

It was those last two words that gave the tear to strength to break through her defenses and slip from
her eye. Lexa nodded, unable to speak. She practically charged for the door, brushing past Anya in a
near gush of wind. With the door half swung open, Anya’s hand still on the handle, she raised an
eyebrow at Zoe. The red head shrugged. With one final shared smile, Anya shut the door and left the
room.

Anya had to give to her sister, she was fast. She had just closed the door and yet even though Lexa
only had a few seconds head start she was already halfway through the doorway for the emergency
stairs. Anya stumbled over to them as quickly as she could, just catching the door as it went to close
on her.

“Oh no you don’t,” she muttered, slipping through and gliding down the staircase. Lexa was like a
blur, going down, and down, and down, not once looking back. Or up. Their steps bounced off the
concrete walls, the sound spiraling into Anya’s ears. It was irritating, her sensitive hearing wincing at
the constant taps and smacks against the stone. She called out to Lexa more than once, but Lexa
hadn’t heard her, or maybe she did, but didn’t bother to respond. When they finally neared the
bottom Lexa practically crashed through the doors and out into the car park.

Anya slammed her shoulder into the wood, the door smacking open. The car park was mostly empty,
Lexa walking, or more storming, her way over to their black SUV.

“Lexa!” Anya called. Lexa didn’t stop. “God damnit.” Anya murmured. With a shake of the head
Anya sprinted on after her sister, passers by be damned. When she was close enough, Lexa just
about to reach the car, Anya grabbed her shoulder and pulled her around. “Lexa stop,” Anya
breathed.

Lexa glared daggers at her. Anya could see the glossiness of her eyes, the wetness of her cheeks and
the rings of red. She sighed.

“Oh strikon,” Anya breathed, Lexa screwing her eyes shut at the term of endearment. The older
sister reached out a hand, but Lexa slapped it away.

“Don’t.” She growled.

Anya pushed a long breath through her nose. “Lexa, can we please just talk-“

“I don’t want to talk,” Lexa snapped, cutting her off. She heaved a strangled breath. “We got what
we need. We’re going home, then to Abby’s.”

“Lexa-“

“We’re done here Anya.”

Anya’s face morphed from one of sadness to one of anger. She clenched her fists. “Lexa,” she
started, her voice just above a whisper. There was a tiredness to it that sent off an unexplainable pang
in Lexa’s chest. “Shit, can we just stop? For a second? You’ve been running away for days now,
and I understand it alright? But you’ve got, fuck, you’ve got to stop.” Her eyes turned pleading.
“Please Lex.” She whispered.

Lexa stared at her, stared at the exhaustion in her face that wasn’t from running. Her mask of
indifference began to crack, like sheets of ice slipping and being dragged away by the relentless
waters. Lexa swallowed the lump in her throat. “We’re going home.” She finally said, and the sight
of Anya’s face falling was beyond heartbreaking. But Lexa ignored it, ignored the pounding her chest, like she always did.

Anya sucked in a shaky breath. “Lexa, please-“

“We’re done here do you-“

“Fucking hell Lexa!” Anya snapped, like a rubber band that had been stretching, stretching and stretching, its cord finally snapping. Lexa flinched from the harshness in her sister’s voice. “Stop it, fucking stop it.” She was panting, but Lexa could see the tears of frustration slipping from her eyes. “Why are you doing this, blocking me out? Am I not good enough for you anymore?”

Lexa’s hardened face softened. “Anya, you have never not been-“

“Then what is it?” Anya barked, throwing up her arms. “You’ve been blocking me out for days. And I’ve done my best to let you, to do what you think is best.” Her bottom lip trembled, her voice cracking. “But look at you Lex, take a real, fucking long look at yourself. And when you’re done with that, look at me.”

“Anya…”

She turned her head away, shutting her eyes tight. “You’re afraid. I understand. But you’re also being selfish.”

The words sliced into her skin like blades. Lexa blinked, staggering a few steps back. “Excuse me?”

“You’re being a coward Lexa.” Anya had turned to her now, but her eyes were brimming with pain, anger. And Lexa had to think if it was her that put it there. “You’ve pushed everyone out in the one time they need you. The one time-“ she choked on her words. “The one time I needed you.”

“I have been anything but selfish,” Lexa snarled. “I have given up, everything I love for this cause, this war, I have shouldered blame and despair so that it never even catches a fucking glimpse of you, that it never comes within an inch of your damn souls!”

Anya shoved her back. “I have been the one that’s been picking up the pieces ever you since you gave up! Who was the one that’s been at your side your entire life? Who’s the one who has not let even a finger touch you?” She was shouting now, random passers by giving them looks. “Who has been keeping our people together while you fall apart? Do you even care about them anymore?”

“I am Heda,” Lexa hissed, taking dangerously slow steps forward. “I do nothing that isn’t for them.”

Anya scoffed. “You’re a goddamn liar Lexa. Right through your teeth. And I’m done pretending to be okay with it.” Fear, cold and pure, coiled around Lexa’s stomach. Anya moved close enough till their faces were inches apart, green eyes fighting brown. “You’re a selfish coward. You’ll never be anything until you face the truth. This, is war. And you can’t lead an army when you yourself can barely stand.” Anya muttered, never breaking her eyes from Lexa’s. Holding her gaze for a second longer, Anya finally tore her sight away, roughly pushing past Lexa’s shoulder. Lexa didn’t move. Anya reached for the car door, snapping it open. She was about to get in, had actually just pulled out her keys and was about to push it in the ignition. But before she could twist it in, a hand was on her arm and hauling her out of the car. She stumbled back out onto the concrete, her balance just saving her from falling over. Lexa stood staring at her, and Anya bared her teeth.

“Not done yet are you?” Anya seethed. She pulled herself to her full height, Lexa’s eyes just following her, colder than she had ever seen them. There was a thick silence between, the sisters doing nothing but glare each other down, when Lexa finally took a step forward. And the coldness
in her eyes flickered.

“You have absolutely no idea what I’m going through.” Lexa muttered. “None.”

“You of all people should know who I lost-“

“I lost Costia!” Lexa snapped, her voice like a roar. Anya froze. “I lost Costia, and now… now I’ve lost Clarke too.” Saying her name made her want to scrape sandpaper against her tongue. Her eyes took on a new fire as they locked with Anya’s once more. “It is my fault that they’re both gone, both dead. And you have no fucking clue what that’s like.”

Anya’s features softened. “Lex, Clarke isn’t dead…”

“She’s a reaper Anya! She’s…” Lexa was panting, and despite her best efforts a raw, painful sob clawed its way up her throat. She couldn’t hold back the tears any more. “She’s a fucking reaper.” Lexa breathed. The admission, the acknowledgement of the truth was too much, and her knees buckled from under her. She fell to her knees, but before she even touched the ground Anya was on her, holding her.

Anya let Lexa cry into shoulder. A few of her own tears leaked out from seeing her sister in so much pain, so she held on tight as she could, rubbed her hands over Lexa’s shaking back.

Sometimes the only way to get through to Lexa is through force.

Emotion was something Lexa had forever struggled with; Anya knew that, she also knew that if she never faced it, it would tear her up from inside out. Depending on her far down it is, it becomes harder and harder to coax her to get it out, to talk to someone. Anya didn’t care if it wasn’t her, as long as Lexa actually talks it out she’s fine with whoever it may be.

But Lexa didn’t like that. Didn’t like talking.

And really, when the pain is so deep rooted that not even her extremely rare pleading can get it out, sometimes the only way is to bring it out through anger.

She didn’t like what she had to say to Lexa.

But it wasn’t all false. Some of it was true.

Lexa clung on to her sister like she was the only thing in existence, and Anya held her, shielded her from the world as the two girls sat in the middle of parking lot and cried.

Chapter End Notes

You'd think I'd give a happy chapter since its christmas huh?
On a more serious note, merry christmas to those of you who celebrate it, and if you don't then I hope you have a wonderful holidays and a great new year!!

*takes drag of baby carrot* they used to call me.... Translations
Ai swega - I promise
Strikon - Little one
Heda - Commander
The car ride wasn’t awkward.

It wasn’t even tense.

The breakdown in the parking lot seemed to have released the tension between them. Not all of course, it’d be impossible to wring it completely out, but for the first time in days Lexa was letting herself relax against the car seat. Anya was driving, and she seemed to be content with silence. Lexa didn’t mind. Her head still felt too cluttered to listen to music.

She kept thinking about what Clarke said, or really what she told Zoe to tell her. That she had kill her. Because, Clarke really wasn’t expecting that was she? She couldn’t truly think that Lexa would honestly kill her? She couldn’t even fathom the idea of… of fighting her, let alone plunging a stake through a heart. It just didn’t make sense. Clarke was strong; Lexa knew that, she could fight off the effects couldn’t she? Whatever was making her the reaper, Clarke would be able to fight it. She had to be able to. She had to.

Couldn’t she?

Lexus shut her eyes. It was useless being in denial, but she couldn’t help it. It was Clarke. There always seemed to be exceptions when it came to her. Don’t grow attached, stay on the fringes, kill vampires… Lexa struggled to think of a single rule she hadn’t broken with her. The thought made
Lexa smiled. Just a little at least.

Lexa opened her eyes slowly just as Anya released a sigh.

“What is it?” Lexa asked, looking over to her. She frowned when she saw how hard she was clenching the wheel.

“It’s just...” Anya shook her head, clenching and unclenching her hands. “What did she mean? ‘It doesn’t stop at Pike’? What doesn’t stop?”

Lexa could see it was frustrating Anya that it didn’t make sense. Anya hated not knowing, and though that sister part of her was enjoying watching her struggle and for once not know everything about anything, Lexa instead offered a small smile. Even though Anya was watching the road she saw it.

Lexa adjusted herself in her seat. It seemed there was no more time left for relaxing.

“Well, what do you think it is?”

“It could have been a threat. After all, Clarke wasn’t alone was she? She somehow managed to gather all those reapers for her side...”

They both looked at each other uneasily.

It was a fact they had both been glossing over. Mostly because it was a terrifying thing to think of. Rogue vampires were violent and powerful; reapers were even more so. Though for vampires there could be structure and order, reapers didn’t have that. They were too uncontrollable, too prone to kill everything and damn the consequences. They didn’t fear death. All they cared about was blood. And yet, somehow, Clarke had established herself as a leader within them. They had come with her, had waited on her command.

They had gone against Pike. They hadn’t taken his side, the one who had made them, owned them. The only thing that kept reapers in line with each other was power. Though they didn’t work in large groups and generally hated each other, they tended to follow the biggest bully. And Pike was powerful, both Lexa and Anya knew that.

So that begged the question of how powerful was Clarke?

Anya cleared her throat. “But what if she meant that it doesn’t stop there? That it doesn’t just stop at going against Pike, fighting him, that there was something worse. Something more.”

Lexa thought it over for a bit before eventually blowing a breath through her nose. “I don’t think that’s it. I think it was a warning.”

“Lex, I know you’ve got faith for her, and I do too, but you heard what she said. She may not be herself anymore.”

“She said that before she wasn’t herself though,” Lexa interjected, her voice hard. “If it was a threat than why didn’t she just say it out loud? Why whisper, why make it so only we can get the message?”

“Pike threatened her, remember? That if she defied him then he’d kill her. If she was making threats and, in turn, dragging Pike through the mud, it’d make sense for her want to avoid from saying it out loud for him to hear.” Anya was looking over to her to prove her point, but when she brought her sight to the front and realised how fast she was going she hastily slowed down.
“I still think it was a warning.” Lexa muttered.

“Okay,” Anya sighed, flicking out her hand while her wrist rested on the wheel. “Say it is one; what’s it of? What is she warning us?”

“That it doesn’t stop at Pike.” When Anya rolled her eyes, Lexa scowled and leaned forward. “No, listen. She’s telling us it doesn’t stop at **Pike**. Pike…” Lexa blinked. “Pike isn’t the leader.”

Anya opened her mouth to immediately protest, but then she really thought about what Lexa was saying, and instead stayed quiet.

Because it made sense. Yes, Pike was a vampire, a powerful one at that – but how was he making the reapers? How did he have them under his control? He may be a killer, but he wasn’t smart like that. And when he had been fighting Clarke he had mocked her about withdrawal. Withdrawal from blood? Or withdrawal from something else? There had been evidence of possible drug was the cause, maybe a drug that had been given to him to help create reapers and give Pike power?

“He’s a puppet. Someone is using him and… and if we find the someone, then we get him too.”

Anya chuckled dryly. “God, to think I was really looking forward to killing that bastard.”

“We are.” Lexa said. Anya raised a brow at her, but Lexa’s face remained the same. Hard and terrifying. “Without him none of this would have happened to Clarke. He is dying. By my hand.”

Anya glanced between her and the road. “Lex, when we attack the mountain, we’re declaring war. Don’t get me wrong, it’s a rescue mission; but our main goal is to take down the mountain. To end the reapers. With Clarke we have someone on the inside, we’re the closest we’ve ever been. We don’t have time for personal vendettas.”

Lexa didn’t reply, and Anya grew antsy.

“Lexa. We can’t kill him right off. We need to find his master if you’re right, he knows the mountain. You can kill him but, remember, the mission isn’t for him. It’s for everyone. It’s for the reapers who keep killing humans and our own people.”

“I know.” Lexa said quietly. She caught Anya’s eye before she turned back to the road. “But the moment I see him, I’m killing him.”

Anya gave up on trying to convince her otherwise. Instead she just sighed and shook her head. “Alright,” she breathed. “Alright.”

They drove the rest of the journey in silence.

And this time it was tense.

- 

The rest of the drive didn’t last long.

Soon Anya was pulling up into the familiar hidden driveway, easing the SVU into a stop. For a moment they didn’t move, just sat in the car, both leaning against the seats and, at least for Lexa, irrationally hoping for time to stop. For everything really. Just to have a few precious seconds where time didn’t move and she’d have the space to properly think and plan for what was going ahead without losing time. Because that was all Lexa could think about these days. Each breath she wasn’t inside the mountain with Clarke was a breath wasted where Clarke could be dead – or worse.
But time wasn’t one for sympathy, and so the moment only stretched for less then a minute.

“You sure it was a good idea to stop here before we go to Abby’s?” Anya questioned, not looking over to Lexa. Her eyes were fixed on the brick wall ahead.

Lexa nodded. She didn’t look over either. “She may be human, but it’s obvious she knows about vampires. Meaning she’d know about us. And we can’t trust that she’ll be willing to look over our titles in sake of Clarke.”

“I suppose your right. As always.”

Lexa’s lips twitched.

There was a small pause. “I’m not coming with you for this am I?”

“We don’t want to scare her,” Lexa said softly, finally looking over to her. She swallowed. “I need you to stay here. Prepare for battle. Train with Indra and especially Octavia, she needs as much as you can teach her as possible. She may not have the proper skill, but she has a lot of power.”

“Our other warriors?” Anya finally looked over to her too. Lexa bit her lip. Anya was not going to like it but-

“No. Only we will be infiltrating the mountain. Our people will wait outside undercover for if anything goes wrong, but they will not immediately go in with us.”

“Are you insane?”

Lexa sighed. Her response was as expected. “We’re going in for Clarke. Once we get her out, their forces will be weakened and since she’s clearly established herself as a leader, the reapers will be disorganised.”

“Exactly!” Anya exclaimed, throwing out her arms as much as she could in the cramped space of a car. “It’ll be perfect for us to take them down!”

“We let them brew.” Lexa replied, her anger making her words unnaturally calm. “They’ll probably end up killing each other in the following days as they fight for one of them to regain power.”

“Yes. Pike. And with them all back on Pike’s side, we lose any advantage.”

“If we burst in with an army the first thing they’re going to do is kill Clarke!” Lexa growled. “She’s Pike’s leverage. But she’s not enough to be kept alive. And Pike god damn knows it. If we come busting in, ready to tear them down he’ll kill her before we even reach her.”

“Lexa, we don’t know-“

“But we do! He threatened her that if she ever goes against him again he’ll kill her. Even if-“ Lexa’s throat suddenly closed off, but she fought to keep going. Her voice shook. “Even if she’s too far gone, she’s still Clarke. She’s smart. She’ll use the distraction of the battle to do something stupid like go for Pike so she has no competition, and Pike knows that. So he’d kill her before she had the chance. We just- we have to make it seem like we’re nothing. We go in, just, just you, me, Indra, Octavia and Raven, and we get Clarke out. We save her.”

Lexa’s cheeks were flushed from arguing so heatedly, and now stuck with a tense silence she clenched her jaw. They stared at each other, eye to eye without blinking until finally Anya seemed to relent, and slumped back into her seat. She let out one last slow sigh. “I hope you know what you’re
doing.” She whispered.

Lexa swallowed, which felt like gulping sand.

She took in a shaky breath.

“Me too.”

Anya tilted her head and they locked eyes.

“Me too.” Lexa repeated quietly.

Lexa had been hounded since the moment her lungs could breathe to hide weakness. To turn any weakness into strength, into something she could use. Anger into power, fear into a rationalizer. It was what she did; it was what she had always done. But sometimes that weakness wasn’t something she wanted to turn. Sometimes it was pain over happiness, cold and distance over love. It took years, but slowly, she started to overcome that. Gradually, bit by bit.

And then Costia would be murdered.

And then Clarke would be gone.

But if there was one person in her entire life that always fought against these lessons – it was her sister. It was Anya, who after Titus would scold her for finding her tangled in the arms of Costia in a closet that she had been sure no one would check, it was her who came for her and scowled when she saw what had happened, but not at Lexa, but at Titus. It was her who would take her into her room out of Titus’s glare, and when Lexa was sure she was in for another verbal beating, she instead asked what the girl’s name was. What she was like, how long she had known her. They talked for hours and hours, or really Lexa talked, and Anya listened, and she smiled at the right times and chuckled and made dirty comments and teases when she could.

And now, this so oddly felt like the same thing. Because Anya was staring at her like it was just so simple, everything was just so simple. Even if they may be in the middle of a possible war, she still looked at her like the first time she had snarked her back.

Like she was someone who despite everything she’d always love.

Lexa tried to hide the tears forming in her eyes, but she failed tragically. She blinked rapidly, but when she saw Anya lean forward and take her hands into her own, she closed them.

Anya gently tucked a piece of stray hair behind her ear. “Ai otaim raun yu. Nou diyo chit.” She squeezed her hand. “Yu ai sis.”

“Mochof.” Lexa murmured, opening her eyes. She sniffed before carefully removing her hands from Anya’s and wiping her eyes. She was trying to rub her eyes desperately hard when she felt someone tap her shoulder, and she looked over to find Anya wordlessly handing her some tissues. Lexa took them sheepishly.

When it wasn’t obvious Lexa had been crying anymore, Anya slapped her thigh playfully. “Right. Let’s go save your girl.” And before Lexa could even roll her eyes she was up and out the car door.

Biting her smile, Lexa got out the car too.

They went in through the secret entrance, or exit in emergencies, having to duck through the brick passage way. Lexa didn’t use the passage often, but mostly avoided it because of the smell. Dry and
stale. As someone who had a deep love of candles, her bank account certainly agreeing, trudging through the stuffy cramped space stung her nose and had her almost always sighing in relief when they’d tumble out into the fresh air. The wonderful smells of grass and flowers greeting her senses.

Any of course knew this, and shook her head at Lexa every time. Even after years of knowing each other she’d always hear Anya mutter the same words: ‘you and your fucking candles.’

And Lexa, of course, would scowl the same scowl, repeat back the same utterance: ‘for a someone who can turn into an actual dingo you have a terrible appreciation of smells.’

The passageway led into the watchtower, and the pair came out through the tower door, Lexa lifting her chin at the eyes that fell on her face. It was true that Lexa had been hiding (though the Commander never hides; it was more a tactical retreat) in her room the past few days; she was coming to grips to just how much her presence was needed. She shared a glance with her sister, remembering her words from the parking lot. Just maybe, they held some truth.

“Do you know where Indra is?” Lexa asked Anya, omitting her question of if she had caught Indra’s scent.

Anya paused for a beat, tilting her chin, before walking again but more to the right. “Follow me.” She muttered. Lexa nodded and did as told, Anya being one of the few who had the privilege of being able to order Lexa around without consequences. At least for some things. Lexa trailed behind Anya but when she realised where Anya was going she took the lead, Anya easily falling back without comment. They were heading to the training grounds, and from here Lexa could already hear the telltale signs of Indra’s voice, or rather, her training voice when dealing with the poor souls under her unwavering gaze.

Indra was a good instructor; Lexa was standing proof of that.

But the woman was fucking terrifying.

When she had finally come to Lexa’s sight though, it wasn’t just Indra’s shouts she could hear anymore. She stopped, Anya too, as they both listened in on what was clearly an intense argument. It was only a few words in did Lexa realise who the voices belonged too. With a small sigh, Lexa went to find the voices of what she knew to be a stubborn vampire and their new freshman hunter.

Raven and Octavia weren’t far. It didn’t take long for both Lexa and Anya to turn a corner, finding the pair up standing near the outer wall, arguing heatedly. Closer now, Lexa could make out the words they were yelling at each other.

“This is stupid! What are we doing waiting here? We should be out there searching for Clarke!”

“Don’t be idiotic Raven, we’re waiting for the Commander.”

“Oh the Commander we’re waiting for?” Raven seethed, her eyes for a second flashing black. “Yes let’s wait for the reason we’re even in this fucking mess.”

“And just how is this her fault?” Octavia shot back, stepping up to her. Her eyes, which should be green, were a blazing yellow.

But Raven didn’t back down from the challenge. “Clarke was taken under her protection. This is her base if you haven’t forgotten. If Clarke had of been home or anywhere that wasn’t here then she’d still be here with us!”

“You really think it matters where Clarke was when she got taken?” Octavia snarled. They were
nose to nose now. “They wanted her. She would’ve been kidnapped no matter where she was.”

“We don’t know that.” Raven muttered through gritted teeth.

“Yes we fucking do.” Octavia growled back. It was a literal growl that set off alarm bells in Lexa’s head. Apparently Lexa wasn’t the only one to be worried by the sound, because suddenly Anya was storming towards the pair. Lexa quickly went on after to her, because there were only a few times that Lexa had seen her sister walk like that. Or more, stomp like that. Because it was obvious, even if Lexa didn’t know why exactly she was yet.

Anya was furious.

When she was just a few lengths away from the pair they both stopped talking from the look alone on Anya’s face. Lexa was expecting Anya’s rage to be directed at Raven, since she clearly had no faith in her and she knew how protective she was, but to her surprise, it was Octavia she was heading for. When the brunette realised this she frowned, her yellow eyes flickering back to green. And much to Lexa’s shock, Anya planted herself in front of the vampire, Raven of all of them, and shoved Octavia back.

“What the hell do you think you’re doing?” Anya snapped, Octavia actually flinching slightly from the intensity.

“What are you-?”

Anya snatched her arm and ignoring Raven’s protests lifted it up. Lexa blinked as she saw the girl’s hand, or rather, how it wasn’t quite a hand. Her nails had extended into claws, like it was partway into transforming. Lexa suddenly realised why Anya was so upset.

“You want to explain this?” Anya hissed, clenching her hand tighter around Octavia’s wrist.

Octavia’s jaw dropped. “I… I didn’t notice,” she whispered, genuine surprise on her features. But this only seemed to rile up Anya even more. With a guttural growl she threw Octavia’s hand.

“Exactly. You need to control yourself. Do you have any idea what could have happened if you had accidently hurt someone in anyway whatsoever? A scratch, a slap?”

The realisation of Anya’s words dawned on Octavia slowly. When they did, Octavia frowned and stepped back. “But Raven’s a vampire? She can’t be turned, can she?”

“No, and you’re damn lucky she can’t.” Anya spat. Despite her words, Lexa saw how Anya was still standing protectively in front of Raven. Raven must have seen this too, because she raised a brow from behind her. “But it doesn’t matter that Raven’s a vampire, I am not dealing with a pack of newly turned wolves who would like nothing better than to kill everything they see.”

Octavia’s jaw clenched. “Werewolves don’t kill like that.”

“Born werewolves don’t kill like that.” Anya corrected, her voice hard. “Bitten werewolves are a different story. They take training and effort to control themselves.” Octavia furrowed her brows, but when she opened her mouth to say something Anya interrupted her, taking a step towards her. “It doesn’t matter how angry you are or how pissed; you must always stay in control. This is how civilians get killed Octavia. And I sincerely hope you don’t want that on your conscience.”

Octavia answered her with silence.

“Right.” Anya breathed, her shoulders slacking slightly. “Good. That’s what I thought.” Anya,
seeming to suddenly realise she was still standing in front of Raven, awkwardly pulled herself back so she stood next to Lexa again. Raven watched Anya move with a smirk, and Lexa almost fell over when swore she saw a slight blush in her sister’s cheeks. But then Lexa blinked and the redness was gone.

Though from the grin on Raven’s lips, it was safe to say that Raven had noticed it too.

“Okay,” Anya said, clearing her throat. “Now that you two are done bickering like children,” she kept talking quickly then to rush over Raven and Octavia’s objections, “we actually have important news.”

Both Raven and Octavia suddenly went quiet. Anya looked over to Lexa, and Lexa gave her an imperceptible shake of the head, Anya nodding and letting Lexa take lead. As Anya clearly had stepped down, Raven and Octavia’s gaze switched to Lexa.

“It’s about Clarke.”

Her voice didn’t shake like she expected it too.

Lexa went on to explain what Zoe had told them, deciding to refrain from mentioning Clarke’s admission that she could have loved her. It didn’t seem worth mentioning. When Lexa had nearly finished her recount and went on to explain that Clarke had told them for them to kill her when they find her, Raven shook her head with a scoff.

Lexa just held in her sigh. “What is it Raven?”

Raven’s reply was a dark glare.

“It’s very unlikely she won’t be a reaper by now,” Anya interjected, Lexa shooting her a thankful glance. “We won’t have a choice.”

“She’s Clarke.” Raven said, like it explained everything, like there wasn’t anything that Anya could say in rebuttal.

Lexa hated that she understood. “Raven,” Lexa started gently, not at all surprised when Raven’s face somehow darkened even more. “We’re not killing her on sight. That is a last resort, something we won’t be falling to unless it is the only option left.”

Raven blinked, surprised but Lexa could see also grateful for her words. Anya, however, had the opposite reaction.

“We’re not?” she asked, though it sounded more like an accusation.

“We’re not.” Lexa repeated. It was obvious Anya wanted to argue about this, but the three other people around her were all shooting her dark looks similar to Lexa’s, and so she decided it was probably better to just back down. With a sigh that could have been a scoff, she did.

“So… what now?” Octavia said, looking between the four of them. “We’re going to Abby’s?”

“I’m going to Abby’s. You are staying here and training, preparing for the infiltration into the mountain.” Lexa stated, and any progress of respect she had been making with Raven seemed to shatter. Raven stepped forward, Anya tensing.

“Just you?” she asked, though it sounded more like an accusation.
Lexa nodded. Raven chuckled sardonically.

“You’re going to Abby’s to ask about the ledger, something that’s been kept within the family for centuries, and you’re going ask her, politely, someone you’ve never met and are very much the total enemy of, if she will hand it over for you to skim through? You, the Commander, looking through generations of secrets of our people?”

No one said anything. Not even Anya, who would always take Lexa side. Because as much Lexa hated to admit it… Raven was right. She didn’t know Abby. She hasn’t even met her. And what she was asking for was obviously something that meant a lot to her, to their people. She didn’t even know what Abby looked like.

Raven was clearly expecting an argument of some kind, but when Lexa remained silent, and instead slowly nodded, Raven could only blink in shock.

“You’re right.” Lexa quietly murmured. She hesitated, but went through with what she was going to say anyway. It may go against a number of rules pounded in her head since day one, but this was for the sake of Clarke. And once more, it was for Clarke that Lexa broke the rules for. “It seems I require your help then.”

If Raven looked stunned, it was nothing compared to Anya who was openly gaping at her sister like she’d grown two heads.

And while it could have been just a joke, from the seriousness in Lexa’s eye, the genuine pain of the situation they were in, that Raven knew that Lexa wasn’t messing with her.

“Right.” Raven said after a prolonged silence, everyone seemingly trying to process what just happened. “Yeah, sure, I’ll… I’ll help.” At the raised eyebrow from Octavia, Raven quickly elaborated. “For Clarke. Not you. For Clarke.”

For some reason, none that Raven could work out, Lexa’s face actually softened. It was something she had very rarely seen, only catching fleeting glimpses of when they had all eaten dinner together in the courtyard, Clarke and Lexa glancing at each other like they had had their own little secret.

Lexa nodded again, something so sad flickering across her face.

“For Clarke,” she whispered.

- 

If Lexa thought the drive with Anya had been tense, it was nothing compared with this.

Lexa was driving. She wasn’t, necessarily, the best driver in the world, but Raven’s constant snide comments weren’t exactly helping the situation. Though Lexa’s outward appearance was calm, her heart was pounding erratically in her chest, and it was taking a lot of mental strain to keep her mind on task, focused, because all she could really think about was Clarke – and just how damn close they were to finding her. It meant that her concentration on the road wasn’t at its best, but any time Lexa seemed to drag her mind back on track, Raven would mutter a barely-veiled insult and she’d have to clench her jaw to restrain herself from lashing out.

She understood Raven’s anger. Mostly. Clarke was very clearly dear to her, and if there was anyone who could understand Lexa’s distress at Clarke’s kidnapping, it was Raven. But Raven didn’t believe that. Quite the opposite really. It was grating how often she would just brush off Lexa’s own concerns, her worries for Clarke. It was odd though, because sometimes it varied.
Like when they had been arguing about who would drive. While Lexa was accepting of Raven’s help, that was as far as she was going. She was driving. That was that. Raven though, of course, heartily disagreed, and when they had been bickering about the driver’s seat for nearly fifteen minutes, she threw up her arms with a growl. Lexa had tensed, readying herself for an attack, when Raven merely shook her head and pinched her brow, muttering under her breath.

“Christ, you’re as stubborn as Clarke. I’ve no idea why she likes you.”

It was the closest thing to a compliment that she had ever gotten from her. Lexa must have given her a weird look, because Raven realised this too, suddenly clearing her throat and rushing over to the car without making eye contact, sitting herself in the passenger’s and not the driver’s like she had expected. And when Lexa, stunned from the abrupt change of pace stood rooted to the spot, Raven had poked her head out the car window and barked at her to hurry up – seemingly back to her sarcastic self.

Or like when they were halfway into the drive, Raven giving her (though snapping would probably be a better word) directions as they pulled up to an intersection, the traffic light on yellow. Raven had jokingly muttered ‘flaw it, it’ll be quicker’.

And Lexa had done just that.

Lexa may have been a stickler for the rules, but she was aware that every second at this moment counted more than anything. Each second could hold anything, a life being taken, a reaper being born, their plans being found out. So Lexa really just didn’t care to break a couple laws. Lexa’s burst at speed had thrown Raven back in her chair, but the woman laughed manically, either in disbelief or joy, Lexa couldn’t tell. When Lexa had slowed down back to a more legal speed, Raven had looked over to her with an open mouth and sparkling eyes.

“You’re fucking crazy,” she had said, and it was so strange hearing those words from her without a drop of malice in her tone. Lexa shot her a smirk, and there was a second where she thought she saw Raven smile a little too, but then, seeming to realise who Lexa was again, the spark disappeared from her eyes and the scowl was back in place.

Raven was hard to place, Lexa found. She didn’t know whether she could turn her back to her, if she’d suddenly find a pair of fangs on her neck. She didn’t know whether she could give in her instructions for her safety or for Lexa’s own, if she’d just go back on them out of spite and either get herself or Lexa killed. She wasn’t an enemy, but she certainly wasn’t a friend, and the lack of trust was very worrying for Lexa, as she was about to enter Clarke’s mothers home, someone who was most likely sided with nightwalkers, with a vampire by her side who, if she could, would probably kill her in a heartbeat.

It was like she was walking into the lion’s den with a starved tiger as back up.

Yeah.

She wasn’t exactly feeling too safe.

But Raven also meant a lot to Clarke, so she put up with her. Mostly at least. There were some comments that she couldn’t let slide, and Lexa wouldn’t lie and say in those moments when her Heda slips out and there’s a second where Lexa can see Raven hesitate, see how she tenses and wonders if she’s gone that step too far. Okay, so maybe it’s a little sadistic to be satisfied from the flash of fear in her eye. But at least it shuts Raven up.

For a little while. If Raven is anything, it’s persistent.
After a half hour of driving though they were here. Lexa pulled the car to a slow stop, though it was more of a jolt. She couldn’t help it; it was a miracle she had gotten her license really. Raven got out of the car as fast as she could, Lexa sighing before unbuckling her seat belt and following her. When Lexa shut the door and stretched her legs, her gaze trailing and falling onto the Griffin household, Lexa couldn’t help but smile a little, remembering when she had last been here with Clarke. The moment where their hands brushed and she had felt that spark up her arm.

“You coming Commander?” Raven called, leaning against the white picket fence.

Lexa let out another sigh. It was something she found to be doing a lot around Raven. She nodded striding over to Raven’s side, Raven raising a brow at her and Lexa responding with a glare. Together they walked up to the medium sized house, the pastel red brick walls standing proud, though parts looked a little worn. It was when they had just about reached the front door that Raven suddenly halted, gripping Lexa’s arm and hauling her back. Lexa immediately went into a defensive position reaching for her dagger strapped at her thigh when Raven hissed at her, “there’s no one there, relax!”

Lexa frowned, frustration at the false alarm making her grit her teeth. She snatched her arm out of Raven’s hold. “Then what do you think you’re doing, Raven?” she said slowly. Raven rolled her eyes at Lexa’s obvious threat, but still she took a step back.

“We need to talk. Before we go in,” Raven explained. Lexa wondered why they didn’t just speak in the car on the way here, but wanting to avoid a fight right in Abby’s front lawn decided to remain quiet. Lexa bobbed her head for Raven to go on. With a slightly shaky breath Raven did. “Listen, I know to your… people… you hold a lot of power. But you don’t hold power here. Not with Abby, not with our kind. Don’t throw any threats or demands or we won’t get anywhere.”

“I know that Raven.” Lexa deadpanned. “I am not completely inept.”

Raven shook her head. “No, you don’t understand. Abby is part of the Council, if you get on her bad side, if you pull any shit with her you could start a war. And as much as I hate you I very much would like to avoid that.”


Raven froze. Under her breath, Lexa heard her mutter ‘fuck’.

“Raven. Who are they?” Lexa demanded.

“Listen just… fuck, alright, alright!” Lexa had been reaching for her dagger again, and with a deep sigh Raven gave in, lifting up her hands. “Fine! I’ll tell you just don’t do anything stupid, something apparently you have an affinity for you doing.”

“Raven…”

Raven groaned. “Okay. Look, the Council are our… leaders, I guess. They keep us together, at peace. Each member represents their faction, and all of them together makes sure no fights break out between the factions.”

“These… Council members. Do you know them? Their names?”

“You think I’m stupid enough to give you a damn hit-list of the one thing that keeps a war from breaking out?” Raven growled. Lexa bristled, but Raven went on before Lexa could say anything, her voice dropping to a softness she didn’t expect. “We may be monsters to you and your people, and perhaps, perhaps you’re right, but we’re trying not to be. The Council are the ones who put in
the laws that outlaw human killing. Human feeding is only allowed if it’s consensual. If you were to destroy that, you’d destroy everything, every good that we’ve tried to do.” Raven locked eyes with her then, but they weren’t full of the malice and the snide she’d grown use to. They were full of something she had never seen before: pleading. “We may be vampires, but we’re people too. Don’t destroy something because you don’t understand.”

Lexa was quiet for a while before she spoke. “Your people have also killed mine.”

“Well then you understand what it means to lose.” Raven said quietly.

They stared at each other. Raven’s eyes weren’t pleading anymore, but they were softer than Lexa had ever seen, and Lexa herself struggled to keep her face impassive, cold like she always did. It was the honesty in Raven’s voice that seemed to chip away at her mask until there they stood, alone, together, and they weren’t in the middle of a possible war, and they weren’t about to enter a home and search through generations of lost knowledge to break into a mountain and kill any one who got in their way. No, instead the two girls stood there, nothing but the seventeen year olds they were. The children they were.

And finally, Lexa felt like she could place Raven.

She wasn’t an enemy. She wasn’t a friend. She wasn’t… a title. A monster, a vampire, a killer. In the end, Lexa could see that she was like her.

Scared.

Just so, so scared.

The moment came, and the moment went, and when it passed they both took deep breaths and looked up towards the house. The defenses fell back into place, worn and used after so many years of practice, of habit. The snark returned to Raven’s voice and Lexa’s face fell back to the blank mask, or at least, as blank as she could make it.

“So,” Raven said, breaking the silence. “Anything else we need to talk about before we go in? Any people you pissed off I should know about?”

Lexa almost smirked, before she realised that there actually was someone who she’d pissed off and could be a problem for. Lexa grimaced, and Raven saw.

“Oh for fucks sake–”

“Will Abby be alone today?”

Raven scrunched her brow, obviously trying to work out who Lexa had pissed off and could be a problem for. Lexa grimaced, and Raven saw.

“Oh for fuck’s sake–”

“Will Abby be alone today?”

Raven scrunched her brow, obviously trying to work out who Lexa had pissed off. “She should be…”

“Then we shall be fine.” Lexa nodded. Raven frowned even harder.

“Who did you…” the realisation came to her, and Raven swore, repeatedly, only stopping when Lexa cleared her throat. “Seriously?” Raven gaped. “Fucking Kane? What’d you do?! He’s one of the nicest guys I know!”

Lexa pretended to look unfazed. “He is a hunter. A lone hunter. Since he isn’t allied to any clan, when my people came this became our new territory, and not his, as clans take priority.” Raven looked confused, but as Lexa went on to further explain Raven instead shook her head.
“No, no I’m not confused on whatever social system you have it’s just…” she brought her gaze to meet Lexa’s, to make sure she wasn’t lying. “Kane is a hunter?”

This time it was Lexa who frowned. “Why does that confuse you?”

“Because he’s on the council.”

They both went silent.

“A vampire hunter on a vampire council?”

“Are you sure he’s a hunter?” Raven tried.

“Of course. All hunters are registered. His name is written in documents.” Lexa paused. “Are you sure he’s on the-“

“He is. I’ve seen the council, he’s one of them.”

There was more silence.

This time, it was Raven who broke it. “So whose side is he on?”

Before they could say anything more on the revelation however, the door to the Griffin household swung open, and there stood Abby Griffin herself, eyes hooded and face cautious. Though upon landing on Raven, they softened, if ever so slightly.

Abby didn’t look like a replica of Clarke, but there were similarities. The way she stood, proud but wary, the roll of her shoulders, loosening the muscles in case of a fight, but the action subtle, easy to play off as something else. The soft sharpness of her jaw, the eyes, though not blue, that seemed to run the distance with ease between the two of them, piercing right into her soul like how Clarke’s did.

Abby didn’t move from the doorway when she spoke. “Have you found Clarke?”

Her voice was steady, but there was roughness that the mother couldn’t shake. Raven glanced to Lexa, mouthing ‘don’t talk’, before taking a few steps forward towards the house. Lexa clenched her jaw at Raven’s order, but she didn’t say anything.

“Almost. We need your help.”

“We?” Abby questioned, her eyes flicking between Raven and her. Lexa kept still.

“Yes, we,” Raven went on. She looked to her, hesitating before going back to Abby. “She’s… with the hunters-” at Abby’s widening eyes Raven rushed out. “But she’s on our side!”

“Raven,” Abby hissed, finally crossing the threshold and walking towards her. She didn’t go further then the edge of the veranda. “Are you insane?”

Raven shrugged. “Not clinically. Listen, Clarke was taken by powerful people, we can’t do this on our own. We need help.”

“Hunters kill your kind Raven! What the hell were you thinking?” Abby’s voice was getting more and more panicked. Lexa went to open her mouth, but Raven shot her a look and reluctantly she backed down. Again.

“This is the best way for Clarke Abby, please.” She took a breath, which Lexa thought strange
considering she was a vampire. “I didn’t come here to fight. We’re going after Clarke, but we need your help before we do. If you want Clarke back, you’ll help us.”

Abby didn’t reply instead grinding her teeth. Lexa didn’t like the hostility that was just rolling off the woman in waves, but she knew that they needed her, so Lexa fought off her instincts to grab a weapon. She stood still, making her shoulders relax, making herself seem less of a threat. Abby noticed, and Lexa just held in her breath of relief when she too relaxed her stance. The older woman took in one long and deep sigh before she nodded in resignation.

“Get in then.” She muttered, waving a hand. “No point to be ruining my lawn any longer.”

Raven gave Lexa a quick giddy smile at successfully avoiding a fight, but it was gone so quick Lexa thought she’d imagined it. She followed in behind Raven, and as she walked through the door, Abby standing to the side, the mother caught her eye in a steely gaze before she slowly shut the door.

The house was the same the last time she had been in. It wasn’t messy, but it wasn’t clean. It really was a home, the stories and lives of the owners written into the walls themselves, either in scratches, drawings or, in the far right corner, markings of different heights as Clarke grew up. It was everything Lexa didn’t have, and it made her heart ache.

Abby gestured for them to sit on the couch which Raven happily went to comply with, except Lexa shook her head and Raven, scowling slightly, begrudgingly came back to her side. Abby saw how quickly Raven was to listen to the hunter, and it only made her more suspicious. There was an awkward silence before finally Lexa spoke.

“Thank you for inviting us into your home, Miss Griffin.” She figured she’d stick to formalities for now.

Abby hesitated before saying, “Abby is fine.” Lexa nodded, and the silence came back.

Raven, being Raven, decided to get things going. “So. We’ve come for the ledger.”

Lexa internally winced at the bluntness. She wasn’t the only one to react badly to Raven’s statement, as Abby’s eyes bulged and she stepped back, and Raven, seeming to realise her mistake, tried to talk to repair the damage. But it was too late, Abby was already yelling.

“You told her about the ledger?!” Abby fumed.

“I didn’t tell her!” Raven snapped. “Clarke did! God knows why, but she did!”

At that Abby balked. “Wha- How? How did?”

“There was an attack, Miss Griffin,” Lexa started, mindful to keep her voice soft. “On a girl named Zoe. Clarke hid instructions with her on what we needed to do. She told us to go to you and find this… ledger.”

Raven gave her a scathing look for talking, but Lexa glared at her right back. It was very obvious she didn’t have the situation handled. And damn her, she can take care of herself. She doesn’t listen anyone but herself.

Thankfully, Lexa’s words seemed to calm Abby somewhat. “Clarke… Clarke told you? Specifically you?” Abby rounded on Lexa, but there wasn’t as much panic and anger in her voice. Mostly it was confusion and disbelief.

“She compelled Zoe to not remember anything until she heard my name.”
The silence then was deafening.

But, after long stretched moments, Abby spoke up.

“Why you?” she whispered.

Lexa opened her mouth to answer, but no sound came out. She blinked.

Much to everyone’s surprise it was Raven who answered. Muttering with an oddly soft voice, “Because Clarke trusts her. Completely.”

And hearing Raven say that, Raven, Clarke’s closest and most trusted a friend, a sister more than anything – that seemed to convince her. She sucked in a shaky breath and Lexa worried that she was swaying until she suddenly turned around, her expression dark and apprehensive.

“Okay. Follow me.”

Raven didn’t look at Lexa this time when she went to follow Abby.

Lexa fell into step behind Raven; unable to not stare at the surrounding as Abby led them up a set of stairs, framed photos lining the sides. They had to keep moving, but Lexa lagged a few seconds, trying to take in as much detail as she could. The photos were mostly Clarke, blonde curls wild and cheek full. She was so young in them, and unsurprisingly she was extraordinarily adorable. There was one of her as a baby, chubby fingers reaching for Abby’s younger, beaming face as she cradled her; there was one of Clarke as a toddler, walking with shaky steps towards a man, Lexa would guess her father, his hair blonde and his blue eyes shining; there was one of Clarke as a kid, probably around six, standing in front of large green gates with a beaming smile, a backpack that covered half her body held tightly between her fingers.

When they got to the top of the stairs, there was another photo, but this one wasn’t Clarke. It was just one person, and Lexa stopped next to it when she saw it.

It was the same man from the other photos, the same blonde hair and the same eyes. His smile was full of teeth but it looked like he hadn’t seen the camera at all. He was standing on a hall, staring off into a view of the town that was sure to suck the air from her lungs. He stood, his arms spread, smiling down without a care. His hair ruffled from the wind.

“That was Clarke’s father,” Abby said quietly, and though Lexa was startled from the sudden voice, thankfully she didn’t jump. Lexa looked over to Abby, saw the sad smile she wore and the clear longing that flickered across her face.

“What was his name?” Lexa asked. Abby didn’t move her gaze from the photo.

“Jake.” She answered. She sighed softly. “Clarke adored him, loved him so much. He was her hero.”

“He sounds like a great mean.”

Abby nodded slightly. “He was.”

She finally tore her gaze off the photo, and when they locked sights Abby offered another stiff nod, before turning and continuing on their way. Lexa glanced one last time at Jake, noticing just how much Clarke really was her father’s daughter. When she began moving again too she was surprised to find herself almost walking into Raven. She frowned at her, but Raven’s face wasn’t harsh as she stared at Lexa. It was curious.
“Raven?” Lexa said uneasily, Raven still standing in her path and not letting her past.

Raven squinted her eyes before shaking her head. “I can’t figure you out Woods.”

Lexa didn’t ask how she knew her last name, but gratefully Raven had stepped to the side, and Lexa walked past her while throwing her a confused glance.

Lexa couldn’t figure out Raven either.

She caught up to Abby, but Abby seemed to be getting impatient now and went through a door into a room before Lexa had fully reached her. She followed her in, taking in the new surroundings. It was an office. It walls were stuffed with cabinets, some wooden some metal, but though it seemed like someone had crammed it in as many as they could, on the left side there was a gap. Lexa eyed it curiously before looking back to the front, finding Abby striding towards a desk.

Raven came in behind her, bumping into Lexa deliberately. Lexa threw a glare at her that she caught with a smirk. Lexa ground her teeth. Whenever she thought she was getting somewhere with Raven, the girl would always do something that would remind just how very not friends they were. She would have done something in retaliation, but Abby was right there, and she needed her trust at this point.

Abby lifted a lamp off the desk, and before Lexa could question what she was doing and where the ledger the was, there was the distinct sound of the pressing of a button and a *click* and suddenly the odd gap that she spotted before had disappeared, wooden planks sliding upwards to reveal a passage way.

Lexa gaped at the secret entrance. What in the…?

“This way,” Abby ordered, going through the passage without a second glance. Raven quickly mimicked her, not questioning the doorway either. Lexa shook her head at herself before she went and followed them too. The passage way walls were stone and the smell was dank and reeked of smoke. The space was tight as they moved through; Abby lit torches with a match as she passed them, the darkness slowly being pushed out with the soft orange glow from the flames. They had to walk to single file to fit, and Lexa craned her neck when they stopped, spotting a large wooden door. A thick plank was propped up against it with metal hinges, as if to hold something in.

Abby heaved it off with a grunt, and with one last glance to Raven and her, she grit her teeth, turned to the front – and pushed open the door. Its weight fought against her, but with some strain she managed to fully open it.

The room was mostly empty spare for one thing: a large metal cage. Distantly Lexa also saw the tables in the corners but all Lexa stared at was the cage, the barred metal that, now that she moved closer to, was slightly dented and full of scratches. Like it had held someone in who had wanted nothing but to get out.

She was closed enough to touch it now. It felt like she had forgotten breathe, and maybe she had, all Lexa was focused on was letting her fingertips gently trace over the metal, finding the dips of the grooves and marks. All Lexa could think about was the person who this cage was mostly made for, considering there was only *one* vampire that lived in the household.

Clarke had been in this cage. Lexa was sure of it.

But why?

Lexa turned around, and the question must have been obvious on her face, because Raven, who had
been standing in the corner, stepped forward, making sure her gaze was locked with Lexa’s. She moved till she was just a few lengths away from the cage.

“It’s not used often.” She said, her sight not leaving Lexa’s own. “Sometimes… she can lose control. We got it just after… just after Clarke’s memories were taken.”

Lexa remembered what Clarke had said; how she didn’t even know she was a vampire. How terrified and vulnerable it had made her. “Who took her memories?” Lexa asked, but when Raven unexpectedly went silent at the request, it turned into a demand. “Answer me Raven.” Lexa muttered, and while her words may have been sounded soft, it was the quietness that made them terrifying.

When it looked like Raven was about to answer, Abby spoke up. “It doesn’t matter who took them. That’s not why you’re here, hunter.”

“It does matter.” Lexa countered, unable not to refute. She knew she shouldn’t, that she should be trying to make Abby trust her as much as she could – but she couldn’t let this go. She had heard how small Clarke’s voice was that morning, the morning after that terrible, terrible night. She had heard and felt the pain in her voice, but also the overwhelming confusion. It made her soul sting just to remember it.

Because it did matter. It mattered to Clarke.

So it mattered to Lexa.

Abby’s eyes were dark, but Lexa’s were burning. “I was told you came for the ledger,” she lifted up her hand, a large leather book held between her fingers. It looked extremely worn and it was honestly a miracle it hadn’t fallen apart. “Not a questioning.”

“I came for Clarke.” She flexed her hands. “The ledger happens to fall under that. Now, who took her memories?”

“It is none of your concern.” Abby said through gritted teeth.

Lexa clenched her fists, taking in a steadying breath. She was readying herself for something she was most likely going to regret when suddenly Raven, who Lexa had somehow forgotten was there with her stare down with Abby, stepped forward. Both Lexa and Abby’s gaze fell to Raven, now standing in between them, but Raven was only looking at Abby.

“Tell her Abby,” she said softly. At least, she thought it was softly. Lexa could hear the bitterness in her voice. “Tell her whose idea it was.”

And the argument switched quick from Abby and Lexa to Raven.

“You said nothing then Raven.” Abby reminded.

Raven scoffed. “And look how great that turned out.”

“You don’t get to judge me, not when you didn’t say anything when-“

“Well I should have!” Raven snapped. Abby almost stumbled back, shocked from Raven’s outburst. Lexa was surprised too, but more that she could see that this was something that she had been wanting to say for a long time. “I fucking should have. How could you? How could her own mother-“
“Do you not remember the body? The one that you agreed that she killed?”

“Oh fuck you,” Raven exclaimed, waving a hand. “I’ve got no fucking clue why I took your side, we both know she was framed.”

Abby didn’t say anything to that.

“Do it.” Raven said after the silence, a smile that seemed anything but happy on her face. “Tell her just who it was. Tell her who stood there and watched it happen. Because if you don’t, I will.”

“Raven…” Abby said slowly, the warning clear in her tone. “This is the not the time. Clarke is gone. My daughter is gone. You told me the ledger could get her back-“

Raven shook her head before turning over to Lexa. “It was her, Lexa. She took her memories.”

Lexa could only blink. She moved her gaze from Raven to Abby. How could Abby have done it? She was human wasn’t she?

“She had someone do it for her,” Raven went on, seeming to read Lexa’s mind. Raven turned to Abby who was staring at her with a dropped jaw. “Do you want to tell her about the night, Abby, or do you want me too?”

“You weren’t there,” Abby murmured. It was a last defense Lexa saw, her last resort. “You don’t-“


Everything about Abby fell, the masks of anger and defiance in her face melting away till there was nothing but crumbled defeat. “Why?” Abby breathed, the tension that had previously been suffocating the air receding.

Raven caught Lexa’s eye. She saw her swallow. “Because Clarke trusts her.” Raven answered, her voice a whisper. “She… she deserves to know.”

Abby let her back fall against the wall.

She chuckled, but the sound was off and made Lexa’s skin crawl. “She deserves to know…” Abby repeated, muttering to herself. She shook her head. “Then I suppose I ought to tell you then.”

They locked eyes.

Lexa nodded.

So with a sigh, Abby began to tell her.

- 2 YEARS AGO

She didn’t want to do this.

She didn’t.

But she had to. She knew that. Clarke had killed, Clarke had finally become the thing she had always dreaded the moment Jake had turned her. She had become a murderer. Which meant that she had to do this – she knew she did. She had made plans for this years ago, just in case, a last
resort if it ever came to it. It didn’t matter what would happen after, what the decision would make her. The morals and her guilty conscience didn’t matter; this was what had to happen. To protect Clarke. To protect others.

She didn’t want to do this.

Abby Griffin stood in the underground secret room, where Jake had made his base of operations. It was mostly collecting dust now, or at least, it had been. Now after so long it was being used once more. Where there used to be large table in the middle of the room splayed with maps, there now stood Pike, a vampire who in any other situation Abby would be tempted to plunge a stake through. And up against the wall, where normally there’d be swords hung up, there now was a metal hook, though it wasn’t normal human metal, but something that not even a vampire’s strength could break. Slung through the hook were chains, and attached to the chains by the wrists, was her daughter, Clarke.

Clarke had been unconscious. It was Abby’s doing, she had drugged her so she could bring her down here without any resistance. She always kept some sedatives in the house, in a secret compartment in the kitchen cupboards. But Clarke was a vampire, and her system would fight off the drugs quick. Clarke was awake now, had been for the past five minutes. The moment she had awakened she seemed to know what was going to happen.

At first she had struggled, but seeming to realise that she wasn’t just in any old chains and there really was no way she was escaping, she had resigned to just standing emotionless against the wall. Abby had never seen her daughter’s face so empty.

“Will it hurt her?” Abby asked Pike, standing next to him. Though not right next to, he was still a despicable man, and she kept a fair distance between them.

Before he could answer Clarke snorted.

“It’ll hurt when I remember.”

Abby’s gaze snapped onto her daughter’s, but Clarke didn’t meet her sight. She was staring at Pike.

“Won’t hurt near as much as when I find you though Pike.” She sighed deeply, a faux dreamy smile on her lips. “You know, sometimes I catch myself just dreaming of pushing a stake through your heart...”

“Taunt me all you want Clarke, it will not change what is about to happen.”

Clarke shrugged and the chains rattled. “Well, if I’m about to lose everything that I am because of my own mother,” for a breath she caught her eye, and Abby couldn’t hold it for even a second before she turned away. “I may as well go down having fun. And taunting you is just so damn fun. Speaking of...” she leaned forward then, and Abby tensed, because she knew Clarke was going to say something stupid. “How’s your buddy Cage these days Pike?”

Abby frowned. Who the hell was Cage?

Clarke smirked and Abby saw how Pike’s face, which had been its usual infuriating smug self, was paling.

“Your boss giving you troubles?” Clarke grinned.

He lunged for her. His hand closed around her throat but Clarke didn’t even flinch.
Abby charged forward snarling. “Don’t you dare fucking touch her!”

Pike growled savagely, tightening his grip before letting go with a curse, stepping back as Abby now stood between him and Clarke. He raised his hands in a peace gesture, muttering his apologies. Abby relaxed slightly, making an effort to even out her breaths.

“I’m sorry,” Pike apologised, looking at Abby. “I… lost control. Forgive me.”

“You touch her again and I’ll kill you myself.”

They stared at each other, and when the situation seemed to resolve, they both instinctually looked to Clarke.

Clarke laughed.

Abby didn’t understand how her laugh had gone so cold.

“God, you’re too easy Pike. At least try a little next time.” Clarke chuckled, the shrill sound bouncing off the walls uncomfortably.

Abby turned to Pike. She swallowed. “Do it,” she whispered. She knew if she waited any longer she’d change her mind. “Quickly. You know what to take.”

“Of course, you’ve shown and told me-“

“I’m also reminding you that if you block anything that I hadn’t told you too, and plant any memories we haven’t previously discussed, you will be put under a kill order by the Council and a bounty will be placed on your head. You will be dead within the week.”

Pike blinked.

“Are we clear?” Abby growled. He jerked his head into a nod.

“Completely.”

Abby sucked in a shaky breath. “Okay. It’s time then.”

She saw Clarke stiffen, how her back straightened against the wall. She knew Clarke had realised there was no going out now; there was no hope left.

This was it.

Abby stepped back as Pike moved forward. He came close enough till he was an arms length away from her; his shoulder’s losing their tension. Clarke lifted her chin. Abby was to the side enough that she could see them both clearly.

Abby hadn’t seen compulsion before. Jake had told her it was a rare ability, and even rarer was to have conscious control over it; he taught her that if she were to ever meet someone who could use compulsion as easily as breathing that they should never be trusted. It made her think on what he’d say if he knew what his daughter could do, just how dangerous she was. The only other thing she really knew about compulsion was that it depended on eye contact. Because of this, she figured that Clarke would be actively avoiding Pike’s gaze, to prevent it as long as possible.

But Clarke was doing opposite. She was staring back at Pike, right into his eyes without blinking.

It was a challenge Abby realised.
“I need you to relax Clarke, this won’t hurt at all.” Pike said quietly.

Clarke rolled her eyes. “Don’t insult me Pike.” She rolled her shoulders, which didn’t get very far as she was still chained to the wall. Her wrists pinned up to above her her. “We gonna’ do this properly or what?”

“Confident, are we?” Pike grunted. It was clear that Clarke’s attitude was maddening to him, but he must have somehow sensed Abby’s tensing, because he relaxed his tone. “All right Clarke. We’ll do, as you say, this properly.”

A ring of gold appeared in Pike’s eyes.

But the second his were gold so were Clarke’s.

They stared at each other, but Abby knew it was more than that. They were staring at each other hard, Clarke’s face lost of all amusement and teasing. It was cold and concentrated; her body was completely still, much like Pike’s. Except, as the seconds wade on, Pike began to shake slightly. His fists clenched at his sides.

Clarke smiled.

“Don’t tell me that’s all you’ve got Pike?” she teased, though Abby noticed how she was slightly breathless. Abby didn’t know how. She didn’t even need to breathe.

Pike didn’t say anything. Sweat was starting roll down his neck. The ring of glow seemed to glow brighter for a moment, but Clarke’s mimicked almost instantly, burning if not slightly brighter than his.

It was very strange to watch. Abby knew it was some type of mental battle, and she supposed if you were involved it would be intense, but watching from the sidelines just gave her anxiety. There was no way to tell who was winning. Though from the way Pike was shaking harder now, and Clarke was merely trembling slightly, she’d say that Clarke was.

Pike let out a grunt, one of his feet sliding backwards.

“That’s it, keep walking back…” Clarke whispered.

Pike growled low.

“Come on, you’re so close now.”

His other foot threatened to move, but he locked it to keep it from slipping. He bared his teeth but Clarke paid no mind, her face still eerily calm, at ease, her trembling ceased and her neck free of any sweat or effort…

Even Abby, who the compulsion wasn’t being directed at, felt a slight pull when she found herself staring at Clarke for a moment too long.

And suddenly, everything about Clarke completely relaxed, and everything about Pike tensed up ten times as much, every muscle strained, every bone-

“Charles Pike, turned at forty-two years old, born on a farm in England.”

Abby’s blood froze. Clarke wasn’t in his memories now, surely? Clarke couldn’t-

“Your Dad left when you were young, you lived and grew with your mother, who passed after you
came back from the war.”

“Stop it,” Pike grunted, just getting the words out.

Clarke didn’t. “You felt alone. You wanted to prove yourself, needed people around you, people to lead…”

“Stop it!”

“You went back. You joined the army, stayed and served for years. You lost so many… but they followed. They trusted you. They were your people.”

“Stop!” Pike snarled.

“You were content. You were on an assignment. Enemy lines, undercover. You succeeded, you got in, infiltrated, but just as you headed home they found you. They killed your squad, they killed you… but you fought so well, without care… you caught one of the enemy’s attention. When they left you to die he came back with someone. He offered you eternal life, offered you all the power you wanted… the person he brought with him wasn’t a person you saw but an unnatural creature… he said he’d let him turn you, all you had to do was agree to be in his debt.”

“GET OUT OF MY HEAD!”

Abby saw Clarke lost some of her grip then, but she kept going. “You accepted. He had the creature turn you. He told you his name, Dante Wallace-“

There was a sudden slam of a door near the front of the house, and Abby felt her very soul lurch. Shit. Fuck. No, he wasn’t meant to be home until-

“Abby? Are you home?” Kane’s voice rang clearly throughout the house, and it was his voice that tripped up Clarke. For a second her eyes flicked to her mother’s, the obvious confusion in them of what Kane, her teacher, was doing in their house. Abby hadn’t told her yet about how Kane and her were seeing each other. It was too early and with everything going on-

It was that split second of doubt that was Clarke’s downfall.

Pike took the opening without hesitating. Clarke’s brief lapse of concentration had cost her. Abby’s heart pounded in her chest, her throat felt like a rock had been wedged into it. Clarke wasn’t at ease anymore, she was struggling much similar to how Pike was seconds ago. The positions had changed; Pike was gaining control now, his fists unraveling, Clarke was getting restless, jerking in her chains.

Their eyes still both glowed gold, but now Pike’s was brighter, stronger than Clarke’s.

“There you go,” Pike breathed. His head was still drenched in sweat. “You’re all right.”

Clarke clenched her jaw, her entire body shaking; but it was too late. Pike was standing still now, the tension gone. And Clarke was starting to relax too; even if it was obvious every part of her was struggling against it.

“Let me in Clarke,” Pike whispered. The tightness in her face loosened, her shoulders drooped, slowly, reluctantly, like they were fighting the entire length down…

Abby watched everything about her daughter slacken, until finally it was over. The battle was done.
"She really didn’t want to do this."

When Abby finished her retelling, she was met with silence.

Lexa didn’t know what to say.

“You have to understand, it was for her safety. And it’s not just because of the girl, Raven,” Abby quickly added, silencing Raven’s objections. “It’s about her, herself. There are people who have been searching for her for centuries. Who want her blood. She was making too much attention when she was Wa-“

At Raven’s sudden look, Abby swallowed her words.

“…She was making too much attention. This kept her safe.”

“Who wants her?” Lexa asked, choosing to ignore whatever Abby had intended to say.

“I don’t know,” Abby sighed but she had hesitated before she did so. Lexa frowned slightly. “It was what Jake told me, constantly warned me about.”

Any insults or retorts seemed to die in Raven’s throat. The silence came back, and finally Lexa found her words. They shook a little, even if she tried her best to keep them as steady as possible. Hearing about what Clarke had gone though made her dangerously angry, strengthening her resolve to kill Pike the second she sees him. But now wasn’t the time for that.

“This cage... it looks very used for something used so rarely.”

Raven furrowed her brows at Lexa’s question, but Abby stiffened. Got her.

Abby must have realised she’d been made too because she shook her head at herself in defeat. She forced the next words out; even it looked like they very much wanted to stay in.

“I use the cage when she wakes and briefly remembers. It happens at night, once every three months or so. She’s out of mind during those times, its scary, like an animal just wanting to break free…”

Raven frowned. “Wait, what? What are you talking about?”

“I didn’t tell you,” Abby explained, ignoring the anger that lit Raven’s features. “It didn’t matter. It was only on occasion, all I had to do was bring her down here for the night. She’d wake up without remembering the episode.”

“How can you say it doesn’t matter!” Raven snapped. “Clarke never loses control. She only started getting off after the memories. I told you!” She was getting angrier now, frustration building from years and years spilling out. “I told you there was something wrong. Something off, over and over again. And you didn’t think to tell me that she woke up out of her mind consistently? That that wasn’t something that didn't matter?”

“You are a child, Raven,” Abby snarled, pushing herself off the wall. “You know nothing. There are bigger things at play here. Thing you don’t-”

“Like what?” Raven got close to Abby, and even Raven wasn’t exactly Lexa’s favourite person, she still tensed and readied herself to intervene. “What do you know huh?” She leaned in close then, a venomous smile on her lips. What else have you been hiding?”
It was that sentence that did it. There was a fire that burst in Abby’s eyes, and Lexa thought for a whole second that Abby was actually going to fight her, Raven, a vampire. But while Abby’s entire body had coiled and looked like it was one breath away from exploding, she instead stepped back, burning eyes not leaving Raven, where she snatched the ledger off the floor (she had dropped it during her recount) and slammed it on a nearby table.

The sound was loud and sharp and echoed around the stone walls like a bang.

“This goes far beyond you and I.” Abby muttered. Her eyes flicked to Lexa. “Even the hunters.”

Lexa fought off her frown while Raven didn’t even try at all. She stepped forward, her brow knotted deeply. “Why haven’t you talked about this before?”

“Because it wasn’t relevant.” This was very clearly not the reason, and Abby learnt quick that neither of them believed her. She sucked in a shaky breath. “Because I didn’t want to believe it.”

“Clarke told us to find the ledger,” Lexa said, not faltering when Abby’s piercing gaze met hers. “You know why, don’t you? You know what she wants us to find.”

Abby swallowed.

Lexa didn’t need to say anything more. Her face said enough. She may be young, but she knew that when she wanted to she could be intimidating. Terrifying, on some occasions. It was crucial for what she did, who she was, fear brought in doubt especially when facing nightwalkers; to have a vampire hesitate at the mere sound of her name was something that gave her a lot of power. Lexa let her spine full rise, her chin tilt and eyes grow cold. Lexa didn’t say a single thing, didn’t need to.

She was *Heda* for a reason, after all.

“Seven hundred years ago.” Abby whispered. It seemed like she was forcing the words out, some instinct trying to stop her from talking. But she kept going anyway. “That’s when it started.”

“What started?” Raven question, narrowing her eyes. Abby didn’t reply. Instead she gestured for the two to walk over to her, which they did after some hesitance. They stood either side of her, Abby standing behind the middle of the desk with the aged ledger splayed out before her. Lexa looked down at the ancient book, finding herself to be staring at a list of names. All ending with Griffin.

Abby’s finger pointed to the very top of the list.

“Peter.” Her finger moved from his name up to the title of the page, the ink faded after so many years. The pages themselves were so yellowed they were almost brown. “The first Defender.”

Raven blinked. “That’s what Clarke is,” she breathed. But, after realising what she said, corrected quietly, “What she was.”

“A Defender?” Lexa asked. Now she was frowning.

Abby nodded. “Vampire’s have ways of dealing with their own personal politics, own feuds and fights; the Defender fights for more than just vampires. Any supernatural being in their… territory, they help, aid, guide. Though vampire, they are separate from vampire’s alone. Their people is anyone who will follow them, trust them. And they do whatever to protect them.”

Lexa’s heart felt it had cracked in two.

“Peter Griffin—“ Abby ignored Raven’s snort. “Was the first, the first one to take and create this role.”
She took in another steadying breath, irrationally glancing behind her as if someone who weren’t there was listening. Lexa tensed, knowing that she was about to hear was something important. “But the Defender wasn’t a protector of all at the start,” Abby whispered. “Peter, and his son, and his son’s son and so on, they all focused their efforts around women. And no, not for some obscene reason – they were all daughters to a particular being, and it was their sacred role to protect them. That is what they were born to Defend. Over the years the role morphed, change, encompassing a greater base. But it is the daughter’s who mattered.”

“Who were they?” Raven said softly, like if she said it any louder all this information that she had never heard before would suddenly end, she’d wake up and none of this would’ve been real.

“They are daughter’s of something that is more powerful than anything on this earth. I don’t know much about them,” Lexa saw Raven’s face fall, if ever so slightly, “but before Jake… before he passed, he started looking into it. Properly, this research and history, trying to find them, their names and who they were. But even if we have a complete list of every protector,” she looked pointedly to the book below them. “There’s nothing on the daughter’s themselves. All we know is that they were always daughter’s; that everyone in the Griffin bloodline has been dedicated, or assigned really, a daughter to protect. Jake never found anything on fathers, though he thinks they were mortals, humans. But the mother…”

Lexa had been expecting Abby to continue, so when she stopped suddenly Lexa ‘s head was spinning. She tried to force some words out, something in her chest wanting desperately to hear more, but Abby was moving now, away from the ledger, away from the answers.

Yet she came back as abruptly as she had left. She had gone to the other side of the room, and now that Lexa was looking she saw a small cabinet, oak and aged. Abby had pulled something out of it, and the older woman placed what she had gotten, a leather journal by the looks of it, on top of the ledger. She didn’t open it, but rested her fingers on it almost reverently.

“This was Jake’s journal where he took his notes for this. But before it was his, it was Peter’s.”

Lexa’s look of shock and excitement mirrored Raven’s.

Abby still didn’t open it, but instead kept talking. “It started seven hundred years ago, with Peter. There’s nothing significant until a particular day where he stole a dagger. It was a special dagger, and he instinctively knew to keep it from his enemy at the time, a vampire named Adam.” Abby shook her head fondly then. “Brave stupidity must run in the family, because he befriended Adam just so he could the steal the dagger from right under him. He talks,” she tapped the journal gently. “About a fight, falling into a river… but what’s important is after. The dagger is more than special. It’s…”

“It’s what?” Lexa blurted, unable not to.

Abby breathed in a deep breath, before saying, “Magic.”

And Lexa didn’t know why, but hearing the word had her gut oddly clenching. There was an excitement that swept over her, but also as if it wasn’t quite her own.

“The dagger wasn’t his,” Abby went on through the stunned silence. “But he hadn’t taken it without any selfish intent like the many before him. He had just wanted to get it out of dangerous hands and then get rid of it. He had no use for it. Which was why, at least Jake guesses in his notes, that she chose him. The mother of all these lines of daughters, she appeared to him. The journal entry speaks of it like she was a god, which can’t be true,” Raven and Lexa both stay quiet, “but she was something. Jake went through all the list of supernatural beings he knows. Nothing. None of them matched her describing’s. The only thing we know is that she glows light and seems to be able to
control the elements. Earth, wind, maybe even fire and water. We know that she wanted children but wanted them protected, so she chose Peter, gifted him the dagger, and – we don’t know if this is true or not – but he talks of how the being had given him a small piece of her soul in exchange for his service. Effectively tying him to the daughters.”

“What does this have to do with Clarke?” Lexa asked after a long silence. Her mind was manically trying to catalogue all this new information, trying to memorise each word, each breath right to memory, though she didn’t quite understand why.

Abby finally opened the journal. She flipped it to about halfway, but the handwriting for the two pages next to each other were starkly different. Almost as if…

“This was Peter’s last entry before Jake started using it.” Abby explained. “Though he lived at least an extra fifty years after the entry, he never wrote again.” Raven opened her mouth to ask why, but Abby was already continuing. “There was an attack, a betrayal between the sister’s. Or at least that’s what Jake gathered through the entries. One of the daughter’s killed another in a bid to gain power, so she would be the only daughter. She had wanted to be immortal, to do so she had to kill her own. The idea, we think, was that even if she died, she would have another form to come back to. A set of bones, made by hand by her, that she could resurrect herself with.”

“That’s incredible,” Raven murmured, clear awe in her voice.

Abby plowed on, and though reluctant at the start, there was a small excitement building onto her words. “Just before the daughter was killed, she helped Peter get blood from her sister, the one going for power. Peter stole the bones, and used both his and her blood on the bones. He then made a deal with the mother, for her to bind the bones, and, basically, to trap the daughter incase she tried anything. Only his blood could undo the curse. The mother made a deal with him, and in his journal he talks about losing… the warmth in his chest and light in his veins, saying that in return of her binding the bones, she made the part of her soul inside of him dormant.”

Abby glanced both to Raven and Lexa.

“In the journal, Peter talks of how he longs for a daughter, but know one won’t come till past his time, as otherwise there’d be no point in the deal.” She carefully pushed the journal off the ledger, pointing to the names again. “Every Griffin for the next six hundred years are men. Not one is female. But Peter talks a lot about it before he stops writing; how it’ll continue through his future daughter, that only through her can whatever was dormant come back.”

“Clarke is the first daughter in six hundred years,” Lexa whispered.

Abby nodded grimly. “Clarke is special, more than she knows. But only her blood can free whatever was bound all those years ago. And even if we don’t know what or who it was, the daughter still killed her own sister and wanted nothing but power. This is why Clarke had to stop what she was doing as Defender. There was too much attention; if anyone who had been wanting to bring the daughter back, all they had to do was find Clarke.”

Raven shook her head. “Why would anyone want to bring her back though? What’s the point?”

“She had followers, when she was alive. She promised them power, wealth – immortality. Those people worshipped her as a god. Things like that aren’t forgotten.”

The silence that plunged after Abby’s speech was deafening.

There was so much to process. The Defenders, the daughters, Peter, Clarke, this… whatever being
that was trapped in bones. There were so much, and yet Lexa didn’t let it show on her face. Didn’t let show the turmoil in her chest and the bushfire in her veins that burned her skin and made her want to scream. She didn’t show a thing. Kept her face blank as she carefully took a few steps back, her eyes slowly travelling from Abby and Raven, all the way behind her, to the cage.

She lifted her hand; let her fingers gently run down the bars.

“I’m coming Clarke,” she murmured.

-

Far away, where there’s no light and nothing but the empty sounds of an even emptier room, with white walls and white floors, a blonde vampire lifts her head from her chains and squints. But then there’s an odd tightening in her chest, and the extremely brief, and wonderful feeling – of hope.

-

When they arrived back at the base the sky was falling.

Anya was first to greet her, her gaze stoic as always but her eyes giving away her concern. Lexa offered her a nod; a half-smile when she could see Anya wasn’t convinced of her ‘I’m fine’ routine. But the smile seemed to have done it, so she got left alone after that.

Not for too long though. But that’s on Lexa, because she had learnt that while her and Raven was out; Anya and Octavia were too. They had gone as their animal forms, dingo and wolf respectively, further scoping out the Mountain. Lexa had almost shoved Anya when she had heard. Was she insane? It didn’t help that she hadn’t even gone with back up – just her and Octavia. Lexa didn’t care that she was paired with a *werewolf* of all things: it was dangerous and reckless and a miracle she hadn’t gotten killed.

Anya didn’t understand Lexa’s anger, but when they had gone to a more private area to talk (yell) about it, Lexa in her anger screamed at her that she couldn’t lose her too. That it’d be too much. And when Anya heard that her entire body had slacked and her face loosened with sadness and sympathy.

“*Oh strikon,*” Anya had breathed, pulling her into a very rare hug.

They’ve moved their little meeting to Lexa and Anya’s house, and together they stand in the war-made-study room, a map of the mountain with every detail they could find and Indra and Gustus glowering from the corners of the room. Lexa and Raven relay what Abby had told them, and both Anya and Indra dismiss it with absurdity almost instantly. Gustus says nothing, and Octavia just looks like Raven, if only slightly less enthusiastic.

They spend hours planning. Lexa made them. Made them go over everything thrice and bring up anything and everything that will go and could go wrong. ‘No guarantees’ was what she muttered to the room constantly. Anything could change. Never expect the plan to remain the same, but follow it no matter what until it does.

Lexa didn’t remember falling asleep, only waking up in her bed.

When she does, she blinked slowly, the sun spilling onto her bed and warming her face, as if it was whispering reassurances to level the nerves in her stomach. For a moment, she didn’t move from her bed. She lay there, soaking in the light, forcing herself to take slow deep breaths. This was it. They were doing it tonight. They were going to push for it for longer, but Lexa didn’t know how long they had.
How much longer she could go without Clarke.

The sun traveled faster than she’d like across the sky during the day. Though she didn’t let the anxiety she had in her chest play across her face Raven had no qualms, and openly talked about ‘how fucked we are’ and ‘I can’t believe you’re letting me use explosives’.

The explosives was a decision Lexa was grey on. During the planning, Raven’s excitement on the idea had been worrying, but she didn’t know how else they were going to get through the ‘big ol’ front door’, as Raven liked to say.

When night came, Lexa wasn’t ready.

But she was. She made herself be.

They travelled together in separate cars, and Lexa was inwardly thankful when Anya took the wheel without hesitation. Lexa could barely think right now, let alone drive a car. It was just them two, as Indra had to suffer with Raven and Octavia. Anya and Lexa didn’t talk much through the drive, but at some point Anya picked up on Lexa’s fear like she always did, and carefully wound a hand onto her shoulder, her eyes still glued to the road.

“Ogeda.” She whispered, squeezing Lexa’s shoulder.

Lexa brought her hand to rest on Anya’s. “Ogeda.” She murmured back to her.

They stopped a few kilometers out so to be as stealthy as possible. They all met up one last time together, standing as a pack by the two cars. All of them there, shoulder to shoulder in a semi-circle – Lexa felt like a speech was in order. But time was critical, and really she didn’t know what to say. There were only two words she wanted to say, so she said them instead the words she’d normally use to fire up her warriors.

With a whisper that echoed like a roar, she said, “for Clarke.”

She locked eyes with Raven, and the girl nodded in approval.

There was no more time left.

When they separated and Lexa was forced to watch her sister part and truly accept that this was it, Lexa sucked in a shuddering breath. They maneuvered themselves to their positions, Lexa’s heart in her throat and her pulse in her hands. Her war paint felt like a solid mask around her eyes, and the tight yet flexible leather of her outfit and layers of weapons against her give her a brief sense of comfort.

And then she heard the telltale sound of an enormous bang, and what Lexa recognised as Raven’s insane laughter.

The door to the mountain was open.

Chapter End Notes

we’ll finally have our mountain battle which im sure you're excited for... who am i kidding? clexa reunite next chapter and its going to be ANGSTY and GAY (with a touch of magic)
just wanna apologise again for disappearing for nearly half a year. its been a tough few months for me, and ive lost a lot of my will to write. but im getting it back, and hopefully next chapter will be on time! (well, mostly on time)

sidenote: when i first uploaded the chapter i had the name 'marcus' for when abby was talking about the ledger. thats the wrong name, i meant adam. forget to check over it, so i apologise for the confusion

translations (that'll shake ya bacon)
Ai otaim raun yu. Nou diyo chit. - I'll always stand with you. No matter what. (it's not quite right but as close as i could get)
Yu ai sis - You're my sister
Mochof - Thank you
Ogeda - Together
Strikon - Little one
Even As The God's Temple Crumbles

Chapter Summary

me, beating my creativity with a stick: Stop! Getting! Inspired! We! Have! Exams!
my creativity, hitting me back: Fuck! You! Bitch! Be! Appreciative!

Chapter Notes

so for every chapter when im doing my planning im always like: shit, that won't be
enough. that'll barely reach 10k.
and then im always fucking surprised when i go way over what i thought it'd be. and im
shocked. every. fucking. time. thats my excuse for the length of this chapter anyway. by
the way just a warning because shit does get violent this chapter, so if you are sensitive
please take care.
also real quick if youre someone like me who likes listening to music as you read then
the songs i listened while writing this are: SIAMÈS - "The Wolf" (for a more fast-pace
action-y type thing) and Local Natives - Mt. Washington (for a more emotional angsty
type thing)
righto thats enough of me blabbering.
yall fuckers ready?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The explosion was loud. Especially for Raven’s vampiric hearing, so loud that the world for a
second was reduced to nothing but a high-pitched ringing. She could feel the pressure pushing on her
ears, and as she peeked through narrowed eyes she saw Anya was clutching at sides of her head too.
For a moment they locked eyes, and even if she couldn’t hear anything it wasn’t hard to make out
what the skinwalker had said.

Are you fucking crazy?

Raven offered her a wide grin in response.

The ringing finally left her ears, Raven slowly removing her hands from her ears. Anya did the same,
though she was blinking as she did so. They were leaning against a fallen tree using it as cover, and
slowly, with a wide uncontrollable grin, Raven peeked her head over the log.

“You think they heard that?” Raven asked, turning back to Anya with a smirk.

“My fucking great ancestors heard that, you absolute maniac.”

Raven waved her off. “Come on, we’ve gotta’ go.” Without letting Anya reply and leaving her with
her dropped jaw, Raven vaulted over the tree and landed on two feet. It wasn’t long before she heard
Anya mimicking. The woman coming up to her side with the familiar scowl. She thought she heard
her mutter some unsavoury things under her breath, but while she did enjoy testing Anya, now was
unfortunately not the time where she could indulge that impulse. If she heard Anya mutter about how fucking mental she was, Raven didn’t say anything.

Just as they reached the massive door, smoke billowing out of the side, Raven turned to Anya.

“You have your tracker right?”

Anya glared at her. “Of course. Keep moving.”

Raven scowled at her attitude before indeed doing just that. With a grunt Raven managed to haul the door open enough that she could slip through. When Raven got through and glanced behind her to make sure that Anya had followed, she saw the woman standing there with a slightly dropped jaw. Raven smirked.

“I’m stronger than I look.” Raven grinned.

Anya gave her another glare before she seemed to get a hold of herself and slipped through the gap too. Now both on the same side they started moving. Anxiety and excitement swirled in Raven’s gut. They were finally going to find Clarke. Finally were they going to bring her best friend home. She was both terrified and giddy at the prospect.

She knew Clarke was a reaper. She knew that.

But Clarke was Clarke.

Somehow, that usual argument felt weaker than usual. Shaking her head at herself she picked up pace, realising that Anya had over taken her. Bastard. She ran till she was in front.

At the over taking Anya threw her a raised brow.

It just screamed ‘really?’

Raven threw back a smirk which was pretty obviously ‘yes, really.’

Anya began speeding up again, but before Raven could speed up herself someone lunged out at her. She was slammed into the ground. In the corner of her eye she saw Anya just miss the mountain man’s dive at her, lunging at him with a snarl. Raven let out a snarl of her own, twisting in his grip, and thankfully with her supernatural strength that the man hadn’t been expecting, she broke free. Her leg swept out and send him to the floor. Before she could even throw in a hit another body collided with hers.

The slam sent her head spinning, and soon she found herself being hauled upwards and pinned against the wall. Gaining her bearings her first instinct was to find Anya and she breathed a tiny breath of relief to find the woman alive. She wasn’t fairing any better than her though. Three mountain men had her pinned.

The guard pinning Raven was a woman.

“You really think you could just blow up the front door and waltz in here?”

Raven grinned her Raven grin. “Well, maybe not a waltz. Was feeling something feistier you know? Like a tango.”

The guard buried her fist in Raven’s stomach. She curled in herself and distantly heard Anya’s yells of protest, before a hand was on her shoulder and smashing her back into the wall. “Don’t play with
me.” The woman growled. “There is nothing to stop me from killing you.”

“What’s the point of food if you can’t play with it?” Raven teased, deliberately giving her a smile that showed her fangs. Even though Anya was on the opposite wall she heard her mutter ‘oh my fucking god.’

The guard stepped back, and before Raven could even frown at the action a fist was making contact with her jaw. Her head whipped to the side. Raven felt herself be grabbed and pushed downwards when the guard’s knee smashed into her face. Now that was a step too far and Raven didn’t care if the plan was to ‘wait until Lexa came’ the woman hit her face and that is something she was not letting her get away with.

Just as Raven readied herself for a fight she heard a yelp then a scream. The guard who had just hit her spun around at the sound, and before Raven could get the satisfaction of getting one hit in on the stupid damn guard Octavia was suddenly there slamming a knife into her chest. Raven looked around and saw that it wasn’t just Octavia that had come but Indra and Lexa too. At least Raven now knew that the trackers she had made everyone wear were working.

Raven spat a mouthful of blood to the ground. “Took you long enough,” she growled.

Ignoring her insult, Anya stepped forward, clasping Lexa’s arm. “Thank you.” She threw a pointed glance back at Raven. Raven just barely held in her eye roll. “Yu laiksen?”

“Oso ku.” Lexa answered. Raven had to admit, strapped with weapons and with her face hidden beneath layers of black war paint; the woman looked damn near terrifying. “We took out anyone in our way, none of them set off alarms. We’ve taken out cameras so they know we’re here but not how many. You know the plan. Anya, with me. The rest of you head for the security room. Shut down the cameras.”

Everyone nodded at Lexa’s orders, spare for Raven, who just stood ready to go. Lexa’s eyes narrowed on her, but Raven couldn’t give a damn. She wasn’t her leader. Clarke was. But when it wasn’t just Lexa’s eyes that were on her with a scowl, she caved with a huff.

She dipped her head. “There? Happy?”

The glare she got from Indra Raven was sure would have killed her if she were human.

“Right.” Lexa sucked in a shaky breath, the first sign of nerves she had shown. “Go. You know what to do. If anything goes wrong notify via radio.”

Another round of nods, Raven reluctantly included, but just as they all began to split off Raven caught Lexa’s wrist. The Commander looked back at her, all raised eyebrows and power, but Raven didn’t feel the fear she probably should have been feeling. Instead, with a shaky breath she reached to her side and pulled out the dagger Abby had given her yesterday, just before they left.

“Take this,” she said, placing the ancient dagger in Lexa’s palm. “You know what it is.”

Lexa’s eyes bulged. “Raven, why-?”

“You need it more than me. Just take it before I change my mind.”

Lexa swallowed whatever words she was going to say. Raven saw her nod shakily, before closing her hands around the dagger.

“Thank you.” She answered quietly.
Raven gave her signature smirk. “You won’t be thanking me for long. This doesn’t mean I like you, by the way.” With a slightly trembling breath she took a step back. “Find her Lexa. Get our girl.”

Lexa gave her one last nod, before she spun around and jogged to catch up with Anya.

Shaking her head, Raven turned around too.

-  

Lexa and Anya ran close together.

They took effort to silence their steps as much as possible, but they had to move quick and so were louder than Lexa would have liked. Their plan was to find Clarke and for that when they found her they’d call in the rest of the team and get her out. With the other half of the group taking security, they were to shut off the alarms and find a close exit for a quick escape. So far they hadn’t run into any reapers, which were the biggest threat, excluding Pike, in the mountain. They had encountered mountain men and slain them but seen nothing of the crazed vampires. There was guilt that threatened to overwhelm her whenever she took a mountain man’s life, but then she remembered the people they had kidnapped and turned into reapers, if only for her own purposes and wants.

So the guilt didn’t last long.

The mountain was cleaner than she’d thought. The walls were white and the lights fluorescent, bright and dizzying. It bathed the halls in a pale artificial glow and Lexa’s eyes twitched. She hated the fake lights. She always preferred natural, and moving through the halls now had her desperately wanting to be on the other side.

Anya’s hand shot out snatching Lexa’s arm, forcing her to a stop. Before Lexa could snap at her, Anya pointed to a sign on the wall, presumably the reason for the sudden halt.

“‘Cerberus: Class A – Extremely Restricted’” Lexa read out loud. They shared a glance.

“The guard dogs to the underworld…” Anya murmured. “Seems fitting, doesn’t it?”

Lexa took in a shallow breath. “The reapers?”

“What else?”

She stared back at the metal sign. Knowing Clarke, she would definitely be in the most restricted level. Lexa had seen the damage Clarke had caused at the school, and that was before she was a reaper.

Lexa tried to say something and failed. Anya seemed to understand.

“Come on, we need to keep moving.” She said, and Lexa gladly took the opening to leave.

Lexa’s steps were faster now. She was slightly panting, and she knew that she should probably pace herself at this point, but her heart was pounding so hard her ribcage ached and her skin felt like it was on fire. They were so close now. So close it was terrifying. They turned another corner, and unlike the previous halls this one wasn’t empty.

The two guards stood together, their backs stiff. Clearly they were on edge from the explosion from before. Thankfully they were turned the other way, and by the time they turned around Lexa and Anya were just a few steps behind them. When the guard in front of her spun around with wide eyes, Lexa slammed her dagger through his ear and out, not even stopping as his body fell with a thud. If
there was bile in the back of her throat, Lexa didn’t mention it.

“Hir,” Lexa nodded in the direction of a large door. “It needs a keycard.”

Anya knelt down the guard she had fallen and snatched a white card off the body. She threw it to her, Lexa testing it against the reader without question. There was a second where nothing happened and Lexa felt her very stomach drop through the ground, but then, the second passed, the red light switched to a green with a high pitched ding.

Lexa hauled it open roughly, the door revealing itself to a stone staircase. The passageway pretty much screamed ‘don’t come down here if you value your life’ so Lexa figured they were on the right track. She hurriedly slipped through, Anya coming in behind her. Lexa flew down the stairs, subtlety be damned, and wasn’t surprised when after a surprising amount of time they reached the bottom, that a litter of soldiers were waiting for them.

The few precious seconds of shock they had Lexa didn’t waste. Their steps may have been heard, but it was obvious they weren’t expecting them, which was a good sign. “Swich en mana gon sveelas!” Lexa hissed before unsheathing her sword and lunging forward.

If there was one thing that Lexa would always be grateful for with Anya, it was her ability to take orders without question when needed. Anya dived forward, quite literally, but before she could smash into the ground there was a blinding flash of light and a snarling dingo replacing Anya’s human form. The turn was completely unexpected, and as one of the guards gaped at the dingo Lexa took the opportunity to slice at his stomach then throat. Out of the corner of her eye, Lexa could see that Anya’s dingo form was larger than usual, more the size of a wolf, and while it was strange Lexa didn’t give time to question it.

There weren’t too many, but there were enough that when she was downing her third mountain man she got a strike in her arm. Lexa ignored the sudden searing pain and kicked out her leg, hooking it around the guard’s and jerking. When the guard landed on the floor Lexa brought up her sword in one smooth motion and brought it down straight through their heart. It was as she was pulling her sword back out with a sickening squelch that someone slammed into her, sending her to the ground. She lost her sword in the fall, and blinking away the pain at the back of her head she tried to make a move to throw the guard’s weight off her, but while she may have been skilled, his strength overtook hers. Frantically, Lexa fumbled for the one of the daggers hidden under her sides when the guard on top of her screamed, and a dingo was at his neck.

She scrambled out from under him as fast as she could, catching only a small spray of blood. Spotting her discarded sword she pounced at it, snatching it in a roll and jumping up to her feet. She raised her weapon, but when seeing nothing but still bodies, she slowly lowered it. Her eyes fell onto Anya, her snout deep in the man’s throat. When Lexa found herself not throwing up, she wondered how she let herself get here.

“He’s dead,” Lexa breathed, and the dingo, with one last growl, ripped its head away. Anya paced back a few steps before looking up to her. Lexa nodded to the abandoned pile of clothes near the entrance. “Change. Be quick.”

Anya bobbed her head and scampered over, the sudden flash of light making Lexa flinch even if she was expecting it. Knowing her sister would be fast, as she had specifically designed her lightweight armour for that sole purpose; Lexa started scanning through the room. Though there were the same lights it seemed darker somehow, and unlike the upper levels they were just on how the floor were unnaturally clean, the concrete ground here was pale and littered in bloodstains. Well, old bloodstains.
Keeping her sword loose in her hand she carefully walked through the hallway, though Lexa could now see that it was more a row of cells. On the left were rows of thick heavy doors, and Lexa was sure that even if from the naked eye it looked like normal metal, it was probably safe to say that no amount of force could break through them. Clearly they were meant to contain the more vicious reapers and it’d be imperative to keep them in and not out.

Beside each door was a silver plaque with a number that told Lexa nothing, but on each door there was an eye hatch, and for each one did Lexa slide it open and peek through, her heart falling each time she saw it empty. Lexa glanced to the end of the hall. There were only about six cells, mostly because each one was exceedingly big, but Lexa had gone through four of them with nothing. When she reached the fifth one she was sure she couldn’t even breathe. She pulled it open with shaky fingers only to immediately snap it close.

There was a loud roar and something threw itself against the door from the inside. Lexa jumped back, and even if the door didn’t even shake from the impact she still had to force herself not to put as much distance as she could between her and the pair of red eyes she had seen in the cell.

But those eyes weren’t Clarke’s, which left Lexa with one last cell. She approached it slowly even if she desperately wanted to sprint for it. Lexa forced herself to take in a few slow deep breaths. Her head was spinning dangerously fast, and if she didn’t at least leach some of the turmoil inside of her then she’d be in trouble. When the world didn’t feel like it was bending anymore she walked up to the large door. She reached for the shutter, but her fingers froze before she could move them.

If Clarke wasn’t in here, then she didn’t know where she’d be. They would have to comb through the many layers left of the mountain, something they didn’t have near enough time for. Lexa couldn’t leave this cursed place without her. She just couldn’t. It didn’t matter if it’d probably kill her; she was too close to back out now. She’d try till her last breath to find and rescue Clarke, and it terrified her.

“You want me to?”

Lexa turned her head to Anya, her sister back in her armour. She had felt Anya’s presence before and thankfully wasn’t surprised from hearing her voice. “No, it’s alright.” Lexa said quietly. When Anya didn’t even raise a brow at Lexa’s continued hesitance, she realised just how serious this situation was.

Lexa took in one last breath before pulling open the eye hatch.

“Holi jok,” Lexa breathed rushing to open the door. She dropped her sword to her floor. Each door had a wheel hatch, and Lexa could barely keep her hands from slipping they were shaking so hard as she hurriedly spun the hatch. With a loud clang she felt the locking mechanism lift, and she jerked the door open. Lexa staggered into the white walled room.

It was her. Oh gods, it was her.

She was alive. Though the definition of the word had been brought down to its barest form. Her hair was still its incredible blonde, but even from here Lexa could see the how it clearly hadn’t been touched in days. Her clothes were ripped and hung her frame loosely, but what caught most of Lexa’s attention was the way she sagged forward, cuffs around her wrists attached to a chain pinning her to the wall. She was on her knees, and she didn’t even lift her head when Lexa got into the room.

Every bit of warning seemed to fly out of Lexa’s head. For a second it felt like she had been thrown into another universe where no one existed but her and Clarke. She sprinted for her without thought. She was so close now; she’d be able to touch her soon, to hold her, comfort her-
A pair of arms suddenly slipped around her waist and pulled her back in a violent tug. Lexa would have killed whoever had gotten a hold on her, but Clarke’s previously still form had burst to life with a snarl that had her innards recoiling.

Anya dropped Lexa to the ground, but her arms stayed wrapped around her. Lexa tried swearing at her or even to struggle out of her grip but her entire body felt too numb. She stared at the Clarke in front of her.

She stared at the redness in her eyes and the way she desperately fought to escape her chains, not a glimpse of recognition on her face. Lexa knew if Anya hadn’t of grabbed her, she’d probably be dead right now.

That fact alone made everything feel like nothing.

“I’m sorry Leksa,” Anya whispered, right in her ear. “Ai fiya Leksa.”

She was still loose in her arms, and Anya, seeming to accept that Lexa wasn’t going to run for her anymore, slowly released her. She still stayed not a step away just in case. Lexa didn’t care. Clarke had gone quiet now, wasn’t snarling anymore. Lexa tried to find her, to find her Clarke, but all she saw was the bloodstains on her clothes and the soulless black eyes that stared back at her, a soft glow of red in the centre. She may look like her, but Lexa could see.

Clarke was gone.

A choking sound came out of her, possibly a sob or something else, and even though she tried to tear her gaze off the reaper she failed. Clarke’s teeth were still bared, her fangs glinting into the pale light. Lexa finally gained control of her body again.

“Clarke,” she breathed. Softly, so painfully softly. “Clarke it’s me.”

Clarke was silent before she growled at her.

Lexa blinked back tears.

“Lexa, we’ve found her, I’m going to call in Indra.” Lexa thought she felt herself nod. “I’m… I’ll be just outside. I’m not getting reception in her. Can you… can you promise you won’t do anything stupid?”

“I’ll be fine.” Lexa answered quietly. She still hadn’t taken her gaze off Clarke.

There was a pause before Anya finally replied with an, “Alright, be careful,” and with one last shoulder squeeze Anya walked away till it was just Lexa and Clarke. While Clarke had been kneeling before she was up on her feet now, her gaze not shifting from Lexa’s. Lexa took in one last shuddering breath. It didn’t matter that Clarke wasn’t really here, that this wasn’t really her. She still had things she needed to say.

The urge to reach out to her was so great she had to clench her fists.

“I’m sorry Clarke. I’m so sorry.” When Clarke just stared at her emotionlessly Lexa couldn’t hold her gaze anymore. It was too much. It was all too much. “I shouldn’t have left you. I should have protected you. I was just… so scared. I’ve always been taught, never to… to show feelings, to openly care about anyone so deeply. I had to be strong. I had to be distant.” She let out a humourless chuckle. “But you changed that. You changed a lot of things. I don’t know how, you just… you got in. Broke through everything with nothing more than a look. I tried, at first, tried not to. To avoid you or to just go against every instinct I had for you.
“All I wanted was you. I think I knew that from start. From the moment you caught my eye in the canteen on the first day, the moment you smiled and it just felt so… impossible not to smile back. Not to give in. I wanted to protect you. I wanted you safe.” All the words were escaping her without her permission; she couldn’t stop this avalanche of emotions if she tried. Her legs felt like they may buckle under the weight of everything, the weight of pushing all of these repressed words off her chest. She fell to her knees. “But I failed. I failed you that night when I didn’t get to you in time and you were forced to kill that girl, I failed you when I turned you away. You should have been with me, but I was so scared, so terrified I’d lose you.

“You’ve become everything.” Lexa wasn’t surprised when she tasted tears on her lips. She squeezed her eyes shut, sucking in a sharp breath. “You are everything. I know it’s stupid, but I can feel it in my soul. But I guess it doesn’t matter now. I’ve failed you again, and this time it’s cost you too. I’d like to think that though… think that if none of this had happened, if you weren’t…” she couldn’t finish her sentence. She tried too, but her throat constricted on her. She wanted to say that if Clarke wasn’t chained before her with none of her humanity left, then that she’d probably end up loving her too. But how could she say that to someone that was only one blink away from killing her?

Because Lexa hated that she still could. It didn’t matter Clarke was a reaper, she still found herself falling for her, even if she tried so desperately hard not to. Like always, no matter the effort Lexa put it in, it made no difference with Clarke.

How did she get here?

Lexa still had her eyes screwed shut, but at the rustling of chains she opened them. She blinked. Lexa was on the floor sitting on knees, and, feeling every ounce of breath leave her lungs, Lexa saw that Clarke had crouched down too. She was staring at her, her eyes slightly narrowed. Lexa didn’t dare move.

So close, Lexa let her gaze properly travel over Clarke’s body, and it was a miracle she held in her snarl when she saw the litter of bruises at her neck. At least it confirmed the theory of drugs. When Lexa brought her sight back to meet Clarke’s, she saw how Clarke was still staring at her with a strange amount of curiosity. Like she was trying to figure something out. Lexa found the ability to breath again.

“What is it?” she whispered.

Lexa had been so used to staring at the soulless black of Clarke’s eyes, that when they slowly slunk away to reveal the usual sky blue, Lexa gasped. There was still a ring of red around her iris, and it was so thick that it nearly covered up all of the blue. But it didn’t. Not completely. Enough remained that Lexa was reminded of just how much she loved Clarke’s eyes, and how looking into them made her feel like she had been thrown into the clouds and made to look up.

Lexa had leaned in, whether conscious or not. She was so close that she was sure that Clarke could feel her breath on her. But Clarke didn’t react to this, didn’t lunge at her or dive for her neck. Instead, she sat there staring. Her brow ever so slightly creased. Lexa was pretty sure Clarke could hear how hard her heart was pounding even if they were miles away at this point, and so Lexa gave in, screwing everything to hell.

She hesitantly lifted a hand, very slowly bringing it towards Clarke. Unlike how Lexa expected, Clarke didn’t move, but stayed very still, her eyes switching from Lexa’s own to her hand. Carefully Lexa let her hand rest against Clarke’s cheek.

The relief she felt was so great that tears fell without her able to stop them. She hung her head and closed her eyes with a soft chuckle. Her hand didn’t move from Clarke’s jaw. She didn’t know if she
was grateful that Clarke hadn’t made a move. She was so close now that Clarke it could very easily take her if she wanted to, and really Clarke could’ve been just trying to lure her close, so that she could.

But Lexa didn’t care. Because even if it was true, she could feel Clarke’s slightly cool skin below her hand. And it didn’t even matter that the touch was so small, it meant everything – it meant fucking everything.

Lexa felt something lean against her forehead, and she was so caught up in her own thoughts that it took a while to realise that it was Clarke. Clarke was leaning her forehead against hers. The realisation had Lexa’s eyes snapping open and her head jolting upwards, Clarke having to rear back from the sudden moment, her own eyes opening too. Lexa saw that Clarke looked nothing sinister, just startled.

Her eyes were still clear, and her hand was still cradling her cheek…

She had to try. Hope was beating like a war drum in her chest, and she was sure that soon her ribcage would cave in from the intensity.

“Do you recognise me Clarke?”

Her voice was so soft she was sure that nobody could have heard her unless their faces were right next to her. Luckily for Clarke, they were so close their noses were almost touching.

Clarke frowned, and Lexa felt her chest explode.

Lexa’s smile was soft. “I’m here, Clarke.”

Clarke stared at her; her eyes flicking between Lexa’s before she opened her mouth as if to say something, when there was a yell so sharp that Lexa flinched. Clarke’s eyes quickly melted to black, and any trace of humanity that Lexa had somehow seen seconds ago was gone. She jerked back on instinct, just missing Clarke’s dive at her by centimeters. A pair of arms roughly hooked around her armpits and hoisted her up. She was hauled back but Lexa escaped her attacker’s grip easily, yet as she was reaching for a dagger at her side, she saw it was just Anya.

But Anya’s face showed none of the relief like Lexa’s.

“What the hell do you think you’re doing?” Anya snarled, and the sound was low enough that seemingly out of instinct Clarke snarled back. Lexa watched Clarke even if she knew she should be dealing with her sister right now, seeing how like before Clarke was now thrashing in her chains, but unable to get closer then the restraints allowed. It was clear now. She was a reaper again.

But the last few minutes had proved that Clarke was still there.

That they could still save her.

“Anya, she’s there. She’s alive.”

“I know she’s alive.” Anya muttered, anger making her words sharp. “The lack of a dead body proves that.”

Lexa shook her head, trying with great effort to get her mind back where she needed it. “No, listen, she was there. Clarke was there. She wasn’t-“

“Lexa we don’t have time. Indra is in trouble we have to go.”
Anya was already trying to pull her away, but Lexa shrugged herself out of her grip. “What? But…” she turned back to Clarke. She was still standing; her snarls had dwindled down to nothing but an uneasily cold stare. But Lexa had found her. Finally found her after days of grief. And after what just happened, she was expected to just leave?

“Heda.” Anya bit. “We’ll come back for her. Ai svega. But we have to go now.”

“Anya, she’s alive.”

Anya’s gaze locked with hers before they briefly flicked to Clarke. “We’ll come back.” She muttered. “Right now we’re needed. You’re needed.”

Lexa threw one last glance to Clarke, because she knew that she couldn’t hold off any longer. She would always be a leader first. When her eyes caught Clarke, there was a moment where Lexa thought that the tension in her shoulders lessened, as if relieved of something, before she heard the steps of Anya leaving the room. Clarke was staring at Lexa with an indescribable look on face, and Lexa, having no more time left, just let out a small sigh and nodded. Whether Clarke understood the motion, was an entirely different matter.

Lexa had to force herself to leave Clarke’s cell, force every step that took her further and further away. It felt like her soul was screaming at her, furious and confused. You found her. Why are you walking away?

Lexa stamped out her hearts objections with an unflinching amount of ease, and instead brought herself to focus on finding Indra’s team. Anya wasn’t lying, when they tried to contact them again there was no reply. It had sent Lexa’s gut tumbling. Lexa wasn’t going to find someone she’d lost only to lose another, so she picked up her pace as fast as she could go, Lexa checking the small tablet periodically of where the tracking signals were coming from. Indra’s had gone, but there was still Octavia’s and Raven’s blinking. Lexa told herself that it was probably because it had gotten destroyed in a fight.

She somehow ran faster.

The amount of corners and corridors they were blurring past was beginning to border on dizzying. Lexa didn’t really know where she was going, but apparently some part of her did, and she had learnt long ago to always trust her instincts. The lack of soldiers was becoming concerning but when they finally Indra and her team, it had become obvious why.

Reapers.

Lexa could see a few bodies already on the floor, but so far thankfully none of them included her people. They all seemed to be locked in separate one on one battles, too absorbed in their own fights to notice Lexa and Anya’s arrival. Lexa shared a quick glance with her sister before they both split off.

Lexa went for Indra first, as it wasn’t looking good for the older woman. She was sporting a cut at her side, most likely a swipe for razor sharp claws, the wound bleeding sluggishly. Thankfully it wasn’t deep but it obviously hurt, and was hindering her ability to keep up with the reaper’s strikes. Lexa dove for the reaper’s back and though it hadn’t yet sensed her presence, it very clearly wasn’t human, and sensed her strike just before she could make it.

The reaper jerked to the side, just missing Lexa’s sword plunge. When it saw her it let out a feral growl baring its fangs and lunging for her. She blocked its attack with her sword, its claw-like nails not even breaking as it clashed with the steel. As Lexa continued to defend herself from its strikes
Indra took advantage of the distraction and swiftly grabbed its shoulder, spinning it around and instantly plunging a stake through its heart. For a moment it stood swaying, the glow of red flicking in its eyes, before eventually the light was snuffed out and it collapsed to the ground. Lexa lent down and ripped the stake back out, handing it to Indra.

Lexa spun around, checking over her team. There was a snarl to her side and she saw that Raven had staked her reaper, Anya standing with her, and to her side Octavia was still facing off with hers. Lexa saw an opening, and without hesitating she grabbed the ancient dagger at her side and threw it with deadly accuracy at its back. It landed where its heart would be, and much to Lexa’s surprise the reaper actually fell once it was hit. She quickly rushed over to it, nodding at the panting Octavia who offered her a breathless thanks, as she bent down to retrieve her dagger. When she saw that the metal had somehow morphed into wood as it flew she decided not to question it and instead internally thanked whatever created the intriguing weapon.

She stood back up, her eyes jumping over her team.

Only Indra was injured with the slash at her side, but even that wasn’t too serious. Lexa breathed a quiet breath of relief.

Still, she had to be sure. “Is anyone seriously hurt?”

“Just peachy, cap’” Raven breathed, throwing her a mocking salute. Lexa ignored her.

“We’re fine, Heda.” Indra muttered, glaring holes in the back of Raven’s head. “Were you successful?”

“Yes. Did you find an escape route?”

Raven nodded. “Of course. We were just interrupted with some lovely company. We led them out here,” she gestured to the wide hallway they were standing in, “so none of the tech could get damaged yet. I… know it’s not the purpose of the mission, but I hacked into their files and am downloading as much as I can. We couldn’t let them in.”

“It’s fine.” Lexa said. “Is it ready by now?”

Raven threw an arm around Octavia’s shoulder, seeming to check with her own eyes that her friend was okay. “Should be. Was quite a party waiting for us.”

“Alright. Lead the way.” Lexa nodded.

Raven hesitated, hands tightening around Octavia’s shoulder, but the younger girl gently pushed her arms off her, muttering softly that she was fine. It very much looked like Raven disagreed, but she bobbed her head anyway and began walking. When she strode past Lexa, the group began moving again. Lexa moved till she was pace with Raven.

Their steps were in time. Checking over her shoulder that no one was playing proper attention to them, she tapped Raven’s arm. The vampire turned to her with a scowl already in place. But Lexa didn’t pay it mind. Carefully she pulled out the dagger and showed it to her as they walked.

When Raven just looked between it and Lexa with no understanding on her face, Lexa bit down her frustration.

“What?” Raven frowned.

“Look,” she urged. She purposely trailed her fingers over the blade that had morphed into wood.
“It’s wood.”

Raven nodded slowly. “Yes, it is. Well done.”

The fact that Lexa didn’t even snap at her called for an award. “No it’s *now* wood. It was steel. Now it’s not. How is that possible?”

“Magic.” Raven shrugged. Lexa scoffed, but Raven’s face became strangely serious. “You heard what Abby said. If it’s from some all-powerful being… what’s to say it’s not magic?”

Lexa shook her head. “Magic isn’t real.”

“So vampires are real. Werewolves are real. Fuck it; even your sister can turn into a damn dingo. You really saying even with all that, magic isn’t at all possible?” Before Lexa could think of a retort to this, Raven was already continuing. “The dagger was Clarke’s before it was yours. Before… before her memory was taken, I’d often see it as a wooden blade. A stake. But whenever she’d be idly fiddling with it and with other supernaturals, it was steel. I’ve never actually *seen* it morph but… I’ve seen both forms.”

Lexa forced her lungs to breathe again. “You really believe it to be magic?” she asked quietly. The scowl on Raven’s face loosened, if ever so slightly. She grinned wide.

“I do, and you just wait till I figure it out.”

Lexa didn’t like the glint in Raven’s eye. She suddenly remembered the bomb that Raven had made no problem and promptly decided that if magic were ever found to be real then she wouldn’t let Raven learn its effects. Well, at least not to the point where she could accidently destroy a city. She put the dagger back in its sheath.

They walked the rest of the lengths in silence. Lexa didn’t feel any more need for conversation, and it seemed that the group agreed, instead tension lingering between the five of them in place of words. She caught Anya muttering to Octavia many times as they trailed, mostly urging her to scent the air and find any sign of danger. She may have been new to her new status as a werewolf, but it calmed her to find that the girl was adapting quick. Lexa even caught Indra trailing oddly close by her side. If Lexa saw the slight pride in her eyes when Octavia picked up the scent of a mountain man before Anya, she didn’t say anything.

Raven suddenly lifted her hand, calling the group to a halt. Lexa spotted a grey door with a small plaque hanging next to it stating it was the control room.

“I’ll just need a minute,” she said, before swiping down a keycard against a scanner (she didn’t dare ask where she got it) and slipped into the room. Anya went in with her, which Lexa found a little odd, but didn’t mention anything of it.

Lexa let herself take in a deep breath. She knew it had been the right thing to come back for her people, she didn’t know if Indra would have been able to defend herself off for much longer, but it didn’t stop the way her heart thudded against her ribcage in a desperate attempt to break free and run all the way back down to the restricted cells. She knew it was selfish, but she couldn’t help it. She’d found her. She found Clarke. And she wasn’t going to have to kill her, because she, *her* Clarke was still there.

It didn’t matter that Anya didn’t believe her. She had seen it. Clarke had let her get close and touch her, had leaned her forehead against hers. Reapers didn’t do that. They killed without thinking, without remorse. No, Clarke was there. Clarke was alive.
And she was so close to getting her out now.

She didn’t know how she was going to cure her of being a reaper, if there even was a cure. She hoped so. She prayed so with all her soul. The need she had for her was bone deep, she couldn’t deal with the idea of having her so close yet so far. She needed her, completely and utterly. That was what she wanted.

And there’s nothing she wouldn’t do to get that.

The intensity of her feelings frightened her. She had known her for so little yet it felt like she had known her her entire life. Lexa couldn’t explain it, couldn’t explain the warmth that bloomed in her stomach when they locked eyes and the sparks that trailed up her arms when they touched. Clarke was… there really wasn’t a word that could do her justice.

Had she always been this much of a sap?

She was broken out of her thoughts by Raven, unsurprisingly, the vampire waltzing out the door with a wide grin. Anya came out close behind her and looked relieved to be out of the cramped room.

“Is it done?” Lexa asked, straightening her spine.

Raven’s face sobered. “Yeah. Yeah. I’ve got it.”

“Good.” She briefly locked sights with Anya, nodding slightly. “Then we go back for Clarke and get out.”

“You really found her?”

Lexa’s steel gaze flickered at Raven’s question. “Yes. We need to be fast.”

The relief of Lexa’s answer was written into every inch of Raven’s skin.

Lexa spun around, not letting anything more be said. Her steps were faster than before, and the quicker they moved the more her chest constricted in both excitement and apprehension. The infiltration certainly hadn’t been easy, but it also hadn’t been very difficult. She didn’t trust it. And it seemed that the universe was reading her thoughts, because as she turned a sharp corner she felt every muscle inside of her freeze, felt her heart stop and blood burn.

Raven almost smashed into her at her sudden halt, reeling back from her with a growl. “What the hell are-"

“Raven Reyes. I don’t believe we’ve had the pleasure of meeting.”

At the deep voice, Raven froze as well, her eyes slowly travelling to the opposite end of the hallway. It was Pike.

And he wasn’t alone. His reapers stood behind him, hunched and practically salivating at the mouth. There were more than before, Lexa counted ten, and they were very dangerous figures. She didn’t seen any mountain men with them though and assumed since it looked like Pike had been gathering his reapers and letting them loose throughout the base that the humans had probably been moved to a safer area. She didn’t know whether to be grateful.

Pike took a step forward, lazy and slow. “I’ve been waiting for this a long time you know. You
hunters have been a problem for centuries. Always meddling in things you don’t understand. Even before these new race of vampires,” he gestured to the reapers behind him. “You’ve always made a point to come killing our kind.”

Lexa’s jaw was clenched so hard it hurt.

“Now, while I expected you, I did not expect a vampire within your own Commander. Though I suppose your loyalties mix don’t though they?” a grin spread on his lips that had Lexa almost throwing up. But she didn’t move. Not yet. “Yes, yes. Clarke. Quite interesting isn’t she?”

“You’ll pay for what you’ve done to her,” Raven snarled. She made a move to charge forward but Octavia swiftly grabbed her and pulled her back. Raven initially struggled, but facing off with a werewolf it seemed that their strengths were matched. Reluctantly Raven backed down, roughly pulling herself away from her friend’s grip.

Pike’s face was almost giddy. “You know, she was much stronger than I thought. Took a lot more to finally turn her. Seems her biology is as stubborn as her personality.” Lexa felt Anya plant herself behind her, subtly reaching out and grazing her hand against hers. The action was small, but the dark anger blurring her vision lessened slightly because of it. “It’s a shame really. Past the point of coherency now. As much as I hate to admit it, her constant death threats were quite amusing.”

“You have one chance Pike.” Lexa’s voice was cold. “Stand down, let us through. No one dies.”

Pike’s smile was sly. “And to think I was about to say the same thing.”

Lexa had never felt anger this intense before. It boiled her blood and coiled in her fists. It felt like the temperature in the room had risen, like her anger was so harsh it was a source of heat, burning and burning and burning under her skin. She wanted to release it so badly, and she was glad to find that Anya brushed her hand again, but lingered this time, and briefly squeezed her fingers. It was permission Lexa realised.

Lexa took a step forward, and the grin slipped off Pike’s face.

“If there truly is a cure for the monsters you’ve created, then I don’t want to kill the innocents you have with you. But I will not hesitate too. You have survived for far too long Pike, and should have died on that battlefield long ago.”

At the mention of battlefield he stiffened. He narrowed his eyes at her.

Lexa smiled. “While Dante may have offered you a second a chance, I will not.”

He paled. She saw the unease on his face – the fear.

She knew she’d done it. She shifted her stance just as she heard him snarl like the monster he was.

“Kill them!”

The reapers lunged forward, like there had been an invisible wall holding them back that had disappeared.

“Don’t let yourself get separated!” Lexa snapped before the first reaper finally came close enough for contact and she brought down her swords. She was swift enough that one of them slashed at his stomach, and at the reaper’s pained roar she kicked him hard. She ducked, not just to kill the reaper on the floor, but also to avoid the new reaper that had dived at her. It sailed over her head. Lexa went to finish off the reaper below but it was faster than she had expected, gripping her sword that she had
swung down with its bare hands. Soon the steel was threatening to bend, the metal dripping in blood from the reaper’s grip.

Lexa put on enough force to divert the reaper’s attention to the blade inches from its neck, and the second that she suddenly dropped her sword and the reaper had a blink of surprise – she snatched the ancient dagger at her side and staked it through its heart.

She didn’t wait for it to die. As soon as she felt the wooden blade pierce it heart she jerked it out, lingering just a few seconds to make sure it was indeed dead. The red in its eyes dimmed, and not wasting anymore time Lexa grabbed her sword that had fallen and jumped back up to her feet. She was in the middle of the battle she realised, the hall wide enough that in every direction that she looked around she saw reapers and her people fighting off with them. Lexa went for the closest one near her that happened to actually be two facing off with Anya.

Lexa let herself get lost in the fight. Let years of training take over her muscles and for her thoughts to fall back, only letting instinct and muscle memory guide her. She didn’t let herself overthink but flowed through the battle like she had been born to. She had been trained the day her legs could support her weight to fight, so it wasn’t a surprise when Lexa diverted one of the reapers attention away from Anya to her, seeming to sense Lexa as the bigger threat.

While reapers were stronger than normal vampires and faster, they were very primitive in the way they thought. They never thought things through, and it was once Lexa found herself falling into a rhythm of attack and defense, coercing the reaper in mimicking, it meant that when she suddenly struck out unexpectedly the reaper hadn’t been prepared. She sliced at its neck, and as it instinctively clawed at its slashed throat Lexa let momentum carry her and decapitated it.

Before she could feel any relief however she heard a sudden cry, and learnt with a start that it was her who made the sound. Lexa hastily swung up her sword just blocking the surprise reaper’s attack. It had managed a swipe at her leg, and though the cut stung it didn’t feel too deep. Gritting her teeth she kept up with the reaper’s hits, though they were getting faster and Lexa’s blocks were verging more on luck than speed. When she finally saw an opening in the reaper’s guard she dived for it, but found another body colliding with hers. Another reaper had charged at her in a bull rush, wrapping its arms around her waist and carrying her until her back smashed into the wall.

Lexa groaned from the impact, and fighting the stars dancing in her vision she bucked with all the force she could to escape the reaper’s grip. It loosened, but didn’t let go, its head diving for her neck.

While the sudden attack had jolted Lexa she didn’t lose her grip on her swords, with a roar that blew from her core she pulled her arm back as far as she could in the tight space and shoved it through its stomach. The reaper reared back with a snarl but it seemed more stunned than hindered from the strike. Hastily she gripped the sword’s handle and pushed her boot into the reapers chest, hauling it out in a rough motion. It screamed, and the reaper she had been dueling with before came charging at her from the sound. Breathing hard Lexa looked at the standing reaper curling in on itself from the strike and the uninjured reaper sprinting for her from behind. She waited till the one running for her was just an arms length away; before she dived to the side and with not enough time for the reaper to change its course it smashed into the other.

The injured one fell to the ground while the other swayed and staggered on its feet. “Anya!” Lexa snapped. Her sister was nearby and had just finished her reaper, instantly spinning around at Lexa’s voice. Lexa didn’t have time to pant out an order and instead went for the reaper on the ground, hoping Anya would go for the one standing.

When she staked the one on the floor and found a body of a reaper landing next to her a second later, she let out a breath of relief.
Anya offered her hand and Lexa gladly took it. “Mochaf.” She breathed. Anya returned her thanks with a grin, already disappearing from her side and dissolving back into the throws of the fight. Lexa was about to too, until in the corner of her eye she caught movement, and she felt her entire body lock up.

Pike. He was standing at the fringes, just outside the reach of the battle. Though his reapers were obviously deep in the fight he himself was calm. Smug almost.

When they locked eyes, Lexa dashed for him.

She shoved any reapers in her path. Her sight was solely on him and the mere thought that she may be able to finally plunge a stake through his heart had her skin buzzing in anticipation. Her gaze was in such a tunnel vision that a reaper nearly got a near fatal strike in at her stomach, but Indra managed to tackle the reaper before it could.

As she finally broke through the last layer of the fight she found herself face to face with the cause of this all. Oh, Lexa knew that there was a bigger fish than him waiting for her.

But this was Pike.

And she was going to enjoy watching him die.


“Your death will be savoured.”

He stood his ground, even as Lexa took slow steps towards him. As much as she wanted to kill him as quickly as possible, she gave herself a few small seconds to catch her breath and ready herself.

Pike continued like she didn’t say anything.

“You know, there was one thing that I found hardest to get Clarke to let go of. While she’s an incredible reaper, the usual dosage wasn’t enough. Still had that humanity. Still threatened me, constantly, of what would happen if I ever touched you.”

Lexa’s steps faltered.

He noticed. “So, what I wonder now,” he smiled then, but it was more a baring of his teeth, his fangs revealing themselves. “Is what’ll happen when she finds I killed you.”

She tightened her grip on her swords.

“She was faster than the other reapers she had fought, his strikes holding more skill than raw impulsive power. It would have been worrying for Lexa, but hate was a burning force in her gut. She kept with his hits easily and even threw in her own. The smugness and nonchalance from before disappeared quick as he hastened to meet her attacks. Lexa was a whirlwind of speed and skill. Rage brought power she didn’t know she had into her strikes. But she felt outside to it all.

All she focused on was him. Was what he had done, who he had hurt, the lives he had destroyed. She hated him with every fiber of her being; it vibrated like a current underneath her skin-
He was struggling to keep up with her hits now. Her blows somehow were getting stronger and harder.

She focused on the night that he forced Clarke to kill that girl. Remembered the broken way Clarke had sat, defeat written right down to her very bones. The way she had begged her, pleaded with her for a death she couldn’t give-

She brought her sword down so hard and fast that he wasn’t able to dodge in time, and was forced to catch the blade with his bare hands. He hissed sharply but Lexa ripped them out of his grasp before he could rip them from her own.

She thought of that morning, just after she had given in to her feelings for her. When she had kissed her, kissed and kissed until her lips felt numb and her chest could barely contain her breathing. Remembered walking into her room, spotting the chaos, the messed sheets, the broken furniture-

Lexa struck at him in speeds she shouldn’t posses with a deafening roar, and learnt with triumph that Pike hadn’t been ready for the strength behind the blow. She forced his back onto the ground, and quickly brought herself on top of him, ditching her swords as she dropped down. She wanted to see it. Wanted to see the life go out in him.

When she reached for the ancient wooden dagger and forced it down to his heart, his hands quickly jerked to stop it. He caught the stake just in the time. Lexa pushed down with all her weight on him, but though the stake dipped till it was lightly pressing into his shirt it didn’t go through. His hands shook.

And while Lexa was so focused on trying to force the tiny, tiny length she needed to kill him, she noticed the way his eyes were locked on the dagger. But it wasn’t just in fear of dying, but of something else. There was panic yet relief as he eyed the weapon. Fear, anticipation – something she couldn’t quite make out.

It wasn’t the face of someone about to die.

The thought made her growl low. After everything, after all the pain he had caused, he deserved to go out afraid, hurting, not whatever the hell he was showing now.

“This is for every innocent soul you’ve slain.”

His eyes flicked from the dagger to hers. Though he wasn’t out of breath, there was strain in his voice that shook his words. She was so close now. “No one is innocent in this world.” He retorted. His arm trembled violently with how hard he was pushing the dagger up. “That is your mistake.”

“It is yours,” Lexa spat. The anger burned brighter in her, and the dagger went a few more centimeters down. “Your mistake is your indifference. You are what is wrong.”

“You know nothing,” he snarled from below her. “This extends far past your petty reasons.”

Lexa frowned and the minor confusion gave him the opportunity to push dagger slightly back up. She rushed to push it back down.

The edge of the stake pressed into his skin. His eyes flashed, the fear and panic that she wanted.

“Today you will die,” Lexa panted. She felt the dagger push in enough that it pierced his skin. Blood bloomed from where the point was pressing. “And not a soul will mourn your loss.”

“My death will-“
“Do nothing.” Lexa cut off. She pushed even harder, gritting her teeth, and Pike screwed his eyes shut from the pain.

When they opened again, Lexa expected defeat. Expected that wonderful moment she had been waiting for, when he suddenly realised that it was over, it was hopeless, there was nothing left for him. But instead when they opened, they did the opposite. They brightened, and a wide smile spread on his face. Lexa was so focused on trying to force the dagger down that it took her longer than it should to release that his gaze wasn’t on her anymore – it was behind her.

That was when she felt a cold metal press into the back of her head.

“Drop it.” An unfamiliar voice ordered.

It was male, Lexa figured that at least. But Lexa didn’t listen. Pike was dying, by her hand, now-

She heard him cock the gun and the click was sharp against her ear.

Lexa brought her gaze to meet Pike’s, and he was grinning widely. No. No. She couldn’t. She couldn’t, not when she was so close. Just a millimeter more and-

She pulled the dagger out. The pressure against the back of her head relaxed slightly, but not by much. Her arms hung awkwardly at her sides as she still sat on top of Pike, her fists clenched so tightly her nails were probably leaving blood trails.

“That’s good,” the voice behind her said. “Now get up. Slowly.”

She complied. Her ears could hear how the battle was still going on behind her. With so much chaos going on, no one must have noticed yet that someone had a gun at her head. As she slowly got up to her feet Pike got up too, his face, though full of relief, also of anger.

“Told you long enough, Cage,” Pike growled. Lexa frowned. She had heard that name before, when Abby had told them how Clarke lost her memories. That was the name Clarke had mentioned. The gun was still pushing into the back of her head, meaning she couldn’t move around to see him. She heard a scoff from behind her.

“I wouldn’t of had to come if you could take care of your own ass. Do not forget your place, Pike.” Lexa watched Pike’s face, and there was anger that hardened his features, but he did nothing more than glare. Lexa’s eyes widened. The bigger fish. Cage. He was Pike’s boss.

The one behind all of this.

She felt the pressure lift from the back of her head. “Turn around,” he ordered. Lexa ground her teeth but did as told. When she turned she wasn’t surprised to find a gun still pointed at her. She took the man in. He was young, in his twenties probably; his jaw square-like and his dark hair thick and slicked back. Cage grinned, showing off pearly white teeth. “So, you must be the fabled Commander.”

“And you presumably, are Cage.”

At the way she said his name name he narrowed his eyes slightly, but the motion was so fast Lexa nearly doubted it even happened. Nearly. “Must feel disappointing, to come all this way for nothing.”

“I have not failed.” Lexa muttered.
Cage’s grin widened. “Oh but you have-“

“LEXA!”

On instinct she moved, but Cage moved too, roughly grabbing her and pulling her close. He threw his arm around her neck pressing the gun back into the side of her head. Lexa struggled in his grip, trying and failing to break herself free. In front of her, she saw Anya with such fear and fury on her face she had never seen before. She was rushing for her.

“Anya no!” Lexa hissed. She tried to escape Cage’s grip but he only tightened his hold.

“All of you move and I’ll kill your leader!” Cage snapped.

Lexa went to shout her objections but felt the barrel of the gun push in harder. She clamped her jaw with great effort.

The rest of the group noticed Lexa now too, and with a shout from Pike ordering his reaper’s to stop, the battle was paused. There were bodies of reapers strewn across the floor but there were still an uncomfortable amount left standing. Lexa thought maybe more had joined them. Even though she was in an extremely unideal condition, her eyes were still able to flick over and access the scene. Everyone looked fine except for Octavia, who was clutching at her side. Her hand was covered in red.

Lexa felt Cage lift his chin. “That’s right. I see a muscle twitch and I’ll blow a hole in her head.” No one moved. Lexa bit down her relief; at least none of her friends were feeling stupidly heroic today. “I’ll admit, you got further than I thought you would – but it’s over. You stop now, and I’ll consider letting you walk away.”

“We’re not leaving without Clarke,” Raven snarled. Though her voice dripped in venom, she didn’t move thankfully.

Cage chuckled and Lexa felt his breath on her neck. “Your friend is long gone. She has joined the superior race of vampires. If you want to see her, then fine, but she would kill you without blinking.”

Lexa’s chest constricted. No. He was wrong. She had seen her, she knew she was okay. Going to be okay.

“Now. I’ll give you this one chance. Put your weapons down and surrender.”

Everyone seemed to instinctively look to Lexa for the choice. She gave an almost imperceptible shake of the head. Apparently no one had a problem with the choice, and Lexa watched as one by one, they all ready themselves once more, blowing long breaths and flexing their grips on their weapons. Even though Lexa couldn’t see him, she could just feel the fury rolling off him in waves.

His arm pulled harder against her neck till it obstructed her breathing. “I am choosing to show you mercy now. It will not be given again.”

“You have no hope Cage,” Lexa got out in strangled breaths. “You have already lost.”

He ignored her. But Lexa could feel the rigid tension in his body because of her words. Cage turned his head to Pike. “Finish them off. None are to survive.”

Pike gave him a malicious grin, but just as he opened his mouth, Anya stepped forward. Lexa’s eyes widened, but before she could say anything Anya was speaking – and reaching for something from behind.

"Going to be okay."
“Jus drein jus daun.” She muttered, and revealed a canister from behind, jerking out the needle and throwing it to the ground. There was a sudden bang and a blinding light, a deafening ringing drowning out any other sound in existence. Cage had to let go of Lexa from the flash bang, desperately clutching at his ears. She crawled as far away from as she could while everything was bathed in white. Eventually, when her vision and sight came back, she saw grey smoke billowing out from the canister – and the sickening sounds of bones crunching.

When she turned to the side, her back against the wall, Lexa saw a ginormous wolf standing in the middle of the growing cloud.

Lexa suddenly realised that from before, Octavia hadn’t been clutching a wound; she wasn’t trying to stop any bleeding. She was starting the transformation process, the flash bang and smoke was to give her time.

Pike bellowed ‘werewolf!’ before chaos reigned once more.

The huge wolf was vicious and gave them the strength they needed to tip the balances of power between them and the reapers. Octavia was a force to be reckoned with, pouncing at reapers with a terrifying ease, ripping into necks and swiping at any that dared to get close enough with razor-sharp claws. Lexa scrambled up onto her feet, swaying slightly before retrieving her swords and examining the battle to find her target. She couldn’t see Pike anymore, but she could see Cage-

Something slammed into her. She hadn’t been paying enough attention to her surroundings the reaper catching her completely off guard. Her senses were still recovering from the flash bang and she hadn’t been ready at all.

On the ground it rolled on top of her, snarling and spitting a mixture of blood and saliva at her face. It went to lunge at her neck but she managed bring the sword she didn’t lose in the fall up in time, holding it horizontally to force the reaper up. It growled savagely at being denied the opportunity at her throat and pushed as hard as it could down on her, on her sword. Her arms shook, and she learnt with a certain irony that she been putting a reaper in this position just minutes ago. How wonderful.

Her own blade was hovering centimeters above her throat now. She could feel the sweat dripping down the nape of her neck and had no doubt that it was only spurring the reaper on even more. She grunted, frantically trying to force the blade back up but was found with no success, and instead felt the very edges of cool metal press into throat.

She couldn’t hold it off for much longer.

While Lexa had skill on her side, she didn’t have supernatural strength. The reaper above her was at an advantage, and really it’d be only seconds till it would be over. The thought made her push harder with renewed strength. No. She wasn’t ready to go. Not without getting Clarke out and safe and curing her. Not without righting her wrongs.

The blade of the sword pushed in a little further, just nicking the skin, the reapers face grinning savagely from above her, nothing but sinister excitement on its soulless face. She refused to have that image be her last. She refused-

Suddenly the force pushing down on her went slack, and the grin on the reaper’s face morphed to a pair of wide eyes and an open mouth. Without warning, the pressure of the sword at her neck disappeared completely, and the reaper’s body collapsed on top of her.

Lexa shoved the now dead reaper off her, her eyes flicking up to find Raven staring down at her. She didn’t try to hide her shock that Raven of all people had just saved her. She could see the
surprise on her face too, like she couldn’t believe what she’d just done. But the face didn’t last long.

Raven offered out her hand. When Lexa just stared at, she rolled her eyes. “Hurry up Commander, we’ve got reapers to kill.”

Lexa blinked before she forced herself to nod, clasping Raven’s arm tightly and letting her help pull her up. There was a second where she lingered in her grip, words of thanks on the tip of her tongue, when she heard a sudden scream and her eyes whipped around the room.

It was Anya. Cage had dived at her with a knife, but Anya had managed to lift her hand in time to stop the blow. He ripped out the dagger that had gone mid-way through her palm. The rage that flooded her veins then reduced her sight to nothing but Cage, his form staggering back. Somehow, through the chaos, he caught her eye.

He smirked.

Lexa bolted for him, ignoring whatever protests Raven threw at her. Cage ran too, in a direction she hadn’t seen before – but she didn’t care. She shoved her way through the reapers in her warpath, just barely dodging a close strike at her side. Shit, she couldn’t see him anymore. He’d turned a corner. Lexa sprinted on after him, and the further she pushed the more the sounds of the battle began to fade away, the shouts and snarls and clangs drifting further and further. The halls were pale and the walls even paler. She took a sharp turn at a corner.

There, a flash of brown hair before he disappeared for another corridor to the left.

She couldn’t hear anything but the blood roaring in her ears. There had been few times when she’d heard her sister scream, and she had never heard her scream like that. Lexa had never felt such an intense desire to kill a human before, but with what Cage had done to Clarke and her people and now Anya – she was very much looking forward to slicing his throat.

“Fuck,” Lexa cursed. She had turned a corner but there was no sign of him. She rapidly scanned the area around her, something she actually hadn’t been doing since she was so caught up in just following the disgusting man. She walked up to the opposite end of the hall before turning around. Frowning she took notice of the already dead bodies on the ground, her eyes flicking up to the open door near them. Lexa blinked, stumbling back slightly. She knew where she was. She had been before, with Anya, when…

She heard a gun click behind her. Lexa spun around, her sword loose in her hand when she felt every breath of air escape her lungs.

Cage was standing there, a pistol in his hand pointed right at her. But it wasn’t that that Lexa cared about. It was the reaper standing just behind him, eyes black and claw-like hands spread, body rigid with tension.

Clarke.

“Put the swords down.” Cage ordered, briefly dipping his pistol.

Lexa stared at Clarke.

“Put it down now.” Cage repeated. Lexa forced her sight back to the man with a gun on her.

The numbness that had paralysed her retracted enough so she could speak again. “I will take great pleasure in killing you, Cage.” She muttered low.
Cage didn’t show any fear from the threat, instead he actually laughed. The sound made worms burrow under her skin. “Look at you, throwing threats till your last breath. I’ll admit. You’ve got balls for that. You know, considering I’m the one with the gun.”

Lexa did not share his amusement at the situation.

“But seriously. Put the weapon down, or I’ll blow a hole in your head.” Lexa didn’t listen. She shifted her stance, preparing herself for a dive. Cage narrowed his eyes at her. “That how you wanna’ play it?”

“Your death will not be quick.”

Cage did not laugh this time. Lexa saw him adjust his grip on his gun, before something unreadable spread on his features, and he took a slow step back. Slowly, he took his aim off Lexa, but before she could frown at his actions he moved the gun till it was pressed into the side of Clarke’s head.

Clarke didn’t move, even if it seemed like every part of her wanted too. She kept staring forward, at her, like that was all she needed to see. Lexa tried to keep her face impassive, but it was obvious she drastically failed.

Cage quirked a brow. “How about now, Commander?”

Her hands shook before slowly, carefully, she put down her swords. And when she spoke her voice was barely anything but a snarl. “Don’t touch her.”

If the devil could cower from a sound, it would be Lexa’s voice.

“You know, I did find it quite curious. Your… attachment, to this vampire.” His words were similar to that of a friendly conversation about the weather. The gun didn’t move from Clarke’s head. “You must understand my surprise of course, I mean, a vampire? With you? A hunter? A love story for the ages I’d say. Really,” he turned his sight briefly to Clarke, tilting his head. “It’s actually quite sweet.” His eyes flicked to Lexa’s. He smiled. “Because you love her, don’t you?”

Lexa didn’t say anything.

It only made his smile widen. “Oh you really do don’t you? Coming here, somewhere we both know you’d be dead the moment you set foot in. And yet, here you are.” Lazily he peeled his gun away from Clarke, and the knot in Lexa’s chest loosened, if ever so slightly. “Ready to come save a lost cause.”

“Whatsoever you’re trying to say, spit it out Cage.” She spat his name like acid.

Cage shrugged, his eerie smile still plastered on his face. “Just contemplating. Clarke here was destined for something, and it’s really just sour luck that our wants both intercept. Anyhow. You’re right. I am wasting too much time, things to do, people to see.”

When he lifted his gun back at her, Lexa merely raised her chin.

But his finger didn’t move to the trigger. “Yet, you’re not just anyone are you? No, you’re one of my biggest problems. To shoot you dead, well, it’d be quite anti-climatic, and I’ve always had a flair for the dramatic.”

He lowered his gun, but as Lexa instinctually reached for the ancient dagger at her side to throw at him, his eyes switched to Clarke. And that smile, that slow, sly smile, Lexa suddenly realised what he meant. What he was planning.
“No,” Lexa murmured. It didn’t matter how hard she tried to keep the word in, it still tumbled from her lips like a desperate prayer.

Cage put a hand on Clarke’s shoulder, and Lexa saw how her entire body tightened, her fists clenching at her sides. Yet she didn’t move, didn’t recoil away from his touch. Even if for a breath her shoulder twitched like it might. Slowly Cage pushed her forward.

“Kill her.” He said simply.

And though it seemed like Clarke had been ready to pounce at something for the past five minutes but had barely been restraining herself; she only took a single step forward before she stopped.

Cage narrowed his eyes. “Now, Clarke.” He snapped.

Her leg twitched, but it didn’t move. Cage tightened his grip on his gun, and Lexa, even if she knew shouldn’t, couldn’t help but call out to her. Because she could see it. Even if it was hard, buried beneath layers and layers of red and coldness.

It was her Clarke.

“You don’t have to listen to him.” She muttered. Clarke furrowed her brows, and before Lexa could savour the joy and relief in her chest, Cage shoved Clarke forward roughly.

“Kill her!” he snarled, pointing his gun at Lexa. Clarke growled instinctively from the shove, fangs bared and humanity wiped away. But this was clearly what Cage wanted, because he merely pointed at Lexa when Clarke whirled at him, and suddenly, Clarke was charging at her. The sudden turn was unexpected and Lexa barely had time to raise her arm when their bodies collided. She was slammed backwards into the ground. White-hot pain burst in the back of her head, but Lexa ignored the pulsing and let years of training take over as she flipped Clarke off her.

Lexa scrambled up to two legs, blinking a few times to try and make the world stop spinning. When Clarke brought herself to two too she raised a hand.

“Clarke, please, don’t.” The fall had taken all the air out of her lungs, her words coming out in pants. Clarke snarled at her before she rushed for her again.

Lexa dodged a swipe at her neck, unsheathing the ancient dagger at her side and deflecting Clarke’s attacks at her. Even if Clarke was gifted with supernatural strength, her skill didn’t match Lexa’s. Lexa was forced backwards and backwards as she only stayed on the defensive. It was obviously pissing Clarke off because there were growls that sounded nothing human coming out of her and her strikes were getting faster and harder.

But Lexa still kept moving back. Still kept ducking, weaving and making sure that no claws made contact with flesh. It didn’t matter that it was aggravating the reaper and even Cage.

She refused to hurt Clarke.

Clarke clearly didn’t feel the same way about her. She let out a savage snarl, and the sound was so terrifying that for half a second Lexa hesitated, instinct snapping at her to go for the attack, to take down whatever creature could make such a sound. That half a second proved enough. Lexa didn’t reach her arm up in time and was forced to bring up just the dagger, which Clarke easily disarmed her of.

Adrenaline kept her going, kept her arms moving. But she was without a weapon now, and it was
getting harder and harder to defend each block and take the shallow swipes at her arms. Exhaustion from the constant fighting was starting to sneak into her bones. She had been jumping from battle to battle to battle, so when finally she miscalculated a block at her side, leaving her front open, Lexa wasn’t too surprised when she was a moment too slow.

Clarke’s hand wrapped around her throat and shoved her into a wall. Instantly Lexa’s fingers were clawing at Clarke’s own, trying manically to pry the iron-grip digits off.

It didn’t work.

She felt the hand at her neck squeeze tighter, choked gasps escaping her. Lexa had no where to look now but Clarke’s eyes, her soulless, black eyes, the glow of the red in the centre the mocking reminder of just what she was. Dark spots threatened to crowd in on her vision, but it seemed Lexa’s downright stubbornness kept the darkness at bay.

Because even if Lexa saw that she was possibly about to die at the hands of a reaper, it wasn’t that she was worried about. She was worried about Clarke. And after. She worried for the blame that Clarke would take when she was herself again, the self-hate she would feel and the guilt that would tear at her soul.

And suddenly… Lexa understood. She understood the words that Clarke had made sure found their way to her, finally understood what Clarke had meant. So Lexa let herself relax, and in those few precious seconds before she let herself slip away, she parroted the words that Clarke had told her.

“I won’t be upset Clarke,” it hurt to speak the words, to waste the precious pockets of oxygen she had left. But she said it anyway. “I won’t-“ a choked cough broke out of her, “blame you.”

Her eyelids grew heavy and it was too exhausting to keep them open. The dark spots came crowding in, any resistance she had to them caving silently. Lexa had always thought herself to fight death till the very end, and here, now, Lexa felt content to know that she did. To be content that after so many years at not letting herself have anything, she had allowed herself this one thing. This one chance at happiness.

At love.

It was when Lexa felt her entire body slacken, not a drip of strength left in her bones, that she heard an almost inaudible whisper of ‘no’. Which couldn’t be possible, because Lexa certainly didn’t say it, not with every ounce of her being drained away. But that could only mean-

The crushing weight disappeared from throat. Lexa fell to the floor in a heap frantically gulping in as much air as she could, her throat constantly switching to coughing and desperately breathing in. Her neck ached, but when finally the blurs of her vision sharpened till she could make out the shapes in front of her, she looked up to find Clarke staring at her.

And the black in her eyes was gone.

Lexa would have laughed, but she was still trying to breathe at this point.

She didn’t give herself long to regain her bearings, using her knee to push herself up and swaying onto two legs. Each breath burned to take in but she easily ignored the pain. Lexa blinked, forcing herself back to the present. At the sight of Cage standing rigid, his jaw clenched so hard it was a wonder his teeth didn’t break, Lexa smiled. Oh, she smiled, and it grew when Cage caught sight of it, his eyes burning with a hate that almost matched her own.

Clarke was standing in the middle. Albeit, slightly closer to Lexa. She was staring at her, that small
frown on her face.

Tearing her sight off Clarke was harder than she thought.

“It’s over Cage,” Lexa breathed, her voice cracking slightly. Her throat, after all, had been getting crushed just minutes ago. “She is not yours.”

The fury that tightened Cage’s features made Lexa realise just how ugly he was. “Kill her!” he growled, but his voice was frantic now, slightly panicked. “Finish her off!”

Clarke did not move.

Lexa pulled herself up to her full height, stepping forward till she was just behind Clarke. She caught her eye, briefly, and when Lexa offered a small smile, Clarke’s lips twitched like they might too. This seemed to be the last straw for Cage as he finally realised there was no point anymore. When he let out an enraged snarl, both Lexa and Clarke’s head snapped to his, but Lexa learnt a second too late of just what the snarl meant.

“I’m not letting you live,” Cage growled, and without pausing, he aimed his gun at her and pulled the trigger.

Previously, Lexa had been close to accepting of death, but she wasn’t anymore. She had just gotten Clarke back. The blonde was here, standing by her side, the blue shining in her eyes.

She wasn’t ready anymore.

On instinct Lexa closed her eyes.

Yet as she braced herself for the pain, she found that it never came.

The hall was completely silent. Lexa was sure that not one of the three was breathing. The reason for that was obvious, even if Lexa had no understanding how it happened, and was honestly in a sort of denial that it had.

Clarke had caught the bullet.

And as Cage stared gaping at the tiny metal clutched in Clarke’s fist, Clarke brought her gaze to meet his and muttered with words so low Lexa felt the hairs rise on the back of her neck.

“Not her.”

Silence.

Cage blinked before he staggered back. “How? What-?”

“Clarke,” Lexa breathed, almost reverently. Clarke’s head snapped to meet hers, and once more, Lexa found that frown, but it was knotted deeper than she had ever seen before. Then, as the seconds passed, Lexa caught the briefest flash of humanity on her face as that frown finally released into something so indescribably soft.

“Lexa,” she whispered. The word was slightly disjointed, like it was fighting through so many tiers to just to make it out.

But hearing it made Lexa’s heart explode.

She wanted to cry. Wanted to shout or scream or laugh. She just wanted to do something, something
to expend this uncontainable joy in her chest. She didn’t do any of those things though. Instead she smiled.

She just smiled.

And Clarke, hesitantly, smiled too.

They were brought out of their moment with the scramble of feet and cursing, Lexa’s head snapping around in time to find Cage sprinting as fast as his feet could take him. The smile slipped off Lexa’s face. No. There was no way in hell she was letting that bastard live. She was about to take off after him, her knee bending, when Clarke suddenly grabbed her arm. She looked over to Clarke, seeing how she was staring after where Cage had bolted with such a mix of emotions on her face it was impossible to read.

“Clarke?” Lexa asked. She desperately wanted to move, to chase after him, but Clarke mattered more.

Clarke bit her lip before she brought her gaze back to her. “…Can’t,” she finally said, seeming to force the word out. Lexa furrowed her brows.

“Why?”

Clarke took time to answer. “…Hurt him.”

“You…you can’t hurt him?” Lexa repeated, squinting her eyes slightly. She couldn’t hurt him? Why couldn’t she-

The realisation hit Lexa like a truck.

“He’s made it so you can’t hurt him hasn’t he?” Lexa said slowly. Then, “…you don’t want me to hurt him because then you’ll have to hurt me.”

Clarke just nodded stiffly.

Lexa glanced between where Cage had run off and to the hand that was holding her arm. Clarke, seeming to realise she was still holding her, quickly released her. Though Lexa felt such a deep rage for Cage like she had never known, she found herself relaxing her muscles. Instead of going on after him like she so desperately wanted to, to kill him herself; she instead looked back over to Clarke. When Clarke saw that Lexa was indeed going to let her go, the tension bled from her shoulders. Like she had actually been worried that she was going to be forced to attack Lexa again.

It really was her.

But there was still the ring of red in her iris, and the twitching and rigidness that only reapers seemed to possess. Though it was very much clear that Clarke, her Clarke was still there – she was also still a reaper. Carefully, Lexa reached out her hand. She placed it against Clarke’s cheek like she had done so earlier before, and she couldn’t help but smile slightly when Clarke leaned into her touch.

“You’re safe now.” Lexa murmured.

Clarke just stared at her, as if trying to decipher something in Lexa’s eyes that she couldn’t see. And when Clarke seemed to find whatever she was searching for, she bobbed her head against Lexa’s hand.

“Safe.”
“Safe.” Lexa affirmed.

She retracted her hand back to her side slowly and reluctantly, but as much as Lexa wanted to just revel in these precious moments with Clarke; she still had her people to attend too. Clarke looked like she mourned the loss of touch too, but when Lexa took in a deep shuddering breath and stepped back the sadness was replaced with tension.

“We need to go, Clarke.” Lexa said. She paused. “Can you follow me?”

The frown appeared for half a second, before she slowly dipped her head. “Follow.” She said.

Lexa took that as confirmation enough.

She reached into her back pocket, checking the scanner to see how far the rest of the group was. Raven’s had gone now too. Octavia’s was still there though, along with Anya’s, and they were clumped close enough that it was safe to assume that the Indra and Raven were fine, their trackers were probably just damaged in the fights.

Or at least Lexa hoped so.

Lexa started moving, going in the opposite direction of the way she came. She only questioned it for a second before shaking her head and following anyway. They must have moved. She didn’t have time to doubt.

At first, she moved at a slow pace. Not running like before but walking, though it was pushing the restraints of it, Lexa checking over her side every few steps to make sure that Clarke hadn’t left and was truly following her. She was there. The entire time. Every moment that Lexa checked, and double checked, and triple checked behind her; Clarke was always there. Following her, step by step, her face blank except for when they locked eyes. Then there’d be this spark in that blue, and her features would soften.

After five minutes of this and her finding that Clarke still hadn’t left her yet, Lexa couldn’t risk going so slow anymore. She sucked in a sharp breath before she took off. It was harder to check behind her when she was sprinting, but whenever she did she was granted with the sight of Clarke running right behind her.

They didn’t pass any reapers or mountain men and Lexa was grateful. While she was skilled in fighting, she was tired. Exhaustion was circling her like a shark and she knew she had to be careful now. Not be so willing to jump into a battle without going through other options. In her defense, it was very difficult not to in this situation. But still. She had to remain careful and vigilant.

She and Clarke ran down a corridor, and when Lexa pulled up the scanner to glance at quickly, she saw that the group should be just around the corner. Relief made her speed up without thinking, Clarke with her, made her burst around the corner and grin widely at the sight of her people alive and well. Anya had a bandage around her hand now, Octavia was still a wolf, prowling around the group like a guard dog, Raven was pacing back and forth muttering to herself, and Indra, the ever stoic leader, stood in the centre, arms crossed and face impassive.

She was so relieved to find them and know that they could finally leave now that they had Clarke, that she had forgotten she couldn’t actually trust Clarke around others yet.

When she turned the corner Anya’s head popped up immediately, a relieved smile escaping her. But the smile soon turned into panic, and Lexa had just a few seconds of silence before Anya was yelling.
“Lexa where the hell have you been?”

“I found Clarke—” Lexa turned her head around, her sight taking in how Clarke was standing stiffer than ever, her fists clenched at her sides. Though she was almost shaking with something, restraint maybe, she didn’t move. Just stood still, eyeing the group with an uneasy stare.

At Clarke’s name, Raven’s head whipped around to them. Relief loosened Indra’s hard mask and even Octavia let out a joyful bark.

But Anya was stepping forward already fuming. “And you brought her here without any type of restraint. Have you forgotten what she is? What Pike and Cage said?”

Lexa stepped forward too. “I told you. Clarke is there. They lied. She’s not gone yet.”

“She’s a reaper—“

“And you’re still standing. If she was completely gone then we’d all be dead by now.”

No one said anything at that.

Lexa took in a steadying breath. “I went after Cage. It was a trap to lure me out. He held a gun at me and had Clarke with him. He ordered her to kill me.”

Anya’s eyes widened, but Lexa went on before her sister could interrupt.

“But she didn’t. She even… she even caught a bullet. She saved me. She’s on our side.”

“Lexa that’s– that’s not possible.”

“If that was true then I’d be dead.”

Anya threw her arms up in frustration, and from behind Raven took a shaky step forward. She was staring at Clarke, and Lexa had never seen Raven’s face so vulnerable before.

Lexa wasn’t within arms distance of the group, for good reason, as while she trusted Clarke with her life, she didn’t know how far she’d go for others. Raven left the threshold of Indra’s team, not quite crossing the distance to Lexa’s side, but stopping midway.

“She’s… she’s there?” Raven asked Lexa.

Lexa glanced at Clarke. Though she was staring down Raven with a certain amount of distrust and cautiousness, there was a slight ease to her shoulders. As if buried instinct had told her body of how Raven wasn’t a threat but her mind hadn’t caught up. “She is,” Lexa finally said, ignoring Anya’s glare. “She’s still- She’s still a reaper. I don’t really know why she saved me. But she did. And she hasn’t touched any of you.” She threw that last statement at Anya.

“She is a reaper,” Anya growled. “She needs to be in some type of restraints until we get her out and into a place we can contain her.”

“She’s not an animal.” Lexa snapped.

Anya strode forward till she was just in front of Raven. “That’s exactly what she is right now. I don’t care if for some reason it seems like she’s on an invisible leash. She could and will kill us all in an instant. We are not safe with her walking free. I will cuff her if—“

“You will not lay a finger on her.” Lexa snarled. The sound would have scared the living daylights
out of most people; but Anya wasn’t most people. She easily took Lexa’s challenge, edging closer to
her.

“I will do what is necessary if you cannot.” She snarled right back.

Lexa pushed forward, but she didn’t do anything but stand nose-to-nose with Anya. If Anya was
unnerved with the close proximity, she didn’t show it.

“We are leaving the mountain. And Clarke is coming with us. We have nothing to restrain her with,
but, as I’ve said, she doesn’t need restraining like some feral beast.”

“Are you listening to yourself right now? Your girlfriend is a reaper Lex. A fucking reaper. The
things we have just spent the past hour killing.”

“You dare to hurt her and I’ll fight you myself.” Lexa muttered.

A fire lit itself in Anya’s eyes. “You’re willing to risk everyone lives for the sake of a flimsy hope
that the reaper behind you won’t kill us?”

“Yes.”

Anya shoved Lexa back. “This is not a debate Lexa. She is-“

Before either of them could say anything more, Clarke let out a blood-chilling snarl and lunged for
her. Anya had been so focused on her argument with Lexa that Clarke’s attack was completely
unexpected, but while she wasn’t prepared she adjusted quick, Clarke only on top of her for a second
before she was rolled off. It happened so fast for Lexa that one moment she was toe to toe with Anya
and then she blinked and her and Clarke were rolling on the floor. Some irrational childish part of
Lexa suggested that maybe the fight was playful, that it was fine. But this was obviously very wrong.

Clarke’s strength won over Anya’s. She straddled her, pinning her arms, fangs bared and growling.
Lexa lurched forward at the same time Indra did. When Lexa caught out of the corner her vision that
Indra had a stake in her hand, panic burst in her chest. She changed course and instead of grabbing
Clarke – she dove for Indra. They fell to the ground, but Lexa, after snatching the stake from a
stunned Indra’s hand, scrambled off her almost immediately. As her eyes flicked to the side she saw
Clarke raising a claw-like hand. She couldn’t make the distance. There wasn’t enough time for her to
grab Clarke now that’d she gone for Indra.

Terror made her scream with all she had.

“CLARKE!”

The hand froze from its movement of swinging down.

Actually, everything about Clarke froze.

Lexa didn’t give herself time to feel relief. “Get off her Clarke,” Lexa ordered, slightly out of breath.
Her head was spinning with the constant back of forth of extreme emotions. Clarke let out a
frustrated snarl, but her hand didn’t move any further. Slowly, reluctantly it looked like, it went back
to her side. But she didn’t get off her. “Now, Clarke!” Lexa snapped.

That did it. Lexa blinked and Clarke was off her, standing a couple metres away, the black in her
eyes gone.

Lexa went to lend a hand to help her sister back up, but Anya slapped it away with a scowl. Anya
got up to her feet, putting distance between her and Lexa. Lexa pretended it didn’t hurt.

Anya wiped her slightly bloodied mouth with the back of her hand. “Will you listen to me now?” she questioned, though her voice was cold.

Lexa made sure she was standing as a buffer between Anya and Clarke now, just in case. “No.”

“Are you fucking kidding me? She just tried to kill me! Do I really mean that little to you?”

“Anya you know that has nothing to do with it.” Lexa reprimanded sharply. Anya’s jaw twitched, but she didn’t say anything in objection. Lexa took a careful step forward. “She didn’t attack you randomly. She only attacked you because-“

Lexa’s words cut off as she realised something. Her eyes widened, and her head whirled behind her to stare at Clarke. How could she have missed it?

“Lexa? Because what?” Anya’s voice was nervous.

Lexa blinked, gaping at Clarke before bringing her sight back to the front. Her heart felt it had been ripped out of her chest and stepped on. “It’s me.” Lexa said quietly. At the group’s frown, Lexa went on, her voice regaining its some of its usual strength. “I mean, she’s only attacked when you’ve attacked me.”

“Lexa, I’ve never-“

“No, I know you haven’t Ann, I mean when you grabbed me. When we first found her, in the cells, when I walked in the room, she was completely fine remember? She was still.” Lexa and Anya’s gaze was locked. “She only reacted when you grabbed me and pulled me back. Then afterwards, she only… turned when you took a hold of me again. And just now. She only reacted because-“

“She shoved you.” Raven finished. Lexa didn’t hide her surprise at Raven seeming to take her side. She offered her a shaky nod.

“The entire time, she’s been trying to protect me.”

There was silence as the entire group stared at Clarke, before Lexa heard a scoff. She didn’t have to guess whose it was.

“No. It’s a nice thought, but no.”

Lexa glared at Anya with a terrifying intensity. “I’ll prove it then.” She muttered. Lexa moved till she was within arms reach of Anya. “Push me with one hand. Lightly.” When Anya just looked at her, Lexa’s voice dropped. “Dula chit ai biyo.”

Anya’s face hardened, but she finally complied. With a roll of the eyes Anya lifted her arm and went to push Lexa, and just before her fingers made contact Lexa’s own arm shot out to the side and held back the sudden weight of Clarke pushing against it. Anya stumbled back in surprise while Lexa twisted her hand so it was grabbing the side of Clarke’s arm.

When Anya locked eyes with Lexa again, Lexa merely raised a brow. “You believe me now?”

At Anya’s silence, Lexa had her answer. She slowly lowered her arm, taking a second to propel make sure that Clarke wouldn’t pounce at her the second her arm was down. But when she met sights with Clarke, the stiffness in her body relaxed, if ever so slightly. She took that as sign enough. The tension between the group now was awkward and tight. Anya had stepped further away from
Lexa and was still casting Clarke distrustful looks, though she didn’t say anything; Indra face was impassive like always and near impossible to read, but after knowing her like a mother she could see that she was distrustful like Anya, if maybe just not as much; Octavia sat loyally by Raven’s side, but the tightness in her shoulders gave away her nerves from the situation; and Raven… Raven was actually stepping towards her. Lexa frowned.

Before she could say anything, Raven reached out her hand and rested it against Lexa’s shoulder. Her frown deepened until she realised that Raven wasn’t looking at her. She was looking just behind her, at Clarke. Lexa turned too, and while Clarke’s muscles had locked up at the sight of Raven being so close to Lexa, Clarke was allowing the contact. When Raven removed her hand and went back to Octavia’s side, Lexa pretended for Raven’s sake she didn’t see the relief written on her face.

Indra spoke up for the first time since she had seen her. “We only stopped here to recuperate. Pike and his reapers are close and we must keep moving.”

Some of the awkwardness left the group, apprehension filling in the gaps. “How did you lose him?” Lexa asked.

“We didn’t. We took down enough of his reapers that he called for a retreat. But he will be coming back, presumably with a bigger army.” Anya answered.

Lexa was thankful that despite their argument Anya was able to put it aside in favour for the severeness of the situation.

“She’s right.” Raven stepped in. “We need to go. As fast as possible. We aren’t too far from the one of the exits.”

“One of?”

“There are three. The main door that Anya and me blew our way through, the underground that you came through, and a tunnel exit incase of emergencies. Closest is the main from where are now, but the emergency exit isn’t too far off from it, hidden away to the right down a couple more corridors.”

“I’m assuming we’re taking the emergency?”

Raven nodded. “Yeah.”

Everyone seemed to take a collective breath, as if they all somehow knew that this would probably be the last time to ready themselves until they escape. When all eyes landed back on Lexa, even Octavia’s yellow ones, she nodded too.

Lexa’s gaze fell on Raven. “Okay. Lead the way.”

Raven bobbed her head and they were off again. Lexa stayed near the tail-end of the group even if she would normally go at the front. Indra frowned slightly at this when the older woman passed her, but then Indra’s sight fell further back to find Clarke standing stiffly with Lexa, and she had her answer. She subtly shook her head and kept walking. Lexa was nervous. Though they were moving at a fast pace, she didn’t like how it felt. She could sense it; sense something wrong in the air. She had always had unnaturally accurate instincts and all of them were screaming right now that something was wrong. Lexa focused harder on the feeling. Actually, it wasn’t quite that something was wrong (though she still an uneasy feeling in her gut) but more something that had gone wrong.

There was a list of things that had gone wrong. But each one that Lexa went through on her mental checklist didn’t match the feeling. She was abruptly pulled out of her thoughts by Raven falling back to her side.
Lexa found herself less surprised than usual that Raven had joined her. “Is something wrong?” Lexa asked.

“Nah, all good. Just gotta keep walking in a straight line for a bit, I’m sure our resident skinwalker and werewolf can handle it.”

Lexa nodded. When Raven didn’t say anything more she gave her a look. “Is there something else, or…?”

Raven rolled her eyes. “Not allowed to just hang back with my favourite hunter?”

Lexa just raised a brow.

“Okay. Fair enough.” Her voice lost some of its bravado that the woman seemed to ooze at all times. “Just wanted to be close to Clarke.”

The tension that had taken her shoulders since Raven had moved to her side released, and without Lexa seeing Clarke relaxed too. “Of course.” Lexa said softly.

They shared a glance, and it seemed that it was that one action, that one wordless permission of Lexa not questioning Raven at all, that seemed to be the final tipping point.

Raven heaved a deep long sigh but before she could say whatever it was she was going to say her eyes squinted at Lexa’s waist. Lexa followed her hard gaze with a frown.

“Where’s the dagger?” Raven questioned.

Lexa felt her stomach drop.

Fuck.

She must have left it with her brawl with Clarke. Shit, how could she have forgotten?

“Raven, I’m sorry I-“

“It’s alright,” Raven quickly injected. Lexa balked. Had she been thrown into an alternate universe all of a sudden?

“...But Raven, the dagger, what it means-“

“It’s fine.” Raven said, voice harder than the last. “It’s fine,” she was softer this time. “We’ll get it back.”

With that Raven bobbed her head and turned her eyes on Clarke. Lexa was relieved to find that Clarke met Raven gaze head-on, and for a second it was almost as if none what had happened in the past week had gone down.

Raven gave Clarke a small smile before she turned around and went to her place back at the front.

They were getting close now. Lexa could tell. This tension between the group was thicker than ever. Everyone seemed to be holding their breath, straining their hearing, all of them waiting for the other shoe to drop. Pike hadn’t reappeared yet and it was sending waves of anxiety under Lexa’s skin. It was a waiting game. He was bound to return; and he was bound to fight tooth and claw so they wouldn’t escape. It wasn’t going to pretty. It was going to be bloody and dangerous and each and every one of the people around her knew that. Even Clarke, with her entire body tensed seemed to have picked up on it too.
The group was bunched so tight together that they almost counted as one body.

Lexa still kept Clarke a bit away from them from behind.

“Just around here,” Raven said, and Lexa saw how everyone tightened their grip on their weapons. Lexa unsheathed her swords with a whine. Anya did too. “Around this corner is the main door we blew through, to the right there’s a couple more corridors and then the emergency exit near the end. The door is thick metal and has a metal hatch to open on it.”

Lexa didn’t question why Raven was explaining directions and where it was. The answer was obvious. It was in preparation incase they got separated. Lexa was grateful Raven had done it without prompt from her. Raven turned her head around, seeming to double check that everyone had heard what she said. When her gaze fell on Lexa she nodded, and Raven nodded back.

Lexa flexed her grip on her swords.

If they didn’t see Pike in the next thirty seconds, then they were either in the clear or waiting for them outside.

When they turned the corner Lexa had her answer.

Pike and his army of reapers stood between them and the main exit. The corridor to the right would lead them to the emergency was too close to Pike’s reapers, meaning that really there was no way to get to it without either Pike and his reapers letting them pass or dying.

Even if she was expecting this, Lexa still found her lungs collapsing on themselves.

Fuck.

Unlike before, Pike’s face wasn’t smug and nonchalant. It was hard and riddled with bloodlust.

“No where left to run.” He muttered. His voice somehow still carried.

Lexa was still at the back of the group, but now she pushed her way to the front. As she did she gently took a hold of Clarke’s hand, and, ignoring the butterflies in stomach (really? Did her body honestly think this was the time?) led her to the head of the group. At seeing Lexa Pike smiled wolfishly, except it was wiped off his face when Clarke stood out by Lexa’s side like a united front.

Though it pained her so Lexa let go of Clarke’s hand. Lexa didn’t see Clarke cast a quick glance at her from the loss of contact.

“If you know what’s best for you Pike, you’ll let us through. No one else has to die today.”

Pike, seeming to force himself out of shock that Clarke was with them and not attacking them, brought his gaze back to Lexa. “Sweet of you. But no. You’re not leaving this mountain alive.”

Raven stepped forward before Lexa could stop it. “And what are you gonna’ do huh? Try and kill us all again? Because that worked so well the last time.”

“Raven.” Anya hissed through gritted teeth. Raven did not take the hint.

Pike lifted his chin. “Reyes. Trash talker till your last breath I see.”

“Least I got something out of gaming right?” Raven grinned.

Pike’s answering grin was the one that no person with a soul could make. “You know, you’d
actually make a pretty nice reaper. Perhaps I’ll let you live then.”

“No.” Anya put herself in front of Raven without thinking. Lexa was less surprised than she should have been.

Anya must have realised her mistake a second too late, because now was Pike was smiling widely.

“Would you look at that,” he muttered, tilting his head.

“Step aside Pike,” Lexa ordered, taking control of the situation. “Make this easy.”

“Making this easy would be to slaughter you all.”

“You’ve already lost a lot of your reapers today Pike. Don’t add more.”

Pike’s features darkened. “You have no chances of surviving this. A single reaper is stronger and faster than all of you combined.”

Raven spoke up again. “We have Clarke.”

Pike’s gaze shifted from Lexa to Clarke, and the way he was staring at her Lexa felt a fire ignite her chest. She took a step in front of her, not enough to be completely blocking her, but just enough to show what Lexa wanted. That Clarke was hers and she would defend her till her last breath.

“You do indeed.” Pike answered quietly. “You’re right, I could never quite turn her. Not fully. Not enough. Still she cared too much for her prey and brethren, still she showed the humanity that shouldn’t exist.”

Lexa’s heart swelled with pride.

Pike lowered his arms, and it was clear that this was it. Lexa was telling herself that she was ready for this. But she wasn’t. Not at all. She was tired and really she just wanted this all to stop. Another battle sounded like hell, but it didn’t look like there was any way out of it. There were a staggering amount of reapers with him now. In all honesty, Lexa didn’t know if they’d be able to take all of them.

Fuck she was really hoping to be avoiding all of this.

“No survivors.” Pike said to his reapers. “Except for the vampire. I want her alive.”

For a beat no one moved.

Pike and Lexa locked gazes.

“One last chance, Pike.”

Pike flexed her hands; claw-like nails extending themselves from his fingers. “I’ve waited a long while to taste a Commander’s blood. To feast on yours, I’ve no doubt it will be divine.”

Lexa let her anger fuel her body; let it coil in her muscles. But just as the penny was about to drop, and the fight could break out, Clarke stepped forward and carefully pushed Lexa to the side. Lexa inwardly frowned and tried to make a move to put Clarke back behind her, the blonde once again gently pushed her back not letting her.

Clarke stared dead on at Pike with a gaze so cold she almost pitted him being on the receiving end.

Pike smiled something that was anything but a smile. “Clarke. Care to join me?”
Clarke said nothing. Instead, her gaze shifted from him to the reapers behind him. “Ge ron ’i.” She said.

Lexa didn’t hide her frown this time at Clarke’s words. It sounded like trigedasleng but like it wasn’t quite. It was too disjointed and wrong sounding.

At Clarke words there was a sudden, barely noticeable shift in the pack of reapers. It was small – but Lexa caught it. Saw how it rippled through them, saw their shoulders bunched and their fists clenched, but also the quick barely-there glances that they all seemed to instinctually throw to Pike.

Lexa thought that Clarke had said something along the lines of ‘come’, and was absolutely stunned when one of them did just that.

The woman reaper that slowly started walking was thin but defined, a head of dirty disheveled blonde hair. Everyone, including Pike, watched with wide eyes as the reaper switched from his side to theirs. Lexa could barely breathe.

Clarke could not be doing what she thought she was doing.

“Echo.” Pike snarled. “What are you doing?”

Echo’s face remained cold and impassive. “No.”

Pike blinked. “No? No to what?”

“To you.”

When Pike was shocked silent, Clarke repeated what she had said before. “Ge ron ’i,” But this time there was an underlying threat to her voice. Lexa didn’t know show she recognised it, but she did. It was a challenge. Pick a side. Stand with her – or stand with Pike.

At first, no one moved.

Then one by one they did.

Suddenly the figures weren’t so staggering anymore, and at least half of Pike’s army had switched to Clarke’s. A line of reapers, something Lexa thought she’d never hear herself say, now protected them and though they all sent hungry stares in their direction, they never took a step towards them. Instead they stood tall and rigid, their backs to them.

Lexa was still close enough to Clarke that she could reach out and hold her hand again if she wanted to. Clarke seemed have deliberately left a gap so Lexa could still clearly see Pike. And was she glad. He was beyond furious. Lexa could see. Could see how there was a rage that almost matched her own burning in his eyes. Pike let out a snarl and his eyes turned black.

“You will all die for your treachery.” He hissed.

He took a step forward and Lexa prepared herself for battle, when Clarke let out what was easily the most terrifying sound she had ever heard in her life. It was a snarl that was also a roar, and some of the reapers that had remained on Pike’s side actually bolted from it, seeming to decide to save themselves than to go against Clarke. In all honesty, Lexa didn’t blame them.

With the aftereffects of Clarke’s snarl reverberating in the air, she lunged forward and the battle began.
It happened fast. So unexplainably fast. Lexa had never really seen vampires tear into each other before, but it was nothing compared to watching fucking reapers tear into each other. Clarke’s reapers seemed to have decided to make a wall between Pike’s reapers and Lexa’s team, fighting furiously with their own and making sure that none got past. Of course, some did. It was inevitable. In those cases Lexa and her people took care of the stragglers who had managed to break through.

Watching reapers fight each other was beyond fascinating, they way their strikes were almost too fast for the human eye, the way the power they’d hold would send some flying into walls with bone-crushing cracks, the viciousness they’d exert on each other without flinching. But Lexa didn’t let herself focus on that. Instead she focused on the figure that had taken down a hefty chunk of Clarke’s reapers and looked to actually be making a beeline for Clarke.

Pike.

Lexa knew without a doubt then that he was going to die.

She ran forward, slipping through the gaps in the ‘wall’ the reapers had made. Most of them were stuck in face offs now and the chaos around her was bordering on dizzying but Lexa forced herself to stay focused. She saw Pike with his claw-like hands buried deep into a reaper’s stomach. He pulled his fist out roughly with a sickening squelch, and the reaper fell to the floor unable to move from the pain. Lexa picked up her pace for him. She was just a few metres away now, could make out the sharpness of his features. Just a little bit more and-

Something collided with Pike that made Lexa stop dead in her tracks.

Clarke tackled Pike, sending them tumbling to the ground. They rolled but neither managed to pin each other and as quick as they had gone down they were both back on their feet. There was shock loosened Pike’s face before fury shone from every inch of him. Lexa forced her legs to move again. She heard Pike began speaking as the pair began circling each other.

“I always knew you were trouble Clarke. My mistake was that I thought you could be tamed. I now see how foolish I’d been.”

Clarke spat at his feet. Lexa knew that if she could be trash talking him back than she would have been. Lexa also agreed that spitting at him got the message across just as well.

Pike clenched his fists. “I’d prefer not to kill you Clarke. But you’ve made that impossible.”

As much as Lexa wanted to be the one to deliver Pike’s final blow, she also thought that Clarke deserved to be his killer too. Carefully, Lexa began edging away from Clarke, instead inching her way over to the opposite side. She could still just make out what Pike was saying.

“You’ve always been strong, so much stronger than the rest. You remind me of my men from when I was human. An unwavering resolution, to never stop, to never give up. To sacrifice whatever is needed for your people. Perhaps its my fault, that I saw that in you. It blinded me to the one thing that’d prevent my plans. Your cursed humanity.”

Just as Lexa emerged at the other side, still not close enough to be seen, she heard Clarke let out a final growl before she pounced for him. And just as Lexa expected the sight of Pike finally meeting his end – she was instead met with the sight of Clarke freezing. At first she thought that something had happened to her. That someone had hurt her. But as Lexa felt the snarl form in the back of her throat she realised that, no, Clarke was fine. That wasn’t what had stopped her.

Pike had pulled out a syringe of Red.
Clarke and him stared at each other, but even if Lexa willed with all she had for Clarke to move, she didn’t. She stood rigid still, eyeing the drug.

Pike smiled. “Not so willing to kill me now huh?”

Clarke said nothing.

He had the audacity to laugh. “Well. It makes me glad to know that you’re still mine. Just gotta remember to bring some incentive along I assume? I won’t forget that for the future.” Clarke hadn’t yet taken her eyes off the syringe. “When was the last time you had some Clarke? I do forget. Has been a few days hasn’t it?” His tone was teasing, and Lexa could see that Clarke was physically shaking from restraint. It was obvious she wanted to kill him, wanted to destroy him with everything she had – but she couldn’t. As much as she wanted to, Pike still had her under his thumb.

It was with that thought that Lexa burst out of the chaos of the remaining fighting reapers, and Pike had just enough time to spin around when she plunged a stake into his heart.

For Lexa, everything else drowned out. She watched him as he swayed, disbelief and shock making his jaw drop. Blood trickled down his lip as he glanced between the stake in his chest and Lexa. He fell to the ground and Lexa moved down with him.

Lexa had been careful. She plunged the stake into his heart, but just not enough to fully kill him. She crouched by him and cocked her head to the side.

When their gazes met, Pike laughed. It was wet with blood. “Ah. I should have been paying better attention.”

“Why Pike?” despite the rage she could feel thundering through her veins, her voice was soft. It was sad.

Pike, knowing these were his last moments, let all pretenses and masks he had ever created fall away. What was left was what Lexa saw as a small, broken man. “Dante Wallace had a powerful vampire turn me. He was Cage’s father. I have an eternal debt to them.”

“What you became was you alone.” Lexa muttered.

Pike smiled and unlike all his other smiles, this was one was full of sorrow. “You are right.” With an incredibly shaky hand Pike reached for his pocket. Lexa’s own hand jerked out to stop him but it only made him chuckle. “Trust me, what I’m about to give you you’ll want.”

Lexa stared him down. Her hand gripped tightly to his wrist. “If you try and pull anything…”

“I’m dead, I know. My fate is sealed now. You’ve done that. There is just one thing I want to do before you kill me.”

Her gaze didn’t leave his, but slowly, reluctantly, she released her grip on him. Pike continued reaching for whatever it was and when he pulled his hand back out Lexa saw a black case held tightly between them. His fingers were trembling so bad that went he tried to hand it to her they fell out of his hands. Lexa picked it up wordlessly.

“What is this?” she asked, cautiously turning the case over in her hands.

“It is the cure.” He stated matter-of-factly. Lexa’s eyes snapped onto his. “For Clarke.”

When Lexa found the ability to breathe again, she merely whispered what she had asked just before.
Lexa frowned.

“Why?”

“I wasn’t lying when I said she reminded me of my squad. When I was human. Those days… they are some of my greatest. Sometimes when I look back I think my men wouldn’t recongise the man I’ve become. When I lost them, when they died, I’ve never felt a greater pain. Clarke is your squadron. I’m about to die so there’s nothing Cage can do to stop me now. I won’t take her away from you. Not again, at least.”

Lexa just stared at him. “You realise this excuses none of your past actions.” She said slowly.

“Of course. I have no regrets. There is nothing quite as intoxicating as human blood, I’ve no hate for what I’ve done.”

Lexa put the cure into her own pocket and wrapped her hand around the stake in his chest. Before she pushed it, Pike suddenly spoke up.

“Clarke’s memories will return when I die. They’re buried deep and may take time, but since I was the one who blocked them, with me dead they will come back.” Lexa blinked at him. Pike let out one last grin. “Now, in return for what I’ve given you, I ask of you for one thing.”

Lexa just barely held in her eye roll. Of course there was a motive behind all his sudden ‘kindness’.

But still. What he had given her was everything.

“What is it?” she snapped.

“Kill Cage. Make him feel pain. Make him die slowly if you can, but if you can’t,” he shrugged, “then just make sure I see him in hell.”

Lexa was planning to reject whatever Pike said. Yet somehow he had said the one thing that she would do.

Lexa tightened her grip on the stake.

“I promise.”

And with those two words, she shoved the stake the rest of the way down.

Pike’s face twisted from the pain but it relaxed as fast as it had changed. His entire body went slack, and like that everything about Pike was gone – and he was dead. She waited a few seconds just in case, but when he didn’t move; Lexa reached for the stake and jerked it out of his chest. She stared at him for a moment longer.

“Yu gonplei ste odon.” She muttered.

She didn’t know how long she stayed crouched by his side, but when she stood up she saw that no one was fighting anymore. Her eyes instantly locked onto hers people and all the air left her lungs when she saw Indra was injured and Raven was leaning against the wall, clutching at her leg. There weren’t many reapers left standing. She glanced around the hall and saw the ground littered in bodies. If Clarke hadn’t of switched the reaper’s loyalties, Lexa had no doubt they’d be dead right now.

Lexa carefully made her way over to a frozen Clarke. She was staring at Pike’s dead body, but Lexa
couldn’t make out what was on her face. Slowly she reached out a hand and gently squeezed Clarke’s arm. Those blue eyes snapped to meet hers, and Lexa couldn’t but smile slightly when she felt the tension relax in Clarke through her arm. Lexa felt the sudden urge to kiss her and she stomped down the desire with as much effort as she could muster.

“Are you okay?” Lexa asked softly. Clarke nodded stiffly and Lexa left it at that. Lexa realised that Indra and her team had managed to get closer to the main entrance and that her and Clarke were actually standing near the corridor for the emergency. With Clarke checked over Lexa went to check over people, except a sudden ear-shattering alarm went off that had Lexa wincing. Red lights went off and starting pulsing in time with the siren and before Lexa could even shout a warning, an army of mountain men came sprinting around the corner.

“RUN!” Lexa screamed. Bullets started flying not a second later.

Lexa snatched Clarke’s hand and bolted for the emergency. She heard a snarl from the werewolf from behind and screams but Lexa ignored them and ran with all she had. They would be fine. It was fine. They were near the exit they could get out quick. Lexa was sweating when she finally found the emergency door and was suddenly so grateful for Raven’s explanation from earlier. Her hands were trembling as she gripped the hatch and hastily began turning. She heard more shouting and the fires of bullets, but her heart stopped beating when she heard a crack and then a scream.

Lexa finally opened the hatch and when she turned around she saw Clarke on the ground with her hand clutching her stomach. Fear and horror paralyzed her, but Clarke staggered up to her feet and shoved Lexa through the open door. For a moment Lexa couldn’t see or feel anything and she did nothing but stand unmoving. Gritting her teeth Clarke pushed against the heavy metal door with all she had and it slammed shut. When Lexa was eventually able to move her muscles again Clarke was stumbling and grabbing her arm, hauling her forward.

It was then that Lexa realised that Clarke had been shot multiple times.

Lexa forced herself to remember that Clarke was a vampire and couldn’t die from bullets, and that while it may bring Clarke close to death and be incredible agonizing – she would be fine. She would be.

She buried her heart in that knowledge and took her arm out of Clarke’s hold and instead pulled Clarke’s so it rested over her shoulder.

The emergency exit Lexa realised was just a series of climbing stairs and a dark tight tunnel. Fluorescent lights lined the very shallow ceiling, bathing the constricted space in a blaring red as the alarms rang off from the outside. They moved as fast as they could up the steps but halfway through Clarke’s footing slipped and they both fell. Hitting the stone steps was jolting and had white-hot pain spiking through her chin but Lexa ignored it in favour of Clarke.

She looked down and saw that the bottom part of Clarke’s white shirt was completely red.

“Come on Clarke, you’re fine, we’re fine, we’re so close now. Come on.” Lexa was whispering the words frantically, grunting as she pulled Clarke back up so they were both on their feet again. Clarke was leaning against Lexa now as they walked. Jesus fucking Christ why was there so many fucking stairs?

They were getting closer. Lexa could quite literally see the light at the end of the tunnel, beaming out the outline of the door above. She focused on it, focused on the exit that was so close and not the weakening hold of Clarke against her, not the way the steps were now slippery in her blood, not the hissing and groans in her ear, not the-
“Don’t give up on me Clarke, not now, we’re so close,” Lexa grunted as she supported more of Clarke’s weight. “We’re so close baby. So close. Beja, I found you.” She was crying now. She couldn’t stop it. “I found you. Don’t leave me.”

Clarke let out another groan that could’ve have been a word, maybe a reassurance, but it only made Lexa’s heart cave in on itself and try to move them faster. Gods they were moving too slow. She could hear the banging’s and slams against the door below. They were trying to break in, which Lexa found extremely odd as she’d assume all they had to do was turn the hatch.

Apparently Clarke was reading her mind as she breathlessly pushed out. “Ripped… off…”

“Don’t speak, don’t speak save your energy.”

Clarke groaned. “Hatch… door… ripped…” a rough cough shook her and blood flew out of her mouth, “…safe.”

Lexa suddenly realised what Clarke was saying and couldn’t help but let out a disbelieving chuckle. Her emotions were so out of control at this point that she couldn’t stop it. “Branwoda. Otaim kep in ai klir.”

“Otaim.” Clarke whispered back. Lexa swallowed down a sob.

When Lexa looked up and saw the door close she grinned so wide her cheeks hurt. “So close. We’re so close. Just a bit ai hodnes, stay with me, stay with me.” Lexa tried to move faster but she was supporting too much of Clarke’s weight now and it was slowing them down. It was then that she heard a loud boom and the door that they had used to get into the tunnel was slammed open. Lexa’s head snapped over her shoulder and she saw the mountain men pile their way in, shouting and raising their guns. Lexa pulled Clarke impossibly closer. “Keep moving. Keep moving, we’ll make it. You’ll make it.”

Just as they finally reached the door and Lexa extended her arm to twist open the hatch there was a crack and Clarke let out another scream. Lexa felt Clarke’s blood spatter her side. Lexa swore over and over again as she frantically twisted the hatch open as fast as she could. She could hear the mountain men storming up the steps, so much faster then they were, the sharp sounds as they reloaded their clips-

Lexa felt the locking mechanism lift and she cried out in joy. She shoved the door open and the moment she stumbled out into fresh air she had to let Clarke go as she pushed the door back close. There was a hatch on this side too as well an electronic lock on the side, blinking innocently red. She heard a slam and the door jolted. The hatch started moving. Lexa latched on to it, clenching her jaw as she held on with all her might so it couldn’t turn. But there was more than one on the other side and Lexa learnt with a certain horror in her gut that her strength wasn’t enough. The hatch kept turning. Fuck. Fuck!

When Lexa felt tears streaking down cheeks she was suddenly pushed to the side, and before she could do anything to stop it Clarke gripped the hatch with hands so red she couldn’t see the colour of her skin and ripped it off with a roar. The moment it was off she threw it to the ground and kicked the electronic box attached to the wall with her foot. It went out with a sharp hiss and crack.

Clarke stumbled back, and as Lexa noticed that the entire bottom half of her body was doused in blood she swayed before she fell to the ground.

Lexa screamed.
There was another slam against the emergency door but Lexa didn’t even hear it as she scrambled over to Clarke’s side. She held Clarke’s pale sweaty face between her hands. Clarke’s eyes were still open, and upon seeing Lexa, a small smile tugged at her lips.

Lexa couldn’t stop her sob this time.

“You’re such an idiot,” she whispered shakily. Her own tears fell onto Clarke’s cheek. “Such an idiot.”

“Safe,” Clarke breathed weakly.

Lexa sucked in a sharp breath. “Safe.” She affirmed.

She was lying.

Clarke’s smile grew because she knew Lexa was.

Lexa realised her breathing was actually out of control and she was panting. She forced herself to take in a couple slow deep breaths before she slipped her arms under Clarke and with a grunt managed to pull her up. She held her bridal style.

Lexa ran. She ran with what little energy she had left. It didn’t matter how many times she tripped, how many times she almost fell because her vision was blurry with tears and panic and fear, how many times she heard Clarke whimper or hiss under her breath.

Lexa just ran.

They were running through forest, though Lexa barely recognised this. She was more focused on putting one foot in front of the other. That was all that mattered right now. To keep moving. Don’t stop. Just one foot at a time.

Her sprinting turned to a jog. Not long after it turned to a stagger and then a fall.

She managed to set Clarke down before she collapsed. Carefully, she placed her against a tree so she was sitting up. It was pitch black but the faint lights from the mountain gave Lexa enough light to see Clarke. Her eyes were still open, but it seemed like it was sheer willpower that was keeping them so. Her hand was held tight against her stomach yet still the blood leaked through her fingers. Lexa was out of tears. Or maybe her body was just too exhausted to create them.

Lexa compelled herself to adjust her body so was kneeling just in front of Clarke. With trembling hands she pulled out the black box in her pocket. For a second, she entertained the thought that maybe Pike had lied. That he had just given her a box to save himself some time. Lexa wouldn’t put it past him, but when she clicked it open instead of finding nothing like she expected, she found a syringe with a gold coloured liquid. Lexa picked it up.

“I have the cure,” Lexa said. Her words almost sounded as tired as body. She let out a chuckle. “I have the cure,” she repeated, but this time with disbelief in her voice. She leant forward towards Clarke but unlike how Lexa expected Clarke to react she lifted a hand in signal for her stop. Lexa did almost immediately. “What? What is it?” Lexa voice was tight with dread.

Clarke blinked slowly. Lexa saw her eyes were blue. “There’s too much,” she breathed. “It will kill me.”

“What? No. This is the cure. Pike-“
“I know it is,” Clarke said softly. She eyed the cure before her eyes flicked to Lexa’s. When Lexa saw the absolute sadness in her eyes, Lexa felt her blood freeze. “The cure… it burns the Red in me. It destroys it from the inside. I have more than I’m meant to. They couldn’t turn me. There’s too much. It would kill me.”

Lexa shook her head. “No. No. That’s not how it works. You’re a vampire, you can’t die unless your staked-“

Clarke chuckled and it was the first time that Lexa didn’t want to hear that sound. “Lexa,” Clarke sighed fondly. “Give me your hand.”

“Why?”

“Just give me your hand.”

Lexa did. When Clarke held hers, Lexa realised how oddly warm her hands were. Before Lexa could comment on this Clarke gently pulled Lexa’s hand forward until it rested on her chest. Lexa frowned and was about to go back to convincing Clarke that it would be fine, that the cure would work, when she felt something beneath her hand.

_No fucking way._

Clarke must have seen the shock on Lexa’s face because she smiled.

“You feel that Lexa?”

Lexa stared at where Clarke had placed her hand. No. That wasn’t- that wasn’t possible. Except… it was. Some-fucking-how it was. She could feel it, feel the soft thump through Clarke’s shirt.

Clarke had a heartbeat.

“But you’re a vampire…” Lexa whispered.

“I am.”

“But- How? How do you-“

“You found the ledger didn’t you?”

Lexa felt the world drop from beneath her. “I…”

“You remember what it said? How Peter was given a piece of that being’s soul? How it made him feel alive?”

Lexa stared at Clarke slack jawed.

Clarke gave her a soft smile. “It was literal. The being gave him a piece of her soul, which, while he was a vampire, it made his heart beat. Gave him a sliver of life. I didn’t notice at the start, I thought I was _human_ when I first met you. But I noticed later on, especially when I was taken. It was always around you. It only beats around you.”

“Clarke…” Lexa was shaking.

“It’s okay.” Clarke said gently. Lexa suddenly saw how all traces of tension were lost on Clarke now. She was relaxed, at peace. She was ready to go. “Don’t leave me like this. I don’t have long before the drug will pull me under again. Give me the cure. Please.”
Lexa lost the tension in her too. “But you won’t survive.”

“I can’t do it. I can’t become that thing again. With all the blood loss and adrenaline and… you, I have these few moments where it’s not as strong. Please Lexa. Don’t let me. Don’t make me go back.”

Lexa’s hand hadn’t moved from Clarke’s chest. Clarke’s was still covering hers. She squeezed Lexa’s fingers. “You’re asking me to kill you Clarke.” Lexa let out a shuddering breath. “Again.”

“And I’m so sorry.”

They stared at each other. Lexa couldn’t move.

“Please Lexa,” Clarke whispered. There were tears in her eyes now. “I can’t go back. I can’t.”

“I’ll keep you safe. I’ll take you back, you can-“

“It will make no difference. Only prolong the inevitable. This is the only way.” Clarke squeezed Lexa’s fingers tighter. “I told you that the next time you would see me you would have to kill me.”

Lexa’s eyes widened. She knew. She knew the entire time that she was going to die?

And she still went with her?

They were left with silence. There was nothing for more Clarke to say, Lexa knew that. She fucking hated that she knew that. Because this was it, really, this was her choice. Make Clarke suffer for eternity as a reaper or give her the cure but kill her. Those were her two choices. Her two, shitty choices. The only sounds were the gentle swaying of the leaves and the call of the midnight birds, she could even hear a cricket going off nearby in bursts. Lexa screwed her eyes shut.

How did she get here?

Lexa slowly removed her hand from Clarke’s chest. When she opened her eyes she saw Clarke staring at her, and her gaze, it was so soft, and so gentle, that it took everything inside of Lexa to keep it together. To not breakdown and cry and pray that all this shit would solve itself. Instead, Lexa looked down at the cure in her hand.

She looked back up at Clarke, and Lexa knew that Clarke had found her answer.

Lexa shuffled a bit closer before she slowly leant forward and pressed her lips against Clarke’s. The kiss was slow and it was soft and it was one of the most heartbreaking things she had ever felt. Lexa wasn’t surprised to find that Clarke tasted the same as the last time they had kissed, but this time it was slightly different. For one it was slightly salty. But that was because she was tasting both hers and Clarke’s tears on Clarke’s lips. Lexa moved so she was closer, her free hand coming up to cup Clarke’s jaw.

When Lexa slipped in her tongue, she brought up the cure and carefully pushed it into Clarke’s neck. Pushing the plunger made her soul scream. But she did it anyway. She kissed Clarke a little harder, hoping to distract her, to divert her attention so her last moments wouldn’t be painful but soft. She tugged at Clarke’s lips, urging her forward, and as Clarke went to replicate her lips suddenly stopped moving and her body began trembling. Lexa could feel Clarke’s shaking breath on her, her fucking breath.

“Focus on me,” Lexa whispered. She felt Clarke nod. “On me hodnes. On me.”
Their lips met again.

Lexa put everything she could into the kiss. She put all the words she wanted to say but never did, she put all those feelings that ate up her insides, all those emotions that burned her blood and turned her gut. She put her entirety into it. When Lexa felt Clarke freezing up again, her breathing quickening and stifled grunts coming out of her Lexa pushed harder. She swallowed the sounds and now with two free hands brought them both to cradle Clarke’s face. Her fingers had minds of their own as one of her hands drifted to around to the nape of Clarke’s neck and pulled her closer.

Clarke was shaking harder now. Her entire body was shaking with violent trembles.

Lexa briefly pulled back, panting for air. “You’re okay. You’re going to be okay. Stay with me.”

When their lips met again it was in a crash. It was desperation. It was so intense that for a moment Lexa forgot her own name. She nibbled Clarke’s lips and Clarke bit back, her tongue dove in and Clarke reciprocated the action almost instantly. The more heated it became the more Clarke shook and the more Lexa was forced to swallow Clarke’s own groans of pain. The more she had to hold her tighter, had to make sure Clarke’s entire focus was on her and nothing else. Not on the agony she was feeling.

Slowly Clarke’s shaking began to die down. They became less intense, but Lexa thought this was a thousand times worse than before.

She was quite literally feeling Clarke slip through her fingers.

And suddenly Lexa refused. She just refused. No. Clarke was not going to die. Not after everything, not after finding her. Lexa didn’t care about anything else but Clarke in this moment. She needed to save her. That was what mattered. Lexa knew a way that vampires healed, in that while it took time, there was a way to speed up the process. She also knew that even if Clarke was dying Clarke wouldn’t dare do it. But Lexa didn’t care, she was making her. She was not losing her.

She was not going to fucking lose her.

Lexa pulled back and Clarke chased her lips. Both their eyes flickered open and heat pooled low in her stomach at the sight at Clarke’s diluted pupils. She also saw the most of the ring of red in iris was gone. Now there was just a thin, slowly retracting slit. It was working. The cure was working.

Lexa didn’t have long.

Clarke was weak, beyond weak. It was obvious. She was resting the entirety of weight against the tree now, trembling aftershocks shaking her body. But they were getting further and further apart, and Lexa knew that soon they’d stop, and Clarke would stop living.

So Lexa moved her braided her to one side of her neck.

There was a very high chance that Clarke would accidently kill her. It was what she did with the girl that night. Lexa knew that the odds of it happening to her were in high figures, but it didn’t stop her. It didn’t stop her as she pulled her last hidden dagger in her boot and used to slice open her hand. Lexa also knew that instinct would override logical thought. Still, as Lexa brought her up now bleeding hand, Lexa saw the fear in Clarke’s eye. She knew what was about to do.

“No, don’t you dare,” the words would’ve been a snarl, but they so were weak they came out as a harsh whisper.

Lexa offered Clarke a smile that very few people got to see.
She lifted her hand close to Clarke and even if the blonde tried with failing efforts to move her head away, the scent of blood was too enticing.

“Ai hod yu in Klark.” Lexa whispered before Clarke’s eyes despite her resistance melted to black and Lexa jerked her hand away. She grabbed the side of Clarke’s head and pulled her to her neck.

Clarke bit down almost instantly. The pain was sharp but brief, and soon Lexa felt the surreal sensation of her blood being drained. Clarke actually moaned when she got a taste of Lexa’s blood and her arms came up to hold Lexa tighter. In any other situation Lexa would have been welcoming of the sound, and apparently her body certainly agreed and Lexa could only think ‘really?’.

Except that was not the only thing that happened when Clarke began drinking Lexa’s blood.

Because suddenly Lexa’s body was heating up. At first she chalked it off to the growing dizziness in her head, but she soon realised that was not it. The heat was growing, and it growing and growing until Lexa’s jaw was forced open in a silent scream from the boiling temperatures her body or blood or bones seem to be reaching.

Lexa felt her body explode.

And when her eyes snapped open they were gold.

-

Clarke’s heart was pounding. The pain from the cure still vibrated through her bones, but suddenly the pain from the cure gave way to the mysterious growing warmth that was happening to her body. At first she ignored it, too absorbed in the blood that she was consuming that compared to the many any other people she had drank taste like heaven on her tongue. But the heat didn’t go away but grew to impossible levels.

When Clarke felt the sudden heat in her chest explode she heard a voice she didn’t recongise scream at her, ‘no more!’

And even if she never wanted to stop tasting the intoxicating blood on her tongue she jerked herself away.

Clarke’s eyes fluttered open, and the gold in them pulsed.

-

Cage was furious.

He was mad. He was madder than mad. He had warned Pike of keeping Clarke, of the obvious danger it was. But no Pike had insisted that it’d be fine that it’d be a waste to get rid of her so early on.

And now she had escaped and Pike was dead.

Pike had no idea the ramifications of the actions he had caused. Clarke knew of what he was doing. The bitch was smarter than he thought. Kept sneaking around, asking questions. Cage slammed his fist against the alter. He instantly reeled back the pain and hissed. Fuck. Everything had gone to shit. He had lost half of his fucking reapers due to that stupid Commander and her damn groupies.

At least there was one thing that hadn’t gone wrong.
Cage reached into his pocket and pulled out the ancient dagger. The pristine blade glinted in the candlelight.

Clarke’s blood alone hadn’t worked for the summoning. At first he had thought that Clarke was the problem, that he had misinterpreted the curse. But he soon worked out what it was. He needed the dagger that had been used all those six hundred years ago, needed to sacrifice his own blood as well as Clarke’s to undo the binding.

Cage looked over the alter before him.

He had set up the bones like how he was meant to. Clarke’s blood was stained into the bones. He quickly glanced around the room, eyes flicking over the white walls and the soft orange glow, as the only source of light was the torches and candles he had placed around the room. His gaze fell back on the dagger. Holding his breath, he used the ancient dagger on his hand, and biting back his wince he squeezed the droplets of his blood over the bones spread out below him.

When he touched every one, the ground began to tremble.

Cage laughed. He had done it. He had actually done it.

His attention was forced back to the alter when the bones started to glow. The glow grew into a light so blinding he had to raise his hands and close his eyes. When he managed to open them again, rapidly blinking against the burning light, he saw with wonder that the bones were moving and muscle was growing around them.

After a few more minutes of the spectacle, the light dimmed till he was left with nothing but the glow of the fires around him.

There, lying on the alter, was a woman.

Cage grinned.

The resurrection of Alie had worked.

Chapter End Notes

I thought up that last clexa scene months and months ago and i’ve been wanting to write it for so long and im so happy i finally could! in all seriousness though i would just like to say a massive thank you for each and every one of you who has lent support to this story. honestly most of the chapter was written because id go and read over your comments when i lost inspiration. seriously, thank you so much. we’ve got one chapter left, and then this story is done! also ive pretty much written these ‘teens’ as adults and this chapter is the epitome of ‘fuck it ill roll with it’.

~i like trains(lations)~
Yu laksen? - You hurt?
Oso ku - We're fine
Hir - Here
Swich en mana gon swelas! - Change and go for their throats!
Holi jok - Holy fuck (sidenote: holi i made up)
Ai fiya Leksa - I'm sorry Lexa
Ai swega - I promise
Mochof - Thank you
Jus drein jus daun - Blood must have blood
Dula chit ai biyo - Do what I say
Ge ron 'i - Come here [reaper dialect]
Yu gonplei ste odon - Your fight is over
Beja - Please
Branwoda. Otaim kep in ai klir - Foolish. Always keeping me safe
Otaim. - Always.
Ai hodnes - My love (can i just say that that is fucking adorable it literally comes from 'hold-ness' im not ok)
Ai hod yu in Klark - I love you Clarke
**Not Her - Part 1**

**Chapter Summary**

Why is this in two parts you ask? Ah, well the answer is simple my friend.

I'm fucking atrocious at planning jesus fucking christ why do I keep doing this fuCK

**Chapter Notes**

you know what im not even going to apologise at this point like this chapter, once again, grew a life of its own and since i wanted to avoid a 30k shitstorm i decided to cut it off so it'll be in two parts. i'm a little worried that part 2 will be a bit shorter but it'll be substantial enough for at least 14k so do not fear. anyway, i hope you like this chapter, i've tried to include some clea fluff for some much needed gay in this story. for that Full Immersion listen to: MISSIO - Bottom Of The Deep Blue Sea (the acoustic version is gorgeous but as is the original)
i hope you enjoy the chapter!
also, it's only me that goes over this so if you see any typos that are driving you mad, kindly let me know and i'll fix them for you.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Clarke hadn’t slept in two days.

Even if she was past the point of exhaustion, she didn’t let herself. As much as she craved it, she forcefully reminded herself that she wasn’t even human – vampires didn’t need sleep. They were immortal beings. She didn’t need to sleep. It sort of worked, though maybe she was just bringing up energy from reserves she didn’t know she had. But that didn’t matter. All that mattered was that she couldn’t sleep, couldn’t give herself that one pleasure.

Really she just didn’t want to lose sight of Lexa.

She had been staring at her same still form for these two days. Lexa hadn’t woken up yet as she lay in her hospital bed. She had been so still that Clarke had memorised the beep of the heart monitor, could repeat the exact same pattern and timing to herself if she wanted to. Though Clarke mostly listened to Lexa’s actual heart beat, the soft *thump* that would reassure her as her mind spirals that Lexa was fine. She was alive.

She just hadn’t woken up since her rescue from the mountain.

Clarke didn’t want this. She knew that once she realised what she was and began to put together all those things she had read in that ledger, all the information she didn’t realise she had. She had listened on around Cage when he wasn’t looking, asked questions she shouldn’t. She knew, she knew that when Lexa came to get her, because Lexa would, as much as she hated her for it, that she’d either find her and Clarke would accidently kill her, or she’d give her the cure and kill her.
But Clarke was still alive.

Because she hadn’t taken into account how damn self-sacrificing Lexa would be.

Clarke threw a glare at Lexa’s still form, as if she could see. Lexa had been stupid in offering her blood. What if she had killed her? She saw what had happened with that girl. She must have known that there was a high chance that she could have died, surely?

“You’re such an idiot Lexa,” Clarke whispered to her. She was sitting by her bedside, the same chair she’d barely moved in for the past two days. Clarke hung her head. “Such an idiot.”

It didn’t go lost on her that Lexa had said those words to her that night too.

When Clarke had pulled herself away from Lexa’s neck, her head was spinning and her entire body felt on fire. It wasn’t long before Lexa’s body slumped against her. That had brought harsh reality cracking down, abruptly hauling her out of whatever blood-induced haze she had been in. Lexa collapsed against her and the fear and guilt that Clarke felt in that moment was immobilizing.

But she didn’t let it take her just yet. Her mind may have been slow, but her subconscious kicked her enough to gently pick up Lexa’s unconscious body. Clarke didn’t really remember too much after that. It was all a blur. Just running, sprinting, as fast as she could with only a few scarce thoughts making it to the front of her mind. When they weren’t a curse word, they were usually ‘hospital’ and ‘faster’.

She had burst through the doors. Clarke had briefly forgotten, amazingly, that her entire bottom half of her body was soaked in blood. The nurses had flocked to her and taken Lexa from her arms and ironically even though Clarke had brought Lexa herself to the hospital she still had a second where her grip stayed stubborn. Her body and mind was high on adrenaline and blood and fear and really it was just a mess. She managed to wrangle some semblance of self-control though and let Lexa go. With Lexa being wheeled off the remaining nurse turned to her, but Clarke didn’t let her get taken too.

Perhaps she still had a bit of reaper in her, because she easily used compulsion for the nurse to leave her alone and look after Lexa.

Everything inside of her was screaming to be with Lexa, but she knew she couldn’t. They wouldn’t let her see her. Knowing that she couldn’t just use compulsion on anyone who happened to glance in her direction she decided she would go home, grab some clothes and then come back. The speeds that she used to do that were easily at supernatural levels and she’s pretty sure that the door almost flew off its hinges when she blasted through. She sped through the house and upon catching a fleeting glance in the mirror flinched and opted that maybe a quick and fast shower would be necessary.

When she got in and the water started running and she saw the red swirling down the drain Clarke broke. She fell to her knees in the shower and sobbed. Hard sobs that shook her entire body with its force. But she didn’t let herself break down for long. She forced herself up to shaky legs, finished at least scrubbing most of the dirt and blood off her and got changed and sprinted right back to the hospital. Finding that she still couldn’t see Lexa yet, Clarke knew she had one last thing she had to do before she could fully give in to her worry for Lexa.

Because she wasn’t the only one having her heart torn because of Lexa.

She didn’t want to leave the hospital again, so she somehow forced on a smile and asked if she could use a nearby person’s phone. She could have used compulsion like with the nurse before but her
mind was slowly coming alive with the realisation that she was after years free of the Red in her. It was completely gone. In theory, she wasn’t a monster anymore.

In theory.

She called Raven. When that didn’t work she tried Octavia. When that didn’t work she went back to Raven, an odd game of switching between the two before finally those infuriating dull bursts of ringing were cut off with a bleary ‘Clarke? Is that you?’

Clarke only managed to get in a relieved sigh when she heard her name being shouted and breathed with a reverence she had very rarely heard. Her had whipped behind her to find the sight of her mother shocked frozen and jaw dropped. It was around two in the morning and her mother certainly looked the part with her messed hair and wrinkled clothes, but upon her seeing daughter her entire face lit up.

She muttered a quick stay on the line to Raven before she ran for her mother. Despite the betrayal with her father, she needed this, needed to be in her arms so badly after everything that happened that for a time she could push those problems aside. Her mum had pulled her into a crushing hug that would almost rival Raven’s in an hours time, when her, Octavia, Indra and Anya would come rushing in through the doors.

Anya had nearly killed her the second she saw her. Considering the circumstances Clarke didn’t blame her, so she simply dodged the dive at her and raised her hands in an attempted peaceful gesture. It had made Anya hesitate, at least, and after narrowing her gaze on her and staring for an odd amount of time at her eyes, she finally stepped back and put the stake back at her side.

Clarke assumed the scrutinization of her eyes was to see if there was any Red in them.

Raven didn’t give her a millimeter of space for at least the first two hours. Multiple times she would randomly pull her in for another hug, or a hand squeeze or a grin or just something that’d always tug at Clarke’s heartstrings. Because really, Raven was absolutely glowing with joy at having her best friend back and to Clarke that meant everything. That everything, after all the shit she and done – Raven still saw her as someone she loved.

Octavia showed a similar amount of affection, if a bit less than Raven. She wouldn’t hug and stay practically glued at her side, but she’d stay near her and give her smiles of relief that said all the things she couldn’t put to words.

That was where the lighthearted interactions stopped.

Clarke knew that Anya hadn’t liked her from the start. She barely knew Indra but considering they were hunters and she was a vampire it wasn’t hard to guess where the older woman’s stance was. But she had been on some shaky road to somewhere with them, with Anya at the very least. Yet that was all gone now. And the reason was so glaring obvious that no one said it.

Clarke was the reason that Lexa was in hospital.

It was her fault. Clarke knew that. Raven promised her it wasn’t, as she would always be fiercely loyal to her, Octavia said nothing but she was better than Anya, who now stared at Clarke with such burning fury it was a wonder Clarke didn’t burst into flames. When they were allowed to see Lexa and Anya saw with her own two eyes that Lexa was indeed alive and not dead, she finally said her first words to Clarke the entire night. Or more very early morning really.

“You’re lucky.”
Clarke had very much disagreed with those words. Lucky? Even? Because anything that had happened in the past week could be classified as fucking lucky—but Clarke didn’t want to start a fight. She was exhausted. Mentally and physically, and right then, and right now, she just wanted nothing more than to sit by Lexa’s side until she woke up.

Clarke jumped when the door to the room suddenly opened. Her muscles tightened, but relaxed if only slightly at seeing it was just Anya. Considering her terms with Anya right now…it was probably safe to say that being in the same room with her alone wasn’t the safest bet. She shifted her gaze to Lexa, but when she saw the same pattern of the slow rise and fall of her chest, she caved in with a small sigh. Clarke got up, the chair being pushed back with a scrape.

Just as she was about pass through the doorway Anya reached out and grabbed her arm.

Clarke fought against her initial reaction to snatch her arm back. “Something wrong?” she asked, mindful to keep her voice neutral.

“We need to talk.” Anya gritted out. The words came as more a growl than human speech.

Clarke nodded and finally pulled her arm out of the woman’s hold. It was clear that they were going to do more than just ‘talk’. Really Clarke had been waiting for this. She knew this was coming the second she pulled away from Lexa’s neck. It had been a waiting game from then on.

Clarke threw a quick glance at Lexa.

“Not here. Not with her.”

Anya glared at her before stiffly dipping her head. Clearly it pained her to agree.

Anya took a few steps before turning around, not waiting to see if Clarke had followed. She didn’t need to. Clarke knew she had been lucky in that this conversation had been put off till now. It didn’t at all mean she was prepared though. Because she wasn’t, she was running on barely any sleep and there were so many emotions swirling and cramping her gut it was bordering on impossible to think. Still, she followed her, kept behind her till Anya found an unoccupied room with an unlocked door. Anya opened the door and nodded for Clarke to go in first.

The moment she walked through she felt the temperature in the room rise as the door carefully clicked shut behind her.

Clarke turned to find Anya staring at her with an anger so deep she had to fight against her instincts to adopt a defensive stance. Anya’s face was one of murder and everything in Clarke was just screaming to ready and defend herself. But she also knew that she deserved this in some way. So instead Clarke raised her chin and prepared her mental walls for siege.

Anya’s jaw was clamped tight, breathing sharply through her nose. It didn’t seem to help, as with a skinwalker’s keen sense of smell, it just brought in more of the vampire’s scent.

“I’m not going to kill you.”

Out of everything Clarke had not been expecting that. She just barely smothered her confusion, keeping her face blank.

Anya continued seeming to realise how vague her statement was. “I want to. Very much so. But we went through too much to get you back. And if I even harm a hair on your head Lexa would kill me the second she wakes up.”
Clarke still said nothing. She wasn’t showing it, but hearing Anya being semi-rational was a massive relief. It meant that they were probably going to avoid a physical fight, something that Clarke had been worried for. It meant that the fight was more likely going to be verbal.

Whether that was worse or better, Clarke didn’t know.

“But I don’t care. You hurt Lexa. You nearly killed her. And if you think for one second that will go without consequences you are dead wrong.”

Clarke didn’t say anything, didn’t say how she had been thinking words along those lines for the past two days non-stop. Didn’t say that that was all she could think about. Where Lexa was currently, it was entirely on her. Clarke didn’t care for Raven’s disagreements on her belief, but Anya clearly had no qualms on where to cast the blame. If there was even a place to cast.

Anya stepped forward and Clarke tensed. “You going to say anything?”

“What do you want me to say?” Clarke countered. “There’s no words that can rectify this. If you’re looking for an apology then… yes. I apologise completely. I never wanted Lexa here. I never wanted to hurt her.”

“Do you have any idea the consequences of the actions you’ve done?” Anya said slowly. Her tone was so sharp that Clarke almost felt the phantom pains of the words slicing her skin like knives.

Clarke swallowed, hard. “I didn’t want this. I didn’t want Lexa here-”

“She drank from her.” Anya snarled. “I don’t give a shit if this isn’t what you wanted. But what you’ve done could be Lexa’s undoing.”

“Her neck was around, all enticing?”

Clarke didn’t hold back the responding bite in her voice. “She sliced her hand. She deliberately made me turn before I could stop it. I tried not to-”

“Well clearly you didn’t try hard enough. Have you forgotten who she is? Heda? The Commander? The dishonor that comes with being bitten from a vampire in battle alone is devastating. But to willingly to offer yourself is to be a blood whore. What you’ve now made Lexa is her ending.”

“I didn’t ask her to do it!”

“That’s the fucking point!” Anya snapped. “That is the problem. You didn’t have to ask. She did it without thinking. She damned the consequences that’d come with those actions for you.” Anya took in a shaky breath. Her chest was rising and falling fast. “It’s a damn miracle that Lexa’s alive. But what she’s done, what you allowed to happen, it could destroy everything she’s built and is.”

Before Clarke could say something in rebuttal they both snapped their sights at the sound of the door handle moving. The door swung open to reveal a scowling Raven.

Instantly Raven shouldered her way over to Clarke’s side, deliberately bumping into Anya. “You really throwing a shitty accusation fest at someone who’s been through hell this last week?”

Anya didn’t look the least bit sorry. “I wouldn’t expect your kind to understand, but what Lexa has done has put us all in danger. This is the perfect opportunity for someone else to take her place as Heda, Nia-“
“My kind?” Raven growled.

Anya hesitated on her immediate reply, the only sign that maybe she held some ounce of apology in her choice of her words. “You are vampires. You don’t understand how things work for us. What Lexa has done, what Clarke has done, has fucked us all and that’s not even including the problem of Cage and whatever he’s planning. What Clarke has-“

“Don’t you dare try to put this on her. It’s a cowards move and you know it.”

Raven and Anya stared each other down.

And as much as Clarke was grateful for Raven’s support, this was something she needed to hash out with Anya herself. Because really the woman was right. There were bigger problems coming, especially Cage and the resurrection he’s planning. If that works then they need to be standing side by side no matter their differences. Whatever was killed and bound all those years ago was done so for a reason. If its own mother decided that she was too dangerous, there was no telling what the being would be like. And the power it could hold.

“Anya does have a point.” Clarke spoke up from the tense silence. “What happened… it could put Lexa in danger.”

“It will put Lexa in danger,” Anya corrected, easily switching back to Clarke as the focus of her fury. “You’ve damned her by being so idiotic. By being selfish enough to take her blood.”

She could handle Anya’s accusations, her worries for the repercussions in her actions, but calling what had happened idiotic? Selfish? What had gone down was so much more than that. Clarke had begged for death and Lexa had given it only to go back on herself, too terrified to fully go through with it. That wasn’t idiotic. It was soul crushing.

Clarke’s own anger rose up like a snake.

“I didn’t make her.” Clarke muttered. “You weren’t there. You don’t’-“

“You’re right, I wasn’t there. Instead I was helping to carry your friend standing just beside you because her leg was damaged enough she couldn’t move it. Instead I was watching Octavia kill as many as she could so we could make it out. Instead I watched Indra clutch her stomach and pretend she wasn’t bleeding.” Anya was breathing hard through gritted teeth now. “I had to watch my sister disappear with nothing but you, a reaper as reassurance that she’d be okay. And now she’s in hospital, it’s been two days, and she hasn’t woken up. And it’s your fault.”

“Back the hell off Anya.” Raven warned low.

Clarke gently squeezed Raven’s wrist from beside her and Raven reluctantly shut her jaw. “Anya, I’m sorry. I’m sorry for what happened. But there are bigger things at play, what Cage is planning could do more than just kill us, it could kill everyone.”

“I don’t want your damn apology,” Anya hissed, ignoring Clarke’s attempt to placate the situation. “You nearly killed Lexa. No amount of sorry’s will change that.”

Clarke ground her teeth. “I know. But what happened with Lexa-“

“Was your fault. My sister is in a hospital bed with bandaged around her neck because of you.”

“I didn’t want Lexa to-
“It didn’t matter for your wants! That makes it worse.”

“You weren’t there, you have no idea what-“

“I know what happened, you needed strength and you drank Lexa’s blood. And why huh? Because you were thirsty?”

“Yes, I needed strength. Lexa knew that she-“

“You’re a vampire. What will a few bullet holes do? Lexa is almost dead for nothing but your selfish wants-“

Clarke finally snapped.

“I was meant to die!”

Anya didn’t interrupt her this time. Instead she stared at her, blinking slowly. Clarke’s scream hung in the air like ash. It was Raven who spoke first after the stunned silence.

“What are you talking about?” Raven asked quietly.

Clarke threw her a quick glance, hating to see the fear there, the panic. She turned back to Anya and her shoulders slumped in defeat. “There was no other way out for me. The moment I was turned I knew it was over. There was nothing else for me.”

“But… the cure… didn’t it-?”

“The cure destroys the Red from the inside. But I was given so much more than normal as the usual levels weren’t enough to turn me. It never worked, so they kept using more… there was so much in my system, so much that I knew the cure would kill me if I was ever given it.” Anya and Raven stared at her. Clarke went on. “It meant that I had no way out. Either you would kill me as a reaper, or you’d get me out and administer me the cure. Which would kill me. There was no third option. There was not meant to be a third option.”

“Then why help?” Anya’s voice was quiet, lacking the usual amount of venom and fire.

Clarke really didn’t have an answer for that. “Instinct. Some part of me always fought against it, and when you came it was instinct to follow Lexa. To not hurt her or Raven or any of you. I… knew I was going to die, so I may as well go out feeling content.”

Raven was still not speaking, and before Clarke could get in a soft are you okay? Anya was starting again.

“Lexa gave you the cure and then offered you her blood so you wouldn’t die?” She pulled her hands down her face. “Jesus. Why didn’t she just wait? Bring you to a safer place like the base?”

“I was only coherent enough because of the blood loss and adrenaline. Even if I didn’t hurt you, I was still a reaper. Bringing me back would have only prolonged the process and put more people in danger of being hurt.”

“You didn’t attack us at the mountain. Mostly.”

“I didn’t attack you because I had recently fed and there was bigger things like escape to think about. Put me in a room full of just humans and it wouldn’t have ended so well. Even my own people, vampires I…”
Anya narrowed her gaze. “So you were a danger. You would have killed Lexa if given a couple days.”

“I would have never killed Lexa.” The mere idea had her wanting to throw up. The thought brought up the memory for when it had been her and Lexa facing off with Cage, when she had held Lexa’s throat between her fingers. She had come so close then. It was terrifying to think of what would have happened if she had never let go. “I never wanted this.”

“Yet you talk of how if given space with nothing but humans you’d snap. If you’re so lacking of control what’s to say you won’t snap? We’ve never had a ‘cured’ reaper. What’s to say you won’t turn again?”

Clarke bristled. She raised her gaze to meet with Anya’s, and her blue eyes burned. “You have no idea what control is.” She muttered low. Just as Anya rolled her eyes and went to interrupt, Clarke stepped forward and kept going. “You have no idea what it’s like to have no control over yourself but be forced to watch every action you do. You don’t know what it’s like to lose everything that is you and be powerless to stop it.” Her voice was shaking, and the longer she continued the more small tremors turned into earthquakes. “I had to kill to survive and had to be everything I hated just to stay standing. I’d rather die a thousand times than ever go back to a reaper. I can’t. I could never again be the things I was, I could never do the things I had to…”

Her words finally cracked completely and Raven seemingly on instinct stepped forward and pulled Clarke into an airtight hug. Clarke buried her face into Raven’s neck and despite the fact she was in front of Anya, someone who she currently really couldn’t afford to expose weakness to, a sob broke out of her and she held on to Raven tighter.

She had been repressing it. Pushing it as far back in her mind as she could. There was no time to go over what she had done, what she had been through, there was a battle looming and death around the corner, she didn’t have time to indulge in such luxuries of working through the pain she had caused. Thinking about it was too much. Talking about it was even worse, so no matter how hard she tried not to, she clung to her best friend like the lifeline she was and prayed to gods she couldn’t name that Anya wouldn’t take this opportunity to argue her point more – or worse, pity her.

But the past three days suddenly came crashing down on her, and as she fell to the floor, Raven holding her the entire way down, she distantly heard the door to the room click and what she’d assume to be Anya’s presence slipping away.

Clarke focused on the arms around her and she cried hard when Raven whispered in her ear.

“I’ve got you. You’re not alone anymore.”

The world came back to Lexa slow.

It started with the feeling in her fingers, the soft yet prickly texture they laid upon, then it moved to the feeling of her feet and legs, growing until finally she could open her eyes. She realised she was lying down, and the surface was hard and what felt like grass. With a soft groan Lexa blinked in the harsh light, raising a shaky hand to block the sun’s rays. Carefully she pulled herself up so she was sitting. Regaining her senses she took notice of the surroundings and learnt with a start that she was in a forest.

“Hello?” she croaked. Her voice was rough and somehow echoed around her. Where was she? How did she get here? What had happened-
Memories of the mountain slammed into her like a freight train.

Fuck. The infiltration, killing Pike, getting out Clarke... holding Clarke, kissing her, giving her the cure and then making her drink her blood so she’d survive. Lexa looked around the trees around her, and when she glanced up she saw the skies were violet.

Did she die?

“No quite.”

Lexa hastily jumped up to her feet from the foreign voice. She spun around and immediately stumbled back from the sight before her. It was a woman, but it was obvious she was much more than that. Her brunette hair, oddly similar to Lexa’s, danced in winds she couldn’t feel, and her eyes weren’t one colour but multiple, brown and green and blue all swirling effortlessly together in her iris. She was smiling, and though the woman at first gave off a blinding light, it slowly died down till there she stood. Barefoot in a forest like Lexa.

And for some reason, Lexa felt she knew her.

“Where am I?” Lexa ordered. Unlike how Lexa expected, from the harshness she had used in her voice the woman let out a soft chuckle.

“Ah, you’re one of those ones. I’ll admit, sometimes it does get boring without a little fight every now and again.”

Lexa frowned. What the hell was she going on about? Instead of replying Lexa stepped back and when she did she realised that there was not an ounce of pain in her body. Which was strange, because she had quite literally been almost killed just before at the mountain, had taken in slashes at her arms and legs. Her hand instinctually flew up to her neck but there was nothing. No bite marks, no bandage. Her skin was smooth. It also finally struck Lexa that she wasn’t in her armor anymore, but her causal wear.

Okay what the hell was going on?

The woman’s smile slipped off her face, concern replacing it. She sighed with a sadness that for some reason Lexa felt like she shouldn’t possess. Such a being shouldn’t be capable of sounding so broken.

“Where am I?” Lexa asked again slowly, clenching her fists.

The woman didn’t laugh this time. “Somewhere we won’t be overheard. I apologise, as it will render your physical body unconscious for a little while longer, but I’ve waited much too long to talk to you. After almost eighteen years, I think I can allow to bend the rules a little.”

Why did this woman feel so damn familiar? “Who are you? What do you mean you’ve wanted to talk to me?”

“You don’t know?” the woman quirked a brow. Lexa shook her head. A smile returned to the woman’s face, but Lexa couldn’t tell if it was full of sorrow or joyful. “I’m your mother.”

Lexa felt the air get knocked out of her lungs. She blinked. “I-I already have a mother. Indra.”

“She is the mother who raised you, yes. But I am the mother who made you.”

Lexa couldn’t say anything to that. She tried, and she immediately failed.
The woman stepped forward carefully, seeming to accept that Lexa wasn’t going to speak yet. “I apologise for not seeking you out sooner. I tried, but it seemed I’d inadvertently made a mistake almost six hundred years ago, and you now suffer the consequences.” She took in a shaky breath. “But I can see you now. Your blood has finally been freed, and my soul is now alive in you.”

Lexa staggered back. “You’re… you’re the being. The one who, who all those years ago, you…” she forcefully stopped her rambling, closing her eyes and taking a deep breath. When she opened them again her voice was thankfully stable. “You’re the mother. The one who created the daughters that Clarke’s line has to protect.”

“I am.” The woman nodded. She gave Lexa a wry smile. “Which would make you my daughter.”

“Yes. That is what you are.”

Her heart pounded in her chest. The revelation made so much sense yet so little. Lexa knew she had always been a little different from the crowd but what this woman was saying was that… was that she wasn’t human; she wasn’t what she thought she was. She was descendent from a being so powerful she was immortal and had indebted a line of vampires to protect her. Was that why she had always been drawn to Clarke? Why Clarke could never actually kill her?

“What are you?” Lexa whispered. Her voice would have trembled, but she didn’t dare allow it.

“What am I? Surely Lexa that is something you know. My soul has finally been awakened in you; you must be able to feel it can you not? You know what I am. You know what you are.”

“But I don’t. Are you… are you a god?”

The woman laughed. “Not quite, no.” She took another step closer, but when Lexa instinctively stepped back, the woman retreated her progress. “Think. What can you feel? Not in you, but around you. There’s nothing blocking you now. You’re open.”

When Lexa just stared at her, the woman offered her an encouraging smile.

“Try. Open yourself, your mind, to the world around you. Truly feel it.”

Lexa figured that the faster she could get this over with the quicker she could get back to the real world. Back to Clarke and her family. So, she offered the being a shaky nod, ignoring the way that when they locked eyes Lexa felt a part of her that had forever been restless fall finally content.

She tried to do what the woman had said. ‘Open’ her mind or whatever. It didn’t really work, but with the hopeful eyes her… mother… kept giving her, she decided that maybe she would try a tad bit harder. Instead she closed her eyes and sucked in a shuddering breath. Okay. She could do this.

At first she didn’t really know what to do. *Feel the world?* What kind of instruction was that? But the more she focused on her surroundings the more she actually felt something, quick whispers in her ear, a warmth building up in her chest. She focused harder on the quiet whispers, furrowing her brow, and as she eventually managed to pin point where they were coming from, she realised they were coming from the trees. They were coming from everywhere: the trees, the grass, the wind. All of them were speaking.

And suddenly Lexa understood what the being was.

“You’re Mother Nature.” She breathed, opening her eyes slowly.
The being that had created the very earth she stood upon beamed at her. “Indeed. As much as humans have a habit of destroying the world I made for them… there is no other species that loves quite like they do. They have always attracted my attention because of that, I’ve always wanted to know. To understand what it likes to fall in love.” She let out a sigh. Lexa was trying incredibly hard not to gape at her. “I haven’t truly felt it yet. I’ve gotten close, as with you and all your previous sisters, but… perhaps it is something I must accept I cannot achieve.” She chanced a step forward and this time Lexa didn’t back away. Nature looked relieved, and this time she reached out a hand and gently touched Lexa’s cheek. The woman smiled wide. “I’ve waited so long for you. You’ve made me proud.”

Lexa was speechless. She got as far as a nod in response, and the hand that rested against her cheek seemed to send sparks of warmth right down to her chest. It made her whole body feel like it was on fire but in the best possible way.

Nature slowly retracted her hand. “I wish I could talk with you of your life. But I have already wasted enough time, and there are things you must know and prepare for.”

Lexa, finally, managed to regain her voice. “What things?”

“I know you know of my daughter from centuries ago. Despite the measures taken, she has been resurrected.” She briefly aimed her gaze up at the fading sky. “I always knew she would return. It was only a matter of time. But my soul has been awakened in you, which puts you in more danger than before. She can sense you now. As you can sense her. She is your sister, after all.”

Lexa decided to ignore that terrifying fact about being related to the thing that was going to kill everyone. Instead she focused on what Nature had said multiple times now. “What do you mean ‘awakened?’ If I’ve always been… your daughter, then why am I only seeing you now?”

“In binding my daughter years ago to the bones she made, there was inadvertent consequences. In exchange for the binding I had made the part of my soul in Peter dormant until he had a daughter, and for centuries that was fine, but when Clarke was born, it unintentionally messed with the powers within both of you. Yours never fully came to be, and Clarke’s were stumped as well.” She stepped back, smiling softly. “But it seems your soul has been completely awakened by the mixing of your blood with Clarke’s.”

“When Clarke drank my blood…”

She nodded. “That was the catalyst yes. But that is not what is important. My daughter’s name is Alie, and she has wanted a power that she couldn’t achieve. She was dangerous all those years ago, and if you don’t stop her once more, then she will not stop until the world falls under her hand.”

“Why? If she’s your daughter shouldn’t she be…?”

Nature shook her head with a sad smile. The violet skies were nearly black now. “I cannot raise my children, and it seemed the power that came with her heritage only gave her the idea that it was only she who should possess it. When you return her first task will be to destroy you. And I sincerely wish that does not happen.” She let loose one final grin, locking eyes with Lexa. “I am so happy to finally meet you Lexa. And I’m so sorry for the pain my mistakes have caused. But please, no matter this, you must together save us all.”

“Together?”

Nature gave her a wink. “The one you love.”
And then everything went dark.

Clarke was back by Lexa’s side.

It was morning now. After her fight with Anya, Clarke had stayed in that room with Raven for another half hour or so. When she ran out of tears she simply clung onto Raven and held her tight, reassuring herself that it was over, she wasn’t a reaper anymore, she was herself again. That she was fine, that it’d be okay. Because with a time like now Clarke couldn’t afford to let herself breakdown or work through anything. It was the time for war.

When Clarke had come back to Lexa’s room, she had found Anya sitting by Lexa’s bedside. They had stared at each other. Clarke had always been good at reading people, but with Anya there was such a storm of emotions it was impossible to pick out just one. Instead the dirty blonde had offered her a nod, something Clarke still hadn’t deciphered as to its meaning, before she got up, gently kissed Lexa’s forehead and left the room. She didn’t even bump into her as she walked passed. Clarke had no idea what to make of it, so she clamped her jaw and went to her usual spot by Lexa’s side.

It was quiet. It was a strange feeling. For the past week she had been surrounded with nothing but constant noise. Screams, snarls, fighting, shouting. There was always sound. But here, now? Nothing. Just the soft beep of the heart rate monitor, the buzz of the machines, Lexa’s gentle breathing; Clarke didn’t know what to do with it. It forced her to be paired with nothing but her thoughts, which was a dangerous game she’d rather avoid.

Clarke stared at Lexa.

Stared at her closed eyes and soft breathing. Traced the sharp angles of her jaw and the slope of her nose. Looked at her, really looked at her in a way she hadn’t let herself do. The more she stared, the more she realised how long it’d been since she last drew. She felt her fingers twitch, as if the mere reminder alone had convinced her body instantly of the dire need to draw. She tried to resist it. Mostly. She failed.

She had semi-prepared for this. When she had gone to her house earlier to change she had snatched a bag from her room as she left. It was intended to be in the off chance that Cage decided to attack the hospital that she had something to use as defense. Inside the small bag was a sheathed dagger and stake but also her sketchbook and a tin cased pack of charcoal pencils. An odd combination, but useful nonetheless. With a surprising amount of difficulty Clarke pulled her eyes off Lexa and reached for the bag at her side. When she had pulled her book and the pencils needed she propped up her knee on the chair and used it to rest her book against.

It wasn’t fair how beautiful Lexa was. Even when she was in hospital, the woman still looked breathtaking. Clarke got herself comfortable, and after staring at Lexa for a short while longer, her hand began to move across the page. At first she was slow. Tried to relax and find that familiar groove, that mental space to work in. It had been so long but really the moment her pencil pressed against the page she was pulled in. Her eyes jumped back and forth between Lexa and her sketchbook periodically as she worked. Letting everything fall away and focus on nothing but Lexa, Clarke found extremely comforting, and soon as she got herself lost in drawing Lexa, she could very faintly feel the beating of her heart.

Clarke was so caught up in her drawing that she almost missed Lexa’s sudden long intake of breath.
Lexa’s eyes fluttered open, and Clarke felt such a surge of relief and happiness she threw her sketchbook to the floor without thinking. Clarke rushed forward to Lexa’s immediate side, unable not to smile at finally seeing the green in Lexa’s eyes she had been wanting to see for the past two days. Lexa blinked in the artificial light, her face scrunching up as she slowly turned her head towards her.

Clarke’s smile grew wide when they locked eyes.

“Hey,” Clarke said softly, trying to keep the tremor out of her voice.

Lexa gave her a weak smile. “Hi.”

“How are you feeling?”

“Like I just went to battle against crazy vampires.”

Clarke let out a small chuckle. “Well, at least we know your memory is fine.”

The smile on Clarke’s face slowly disappeared. She took in a shaky breath, blinking the tears out of her eyes. At seeing this Lexa scrunched her brow, lifting a hand and gently touching Clarke’s cheek, adjusting herself so she was sitting up slightly. When she felt Lexa’s warm hand rest against her jaw a few tears escaped before she could stop them.

“I’m sorry,” Clarke got out. She forcefully sucked in a deep breath, trying to stop those stupid tears. “I’m just- I’ve missed you. I was worried. We were all worried.”

“Hey, you’ve no need to apologise.” Lexa’s hand moved so it intertwined with Clarke’s own. “I miss you too.” Lexa frowned slightly. “How long was I out?”

“Two days.” Clarke answered and Lexa’s eyes widened. “The doctors didn’t really know why, everything about you seemed fine you just, you just wouldn’t wake up. Anya is on the brink of murder I’m sure.”

Lexa looked sheepish. “Yeah I think I know why I was out for so long.”

“Why?” Clarke asked, frowning.

Lexa bit her lip. She glanced around which Clarke found odd, but didn’t say anything. “Maybe not here. We need to get back to the base.”

“Lexa you nearly died two days ago I nearly…”

Clarke swallowed.

“You got hurt. It’s safer for you here for now.”

“Didn’t you just tell me that the doctors think I’m fine?”

Clarke scowled, but upon seeing it Lexa grinned. “Using my own words against me?” Clarke remarked.

“Desperate times, desperate measures.” Lexa shrugged.

Though those words held a frightful amount of truth in them for the current time, they both gave each
other soft smiles. Clarke squeezed Lexa’s hand, and unable to restrain herself anymore, she leaned forward and gently pressed her lips against Lexa’s. When their lips connected Clarke couldn’t help but sigh contentedly. It was perhaps worrying how at peace she felt when she kissed Lexa, how everything could so easily fade away, how her heart would pound as if she were human and warmth would grow in her stomach. It was just so right.

And as much as Clarke wanted to kiss Lexa till the earth finally ended, she was aware they were still in hospital and Lexa was in a hospital bed.

Clarke pulled out of the kiss before it could become too heated, but Lexa leaned after her lips anyway, her eyes fluttering open when they didn’t make contact. Clarke found it beyond adorable how Lexa looked legitimately offended that she had pulled out of the kiss so unexpectedly. She shook her head at her and gave her a quick kiss on the cheek.

“Another time.” Clarke said softly, rolling her eyes at Lexa’s pout. “Oh don’t give me that.”

“I’m perfectly fine Clarke,” Lexa muttered already trying to lean towards her again. Clarke dodged Lexa’s attempts, which only seemed to make Lexa’s pout grow.

Clarke laughed gently at Lexa’s antics. “You’re in a hospital grown Lexa. Not now.”

Lexa threw her a glare when she couldn’t find a retort.

Clarke couldn’t resist. It wasn’t really her fault. She hadn’t been able to see Lexa’s smile for two days and had spent the majority of that time praying she’d wake up alive. Clarke leaned forward and kissed her, briefly, before she pulled back again.

“Clarke,” Lexa whined.

“I’m sorry! You were pouting. That’s cheating.”

Lexa raised her chin. “The commander doesn’t pout.” She pointedly sniffed.

Clarke didn’t bother to hide her laughter. “Maybe so, but Lexa does.”

Lexa scowled at her, but her twitching lips gave away her want to smile.

A comfortable silence fell over them. They spent a moment or two just grinning at each other, as Lexa like always was unable to fend off her smile when it came to Clarke, and Clarke was content with just soaking in Lexa’s presence. She held their joined fingers tightly, gently brushing her thumb over Lexa’s own. Eventually Lexa spent a little time letting her sight explore the room and her eyes fell upon the sketchbook Clarke had dropped to the ground. When her sight moved to Clarke’s digits and saw the staining on her fingertips, she realised Clarke had been drawing.

Clarke saw where Lexa was looking and sheepishly picked up her sketchbook.

“Were you drawing?” Lexa questioned.

“Yeah, yeah I was.”

At Clarke’s uncharacteristic nervousness Lexa raised a brow.

Clarke shrugged. “I was drawing you.”

Lexa’s smile was small and soft. “Would it be okay if I see?”
Clarke hesitated, but in the end she went for it. She trusted Lexa, and as much as her self-consciousness fought to make an appearance, she shoved it down with all the effort she could muster. It didn’t work completely though. “It’s not finished,” Clarke murmured, opening the sketchbook to the most recent page. “I’ve still got a bit to do.”

Lexa took the book from her hands wordlessly. Clarke stood anxiously as she watched Lexa just stare at the drawing of her. At first Clarke worried that maybe she didn’t like it or found it creepy, but the closer Clarke looked at her expression she saw it wasn’t that.

When Lexa finally tore her sight off the work she looked up at Clarke with wide eyes.

“This is incredible Clarke.” She stated softly.

Clarke blushed, offering Lexa a shy smile. “Thanks.”

Carefully Lexa handed the sketchbook back to Clarke. At having the book back in her hands she put it in her bag along with her charcoal pencils. Clarke came back to Lexa’s side, reaching out and joining their hands again. Lexa was still looking at her with such awe on her face that Clarke felt her cheeks flush once more.

She didn’t know what she did to be able to find a person like Lexa.

But she sure as hell didn’t deserve it.

-

Lexa was made to stay one more night till she was let out.

It was mostly because Lexa’s sudden awakening was unexpected, though her inability to initially wake up was what was causing most of the problems. Abby checked over Lexa, again and again, and every time did Lexa tell her it was fine, and every time did she throw a look at Clarke, the same look of I’ll explain later. Clarke, thankfully, didn’t push it. And so with each of those looks would she be answered with a nod.

Though Clarke spent a considerable amount of time with her in her last night at the hospital Anya and the rest of her family made an appearance. It gave Lexa massive relief to find that no one had died nor been seriously injured, and were all still alive enough for Anya to throw her a couple insults and for Indra to scowl like she always did with Anya’s seemingly disregard for feelings. But… Lexa could tell that her sister was just showing her affection in her own way, and even if she did throw the usual insults, there was a warmth to her voice that she rarely heard.

She was finally able to go home the next day. She had the bandaged removed from her neck as it wasn’t needed anymore, but there was a slight leftover bruising that had Anya growling at the sight of it. Lexa had frowned at the sound yet before she could comment on it her sister was storming out the room and muttering something that sounded suspiciously like a string of insults under her breath.

Currently, Lexa was back in the base in the open training area, going through her usual routine. It had been two days since being released from the hospital now. Indra had offered to help her train, as well as Anya, but Lexa had politely refused. She felt like she needed her own time for now. It was understandable, considering both of their protective natures, but Lexa promised that they’d train together later, and that seemed reason enough for them to let her be.

Explaining what had happened while she was out had been harder than she thought.

She had called them all to her and Anya’s house, having them all stand together in the study. It
wasn’t too much of a tight fit but they were all forced to stand closer together then they’d liked. They all stood around a long oak desk and to Lexa’s surprise there wasn’t as big a divide as she had been expecting. Octavia and Indra stood shoulder to shoulder, arms crossed in eerily similarity; Anya was leaning with her hip at the side of the desk, Raven standing oddly close to her; Clarke of course lingered by Lexa’s side, hands slightly brushing; Gustus being sentinel by the door. For hunters and vampires, there was a strange sense of comradery between them all.

“I called you all here to talk about what is about to happen.” Lexa had opened with. She stared around the silent room. “It is obvious now that Pike was connected to something much bigger than himself. Cage is planning to resurrect a being that died centuries ago. And as explained by Abby and the ledger before,” Lexa ignored Clarke’s stiffening at her mother’s name, “she was a daughter to something that is even more powerful.”

She let the words hang in the air. The tension was practically palpable.

Then… “The being, named Alie, has been brought back to life.”

It was almost comical how nearly all the faces in the room had morphed into frowns.

After a confused silence, Raven, of course, was the first to ask what everyone was thinking.

“How do you know that?” she said slowly.

Lexa threw a quick glance to Clarke, and even though Clarke was in the dark as the rest of them, she still offered her a reassuring nod. Lexa felt herself fall a little bit more in love with her. She turned her gaze back to the group and decided to drop the bomb.

“I’m one of the daughters.”

It had gone downhill from there.

Mostly it was disbelief. Once the tense silence had passed, Raven had let out a muttered ‘what the fuck’ and the questions had started. She tried to answer them, but everyone was shouting over one another. Anya was asking if she had hit her head, Raven was just repeatedly saying what she had said before and Lexa tried to make out Indra’s and Octavia’s words but it was a lost cause.

Soon, it was Clarke, as always, who came to her rescue.

“Everyone shut the fuck up.”

Apparently no one had wanted to challenge a newly cured reaper, so everyone did indeed shut the fuck up. Now that they had silence Lexa could continue what she was saying.

“Okay, now that I have quiet,” she gave Clarke a grateful nod, “I can actually talk.” The group at least had the decency to look slightly sheepish at Lexa’s tone. “The reason I was out for so long at the hospital was because I was meeting with… my mother. Biological mother, at least. She told me that her previous daughter, Alie, has been resurrected and that we need to stop her before she kills us all. Her first goal will be to kill me as I am her half-sister and competition.”

It was ironic, in that now Lexa had total silence.

Fear did funny things.

Lexa swallowed. “Cage is the one who brought her back, so we can assume that the mountain men is on her side. That means they have reapers and the mountain men themselves. The only way we’re
surviving, *everyone* is surviving, is by waging war on the remaining and to destroy them all. My mother said that when Clarke and I’s blood mixed it… awakened her soul in me. Apparently I can sense her, Alie, but that also means Alie can sense and find me.”

Lexa stared at the people around her. Most of them had faces of shock and fear, and when Lexa looked to Clarke by her side she was surprised to find awe there.

“So…” Raven’s voice attracted the group’s attention. But her voice didn’t falter as Raven stared directly at Lexa. “What is she? What… what are you?”

She pulled in a slightly trembling breath. “The daughter of Mother Nature.” At her statement Raven’s jaw dropped, as well Anya’s. There was a pregnant pause, where every one seemed to take their time to accept what Lexa had just said, when Anya’s face brightened in realisation.

“Is *that* why you’re so good at gardening?” she breathed. Despite the somber mood in the room Lexa couldn’t help but crack a small smile.

“Perhaps, but you’re just plain terrible at gardening. You cannot use this as an excuse.”

“Fuck you. I’m great at gardening.”

They fell into a little banter after that, and thankfully it had helped immensely to easing the tensions.

Lexa forced her mind back to the present. She shook her head. She had gotten so distracted she was standing still, no longer hitting the boxing bag. With a quiet mutter to herself she focused back on training, raising her taped fists and flicking her braided hair over her shoulder. Even if she had been told to take it easy, considering she had just got out of hospital, Lexa was far too stubborn and knew too much of the dangers ahead. She had to be ready. If she wasn’t then it won’t be just her suffering the consequences.

She spent a few minutes working on her strikes, throwing in some kicks for good measure. When she stepped back and let her breathing even out she spun around to find her drink bottle sitting a couple metres away. Lexa went to walk to it, before she stopped.

If she truly was the daughter of Mother Nature, and Alie was too, then it wasn’t just physical training she’d need to do. She’d have to work out her… abilities, the powers that Nature had talked about. Sweat was bleeding down her neck from the workout and Lexa briefly wiped her forehead with the back of hand before she straightened herself.

Okay.

She had done it before when she was with Nature. She could do it now. Lexa took in a slow deep breath before she closed her eyes. She concentrated hard, focusing on the world around her and that strange distant feeling that hung around the back of her mind. The more she pushed it, the more she began to hear it. The whispers in the air, in the ground, in the stone. Voices, everywhere.

Lexa had a goal this time. So with only a small amount of hesitancy did she attempt to reach out to the voices. She went with the wind, and moment she created some shaky connection she felt its interest pique considerably. Lexa opened her eyes. Here goes nothing.

“…Hello?”

A sudden gust of wind blew, not too strong, but enough so that the stray hairs from her braid danced. She felt a surge of excitement in her head and she realised with a start that it wasn’t her own. Lexa let out a disbelieving chuckle. It was the wind’s.
Feeling a little braver, Lexa ventured further. “Can you bring me my water bottle?”

Lexa was surprised when she felt boredom trickle through her. She didn’t quite understand how, but a voice seeped through. It was light and made of breathy whispers, like someone was trying to speak while out of breath.

*Just that? Seriously?*

Lexa blinked. Did she just get sassed by the fucking wind?

“Uh… can you bring my staff too?” when Lexa felt the wind’s continued boredom she huffed. “You can play with the staff. Make it spin.”

Now that got its attention. Giddiness that wasn’t hers washed over her.

*Like how you do it?*

Lexa frowned. “Have you been watching me?”

*Of course. You are Her daughter. We must.*

Well that was reassuring. The wind quickly grew bored with the conversation and went to do as Lexa asked. Lexa stood wide eyed as, just as she asked, her water bottle was lifted into the air, shaking only a little in the winds grip before it was flung over to her. Lexa arm’s jerked out and caught it just before it hit her face. Before Lexa could go to reprimand the wind for hurling the bottle at her, her staff, which had been discarded to the side, was flung up into the air. She felt herself smile when the staff began to move midair, spinning around in ways that Lexa recongised as her own techniques.

Eventually the wind grew tired and bored, Lexa was quickly beginning to learn that the wind had a short attention span, before the staff too was thrown at her and Lexa just barely caught it before the damn thing could knock her out.

“Hey!” Lexa snapped.

The wind blew an apologetic gentle burst at her face so the stray hairs were tucked behind her ears. Lexa nodded.

“Thank you.”

She played with the wind a little more before she decided that she couldn’t put off her duties any longer. Lexa went to move to grab her towel that was lying over the makeshift rings around her when the towel was suddenly floating in the air. And, with a surprising amount of gentleness, was passed to her.

She couldn’t keep the smile off her face.

Wiping off as much sweat as she could Lexa decided that she’d go and find Clarke. While Clarke had been seemingly happy in her presence, Lexa knew that what had happened was weighing down on her, and that she needed to check up on her. Clarke had a habit of curling into herself and dealing with things on her own, and while Lexa would normally be inclined to give Clarke her space to process it was unfortunately a time where she couldn’t do that.

She also hadn’t really interacted with her all day and she missed her.
But that was beside the point.

She didn’t know where Clarke was, but she knew that no matter what, especially after just getting Clarke back that Raven would know where she was. Lexa focused her hearing and tried to find any sounds of shouting. She’d found it was the easiest way to find Raven. And, sure enough, when she caught the distant shouts of curses, she opened her eyes and started walking. It didn’t take long to find her, the vampire seemingly in a heated debate with Anya. They were near the housing area; so Lexa carefully crept up and leaned her shoulder against a stone wall, just out of sight so the pair couldn’t see her.

Raven threw up her arms in frustration. “Listen, you damn dingo son of a bitch, it’s gif not jif.”

“Wow, okay, undead piece of shit, it’s jif not gif.” Anya retorted. She threw a glare at Raven. “For a supposed genius, your intelligence is lacking.”

Raven gaped at her. “It is literally spelt with a ‘g’! How is that so fucking hard for you to understand?!”

“Exactly! And when it’s a ‘g’ you pronounce it as ‘j’. It’s jer-iraffe, not guh-raffe.”

“Well it’s fucking gift not jift.”

Anya growled at her, clenching her fists. In most situations Lexa would have expected Anya to be throwing a punch when she was this frustrated, but to her surprise, Anya stood still. “The creator of the word gif has stated that it’s jif. This isn’t a debate!”

“Fuck you, the creator is wrong.”

Anya blinked. “How can the maker of the word be wrong? He fucking made the word!”

“And he’s wrong.”

“HE CAN’T BE FUCKING-“

Lexa couldn’t hold it in anymore and broke into laughter. At the sound both Anya and Raven immediately stopped shouting, but the way they stared wide-eyed at her only made Lexa laughed harder. Lexa took in a couple breaths to try and calm down. Eventually she managed to control herself, a few lingering chuckle escaping her.

Raven slowly turned her stunned gaze to Anya. “She can laugh?” Raven whispered.

Anya glared daggers at her.

Lexa decided that she’d actually ask what she came to find Raven for. “Raven,” she bit her lip to hide her amused smile. “Do you know where Clarke is?”

“That’s… that’s all you came here for?” Anya asked, and when Lexa switched her gaze to her she saw the burning of her cheeks. Lexa smirked.

“Indeed. Though I won’t be forgetting about this anytime soon.” Anya gave her the finger.

“Anyway, Raven?” Lexa prompted.

Lexa was honestly starting to think that Raven couldn’t get embarrassed. The vampire looked entirely unbothered by the interruption. “Yeah sure. She’s up in the tower thingy. I’d be careful though, she wasn’t looking too good. I tried to get a word out of her but she brushed me off.”
“Thank you,” Lexa said seriously. “I shall return later then.” Lexa went to turn around, but upon seeing Anya’s relieved slacking of the shoulders, she spun back with a cheeky grin. “Oh, and one last thing – it’s gif.”

Anya gaped at her like she’d just thrown her to the lions.

Lexa finally turned back around and she barked a laugh when she heard Raven shout with renewed vigor ‘I told you!’

She laughed even harder at Anya’s ensuing roar of ‘we’ve been arguing about this for half a fucking hour!’

Anya was most definitely going to kill her later.

Lexa easily found her way to the watchtower. It was one of her favourite places here, and she wasn’t too surprised to find that Clarke had gone there too. The view from the top was truly memorising especially if you went there for the right time of day. The sun wasn’t setting, but it would be soon, so she suspected that the sight would be quite something in ten minutes time. As Lexa arrived at the watchtower and went to get the secret key, she realised that she didn’t need to as Clarke had obviously used her supernatural strength to just force open the knob. Lexa could see it was slightly dented now.

With a shrug to herself Lexa pushed open the door and began climbing the steps.

When she reached the top she slowly stepped out onto the roof of the tower. Immediately Lexa saw Clarke, the blonde sitting at the very edge of roof, mindlessly swinging her legs over the ledge, her eyes glued to the deep drop below. Lexa came up to Clarke’s side quietly, sitting herself down next to her. Clarke didn’t show any surprise at Lexa’s presence so it was probably safe to assume that Clarke had already heard her coming up the steps. Lexa followed Clarke’s downwards gaze to the ground below.

She didn’t say anything. But instead remained silent, seated by Clarke’s side, close enough to almost be touching. Lexa didn’t stop herself from staring at Clarke, trying to find where the pain was coming from on her face. Because it was obvious, that’s what Clarke’s eyes were shining right now.

A sorrow that she shouldn’t know.

The wind was gentle, a light breeze that played with both of their hair. Lexa could sense that it wanted to grow and be rough, but she quietly whispered to the winds that they remain soft for now, and with a little bit of reluctance did the wind concede and settled for its gentleness. Only when the sun began to set, the skies bleeding red, did one of them finally say something.

“So you think there are good guys?”

Lexa looked over to her at Clarke’s words. Clarke’s gaze had moved upwards to the last few minutes of the sunset. “Well, the problem with good and bad is that, really, it all lies in perspective.” Lexa started, mindful to keep her voice soft. Clarke’s hair practically glowed in the suns rays, and the sight was honestly breathtaking. “Life can never be black and white. There’s a person behind every crime, every story.”

“So there’s no good?”

Lexa turned her gaze off Clarke, with great difficulty, and instead aimed it at the sun. There were only wisps of clouds now, pink and stretched thin. “I didn’t say that. I’m saying… that there is good, and there is bad, but it all depends on which side you’re on. There is evil, real evil, but most of it lies
in grey.” Lexa sighed gently. “You’re a good person Clarke. You’ve taught me that killing vampires without giving them chances, seeing them as bad guys, and nothing else, that that wasn’t right of me.”

“How can I be good when I’ve killed?” Clarke finally looked to her, and when they locked eyes and Lexa saw the unshed tears she felt her heart break. “How can I be good when I’ve… when I’ve killed and enjoyed it? What does that make me then?”

“It was survival Clarke. You would have died if you didn’t do the things you had. What you fell too, that wasn’t caused by you. It was another’s actions that dragged you in.”

“But what if I want more than just surviving?” Clarke whispered.

Lexa swallowed. That was a question she had asked herself many times over her life. “Then you have something to fight for. To live for.” She said firmly. “I’m sorry for what happened to you Clarke. What you’ve gone through… I wouldn’t wish it on anyone. But you’ve survived. You’re strong. And once we do this, once we rid Alie of this world, then… then we can stop. We can learn how to live.”

“What do you mean?” Clarke asked frowning.

Lexa’s gaze didn’t stray from Clarke’s. “I’ve learnt a lot this past month. But what I’ve mostly learnt is that I want more. I’ve always… fought and trained and survived but, there’s more to life than that. You reminded me of that. Of living.” Lexa sucked in a shaky breath. “When this is over… I believe that there is a chance that both our people can come to a peace. It will not be accepted immediately, obviously, but I’ve learnt from Raven that you have some type of authority or government. Perhaps, I could meet with them and come to an accord.”

Clarke was looking at her with wide eyes. “You… you want to form an alliance? Of hunters and vampires?”

“It is not entirely impossible,” Lexa went on. “This war has raged for centuries Clarke. People are tired. And maybe… maybe you’re right. Maybe it’s time we stopped surviving and started living.”

Clarke stared her a moment longer before she leaned forward and kissed her. Lexa was surprised, but she was accepting all the same, gently kissing her back. It didn’t last long and it was incredibly soft but Lexa could understand what Clarke was trying to get across. That she was thankful.

Soon Clarke pulled away, and they rested their foreheads together. Feeling each other’s gentle breaths on their lips. Both their eyes remained closed.

“You promised you wouldn’t let me become a monster.” Clarke muttered.

Lexa scrunched her brow slightly, before realising that she had made that promise when she had first found out Clarke was a vampire. Lexa remained quiet as she could sense that Clarke was wanting to go on.

“Do you think you’ve broken that promise?”

Lexa reached out her hand and blindly interlaced it with Clarke’s. “No.”

“Truly?”

Lexa opened her eyes, and Clarke seemed to instinctually do the same. So close, the blue of her eyes was a never-ending expanse, and Lexa easily lost herself within its depths. “Truly. You’re a
The sun was putting out its final rays, lingering burning red streaks that added such a gorgeous glow to Clarke’s face. Lexa had a sudden idea, and she leaned back, Clarke doing the same but with a frown.

Lexa untangled her hand and brought it back to her side. She searched the stone ground below them and noticed a small patch of grass that was stubbornly sticking out between two wedged rocks. Lexa concentrated hard, and eventually she managed to single out the patch of grass’ energy. When she found that miniscule thread she glanced back up to Clarke. “You are not a monster. And I can prove it.”

Clarke frowned even harder, but before she could question what she meant Lexa was continuing.

“You know how pure the word is right? How beautiful nature is, both in soul and appearance. Do you believe that the world itself could tell who are monsters and who aren’t?”

“I… suppose so,” Clarke said unsurely. Lexa gave her a small smile, which only made Clarke more confused.

Lexa focused her gaze on the patch of the grass. Quietly, she whispered to the grass, making sure Clarke heard, “would you like to make a flower for Clarke?”

The answer was immediate. Lexa’s smile grew as she felt the grass practically yip in glee in her head, loving the attention from her and Clarke. Suddenly a green stalk began to grow from the patch, about as thin as a toothpick, winding upwards until it stopped and the bundle at the top unfolded itself into petals.

Lexa looked back up at Clarke, finding Clarke to be staring at the newly grown flower with tears in her eyes, a disbelieving smile on her face. “You see? The earth believes you to be worthy. I believe so too.”

Clarke seemed to finally manage a hold of herself, blinking up at Lexa with a grin so pure and bright that Lexa felt her heart thud in her chest. “Thank you,” she whispered. “Lexa I don’t even…”

“You don’t have to say anything.” Lexa replied quietly. Clarke was staring at her with something akin to wonder.

Clarke glanced between Lexa and the flower, and just as suddenly as the plant had grown was Clarke on her lips.

It wasn’t as gentle this time.

-  

They were still together on the roof of the watchtower; Clarke lying lazily on Lexa’s chest when the door to the roof suddenly opened and Raven came stumbling through. Clarke’s head popped up instantly and she felt the tension go through Lexa, but before either could do anything, or explain their positions as Clarke knew just how much Raven hated Lexa, Raven was rambling and not even batting an eye at the way they lay together.

“Clarke, we’ve gotta go, now, it’s, you won’t, fuck, I-“

“Raven.” At Clarke’s voice she forcefully shut her jaw. She made herself take a breath while Clarke got up so she was standing, Lexa mimicking. “What is it?”
“The Council. They’ve called a meeting.”

Clarke frowned. “Council?” She vaguely remembered them from the ledger but nothing more.

“Why does this concern us?” Lexa questioned. Clarke’s gaze snapped to Lexa’s when she realised that she knew what Raven was talking about and not her. But Lexa merely shook her head every so slightly, so Clarke refrained from bearing down questions on her right on the spot.

Raven looked both excited and anxious. “They’ve called a meeting with you. With the hunters.”

Lexa’s eyes bulged. “When?” she snapped.

“Now.”

Clarke frowned even harder, but as she went to ask again the hell the Council were the world suddenly went dark. Out of nowhere a memory started to play that took her entire vision. A memory that she had no idea she had.

“Princess, I’ve gotta’ go, the Council have called a meeting. I’ll be right back.” Jake consoled, his voice soft.

Clarke, at eight years old, whined again. “But you were going to show me how to fight today.”

“Not fight Clarke, your mother would kill me. Self defense alright?” he was clearly biting back a smile. “If she asks you’ll say that right?”

“Self defense.” Clarke repeated.

Jake grinned, reaching forward and ruffling her hair, which elicited a giggle from his daughter. “There you go. I’ll be back before you know it. The Council is just a bunch of old gits squabbling anyway.” He grumbled.

“Dad!”

“Sorry! People. Old people squabbling.” Jake sighed but he did it with a smile. “If only your mother knew just how much you father me.”

Clarke beamed at him and Jake was powerless to his daughter’s radiant smile.

“Well… I suppose I could teach you the basics. They can’t kill me over being a couple minutes late right?”

The memory stopped playing as abruptly as it had started. Her vision came back and when it did she saw that both Raven and Lexa were staring at her with concern. But Clarke didn’t really pay this mind; because she had just gained a memory she had lost – which meant that she was getting her memory back. And this memory had proved the thing that Clarke dreaded the most.

That when she had lost her memories of being a vampire, she had lost memories of her father.

Clarke clenched her fists.

“My mother is in the Council, yes?” Clarke asked, both Raven and Lexa looking confused at Clarke’s sudden question. Clarke didn’t care. She knew now, knew who the Council were. The body that looked over the factions of vampires and kept everyone in line. The people who sentenced her father to death. Her mother’s people.
“Yeah she is…” Raven said slowly.

“Then let’s go.”

Raven and Lexa shared a look, which surprised Clarke immensely, before the pair looked back to her. Lexa lifted a hand and gently touched Clarke’s arm, and that was enough for Clarke’s resolve to waver slightly.

“Are you okay?” Lexa said softly. Her eyes were gentle and Clarke easily lost herself to staring into them. With humour, Clarke realised that the daughter of Mother Nature had eyes as green as the earth. How fitting.

“I am. Come on, let’s go. Didn’t you say you wanted to meet them?”

Lexa stumbled on her words. “I mean, yes, I did, but- but not now. We’re at the brink of war.”

“That’s what the meeting is for,” Raven interrupted, attracting Lexa and Clarke’s attention. “We should hurry. It’s bad manners for the guest to be late.”

Clarke saw a muscle in Lexa’s jaw twitch as she glared at Raven. “We are far more than guests.”

Clarke knew that Lexa was probably looking extremely intimidating, but to Clarke she just looked plain adorable and it was taking all of her will power not to just lean up and kiss her. Instead she intervened before an inevitable fight could break out between the two.

“Come on Lex, let’s go. We can deliberately be a little late.”

“And anger a pack of powerful vampires?”

Clarke shrugged. “You’ve got me.”

She was surprised when she found Lexa giving her a rare soft smile. “I’ve got you.”

Clarke rolled her eyes and playfully pushed her, but her heart beat in her chest and her stomach did flips.

She was so in love with her.

-  

They were, in fact, late.

Not by much. Clarke was quite keen on the idea of pissing off the people who had to do with the murder of her father, but with reluctance she also knew that it was only with these people that an alliance could be formed. That this constant battle between hunters and vampires could settle. So Clarke joined Lexa in herding their own, Clarke dragging Raven and Octavia and Lexa rushing for Anya and Indra. They didn’t want to bring too many people as a sign of good faith, though Anya and Indra highly disagreed with this, so the six of them made their way to the meeting point.

It was deep in the woods. Being surrounded by the trees always brought Clarke an odd sense of comfort, although now she actually knew why. If she had a part of Mother Nature’s soul in her that’d explain it at least. Lexa and her walked at the front of the troop and the closer they got the more Clarke could feel the change in the air. The hairs rose on the back of her neck and a ripple of tension went through the group as Clarke’s nostrils flared.

“What is it?” Lexa asked, scrunching her brow slightly.
Clarke ground her teeth. “We’re close. Their scent is near.”

At her words Lexa tensed up like the rest of them.

They didn’t say anything more as they approached a clearing. When they left the cover of trees Clarke saw the Council standing in a tight row by a large glistening rock in the centre of the open ground. Clarke recognised her mother near the middle of the line but was surprised to find Jaha there too and even weirder was Kane next to her mother. There were four other members that Clarke didn’t know, all standing stiffly but Clarke noticed the way some licked their lips or flared their nostrils. Clarke subconsciously moved closer to Lexa.

They stopped till the large flat rock stood as the imaginary line between the hunters and the Council. Clarke and Lexa’s people spread out similarly to the Council in that they positioned themselves into a wide line. For the first few moments no one said anything. The two groups instead staring each other down, seeming to dare each other who would crack first.

Her mother tried to catch her eye, but Clarke refused to look at her.

Finally it was Jaha who spoke first.

“You’re late.” He stated plainly. Clarke would’ve let it slide, but the tone leaned more towards patronising children than the reality of the situation they were in. Before they had left Lexa and her had had a talk over what would happen when they came here. Since they were technically Clarke’s people (and Clarke’s own mother was on the Council) that she’d be free to lead the talk if necessary. The main goal, made obvious by Raven, was to just ‘not start shit’.

But if they didn’t want to start shit they probably shouldn’t have brought Clarke.

“Had to slay a Mountain. You wouldn’t understand.” Clarke gave them a sweet smile with her words.

She heard Lexa sigh from beside her.

Jaha narrowed his eyes at her. “Clarke. It has been a while since…”

“Since my mother made Pike block my memories and no one questioned it?”

That got a bigger reaction. A couple of the Council’s head turned in Abby’s direction while others clenched their fists. At that Lexa took a step forward, throwing Clarke a glare so fast she just barely caught it. But she did. Because of it Clarke shut her mouth begrudgingly and refrained from any more comments. For now anyway.

“You called for us. We came. Who are you, what is it you have to say?” Lexa’s voice was hard, and thankfully, it eased some of the vampires’ unease.

“I am Jaha, Chancellor of the Council. You know now of the Defenders, even if this information was given to you without proper council,” Jaha briefly glanced to Abby, “you know of the daughter and the threat she poses. If Clarke was indeed taken by the mountain and her blood used, then we fear that she has been risen.”

“She has.” Lexa confirmed. At the sureness in her voice Jaha crinkled his brow. “Her name is Alie. Cage of the mountain men has resurrected her, meaning she has not just her own power but also that of the reapers and the mountain men themselves. If we don’t do something soon then we will find ourselves all dead.”
Jaha lifted his chin. “And who are you? Do you speak for your hunters?”

Lexa didn’t bother to beat around the bush. “I am Heda. While I come here in peace, you dare to try anything I will not hesitate in defending myself and my people.”

Somehow the tension grew from what it already was.

“We mean no ill will as well.” Kane said, speaking up from the thick silence. “We’re merely here in concern of… Alie.”

“In the matter of Alie,” Jaha continued, suspiciousness creeping into his voice. “Just how do you know her name? There is no record of it.”

“That is none of your concern.” Lexa muttered. Clarke could feel the threat in her voice, as did everyone else. Gratefully, no one rose to the challenge, even if the distrust was heavy in Jaha’s eyes.

Her mother stepped forward. “If Alie has risen then the situation is graver than we thought. We still have time as she needs to regain her strength, we have to kill her before she reaches her full potential. We must be as fast as possible.”

“…What will happen when she reaches full potential?” Lexa asked. Clarke felt dread coil in her gut at the sudden fear on her mother’s face.

“If she reaches her full power she’ll be able to create another set of bones, and more than one. She’s learnt her lesson from restricting herself to just a single backup. If we don’t get her beforehand then she’ll essentially be immortal, and no matter how many times we kill her, she’ll have another set to come back to.”

“How long do we have?” though Lexa aimed to keep her voice strong, Clarke could hear the slight waver.

“We don’t truly know. That is the problem.” Kane spoke up this time. “We don’t… we don’t even know what she is. But, through the research that Jake undertook and Peter’s journal, our best estimate is a few months, with no outside addition, from when she is resurrected.”

“What do you mean no ‘outside addition’?” Clarke questioned, her voice lowering. Kane for the first time in Clarke’s life looked genuinely terrified.

“We think she can… take the life of others. The souls of others. Through that she will gain her power faster.”

“Jesus,” Raven muttered. Clarke silently echoed her sentiment.

Jaha took control of the conversation once more, “She does not care for life. Supernatural or human. We are all in danger. This is why, though you have been killing our kind for centuries,” for a second Jaha’s voice fell bitter, but he quickly smothered the sound, “we suggest that you run. The mayor has already been told to evacuate the town. He’ll be doing it under the guise of a gas leak. You will leave with the rest of the humans.”

Clarke couldn’t hold it in. She laughed coldly. “That’s your solution? To run?”

“The hunters are humans. They will not survive an attack like this. We, the Council, will gather as many from the factions throughout the next week and attack as soon as possible.”

“You have no idea how long that could take!” Clarke shouted in disbelief. How could they be so
amazingly stupid about this? “Alie could be at full power by the time you manage to gather half an army.”

“Clarke is right,” Lexa stepped in, and Clarke had never heard such controlled fury in someone’s words before. “We are warriors. You need the numbers and we can give it.”

“And work with hunters? I’d rather be staked.” One of the Council members spat. The woman was blonde and she glared across at the hunters with barely-veiled disgust.

“Diana. Enough.” Jaha snapped. The vampire, Diana, bared her fangs but reluctantly backed down. “This is not a debate. This is a warning. The vampires that we will be gathering won’t hold our tolerance of you. They will attack you outright before we could intervene. All of you must leave, as fast as possible.”

“If you are Chancellor of your people, I’d expect that you could keep your own in line.” Lexa muttered cold.

Jaha’s face darkened. “I can.” He growled. “But unlike you humans, some of our kind have walked for centuries, and remember all of the pain you have caused.”

“This is not one-sided.” Lexa retorted, and Clarke could sense how she was desperately trying to keep herself calm. Subtly she reached out and touched the small of Lexa’s back, and since they were standing so close they practically touched, no one noticed. But Lexa did. Clarke felt a shaky breath go through Lexa’s body before she began speaking again. And thankfully her voice indeed was calm. Well, calmer. “You are not the only one to have lost people in this war. If you truly want to stop this you will put aside our differences and let us fight. Because we are not leaving. Not when there is so much at stake.”

“You dare to go against our Chancellors orders?” Diana hissed.

“Diana.” Jaha reprimanded again, but this time the vampire didn’t back down.

“I am Heda. I follow no one’s orders but my own. And those are that we are staying.” Lexa put all of her emphasis on the last word, her fists balled at her sides. Clarke saw how Diana’s face suddenly lit up in rage and without warning melted to black. While Lexa had better reaction times than many she wasn’t expecting an attack and had no time to even lift an arm at the lunge. But as quick as Diana had lashed out, had Clarke snatched the stake hidden at Lexa’s back pocket and jumped in front Lexa. Everyone, both hunters and vampires froze, as Clarke, eyes burning, stood with her hand clasped around the stake that rested over Diana’s heart.

It had happened in a blink, but the implications were unfathomable.

The black faded from Diana’s eyes. “You would defend her? The leader of the killers of our kind?”

“I would.” Clarke muttered, but the words were barely anything but a snarl. “You so much as twitch and she won’t be the only one killing vampires.”

Clarke stared her down. It wasn’t just the vampires who weren’t breathing, everyone seeming to be holding their breath. Diana let out a growl and made a move as if to side step her, but the second Clarke saw it she pushed in the stake. Only a little, just enough for to reel back with a roar and wide eyes.

Clarke took a step backwards as Diana hastily ripped the stake out of her chest.

With blood leaking slowly from the wound Diana’s eyes again fell to black and she flung out her
finger at her.

“Traitor!” she snarled.

Jaha grabbed Diana by the shoulders, spinning her around to face him before roughly shoving her to the ground. “You dare attack like that in a time like this?!” he fumed.

Diana turned her head around and spat as far as she could towards the hunters. “They are savages.”

“Say another word and I’ll push the stake the rest of the way,” Clarke seethed, and though she tried to move forward someone grabbed her arms from behind and pulled her back. Initially she struggled but when found with no success she muttered a deathly cold ‘I’m fine’ and her capturer let her go. She snatched herself out of their grip and saw it to be Raven.

Clarke slowly edged her gaze back to the side to Lexa, and she saw that Lexa was staring at her with a dropped jaw. Clarke gave her a sheepish smile, something starkly different to previous actions, and with it Lexa seemed to get a hold of herself.

Everyone was still looking at Clarke, though the smarter ones, like her mother and Kane, looked between her and Lexa. “I assume this meeting is finished then.” Lexa said. It wasn’t a question.

Jaha didn’t seem to agree, which was something considering the bleeding Council member that was on the ground in front of him. “This is only finished once you’ve agreed to leave.”

“Then you’ll be here for a very long time.”

Jaha clenched his jaw. He briefly looked over the rest of his people, before he sighed in resignation. “Fine. This is over, for now. But we will be meeting again soon.” He made a move to leave except he paused just before. “At least remain in one area for now. Do not go out wherever you are. More of our people will arrive in the coming days where, hopefully, you’ll be gone.”

Lexa didn’t say anything but Jaha seemed to take that as agreement. The Chancellor gave them a stiff nod before he hauled Diana up to her feet and angrily pushed her forward, making sure she walked away. The rest of the Council followed suit, apart from one of them who remained, hovering awkwardly.

It was Abby. “Clarke,” she tried, her voice nervous. “Would it be alright if we talked?”

Clarke didn’t think it alright at all. Honestly, Diana’s attack at Lexa had set her on a dangerous edge. Though she may have not been a reaper for long the rules for when she was set into her mind quick. When someone challenged you or what was yours you killed them for it. It was taking everything inside of her to hold back on the impulse to chase Diana down and rip out her throat.

But despite this, Raven moved up to Clarke’s side. “You should,” she suggested softly. Before Clarke could even get a word in Raven was continuing. “You’ve got things to talk about. Important things. We don’t… we don’t know if we’ll survive this battle. You should do this.”

Her words made Clarke pause. “Raven I don’t- I don’t trust myself right now.” She admitted quietly.

“You’re not a reaper Clarke. Not anymore. Remember that.” Raven sighed. “This is something you need and you know it.”

Clarke hated when Raven was right.

Before she fully gave in though she looked over to Lexa. She quickly walked towards her, turning
her head and offering her mother a jerky nod. Clarke pretended she didn’t see the shining relief on
Abby’s face. She easily made the last lengths till she was close to Lexa again, and Clarke thought it
ridiculous how just being close to her released this tightness in her chest.

“I’ll be back soon. I… have to talk with my mother.”

Lexa nodded. “I know. I’ll wait for you.”

“No, no go ahead. You have things to go.” She gestured vaguely. “Wars to plan.”

“War planning can wait a little while longer,” Lexa responded with a smirk.

Clarke felt that urge again and she didn’t bother to stop it this time. She leant forward and briefly
kissed Lexa before leaning back, resting her forehead against Lexa’s. “Thank you.” She murmured,
eyes closed. “But we are still in the woods with vampires. So be careful.”

Clarke opened her eyes just in time to see Lexa’s small smile. “I will. Now go. You are far too
distracting.”

Clarke gave her a devil’s grin before she finally pulled herself away. Lexa shook her head at her
before she too turned around and addressed her people behind her. When Clarke’s gaze slid to
Raven’s she feared she’d find anger there, but instead, much to Clarke’s surprise, Raven was
actually… grinning at her. And was that a wink?

Another issue for another time.

Begrudgingly Clarke brought her gaze to her mother’s. She really, really didn’t want to do this, but it
seemed that now was the only time. Clarke sucked in a long breath, not that she really needed it,
before began trekking over to her. When she got close enough to reach out her arm Abby took a
quick glance over Clarke’s shoulder before leading her deeper into the forest. Clarke reluctantly
followed her. Eventually it seemed like Abby found a suitable distance and away, and the two of
them were left in a tense stand off.

Clarke didn’t hide her anger. She crossed her arms and her face was cold as stone, though there was
a fire in her eyes that she could never dim when angry. She didn’t say anything but waited. Abby
finally managed to meet her gaze and Clarke didn’t even feel a slither of guilt at her mother’s obvious
anxiety.

When Clarke still remained silent, Abby sucked in a sharp breath.

“I’m so happy that the hunters got you out of the mountain.”

Clarke clenched her jaw. She may have willingly come here let her mother talk, but that didn’t mean
she was going to rollover and forgive her mother like that. “Right. You mean how by wiping my
memories you left me vulnerable enough to be kidnapped by Pike. The vampire, might I add, that
you made get rid of my memories in the first place.”

Abby swallowed, but she didn’t deny the claim.

Clarke scoffed. “I can’t believe you. You know at first I didn’t believe it. How could my own
mother be the one behind it right?” she tightened her grip on her arms. “I guess it’s on me for
assuming the best of you.”

“Clarke I-“ Abby shut her my jaw, opening and closing when she couldn’t find the words to say.
“Clarke I’m sorry,” she eventually settled on. “I never meant to hurt you. It was to protect you.”
“Protect me?” Clarke repeated incredulously.

“Yes. Protect. You know how your blood was the key to resurrect Alie. What you were doing, it was attracting too much attention, on you, anyone who wanted to resurrect her only had to catch fleeting rumours to find you.”

“Bullshit. How does wiping my memories solve that? All it did was make me vulnerable and weak.” Even if Clarke tried her absolute hardest not to, her voice trembled slightly. “All you did was cause pain.”

Abby stepped forward. “Clarke, I never wanted that. I’m sorry. I’m sorry for the pain I caused you but-“

“And what will I do with your apology Mum? Fix all this shit that has gone down? Will I use it to help me forget the people I killed as reaper? To help me kill an ancient being that we could have all avoided?”

Her mother’s face hardened. “Be mature about this Clarke.”

“Mature?!” Clarke couldn’t take it anymore and threw out her arms. “You wanna talk mature? Okay, let’s talk mature.”

“Clarke-“

But she was on her last thread now. “How about this war that we’re on the brink of? This could have been avoided if you had just talked to me instead of violating my mind. If you had been mature we could have avoided this hell fest.” Clarke chuckled sardonically. “But no. That’d be far too easy, right? Come on, tell me. Why’d you do it, why’d you really do it?”

“It was for your protection.” Abby reiterated with gritted teeth.

“Stop lying to me.”

“Stop lying!” Abby snapped.

“You damn well are!” Clarke snapped right back. There was a worrying amount of anger in her voice and Clarke realised suddenly that her fists were clench. Thin trails of blood leaked from her hand, her nails had transformed into their claws. She took a moment to forcefully relax herself before continuing. “Mum. I can tell. I can hear your heart beat and the way you breathe. Tell me the truth.”

Abby took in a deep breath through her nose. When she spoke again, there was defeat in her voice, and a guilt and anger that Clarke had never heard her mother use. “Okay. You want the truth? Here’s the truth.” She stumbled on her words then, but quickly righted herself. “I didn’t want you to be turned.”

Clarke blinked. She wasn’t lying this time.

Having admitted out loud after so many years Abby found herself continuing without prompt. “I know that it was your choice and that I could do nothing to stop you, I never did, but I never wanted you to turn Clarke. Yet… you wanted to be like your father, and Jake always told me that it was your choice. So I never stepped in.” Abby gulped. “I’ve tried to let you be. I’ve tried to… to accept it and move on. But you have to kill to live. My daughter, she has to live off living blood.”

“You think I’m a monster?” Clarke whispered.
Abby vehemently shook her head. “No. No. You are not a monster Clarke. You never will be. I just…” Abby let out a shaky breath. “I just wanted a normal life for you. And when I thought that you’d killed that girl, it was- it was the one thing I was afraid of the most. Of you killing. Once you’re turned there’s no cure and maybe, maybe I thought that blocking your memories, while it was for your protection, it was also the closest I could get you to be human.”

The silence following the admission bordered on painful.

Clarke didn’t really know what to do with this information. Her gaze dropped to the ground. Finally she’d gotten the truth, and Clarke was suddenly left thinking that maybe she shouldn’t have sought so hard to find it. Weirdly, this revelation didn’t feel as intense as it should have. It was more like she already knew this but she had only realised that after learning. It was a strange feeling.

“I don’t care that you took my memories of what I am.” Clarke muttered quietly.

Abby frowned. Though she very much looked like she wanted to question, she instead remained silent and waited for Clarke for go on.

Clarke raised her eyes to meet her mother’s. “I care that you took my memories of Dad.”

And like that, all that anger and frustration disappeared from Abby’s face. Her shoulders slacked. “Clarke…”


Clarke may have been trying to hold back her tears, but Abby didn’t even bother. They slid down her cheeks slow. “Your father killed a human. There was nothing I could do.” Abby hesitated, but she relented and admitted the truth of something she had taken an oath not to say. “They say he killed a human by accident, that he didn’t pay attention to his blood consumption and lost control. But that wasn’t what happened. The Council, they didn’t like that Jake was investigating his heritage. His role of Defender. Those notes and research he did on those daughters… it made the Council antsy. The person that Jake killed, they were trying to resurrect Alie.”

Her mother’s words honestly felt like a kick to a gut. It always did when someone talked about her father.

Abby took a step forward but Clarke flinched at the action, so with a few more tears did Abby retract her steps. “I never wanted to hurt your memories of him. I’m sorry Clarke, I truly am.”

“What you did…” Clarke’s voice was barely above a whisper. She wiped her nose with the back of her sleeve. “I’ll never forgive you for it.” She watched her mother’s face fall. “But I’m assuming that since there’s no secrets left between us now…” she left her sentence open for confirmation, and thankfully Abby nodded. “Then I’m willing to… try and… work on this. On us.”

The happiness that graced Abby’s face was blinding. “Thank you. Thank you, that’s more than I deserve.”

Clarke nodded stiffly. “Not now though, I’m still furious with you. I need space. And time. If we survive Alie then… we’ll see.”

“Okay.” Abby was smiling. “Of course.”

Clarke gave another awkward nod before she peeled herself away, muttering a quick goodbye
before retracing their steps back into the clearing. Her hands were shaking when she emerged and she was moving so fast she almost missed Lexa leaning against a tree nearby. Lexa leaped out though at Clarke’s sudden appearance and grabbed her arm.

Clarke’s first instinct was to throw whoever had a hold on her off her, but upon finding it to be Lexa she slacked in her grip. Clarke’s distress must have been showing on her face because Lexa’s brow was instantly drawing in concern.

“Are you okay, Clarke?”

Clarke didn’t even try to lie to Lexa. “No. I’m going to go hunting. I’ll be back.”

Her words didn’t seem to relieve Lexa’s worry. “Hunting?” she asked.

“For animals.” Clarke said, pulling her arm from Lexa’s grip perhaps a little too harshly.

Lexus appeared to realise her mistake and softened her gaze. “Of course.”

Clarke relaxed slightly.

“But… maybe take Raven with you?” Clarke’s eyes narrowed but Lexa didn’t let her interrupt. “Not because I don’t trust you. It’s dangerous, especially a time like now. We’ve no idea if Diana is just waiting to finish that fight.”

“I wouldn’t mind a fight.” Clarke murmured. Lexa gave her a look.

“Clarke.”

“Yes, yes I know. No fights.”

Lexus gave her a small smile. It made Clarke’s heart flutter in its beats. “So, you’ll take Raven?” she asked hopeful.

Clarke gave a deep sigh, but the hopeful gleam in Lexa’s eyes was enough to win over. “Fine. Where’s the asshole anyway?”

“Anyaw didn’t want me waiting alone so she stayed. Raven did the same for you. Last I saw was them arguing with each other about who was fastest. Or strongest. I’m pretty sure Raven dared Anyaw to an arm wrestle so,” Lexa shrugged, “they’re probably rolling around on the ground somewhere.”

Clarke chuckled. “They sure fight a lot don’t they?”

“All the time. It’s getting infuriating.” Lexa grumbled. Clarke found it adorable.

“It is funny though. You’ve gotta admit.”

Lexus stuck out her chin in defiance. “Never.”

Though Lexa was trying her best to stand her ground, Clarke couldn’t resist the sudden exposure of neck and inched close enough that she could press her lips against it. She felt Lexa’s pulse pick up and the sensation was intoxicating. While they were in open air, no one was around, not really, so Clarke didn’t stop herself when began sucking on Lexa’s pulse point. At that Lexa let out a moan and brought her hand to cup Clarke’s face, bringing her towards her lips.

Clarke easily melted into the kiss and she grinned when she felt Lexa’s arm slip around her waist. Clarke kissed her hard, and her heart pounded in her chest as Lexa kissed her back with equal
intensity. Lexa bit Clarke’s bottom lip and tugged her forward which, while making heat pool low in her stomach, also made her begrudgingly admit that if they kept going like this she wouldn’t have any self control to stop it.

And their first time is not going to be in a literal forest.

“For the daughter of Nature, you’re far from pure.” Clarke smirked against Lexa’s lips. She felt Lexa’s responding smile and slowly, reluctantly, Clarke pulled herself away. She put her hands on Lexa’s chest, lightly pushing her back as she opened her eyes. “And you are far too distracting.”

Lexa’s smile was wide. “I learn from the best.”

Clarke gave her a playful shove before she finally left Lexa’s grip, already missing the contact of her hands on her back. She blew Lexa a kiss as she spun around, perking her ears to tried and find the sound of Raven and Anya arguing, which was what most likely was happening. She couldn’t stop smiling.

And far behind her, Lexa couldn’t either.

Chapter End Notes

i've been hinting subtly at what lexa is and you've no idea the relief i have at FINALLY being able to say it.
moving on, i hope you liked the chapter. part 2 will at most come out in another month, but i am officially on holidays now so i have a lot more time to write so HOPEFULLY part 2 will be in another week or two.
btw this chapter is fueled by milos the only warm thing in this bitchass winter much love to nestle

theres no trigedasleng for once so im not sure what to put here. uhh.. how are you?
Chapter Summary

I literally drew a goddamn diagram for the battle scene fucking strap in lads we’re diving headfirst into this shitfest here we damn go

Chapter Notes

magic, gay and a boss battle. What more could you want?
also yes i know this chapter is fucking INSANELY long, i know!! i wouldve cut it but im too impatient to wait a week to post the chapters so im dumping this fucking bad boy on you all. ill admit, some parts of this chapter was grueling to write but i am happy with how it turned out. this is the final battle lads, and lemme tell you, shit is gonna go DOWN.
(please dont hate me too much) (also! for that Full Immersion listen to Bear's Den - When You Break. Or, if you want something more fast-paced than listen to Unlike Pluto - No Scrubs ft. Joanna Jones (Cover)) (i wrote most of the battle shit in one go and theres going to be so many typos im soRry ill fix it after ive slept for 3 days)

Enjoy the final chapter! - but also a quick disclaimer for near the end that theres some really intense scenes. i want you all to remember that im not jrat. i have a soul and while ill admit i am a sucker for dark angst, i also love happy endings. and a happy ending is what youll get. please dont hate me, and also take care.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Lexa stop, you’re going to hurt yourself.”

Lexa scoffed. “I am perfectly fine Clarke.”

Clarke stared at her, having to bite back a smile. While Lexa was a sword wielding badass that could move mountains with sheer force of will – she was also a total idiot. A total stubborn idiot. Honestly Clarke didn’t know how Anya put up with her, though for a second she thought that maybe for once she was actually just experiencing the other end of the stick. Her own stubbornness was known and feared by many.

Fuck, she’d really met her match hadn’t she?

“You do realise that I will kill you if you manage to seriously injure yourself on our date.”

Her threat, however, did nothing but spur Lexa on. She turned to her with a smirk. “Date? Can you have dates when you’re about to go war?”

“Of course you can.” Clarke huffed. “You could have dates during the apocalypse. Anytime. Dates transcend whatever social custom restriction.”
Lexa’s lips twitched, but the woman was smart and didn’t let their conversation distract her. She turned back to the flower, a gorgeous determined thing hiding high in the branches of a tree, stubbornly staying alive. Clarke had caught it out of the corner of her eye and smiled. Lexa had noticed of course and followed her gaze, and upon finding it to be the lone flower she had smiled a little too. When they had kept walking and Clarke was forced to tear her sight from the flower she had made the terrible mistake of sighing. That, Lexa had noticed too.

“What’s wrong?” she had asked. Clarke felt silly about it but, hey, she was nearing the end of her teen years, right? She could be irrational.

“It’s just– The flower. It’s beautiful, if I could reach it I’d draw it or something but,” she shrugged.

“It’s fine.”

So now, here Clarke stood beneath that damn flower as Lexa crawled up the tree, creeping along the branches. This truly was meant to be a date, or something; it went unspoken that this was mostly meant to be a last opportunity of calm, a last breath of happiness before they go to war. Technically, it was a date. Clarke had asked Lexa out.

But there were too many hidden meanings that made it so much more.

“You’re the daughter of Nature,” Clarke called. “Can’t you just like, make the flower move or something?”

Lexa paused in her movements of reaching for a branch. She was just about level with the flower now. “The flower doesn’t want to move, Clarke.” She looked down at her frowning.

Clarke went to say a retort, when she realised that Lexa’s words had been completely serious. She hadn’t taken her sarcasm. Lexa worked Clarke’s speechlessness to her advantage and leapt, much to Clarke’s dismay, for a thick branch and clinging on desperately. She pulled herself up on it, and Clarke was suddenly exceedingly thankful her heart mostly didn’t beat. Otherwise she’d be having a heart attack right about now.

“You are such an idiot Lexa.” Clarke grumbled. Honestly, if Lexa fell off and didn’t die, she’d kill her anyway.

Seeming to easily ignore Clarke’s insults Lexa kept going. The branch began to bend slightly at her weight and even if Clarke tensed Lexa looked completely calm. Carefully, she crept along the branch, till finally she reached the flower. Lexa leant close to it, and despite how annoyed she was that Lexa was being an idiot like this, her heart softened as she heard her quietly whisper.

“I’m going to take you somewhere you’ll thrive better.” Then Lexa was carefully plucking the flower, holding it gently as if it were made of glass, before somehow maneuvering her way down the tree without falling. She landed on two feet with a triumphant smile.

And fine when Lexa smiled like that Clarke couldn’t hold on to her frustration even if she tried.

“You’re an idiot. An adorable, beautiful idiot.”

Lexa’s smile widened.

Clarke shook her head fondly before she couldn’t cross her arms anymore and instead treader over to her. She was still holding that flower, and now so close she could properly inspect it. It was small, five white pedals spreading out and a purple centre, thin little sticks poking out with tiny buds. It really was gorgeous. It had nothing on her girlfriend but-
Wait.

**Girlfriend.**

Was that what Lexa was? It had to be, right? After all the shit they’d gone through, the label felt almost trivial, because, really, she knew she loved her and that she also may lose her in the coming days. But even with that, Clarke was glancing up from the flower to Lexa and trying to search for something she didn’t know what for. She did love her, and they kissed, and they held hands and Lexa climbed trees just because she pointed out a pretty flower and Clarke couldn’t help but make Lexa stop every now again whenever she was in a particular breathtaking angle so she could try memorise the sight for drawing later and-

**Girlfriend.**

The word made her smile.

Lexa waved a hand in front of her. Clarke blinked when she realised the flower wasn’t in Lexa’s hands anymore and that they were sitting down. “Clarke?” she asked softly. “You okay?”

Clarke shook her head at herself. “I’m more than okay. Especially with you.”

Lexa rolled her eyes.

Clarke grinned at her, and when Lexa merely just gave her a look she leant forward and pressed her lips against hers. At first it was a relatively innocent kiss, but then Lexa’s tongue was suddenly in her mouth and hers was in Lexa’s and there were very *not* innocent sounds coming out of her throat. They were in a park, a deserted one since the town had been mostly evacuated, and it meant that while they were in the open they had privacy. They had enough for her hand slip around Lexa’s neck and pull her closer so their bodies were flush, enough for Lexa’s hands to snake around her waist and dug her nails into her hips, taking advantage of her riding up shirt.

But with some last few thoughts of coherency, she knew that now wasn’t the time. Except…

She could enjoy it a *little* longer.

A little longer easily fell into a *lot* longer. They made out for so long that Clarke was left panting for breath and her entire body felt on fire. Lexa looked the same, but it was when Lexa was crawling over her, Clarke lying beneath on the grass, that Clarke couldn’t take it anymore.

“Will you be my girlfriend?” she blurted out.

Lexa was still trying to even her breathing as well, but at Clarke’s question her eyes, the pupils expanded, brighten impossibly brighter. She slowly leant down and kissed her. Lexa kissed her hard, hard enough that she almost actually forgot what she’d asked Lexa. But apparently Lexa was telepathic, because the moment she remembered what she’d asked, Lexa was mumbling a *yes* against her lips.

They managed to stop kissing. Eventually.

It probably took longer than it should have.

Lexa was lying down now, Clarke resting her head on her *girlfriend’s* chest with a wide dopy grin. Lexa’s fingers lazily played with Clarke’s hair and fuck but if it wasn’t the most damn calming thing she had ever experienced. For the first time in days Clarke actually felt at peace. For a moment, she could forget everything. Instead she focused on the hands in her hair and the heartbeat her ear was
pressed right up against to. The slow, gentle breathing that had Clarke fighting with everything she could to stay awake. It was a trying battle. She was wrapped up in Lexa’s arms and she just felt so utterly and completely safe that it was overwhelming her in comfort.

“Where’s the flower?” Clarke mumbled. Her eyes may have been closed but she wasn’t asleep. She’d deny it, but she was exhausted. She had barely slept with everything going on and it seemed like her body was finally catching up to her.

Lexa chuckled softly, and Clarke’s stomach did flips when she could feel the entire thing. Right down to the vibrations. “I put them down and coaxed the ground to accept them. It was stubborn at first but,” Clarke lifted her head to see that Lexa was staring down at her with a smirk, “I seem to have a talent for getting my way.”

Clarke raised her closest arm and playfully slapped Lexa’s stomach. “You’re terrible.”

“Perhaps.”

Clarke shook her head against Lexa’s chest before she reached up a bit and planted a soft kiss at her collarbone. Soon she resumed her original position and Lexa’s fingers were back to their mindless playing of her hair. The feeling was amazing, it really was, and Clarke was honestly putty in Lexa’s hands at this point. Massaging her hair Lexa could probably get away with anything, so Clarke promptly decided that Lexa could never know. She may be something of an angel sent from the heavens, but Lexa was smart. Something of this proportion couldn’t be let out.

They got another twenty minutes of peace, before everything was broken.

It came with a scout, bursting through into the open park and breathing hard, staggering to a halt in front of his Heda. Clarke perhaps took a little too long in getting off Lexa, but it wasn’t really her fault. Lexa was comfy and safe and warm and fuck she really didn’t want to go back to reality for at least another couple hours.

Clearly fate had other plans.

“Heda,” the scout nodded, a boy that looked a little older than them. “I come with urgent news.”

“I had ordered that I’d be left alone this morning.” Lexa growled. “No interruptions.”

The scout paled obviously terrified on getting on Lexa’s bad side. Considering the way Lexa was openly glaring at him like she was genuinely contemplating his death, Clarke didn’t blame him. “I’m sorry Heda, but it’s news of Alie.” Like that every last trace of warmth and calm was abruptly taken from her. The scout glanced nervously between the two stone cold gazes at him. “Th-There was an attack. Alie went into a bank where some of the last civilians had stayed. She… she killed them all. Took all their souls, their energies.”

Lexa sucked in a sharp breath. “How many dead?” she whispered.

“Ten,” the scout answered.

Clarke wanted to scream. Fuck. *Fuck.* This was- shit, this was just. *Fuck.*

Though Clarke could see the tension in Lexa’s jaw, she stood still and her thoughts were apparently a lot less jumbled. “Call a meeting. I shall return home immediately. *Yu oden, ban op.*”

The scout nodded furiously as he spun around, sprinting back through the trees.
Clarke turned to Lexa, hating the dread and fear in her stomach that must have showed on her face. In her defense Lexa wasn’t faring any better. Still, Clarke reached out her hand, winding it with Lexa’s.

“We’ll be alright.” Clarke whispered.

Lexa looked at her like she didn’t believe her, and Clarke didn’t believe herself either.

They left the park quickly, even if a selfish part of Clarke never wanted to leave. She had gotten a taste of a life with Lexa without this war, and it left her starving. She wanted to stay. But she also knew she couldn’t. Clarke didn’t know if it made her feel any better, but as they left she did catch the way Lexa glanced back, stared at the gap in the trees where they had sat, before she clenched her jaw and turned away.

The news of Alie’s attack signaled something that none of them were ready for.

It shouldn’t be. They still weren’t prepared. They were still in a standoff with the Council and even if by some miracle Lexa managed to convince her own people to not attack the vampires coming in, there was no way to stop the vampires themselves to turn on them. The only way was through if the Council ordered it. And Jaha, someone who Clarke was really considering killing soon, still refused it. His excuse was it would endanger the hunter’s lives but Clarke knew it was actually because he hated them.

She sort of understood. Teaming up with the people who had done nothing but kill their own was definitely something to cause hesitation, but with an enemy like this, as powerful as this – it shouldn’t be enough to refuse the cooperation all together.

Lexa was a fast walker, and soon they were bursting through the front door and storming through the base. Clarke kept near her, and she couldn’t deny that it was embarrassingly attractive seeing Lexa snapping orders at everyone as they marched through like it was second nature.

Clarke followed Lexa into her house. They quickly moved upstairs and to the far back, to a room that had been apparently dubbed as the war planning room now. She was surprised to find that Octavia was already there, as well as Indra. She offered Octavia a nod and was relieved to find she responded the same. Clarke’s eyes briefly flicked over to Indra’s. Since she didn’t want to accidentally start a fight, Clarke refrained from doing anything else but look away.

Soon the rest of the gang was joining them. Thankfully it didn’t take long and to Clarke’s surprise Raven was actually on time, though she was getting the creeping suspicion that it had to do with Anya. The pair had come in together and they both looked oddly flustered. When everyone was here and waiting for the inevitable planning to start, Raven had shot her a grin, and while that was normal the way Anya had smiled a little at seeing it too, was not as much.

But this was something she would address at another time.

Clarke saw Lexa take in a deep shuddering breath, so under the table she subtly reached out her hand and intertwined it with Lexa’s. The moment she did she felt Lexa squeeze their joined grip tightly and that was enough for Clarke to know that Lexa was thankful. They shared a quick glance, more a flick of the eyes, but even from the bare contact alone Clarke felt the knot in her chest loosen. With the way Lexa’s grip hung a little looser Clarke assumed she felt the same.

“You’ve all heard of the attack?” Lexa asked, looking around the room. Every head responded with
the same grim nod. Clarke felt Lexa’s grip tighten on her hand. “Then you all understand that we must plan and begin our attacks.”

There was the opening statement.

And, of course, it wasn’t a second before came the first argument.

Anya started it. “Heda, I know this is what we have to do, but you almost died just a few days ago. You can’t go off diving headfirst into battle again so soon.”

“I’m fine, Anya. I sustained no resounding injuries from the battle at the mountain.”

“You landed yourself into a coma for two days.” Anya growled. “You’re not a god Lexa, and you’re not invincible.”

Under her breath Clarke caught how Raven muttered, “yeah but she’s the daughter of one.”

Anya threw Raven a glare. Apparently Raven hadn’t spoken quiet enough.

“Anya I am perfectly fine for battle. And even if I wasn’t, I’m still leading this war. It was my choice to stay and to stop this, and that’s what we’ll do.” Anya went to say something in objection but Lexa raised a hand. Clarke almost gaped when Anya instantly shut her jaw. “This is not a debate. I am Heda, and I will be fighting. You cannot change this Anya. I’m sorry.”

Though a tense silence followed Lexa’s proclamation with worryingly impressive glares on both sides, slowly, Anya’s shoulders fell and she ground her teeth. She gave Lexa a stiff nod. From under the table, where Lexa and hers hands still remained joined, she felt Lexa relax.

“Thank you.” Lexa murmured quietly. No one bothered to ask why Lexa was thankful, everyone already knew it was in thanks of avoiding a fight in a time like this. “Okay. So, our goal is take down Alie. This attack has proven that, yes, while she obviously has power and is willing to take what she needs to use it, it’s also proved that she’s weak. This attack would have actually hurt her in the long run. Now that people have died from the… ‘gas leak’, the remaining civilians will make haste to evacuate.”

“Meaning she has no obvious source for souls.” Raven finished. She shook her head with a grey smile. “Who knew a mass homicide could back fire on her?”

“Raven.” Clarke warned.

Raven glared at her from the chiding, but she said nothing more.

“Has there been any word from the Council?” Octavia asked.

At the heavy silence and way everyone seemed to shoot each other the same grim looks the answer was obvious, but still, Clarke spoke up. “No. I talked to my mother and there’s… Jaha’s answer is still the same. He wants us to leave.”

“He wants the hunters to leave,” Raven clarified. “Not us.”

Anya snorted. “If you think you’re not included as a ‘hunter’ in their eyes now after Clarke’s stunt at the meeting,” Anya briefly caught her eye, and Clarke was surprised to find no malice there. “Then you’re delusional. You’re one of us now champ.”

“Fuck off.” Raven scowled, slapping Anya’s hands away when she tried to pull her into a mock hug.
But there was a hidden smile in the way Raven bit her lip and Clarke had seen that smile only with certain people. Her eyes narrowed on Anya, but again, this really wasn’t the time.

“And ours?” Octavia questioned.

Lexa tightened her jaw. “Without a guarantee that the coming vampires won’t attack there’s too much unease. There are few that are willing to fight for a side that will mostly likely turn on them. They have a right to be, and it’s…” Lexa took her hand out of Clarke’s hold so she could grip the edge of the table. “There’s little chance of cooperation without a deal between us and the Council.”

“So… we have nothing then.”

“We don’t have nothing.” Clarke snapped, shooting Raven a harsh look. “We have us. We have an army right here. With or without the Council, we have enough to fight.” When no one said anything, Clarke scoffed, glancing around the room. “No. We’re not giving up now. Look at this, look at this room alone. We have two vampires, a werewolf, a skinwalker, a hunter with years and years training, for fucks sake, we have a literal daughter of Mother Nature. We’re going to fight this, we’re surviving this.”

“Listen, it doesn’t matter what we have, Alie is a centuries old being. Mother Nature herself bound her because she thought she was dangerous. And, no offence Lexa, but Alie actually knows what the hell she’s doing. She’s able to create another set of herself so she can’t die; she’s mastered fucking immortality! Not only that but she has the reapers and mountain men who we barely got out alive from when we saved you from the mountain. Reapers and mountain men alone, those are shit odds, add in Alie?” Raven scoffed. “Yeah. Let’s just say I’ve already picked out my coffin.”

“You’re a vampire Raven, isn’t that where you live?”

Raven slammed her fist onto the table. It broke through. “Shit Clarke! Are you not listening to me? We’re going to die. Our best bet is to run. This isn’t our fight.”

“This isn’t our fight?” Clarke repeated in disbelief. “Are you kidding me Raven? The curse on Alie literally traces back to me. All this shit started with me, with my bloodline. This is completely our fight. It was my blood that brought her back.”

“You just became you again Clarke, and your first move is to be running back to the people who turned you?” Raven hissed. “These are the mountain men Clarke. These are fucking reapers you would be fighting.”

Clarke was just about to jump to her responding argument at Raven’s comment when Anya suddenly intervened with a question of her own.

“Will that be a problem? For you, I mean. The mountain men?” Anya asked, narrowing her eyes.

Clarke’s mouth was hung open from being cutoff mid argument, and she slowly brought it to a close. “What are you saying?” Clarke muttered carefully.

“You know what I’m saying.” Clarke felt Lexa tense from beside her. “The mountain men would have Red, you wouldn’t be tempted to take it and join them would you?”

Clarke felt a ripple of tension go through her till she was numb.

Apparently that tension leaked into the room as well.

“I am going to believe, for the sake of everyone here, that you didn’t just say that.”
Anya stiffened. Though they were on opposite sides of the table she still stepped forward. “Why? Because if so, than I need to know. You think I didn’t see what happened with Pike back in the mountain? I saw you stop. I saw you choose the drug over killing him.”

“I was addicted. This isn’t“

“And Raven’s right, you’d be going back to the people who got you addicted. How can I trust that-“

“That’s enough Anya!” Lexa snapped. Her voice was like a whip.

Clarke had been so caught up in her argument with Raven and Anya she hadn’t noticed how truly angry Lexa had been growing. She could see it in the way a particular muscle twitched in her jaw, how it flicked out to the side.

“That’s enough.” Lexa repeated, whispering. She glanced around the deathly quiet room. Thankfully no one was stupid enough to go against an angry Lexa. “Clarke is cured. I put it in her and saw it with my own eyes. She isn’t any bit reaper like you’re implying Anya. And you will believe her word on what she stands on with no objections.”

Anya balled her fists, but she said nothing.

Lexa slowly turned her gaze to Clarke. Clarke felt her heart melt a little when instantly that cold mask of indifference slipped from her face like water. “Do you believe we needn’t worry about the Red?” she asked softly.

“No,” Clarke replied equally as soft. “No, I’ll be fine.”

Lexa gave her a nod before she turned back to the group. “Then this matter is done, and you will back down Anya.”

Anya shook her head. “Heda we don’t-“


Clarke had picked some understanding of trigedasleng as a reaper, most of the reapers were hunters turned, and for survival she had to know what her rivals were speaking. But even if she didn’t know much trigedasleng it was obvious how what Lexa had said was a challenge, and from the way that Anya actually hesitated on the immediate urge to back down, meant that things could get very bad very fast. Anya stood still, the pair staring each other down. The apprehension was so thick it felt like a weight was pressing on Clarke’s chest.

Clarke watched as, gratefully, Anya slowly stepped back.

“No. Bosh moba, Heda.”

The tension eased, if ever so slightly. Even if Lexa tried to hide it Clarke could see the relief through the cracks in Lexa’s mask. “Don teik in.” She nodded.

No one talked for a good minute. When Anya and Lexa’s continued stare finally broke off, Clarke once again slipped her hand under the table and blindly reached for Lexa’s. Lexa clasped it immediately and squeezed tight.

This was a mess.
The meeting went on for so long that Clarke was beyond relieved to call it a day when the opportunity came. That argument with Anya hadn’t been the last, and more than once did Lexa and Anya butt heads, though it was usually when Lexa was defending her. Clarke appreciated it, but she also didn’t want to drive a wedge between the two sisters so a few times did Clarke intervene. The room was filing out now. Indra had bid Lexa goodnight and though she didn’t say anything to her, Clarke did notice the faint barely-there nod that Indra had offered her. Clarke supposed it was some type of olive branch and had pounced at it hastily with a responding bob of the head.

Her and Lexa had been sharing a bed since they’d gotten here. It was nice, so unexplainably nice to be able to curl up by her side each night. As much as they were approaching doomsday, the fact that her and Lexa got to get as close to living together as they could Clarke thoroughly enjoyed. They got ready for bed in silence, not for any reason but that, for now, there was nothing to stay. Not yet anyway.

Eventually Clarke found herself lying in the bed that was beginning to smell not just like Lexa anymore but her too. It made her oddly happy, though Clarke assumed this was some vampire thing. Probably. Because, it was weird to be content about finding your scent on the person you love’s bed, right? She hoped so. Otherwise, well, that’s something Raven will have a field day with if she found out.

A smile spread on her face as she felt Lexa move in under the covers. Clarke rolled onto her side so she faced her, glad to find Lexa in the same position, their faces so close their noses almost touched. That ‘almost’ bugged Clarke, so she leant forward and connected their lips. And as much as Clarke loved kissing Lexa, she was also tired, and so the slide of lips was lazy and soft. Soon they were pulling away and Clarke snuck an arm over Lexa’s waist. Even with closed eyes, Clarke could hear the smile in Lexa’s voice.

“Koala mode has activated early I see.”

Clarke hummed, already feeling the allure of sleep calling to her. “Keep up with that attitude and maybe I will go drop bear on you.”

“If I had known you’d be this clingy…”

Clarke opened her eyes to glower but instead she was met with the sight of Lexa grinning so freely that her heart thudded in her chest like a drum. It wasn’t fair to go against a sight like that. She was utterly powerless when Lexa smiled liked that. “Nothing would have changed,” Clarke eventually got out. Lexa stared at her, probably readying an argument, before she smiled that breathtaking smile and laughed quietly.

“You’re most likely correct.”

“Dork,” Clarke said with a smile, booping her nose against Lexa’s.

“Your dork.”

“Oh my god do you ever stop?” Clarke chuckled.

Lexa smirked. “Not for you.”

Clarke playfully pushed Lexa with one hand. She shook her head. “You’re so bad. It’s embarrassing.”

“I shall take that as a compliment.”
“I’ll be you will.”

Clarke’s eyes drifted shut. As much as Clarke was indeed a koala when it came to snuggling, the clinging wasn’t one sided, and soon Lexa was nudging closer to her too and wrapping an arm around her. The feeling of being completely surrounded by Lexa and her warmth had a soft purr vibrating at the back of her throat and the second she made the sound Clarke froze. She felt Lexa freeze too.

Clarke stubbornly kept her eyes closed, like that would change her mortification.

“Clarke did you just purr?”

“…No.”

She heard Lexa laugh. “Oh my god. You really did.”

“Lexa I swear if you talk shit or mock or some-”

“Hey, Clarke what are you talking about?” Clarke felt sudden gentle hands touching her jaw, and she let her eyes flutter open. Lexa was gazing at her with complete sincerity. “Hey. I’d never mock you, not for who you are. Nor do you have anything to feel embarrassed about. This is you. And I lo…” Clarke saw Lexa swallow. “You’re you, there’s nothing wrong with that.”

Clarke stared at her, her eyes flicking between Lexa’s own. If she wasn’t a vampire, she didn’t know if she’d even be able to see Lexa in this light. Clarke blinked the moisture out of her eyes. “Lexa are we going to make this?” she whispered.

Saying it out loud made it feel like a kick to the gut. It didn’t matter if she had spent the past three hours arguing heatedly that they were going survive, that there wasn’t another option, because here, hidden under the covers with Lexa wrapped around her, Clarke didn’t have to pretend. Lexa reached forward and gently tucked a piece of stray hair behind her ear. Clarke leaned into the touch.

“Of course we are.” Lexa murmured, not breaking her gaze. “There’s no other option.”

“To survive is the unlikely option. To die, if I wanted to make money that’s where I’d bet.”

Lexa leaned forward and kissed her forehead. “Then it’s a good thing you don’t gamble. Clarke, we’re going to survive this. I swear to you. We’re not going to die.”

Clarke pulled her arm back from Lexa’s waist, instead reaching down and grasping Lexa’s hand. She tugged it up to her mouth and pressed a soft kiss to Lexa’s knuckles. “Together. That’s how we’ll survive. As one.”

Lexa didn’t say anything.

“We have each other. I have you. You have me. With that we can… we can take anything. Right?”

“Right,” Lexa murmured.

Clarke kept her tears at bay with sheer force of will. “Promise me Lexa. We’ll stay together. No matter what.”

Lexa didn’t reply immediately, and even if Clarke was wanting desperately to hear Lexa say it, sleep was getting harder and harder to resist. Still, she stubbornly held it off, so only once she heard Lexa’s barely audible, okay, did she finally give in and let sleep take her.
She fell asleep holding tight to Lexa’s hand.

- 

It was at the late hours of night when Lexa made the decision.

When the sun was long gone and the stars shone like fires in the sky did Lexa carefully ease herself out of bed, mindful not to wake Clarke. Untying her grip on her hand had been tricky. She didn’t wake her, though she was pretty sure it was because of just how plainly exhausted Clarke was. Not that the blonde would ever admit it. Lexa gave her a small smile in the dark. She put on her armour and gear, but just before she left, she paused by the door on her way out, and carefully she edged back till she was by her bed again. Gently she kissed Clarke’s head. With a quiet whisper of words she wouldn’t dare say when Clarke was awake Lexa pulled herself up and finally left her room.

No one saw her on her way out.

Lexa made sure. She stuck to the shadows, even if it was already near pitch black anyway. If anyone saw her they’d stop her, and right now this was something that she couldn’t let be stopped. She knew that Anya would call her a moron for what she was about to do. Clarke too. Even Indra would speak out against her for it.

But that didn’t matter.

Because Lexa was going to go after Alie.

She had been hoping to avoid this. But after the talks of the plans they didn’t have and knowledge they wouldn’t be able to get in time, it just suddenly struck Lexa how disadvantaged they really were. No, not even disadvantaged, just plain *fucked*. They had nothing. The enemy had everything. How could Lexa let her people go to war like that? Offer their lives in a pointless cause where they had no chance at winning?

She had to end this now. That was what had to happen.

What she had to do.

The night air was cool, goose bumps prickling her arms. Lexa didn’t want to admit it, but part of the reason she was out here was also due to Clarke, to the way she had whispered those words before they fell asleep. With just them and no one else, no pretenses to hold Clarke had asked the question that Lexa repeated in her head over and over again.

*Are we going to make it?*

That was why she had to do this. If she could take out Alie, then wiping the last of the mountain men and reapers would be legions easier. It would save so many lives of her people. Clarke had made her promise that together, only together could they do this. But Lexa couldn’t do that. This was something *she* had to do. It was too dangerous for Clarke, for anyone, this was something she had to do alone. She was out of the base now, trailing through the streets. She took in a deep breath, and perhaps the wind was feeling a bit of pity for her, because the breath was long and thankfully eased some of the anxiety in her chest.

*“Chil au.”* Lexa whispered to herself.
Nature had said that she could sense Alie. And, in turn, Alie could sense her. But if she could sense her than she could find her. So. Now all she had to do was… open her senses or whatever. Right? Just…

“Couldn’t have left some instructions?” Lexa grumbled to no one. Well, maybe no one, was Mother Nature always watching her? Like how the world always had been too?

Not the time for questions like that.

Lexa closed her eyes. She let out a slow breath, willed her heart to calm, and carefully crawled through her mind. She pushed back till she felt that presence that hung right at the back of her mind that seemed to act as a sort of backdoor into the connections with the earth. She slipped through, digging through the multiple threads of energy around her. It was hard not to get distracted. There were so many, so many forces calling out to her, waves of excitement and apprehension that weren’t her own flooding her. Lexa frowned, tilting her head slightly.

There. That thread, it was thicker than the others. And darker. Heavier. That must be Alie. She reached out and let her mind wrap a tentative finger around the thread, and the second the contact was made Lexa suddenly knew exactly where Alie was. Actually, she knew more than that. She could feel what she was feeling.

Lexa didn’t know what she was expecting. What do you expect a supreme evil being to feel? Evil-ness? An urge for violence at the very least?

It was very weird when she felt nothing but boredom. Such a human boredom.

She let go of the connection fast. As much as it called to her curiosity to stay, she had read enough books to know that the connection was most likely two ways. If she wanted any semblance of surprise against Alie then she couldn’t let her know that she was coming. Lexa’s eyes fluttered open. She had to blink a few times to get herself back.

She had a destination now.

With new determination in her steps Lexa began moving. At first she walked, but anxiety made her legs pump faster till she was running. Not too intense to wind her but enough so she wasn’t wasting too much time. The quicker this was over the better. As much as Clarke was exhausted, Lexa had learnt that she noticed fast when she disappeared from bed. It’d be better to get back before she woke.

Lexa had been getting better at communicating with the elements. She didn’t need to manually search them out anymore, as she had grown to recognise each of the energies and the way they felt. Without speaking out loud Lexa asked the wind to give her some extra speed and was relieved to find it answering not a second later. She was surprised when she found the ground suddenly helping her without having to ask. When she moved herself to the grass she could feel the slight push the dirt offered, giving additional power to her steps.

Eventually she slowed down as she approached an alleyway, and with a quiet mutter of goodbye the wind stopped pushing her and ground fell back into silence.

Lexa swallowed but her throat was so dry it felt like gulping sand.

She knew Alie was hiding in the alley. Hiding or waiting or maybe even just wasting time considering the boredom she had felt before. Briefly she thought maybe to reach out with her mind and see if she could see what Alie was planning, but in the end she thought better of it. No, she had
to go in now. Either that or turn back. This was her last chance to back out.

For a moment her foot inched backwards, but then Lexa shook her head and muttered *fuck it* and instead pushed forward.

The initial tightness of the alleyway lead into a bigger open space, the red brick walls the buildings surrounding them. The ground was cobble, some of the stones cracked, and there, sitting atop a closed dumpster seemingly without a care in the world, was a woman with black hair and a red dress. Her hazel eyes slowly turned to meet Lexa’s green ones, and Lexa found it unnerving how just plain… inhuman the woman’s gaze felt.

Alie smiled, all pearly white teeth. Lexa thought it felt more like a wolf grinning at its prey. “Dear sister, what a pleasant surprise.”

“I’m not your sister.”

“Well, half-sister I suppose. But, as humans say, tomatoy, tomahoto.” She waved a hand indifferently. “It’s our mother that matters anyway. Not whatever mortal she tried for.”

Lexa stepped forward. “I’m here to stop you Alie.”

“To stop me?” Alie grinned wide. With an amount of grace that shouldn’t be possible she slipped off the dumpster so she was standing, all perfect poise and power. “And why dear would you want to do that?”

“You’re a killer.” Lexa said, gritting her teeth. Alie actually chuckled.

“Hardly. You, dear sister, have ended many more lives than I.”

Lexa blinked. “Excuse me?”

Alie took a step forward and it took all of Lexa’s willpower to not edge back. “You are a hunter. The leader, if I’m not mistaken. You’ve ended countless vamperic lives. You’ve killed humans when you attacked the mountain. Your body count climbs far higher than mine.”

“That’s not the same.”

“No?” Alie raised a single brow, tilting her head. “Do you not see vampires as lives? Are they nothing more than a parasite to you that you must rid?”

Lexa hesitated on her immediate reply, and Alie smiled because she knew she’d gotten her. “I’ve changed my views. I was… wrong to assume all vampires were the same.”

“Because of that Griffin vampire, yes?”

Lexa unsheathed her sword in the blink of an eye. Alie’s gaze flicked over to the threatening metal, but her face didn’t show anything but amusement.

“Dear, if you are wanting to fight, than human weapons are unacceptable.” Alie flicked her hand and despite Lexa’s stubborn grip her sword was ripped from her hand and discarded to the side. Instantly Lexa snatched the dagger at her thigh and threw it at Alie with deadly accuracy, but the woman merely raised her hand and the blade stopped centimeters from contact.

Lexa stared wide-eyed as Alie plucked the dagger out of thin air with nothing but curiosity, examining the blade before dropping it to the ground with a clatter.
Alie sighed. “Sister, I am not looking for a fight. You obviously think ill of me, which, considering your sources, is understandable, so as an act of faith I will ignore your attempts to kill me.” She paused, squinting her eyes at Lexa before turning her unnerving gaze onto a pile of broken wooden scaffolding in the corner. She reached out her hand towards the pile before dragging her fingers in front of her and pointing just next to Lexa. Lexa frowned, but her expression morphed into shock when the wooden scaffolding began moving on its own, zipping over to where Alie was pointing and reassembling itself into the shape of a chair.

This had been a bad fucking idea.

Alie nodded at the newly made chair. “Take a seat, dear.”

Lexa didn’t move.

Alie let out a huff, like Lexa was nothing more than a misbehaving child, when she pointed at Lexa and drew her finger to the chair. Lexa felt harsh wind wrap around her and shove her into the chair without being able to stop it. Instantly she tried to break out, but cuffs suddenly wrapped around her ankles and wrists from the chair. She winced from the texture of the rough wood.

“Honestly, where are the manners? Clearly that is something you all seem to have lost in these past six hundred years. Now,” Alie gave her a smile that made Lexa’s skin crawl. “We can finally talk.”

“There is nothing for you to say,” Lexa growled. She struggled in her restraints but felt nothing give.

“That is where you are wrong. You see, everything you know comes from the wrong side of history. I’ve been reading my dear, all these human’s history, all the repeats of war and famine and blood. And you know what I’ve come across to find?”

“You will not survive this Alie.”

“What I’ve found,” Alie went on, ignoring Lexa, “is that history is written by the victors. Which is what has happened with my story, you see.” She clasped her hands together. “Everything you know about me comes from the perspective of Peter, the so-called ‘protector’ of our line, who attempted to murder me for no discernable reason.”

Lexa scoffed. “You killed your sister. That counts as reason.”

“I didn’t kill her. She attacked me without warning. Her death was…” Alie shook her head sadly. “You would be able to understand, wouldn’t you? You could imagine the pain I felt at losing a sister? What if Anya were to suddenly turn on you with no explanation and try to destroy you?”

Lexa burst forward so hard the cuffs at her ankles creaked to the point it could break, when a sudden gust of wind slammed into her chest and sent her back. Though it felt like the pressure pushing against her was going to break her ribs, she managed to push out between strained breaths. “Don’t you dare speak her name.”

Alie sighed, but she flicked her hand and wind at Lexa’s chest disappeared. Lexa came back wheezing. “Of course. She is dear to you. My apologies. But, surely you understand some amount of the pain I felt, yes? I never wanted to hurt her, especially kill her. It was Peter and his wretched words. Twisting her and molding her views, her mind. He made her kill me. He made me kill my own sister.”

“I feel no sympathy for you Alie,” Lexa stated, her words still slightly winded. “Even if your deluded story is correct, you never had to kill her. Only incapacitate. You murdered her. That was all you.”
Alie, much to Lexa’s anger, merely shook her head at Lexa’s words. “You have been corrupted by another Griffin. It is fine. I know now the signs, what to search for. And you, you I will save this time. I couldn’t save my sister than, but I can save my sister now.”

Lexa was already forming her responding insult, but after properly processing what Alie had said, she stilled. “…What are you saying?”

“I want to help you, sister. When I first awoke my intent was solely to end you, I shall admit. I was worried you were too far gone, would stop at nothing to kill me. But then I learnt about you. Who you are, what you’ve done. You have already seen that vampires are wrong, despicable creatures that should be nothing but dead. And not just a solider no, but a leader.” Alie smiled at her. “Yes. I realised that you already knew the way. You had just been led off-path by Griffin. Do not worry, I intend to help you sister, and rid you of Griffin’s influence.”

Lexa felt fury spark her veins. “You fucking dare to harm Clarke and I will slit your throat before you can blink!” she snarled.

But Alie didn’t even flinch from the threat. Instead she knelt down in front of Lexa, staring up at her. “Do not fear. I am glad that you came to me alone. I was worried that I’d have to find some way to lead you out the way of harm, but I see now that a part of you is already looking for help.” Alie laid a gentle hand on her leg. “And I will gladly offer it. I will not lose another of my own because of a Griffin once more.”

“I came here to end you!” Lexa fumed.

“For now.” Alie slowly stood up. “I shall keep you here. I do not wish you any harm, sister. I want us to stand together. We are far better than anything else that walks this earth. We created the land we stand upon. And together, we shall lead it.” She took a step back, and Lexa felt panic unlike anything she had ever felt grip her heart.

“No! Don’t hurt her! Don’t you fucking hurt her!”

Alie paused. She tilted her head. “You love her, don’t you?” she asked.

Lexa was so desperate to stop her she eagerly nodded her head. “Yes. With all I have.”

“Love is a rare thing to find. And for you to find it so young… I am happy for you, sister.”

“Please,” Lexa pleaded. “Don’t. Don’t hurt her.”

“Love is something even I have yet to learn.” Alie dipped her head. “As you wish. I shall not hurt her.” Relief caved onto Lexa’s chest like a wave. “I want us to work together, so I shall do this as an act of good faith, an olive branch, if you will. Her death will be quick. Even if I’d thoroughly enjoy to bring pain to the relative of the man who destroyed me… I shall do this for you. She will not feel a thing.”

“No,” Lexa breathed. How could this be happening? “No, please-“

“It will hurt sister, that I know. And I’m sorry. But this is what must be done. Without Griffin you can truly thrive and become what you are meant to be. Trust in that I am doing this for you.”

Alie turned away, and now Lexa was shaking in her restraints. She felt the wind come back pushing against her but she didn’t care. “Don’t you touch her! I will kill you! I’ll fucking end you Alie!”

But Alie didn’t show any signs of caring for Lexa’s threats. She kept walking, her shoulders calm
and steps relaxed. And suddenly, that was when it hit her. Alie was going to kill Clarke. She was going to go after her and it was her fault. She was going to lose her, again, was going to have to mourn over her like she had when Clarke was turned to a reaper. But this would be so much worse. So much worse.

She had promised Clarke they were going to survive.

And Lexa was keeping that promise.

She stopped struggling. Alie had been right, human weapons weren’t going to cut it. That wasn’t how she was getting out of this. But if Alie wanted her to play her games then fine – fucking play she will. Lexa took in a deep breath before she reached back into her mind and flung open that backdoor, but this time, this time she kept it open. She didn’t close it but dove in head first, grabbed as many threads as she could.

First, she found the thread of the wood holding her, and with all her mental strength ripped it apart. Suddenly she fell to the ground as the chair that had been holding her fell apart into nothing but broken chipped pieces.

Second, she grabbed the thread of the nearby wind and tied it around her wrist, mentally speaking. She snatched the energies of the stone around her as well, wrapping it tight between her fingers.

And third?

Third, she stood up; splinters on her wrists making them bleed, and aimed her burning gaze at Alie. For the first time in their entire encounter, Lexa saw Alie freeze. Saw her slowly turn around and look at Lexa like she was a threat. Not a sister, not a pawn. But a true threat.

“Not her.” Lexa muttered.

And before Alie could react Lexa raised her hand and demanded, not asked, that the wind do whatever she ask. There was only a second of hesitancy when Alie’s body was flung backward and smashed into the brick wall with an echoing crack. Lexa didn’t waste any time with a cocky speech. She had seen enough movies to know that was a bad idea. She lifted her hand high and Alie rose with it, the wind holding her by the neck. Lexa closed her hand into a fist and suddenly Alie was choking.

But Alie was grinning as she struggled in the air. “I underestimated you sister,” she coughed out, the wind slowly crushing her throat. “I shall not make that mistake again.”

Just as the wind should have squeezed out her last breath Alie’s face contorted into a snarl and she flung a hand at Lexa. Lexa had been expecting wind and so was bracing herself for it, but it wasn’t the wind that Alie had been controlling, and Lexa noticed just in time the large slab of brick wall coming for her. She was forced to let Alie go from the dive, however she hadn’t moved as fast as she should have, and the edges of slab hit her chest, slamming her to the ground. Coughing the dust out of her lungs from the debris Lexa scrambled up to her feet.

Alie was striding towards her. “Uh uh, not so fast.” Lexa tried to use the wind to pick up the left over rock and throw it at her but Alie was faster. Lexa had been standing close to the concrete wall behind her and before she could do anything two stone arms burst out and wrapped around her stomach. Alie smiled and Lexa growled, hurriedly crawling through her mind and searching for the thread of the stone around her. It took her faster to find than last time and she tore the thread apart with her teeth. The stone holding her fell lifeless to the ground and taking advantage of Alie’s shock Lexa snapped her gaze to the side.
She jerked out her hand and threw her previously discarded sword at Alie from behind. Alie deflected the blade, but the force of Lexa’s throw had been a little too much, and the blade skimmed her arm. Alie lurched back with a hiss, Lexa bolting for the alleyway she had come through to get here. She didn’t get far before she was thrown sideways into a wall.

Lexa groaned, trying to blink her way through the dizziness in her head. The sides of her chest pulsed with pain. She tried to stand up but instantly she was falling down. Her jaded green eyes raised in time to see Alie walking towards her, that same, unearthly smile on her face. Lexa forced herself onto her elbows to try and push herself up. It didn’t work.

“Well, you are certainly full of surprises. You’ve come into your powers fast I see.”

Lexa summoned some of the brick debris around her to aim at Alie. She flung them at her but Alie flicked her hand and the debris flew themselves into a wall.

“Your efforts are admirable. I knew I was right to keep you alive.”

Lexa spat a mouthful blood to the ground. She went to push herself up when a sudden impossible weight on her back forced her to stay down. “Jok of.” Lexa breathed.

Alie crouched down so she was in front of Lexa. She tilted her head. “That language, it is your hunters’, yes?”

“Fuck you. There, better in English?” Lexa said the words with a grin, even if she was struggling immensely to breathe right now.

“For that, I may consider dragging out the Griffin’s death. Clarke, wasn’t it? While this has been amusing, it has also been slightly irritating. And I would gladly bring pain to her. Maybe…” Alie leaned forward, her face hovering in front of Lexa’s. “Maybe, just because of that, I won’t make it so quick. In my time, we had many ways to hurt, but not kill. If I had my way, I’d let it drag for hours.”

Lexa hastily searched through the threads in her mind, but when she found the one of the wind holding her down and went to rip it, she was met with resistance. It wasn’t tearing.

“I was going to do this as an act of good faith but, clearly you don’t want that. Perhaps I should try another method?” Alie hummed. “Yes, perhaps, punishment over reward. Clarke will die slow and with pain, so that way whenever you think of trying something like this again, you remember the consequences.”

Why wasn’t it fucking tearing? Lexa pulled at the thread harder, dug her nails, her teeth, but it wouldn’t give. Fuck.

Alie laughed. She leaned back. “Without Griffin you will understand. You will thank me when this is done.”

Close. She was so close. She felt the thread give the tiniest bit. Yes! Just a little more, enough to fully severe it so she could-

Suddenly the thread vanished completely. And before she could question this, the answer was presenting itself in the Raven standing behind a howling Alie; a dagger plunged deep into her shoulder blades. Lexa instantly fell into a coughing fit from the abrupt lack of pressure, greedily trying to get in as much air as she could. Raven didn’t give her time. She rushed at her, snatched her elbow and roughly hauled her up. Lexa didn’t both fighting her, not now at least, the two of them running desperately fast away from the screams of Alie. Eventually Raven got tired of constantly tugging Lexa along because she was too slow and instead swept Lexa off her feet and carried her.
Lexa let out a snarl but Raven easily ignored her in favour on focusing on using her supernatural speed to get the *fuck* away from Alie.

Lexa tried to escape her grip. Her head had come back now that she could breathe again, and she needed to get back. She had promised herself she’d end this. She was beyond furious with Raven for intervening. She had nearly torn the thread; she would have been fine without her.

Finally Raven stopped running, and after a hearty amount of curses from Lexa did she also put her down. Lexa roughly snatched herself from the vampire’s grip and to her surprise Raven only offered an eye roll in response. Lexa stood rigid still, panting hard. Her ribs ached with each breath but it didn’t seem too serious. Hopefully. It shouldn’t be.

“What in the living *hell* was that Lexa?” Raven hissed. Lexa bristled. Her hand, which had been resting against her ribs, she pulled back so she could stand taller.

“I could ask you the same thing.” Lexa muttered in response. “Why are you here? Why did you interfere with my fight?”

“Fight?” Raven chuckled dryly. “That wasn’t a fight. That was a *beating*. I don’t know what kind of shit-fucked universe your head is in but you need to bring it back to reality now.”

“You had no right to intervene.” Lexa growled, her voice hard.

But Raven didn’t look the least bit intimidated. Instead she actually moved forward, anger making her features sharp. “I had *every* fucking right you moron. If I hadn’t of come you would’ve been a pile of nothing right now. You think being the daughter of Nature is going to save you from suffocation?”

“I had it handled.” Lexa snapped.

“Are you even listening to yourself? Handled? Fucking *handled*?”

Lexa would never admit that Raven’s words held some possible merit. But being forced to stand there, staring eye to eye with her, Lexa found herself clenching and unclenching her fists. “Fine. It wasn’t going… completely to plan.”

Raven stared at her with wide eyes. She laughed, though the sound was off and wrong, before she turned around with a scoff. She walked away from her as she ran her hands through her hair, but with a breathy curse did she begrudgingly turn back around to face Lexa. Raven just shook her head as she brought her hands down to her sides with a slap. “What the fuck are you doing Lexa?” she whispered. It was strange hearing such a turn around of emotions. The frustration that had taken Raven’s voice before was gone.

And it was the way Raven said it, the way her shoulder’s fell and her eyes lost their burn, that made Lexa stop and think.

What was she doing?

“I’m doing my duty.” Lexa stated. And for no reason that she could work out, Raven shook her head with a sad smile.

“No, you’re not.” Before Lexa could even begin on her objections, her tongue already forming for intended anger, Raven was continuing. “We’re going back to the base. Hopefully Alie goes back under whatever rock she crawled out from. You know the way from where we are?”
Lexa opened her mouth, but at seeing nothing but Raven’s raised eyebrow Lexa deflated. “Yeah.” She glanced around to double check, relieved when she did indeed know where they were. “Yes, I know the way.”

Raven gave her a nod and gestured wide for Lexa to lead the way. With a quick glare to Raven Lexa started walking. They didn’t walk close, but they also didn’t leave a sizable gap between. Somehow, somewhere, the gap between them was one of friends, something she had absolutely no idea as to how she got there, how they got there. They moved together in silence. Their pace was matched, and the longer they journeyed the more Lexa couldn’t take it. While it was mostly that she couldn’t take whatever weird silence they had been sharing, it was also the pain in her ribs.

Lexa’s pace slowed as she gingerly brought back her hand and cradled her side. Raven noticed immediately, and the moment she saw Lexa’s grimace she sighed deeply. “Such a fucking idiot.” She murmured. “Right what have you done?”

“I’m fine,” Lexa breathed, but when she tried to take another step she cursed at the pain.

Raven rolled her eyes skyward. She put a hand at Lexa’s chest, forcing her to stop. Lexa frowned and tried to swat her hands away but Raven, unlike Lexa, had supernatural strength and held the current advantage. Even if she tried to stop it, Raven grabbed her by the shoulders (with an odd amount of gentleness) and forced her to sit down on a nearby rock. Though Lexa would never admit, it gave her relief.

Lexa shook her head anyway. “I’m fine. We need to keep moving—“

“You can shove your stupid pride where the sun don’t shine Lexa. We’re resting, and I’m not going to let you get up.”

Lexa scowled at her in the dark. “I could easily defeat you Raven.” She deadpanned.

“So could a dedicated duck. Quit being an idiot and just rest.” At Lexa’s continued attempts to get up Raven pushed her back down, but without the gentleness from before. “Can you not? Jesus, out of all the people Clarke could have fucking fallen for I swear.”

Lexa froze. She didn’t really know why, technically Clarke had admitted to being able to love her and she had said it to Clarke anyway but… that was different. It had felt different. Those were both in situations where they were possible last words. They were admittances they’d needed to get across before they would lose the chance forever. To casually to state it, that was different.

Raven didn’t seem to care for the admission, or maybe she was just glad that at least now Lexa had stopped trying to resist her. Lexa was surprised when she saw Raven crouching in front of her.

“Where does it hurt?” she asked.

Lexa threw her another glare, but compared to the others she had sent, it was weaker.

Raven must have noticed. “Come on. It’s just you and me. No one’s gonna’ go running off saying how they saw their Commander injured.”

Lexa stared at her. But, slowly, she caved. “…It’s not that it hurts to walk. It hurts to breathe.”

Raven nodded. “Take off your layers, especially that armour.” She frowned. “Have you been walking in that get up the entire time? Hasn’t it been hurting?”
Lexa shrugged.

“Fucking hell. Just, take your upper armour off.” Lexa raised a brow at her. Raven gave her a look. “Really? You’re injured. And Clarke would stake me if I even dared to glance in your direction. Dream on hotshot.”

Lexa almost smiled at the attempted humour. She did actually listen to Raven though, undoing the copious amount of clips till she was left with nothing but her plain dark grey shirt. Raven wordlessly took her armour and put it to the side. Even if Lexa didn’t want to say it, she was grateful she’d listened to Raven. Without the added pressure her breathing came a lot easier.

“Alright. Can I check under your shirt? And don’t you raise a brow at me. I’m trying to make sure your dumbass gets back in one piece.” Raven warned, raising an accusing finger.

Lexa couldn’t help but let out a little chuckle, except she immediately regretted the action. She winced from the pain. Raven’s brow drew with an odd amount of concern.

“Come on, let me see.” She muttered softly. Lexa gave her a small nod of permission, so Raven leant forward and tentatively lifted up her shirt. Upon finding the bruising Raven sucked in a sharp breath. “Yeah you’ve definitely bruised those bad boys.” She let Lexa’s shirt fall back down as she pulled back. “Can you take a few deep breaths for me?”

“You a doctor now?”

“I will be if you keep up with that attitude. I don’t like being the responsible one, but apparently you’re stupid enough that I’m required to be.”

Lexa shook her head at her. “Is it even possible for you to go five minutes without insulting me?”

Raven gave her a mischievous grin. “Depends how much you’re willing to bribe me.” The amusement slid off her face, seriousness replacing it. “Right, deep breaths yeah? Even if it hurts.”

Lexa gave her another steely glare at ordering her around but she still went to do as Raven asked. She was right, it did hurt, but she pushed through the pain like she always did. When she was done Raven offered her a smile, before she got off knees and stood up. Lexa was eager to get moving again and quickly moved to mimic her, if only a bit slower and with a hidden wince. Apparently she didn’t hide it too well because Raven rolled her eyes at her. Again.

“I was hoping we’d rest for a little longer but since you’re far too stubborn I suppose we’re moving again.” Raven sighed, but she gestured for Lexa to lead the way anyway, waiting for her with a strange amount of patience.

Their pace was about the same. Without the added weight of her armour, which Raven now held tucked under her arms, her chest felt a lot less restricted. Lexa had initially gone to take her armour herself however the vampire beside her had refused, only tightening her grip on Lexa’s armour and giving her a grin that pretty much said ‘not in a million years.’ It wasn’t a slow pace but it also wasn’t a fast, so though Lexa knew that from where they were they could get to the base in around half an hour if they ran, she knew they wouldn’t be. When fifteen minutes or so of walking had passed with no new words said between them, Lexa had to ask the thing that had been bugging her most.

“Why are you here Raven?”

Lexa had asked the question gently, and since there was no accusation or harshness in her voice, Raven turned her head to her with a sigh. When Lexa didn’t say anything and instead patiently
waited for Raven to go on, she did so with a shake of the head. Lexa didn’t know whom it was for.

“I was wrong.” Raven answered, holding her gaze.

Lexa creased her brow. “About what?”

“About you.”

She blinked.

Raven let out a small chuckle. “Yeah I know. I’m shocked by it too.” The guard that she had been so used to seeing around Raven was slowly taken down. Lexa stopped walking and so Raven did too. Raven briefly looked to her feet. “Clarke’s going to have a field day with this but… she was right. You’re more than a title. She told me to talk to you, that you were different and, damn her but she was right. You’re a hunter, you’re the *Commander* but – you’re also a good person. Fuck knows how but, you are.”

At Lexa continued shocked silence Raven went on.

“You’ve proven that you love her. That you’d do anything for her. And as much as I hate admit it… you’re good for Clarke. You really are. And, apparently you have Mother Nature’s soul in you and Clarke’s got a piece of it too so you’re practically *soulmates* I mean,” Raven shrugged with a small disbelieving laugh. “Who am I to stand in the way of that?”

Lexa took in a shaky breath. “So you came after me because-?”

“I came here because anyone sneaking out at the dead of night is *never* doing anything good. And knowing you and your ability to dive head first into danger, I figured I’d go after you and make sure you didn’t end up getting yourself killed.” Her eyes narrowed. “As exampled.”

Lexa ignored Raven’s last comment. Instead she swallowed, preparing her words. There was no point in hiding it now. It was four in the morning, she could have died and girl in front of her had saved her life and they were about to go to war. What was the point in holding it back anymore?

“Raven, we can’t do this.” Lexa admitted, and the tension eased from her back with the admission. “We can’t. The Council won’t be able to take down Alie on their own, and if we get involved without a prior agreement with them then they’ll attack us. It’ll be a bloodbath on both sides. We’ll be fighting the mountain men and reapers and each other. There’s… this isn’t going to work.” Lexa let out a sigh that was so broken she wondered how she even made the sound. “We’re not going to survive this.”

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Raven stared at her.

Lexa could tell that she was saying the things Raven already knew. But it was still painful to hear, it was a truth that they had all been skirted around the past few days. It was the most likely outcome, everyone knew this – and everyone ignored this. And the longer the stare went on, to the point where Lexa was honestly considering they maybe Raven had just shut down or something, she actually spoke up.

“If you ask it,” Raven said slowly, her brown eyes shining with something she couldn’t name. “I can get the Council to work with us.”

Lexa felt the world drop from beneath her. She blinked. “Raven, what-?”

But Raven was already stepping forward, cutting her off. “If you ask it, then it can be done.”
“Raven, stop. What are you saying? How would that be possible?” Lexa questioned, at a genuine loss. Raven hesitated on her immediate reply, but with what Lexa would guess to be an argument with herself, did Raven eventually give in.

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“Do you know Wanheda?”

Now that Lexa wasn’t expecting. “…The vampire who kills other vampires?”

“Now that Lexa wasn’t expecting. “…The vampire who kills other vampires?”

“Yes and no. The vampire who protects more than vampires. Who doesn’t follow by class or order but by people. Any supernatural being. Which, admittedly yes, has involved killing her own in the past but—” Raven shook her head. “That isn’t the point. The Council can take decisions through a vote. All we need is to gain the majority, and we can combine our forces as one.”

Lexa thought for a bit. “We’d need five for our side. Numbers we don’t have. How would we get that and, also, what does this have to do with Wanheda?”

Raven scowled. “Let me finish. Listen, Wanheda has done favours for the Council members. Even if she has no memory of it, they are in her debt. Whether it be because she aided them or their children it doesn’t matter – debts don’t go lightly in our society.”

Lexa felt her eyes go wide. “Raven. Hold on. Are you saying- Are you saying Clarke is Wanheda?”

Raven waved off Lexa’s revelation. “Yes. Listen, we can call those debts in. Sway the vote. That’s all we have to do. So.” She took in a breath, not that she really needed it. “If you ask it, then I’ll make it done.”

Lexa was still trying to wrap her head around the idea that Clarke was one of the most famous vampires in her generation and was the one vampire in the world who, previously, Lexa actually held some ounce of respect for. Really, she shouldn’t be surprised. Of course it was Clarke. Who else could do such good?

But with the surprise of Wanheda’s identity aside, what Raven was saying was… everything. It could be the turning point. They could win – they could survive.

For the first time in days, Lexa felt hope in her chest. But there was one thing holding her back. “Wait, why haven’t you mentioned this before?”

“These debts are the one safety net we have. By we, I mean Clarke and I. It’s kept the Council out of our business and given us the advantage and leverage multiple times. Calling them in… it’s always been a last resort. The final card. It takes away any last bit of power we have over the Council.”

Lexa swallowed. “But… you’ll still do it, sacrifice that?”

“I wanted to run and haul ass. This shit is way above my paygrade and yet,” Raven shrugged. “Clarke’s stubborn ass isn’t leaving you here to fight this yourself. If I’m truly stuck here, then I’m going down all in. So. You want me to do it?”

Lexa blinked through the mess of emotions in her chest. “Yes. Do it.”

Raven gave her a relived smile. “You realise what we’re about to do has never been done before in history right? Hunters and vampires, fighting side by side.”

“Yeah.” Lexa let her own smile show. “It’ll be one for the books.”

Raven laughed, and Lexa soon found herself joining in. It was strange, but suddenly Lexa found
herself glad that Raven had intervened, that this incredibly annoying stubborn vampire had decided to give her a chance. Because now, now they had their own chance at winning this. They were about to gather an army unlike the world had ever seen, and together, were they going to finally take down the mountain and everything it had created. The shock of it all and hope made her fingers feel numb. She actually felt a little giddy and though she cursed herself for feeling an emotion so childish, Lexa let it.

After walking together for a little bit longer, Raven suddenly turned to her.

Dread was the first thing Lexa felt. “What? What is it?”

But soon Lexa realised that she didn’t have to worry. “You’ve got to promise to act surprised when Clarke tells you she’s *Wanheda*. She’ll fucking kill me if she finds out I told you before she herself even knew.”

“She wouldn’t kill you.” Lexa said, biting back her smile.

“How, we both know she would.” Raven let out a dramatic sigh. “Well. I suppose that’s it for me then. Oh, could you do me a favour and burn my body when I die? Then I’ll need you to bottle up my ashes and attach it to a rocket so it can explode in the sky.”

Lexa stared at her. “…That’s what you want to happen to your remains?”

“Of course.” Raven frowned at her like she was an idiot. “I’ve wanted that since I was eleven. If you don’t make it happen I will haunt your ass for eternity.”

“Eleven?”

Raven shook her head. “Wow. Clarke really picked a bright one.” Lexa finally managed to gather a hold of herself and threw a glare at Raven. Raven caught it with a smirk, though soon her smile was dropping. “Oh shit we should probably be talking about *your* funeral, not mine.”

“Why?” Lexa asked, puzzled.

Raven gaped at her. “Seriously? You don’t know?”

“…No?”

“Fuck dude you’re dead. I mean, hey, it was nice knowing you.”

“Raven what are you-“

“Clarke.”

“Clarke?”

Lexa frowned even harder at Raven’s continued stare.

“Clarke? Why…? Ohhh, *Clarke.*”

Raven gave her a pat on the shoulder. It definitely held a ‘glad it’s you not me’ vibe. “Mhm. *Clarke.* She’s going to be absolutely furious.”

Lexa suddenly felt very scared for herself.

Shit.
Raven was right.

Clarke was furious.

The moment she snuck her way back into the base, Clarke was there, arms crossed staring at the back entrance that was meant to be secret. Raven, the coward, had gone through the front entrance to avoid the shitstorm Lexa was heading into. It was the tunnel her and Anya had used just before they’d gone for the mountain, and there was a second where Lexa found herself unbalanced as she remembered all the things that had happened between then and now, in such a strangely short space of time. This didn’t last long though, as the minute she got through Clarke was there, blue eyes burning in the dark. The sun would be rising soon but it was still so early that Lexa could just make out Clarke’s form.

That was enough.

Clarke’s gaze didn’t leave her. Lexa approached her slowly and it took all of her will power to meet Clarke’s sight head on, because she knew that the moment she broke it, was the moment she lost.

Lost what, she had no clue.

They stared at each other for a long while. Lexa would have said something, but in all honesty she was afraid. The second she talks, that’s when the real possibility of her losing Clarke because of her actions comes into play, a thought that absolutely terrifies her. If it meant that she had to suffer this limbo, this teeter at the edge of a cliff – then so be it. So fucking be it. Clarke sucked in a slow breath and from it Lexa knew that her time was up.

Lexa had been expecting anger. It was what she was preparing herself for. But when Clarke spoke, it wasn’t just anger in her voice. It was something so much worse. Something she hadn’t even considered, something that made it feel like a knife had been buried into her heart.

“I trusted you.” Clarke muttered, and her voice was full of hurt.

That was what Lexa hadn’t prepared for. “Clarke…” she tried to say something else, but she only managed to say her name and nothing more.

“I trusted you.” Clarke hissed. She took a step forward and Lexa stepped back. “We were in this together. Together. And you fucking went after her alone.”

“Alie is dangerous. Far, far more dangerous than anything we’ve ever encountered. And she’s… she’s my sister. She’s my responsibility. I can’t lose my family and those I love because of something that only I have a chance at destroying.”

“Lexa, you would have died if Raven didn’t go after you. You’re a complete idiot for doing what you did.” Clarke clenched her fists, but they unraveled along with a shaky breath. “Why Lexa? Just… why?”

Lexa swallowed. “She’s my responsibility-”

Clarke pushed her. “Fucking hell Lexa! Don’t you dare try to bullshit me right now. I’m not in the fucking mood.” She growled.

“I’m not lying.” Lexa muttered, stepping up to her. Anger made her clench her jaw. “Alie is something only I can destroy.”
“Shove your ego somewhere else Lexa. You promised we’d do this together. We’d take her down as one as a fucking team.” Clarke blinked the tears out of her eyes. “And instead of staying by your word you fucking run off so you can, what, prove yourself? Show that you’re stronger than everyone else?”

Lexa balled her hands in fists. She moved till they were nose to nose. “Don’t insult me Clarke.” She warned. So close Lexa could see the anger so clear in Clarke’s eyes, but also the overwhelming betrayal. It forced the knife in her chest deeper. “I tried to do what had to be done.”

“What had to be done was for you to stay alive. What do you think would have happened if you had…” Lexa saw Clarke swallow. “What if you had died? What would happen then?”

“I didn’t.”

“Because of Raven.”

Lexa dug her nails in her palm. “I was fine. Raven only-“

“You would have died if it wasn’t for her!” Clarke snarled. She jabbed her finger in Lexa’s chest. “You would be nothing but a lifeless body if Raven hadn’t have seen you and gone after you. Did you even think what would happen then? This is a war, even if by some fucking miracle you took down Alie with you there are still the mountain men and Cage’s reapers. Who would lead your people then?”

Lexa roughly pushed Clarke’s finger off her. “It doesn’t matter if I die. There are people who would take my place. Indra would become *Heda* and she would lead. You wouldn’t have to worry about the peace afterwards, Anya would support it and-“

“Goddammit I don’t care about the fucking peace!” Clarke snapped. This time, she didn’t manage to blink the tears out of her eyes. Only a few slipped before she wiped them away. “I don’t care about the peace Lexa. I care about you, I want you.”

Lexa tried to say something, but her jaw only opened and no sound came out.

Clarke shook her head and stepped away. She turned her back to her. Lexa was left standing there speechless. She stared on after Clarke, noticed the way if she concentrated hard enough she could hear Clarke’s ragged breaths even if as a vampire she shouldn’t even be breathing. Lexa knew Clarke would be angry. She knew she’d be mad at her for being reckless but for some reason it hadn’t really occurred to her that the reason for Clarke’s anger wasn’t because of if she had failed, of the disadvantage it would leave them with Alie but that it was because of her. That she just didn’t want to lose her. Lexa had people in her life, but she had always spent her time looking after, not being looked after herself.

It had always been her against the world. Her word, her skill, her fist – that was what she had. Sure, she had Anya, but in situations like these she was warrior before sister. As was Indra. Despite being family they were hunters. They were soldiers.

And so was she.

She was a leader before a person. She had a duty to fulfill, a role she had to take no matter her personal wants. It was her people before everything. That was how she lived. To put herself first, to value herself over others, *that* was when she put her people in danger. It had made sense to go after Alie now, to do it in the name of her people. Because she could die, another could take her place.

But maybe that wasn’t so true anymore.
“I didn’t go after her because I thought only I could kill her.”

Lexa said her words slowly, carefully, like if she said them too fast or too loud the world would swallow her whole. Clarke tilted her head back to meet her gaze.

“I did it because I didn’t want anyone to die for me.”

Clarke’s shoulders slacked. She fully turned around. “Lexa they’re not just doing it for you.”

“But they *are* Clarke,” Lexa breathed, stepping towards her. “Jaha said for us to leave. That it was dangerous.”

“Jaha is being an idiot. He just doesn’t want a hunter’s help.” Clarke waved off.

But Lexa shook her head. “I should have Clarke. I should have taken my people and left. It would be safest for them. But… I haven’t. They’re staying because of me, because *I* feel… responsibility for Alie. I’m the reason they’re going to war.” Lexa let out a shaky breath. “And I don’t want them to die for me. I have to do this. Myself.”

Clarke sighed, but her breathing shook and Lexa saw her hands were trembling. To her surprise Clarke moved so she was close to her again and lifted her shaking hands till they rested on either side of Lexa’s jaw. Lexa tried to say something in objection but Clarke immediately shushed her.

“Clarke what—”

“Look at me Lexa. Look at me.” Lexa did, though she did so with a frown. “You’re not alone. Do you understand? You’re not alone.”

Lexa lost the ability to breathe. She tried to escape Clarke’s grip, but her hold on her cheeks stayed stubborn.

“Tell me Lexa. Say you’re not alone.”

She had always been alone. To be *Heda* was to be alone, it was something she had resigned herself to. And though she continued to voice her objections, the longer Clarke held her between her hands and she had no where to look but Clarke’s shiny eyes Lexa was left with the startling realisation that she was wrong. After so many years, so many painful memories – she was wrong.

“I’m not alone.”

The words tumbled from her lips like a confession.

More tears fell from Clarke’s eyes and Lexa tried to keep them from falling from her own. “Exactly. You’re not alone.” Clarke pulled her into a hug then, and for once in her life did Lexa accept it and not hold back. She buried her face into Clarke’s neck and fisted the back of Clarke’s shirt, squeezing her eyes as tight as Clarke’s grip on her.

“Promise me you won’t do something as stupid as that ever again,” Clarke whispered into her hair. Lexa couldn’t help but chuckle, a sad one that made her heart both sting and rejoice.

“I promise.”

And even if she tried not to, Lexa could feel the wetness leaking onto her cheeks.

She wasn’t alone.
They shouldn’t spend too long in the open.

As much as Clarke wanted nothing to more to let Lexa cling to her like this, hold her back with equal intensity, they should at least move inside. Still. Lexa needed this. She needed this too. So, yeah, maybe Clarke had been running out of fucks to give, after all being kidnapped and turned into a reaper tended to do that. Clarke inhaled at Lexa’s neck deeply, her scent almost sending her eyes roll into the back of her head. God how in the world was it fair for someone to smell like that?

Well, you know what they say.

The world isn’t fair.

Clarke pressed a small kiss there, enjoying Lexa’s shudder, before she pulled back. Slowly. She wasn’t in a rush. Her arms stayed wrapped around Lexa, instead she just leaned out, resting her forehead against Lexa’s. They were silent for a long while. She could feel Lexa’s gentle breaths on her lips, stuttering just a little as she flickered open her eyes to find the tear-stained tracks on her cheeks. And strangely, when she looked into Lexa’s eyes she didn’t find pain. The sorrow she’d been expecting. But… hope.

Clarke frowned, and Lexa grew a smile.

“We’re going to make it, Clarke.”

At her words, Clarke smiled too. “I know.”

“No, listen,” Lexa adjusted her hands so they cupped Clarke’s cheeks. She let out a wet laugh. “We’re going to survive.”

Clarke couldn’t help but deepen her frown. “Lexa, what’s going on with you?”

“We have leverage.”

It took a day. A day for whatever Lexa was planning to happen. Clarke had asked, again and again, but every time she’d shake her head and just say ‘we have the Council now,’ and wouldn’t say anything more. She was pretty sure it had something to do with Raven because on more than one occasion Lexa had glanced to her best friend before answering. Yeah. It was definitely something with Raven, and as much as she’d love to interrogate for it, now they were going into full battle mode, so it had wait.

It took a day, but the Council was here.

Lexa, to her credit, didn’t show any of the emotions Clarke had been seeing all morning. Her commander mask was in place but if Clarke peered close enough she could see her Lexa slipping through the cracks. There was anxiety but there was also that hope that, for the previous week, had been almost non-existent. But. There it was. And really, it stole Clarke’s breath away.

Not that she breathed.

Unless Lexa was kissing her, if there was one thing that made her feel alive, literally and metaphorically, it was that.
But she was diverging. Focus. They were back in the forest, Clarke’s left hand playing with a dagger. She’d gotten better at, she still had to concentrate a bit to flip it between her fingers, but she was almost there. She dropped it just enough for Lexa to smirk at her. Jaha looked more pissed than usual but it was nothing compared to absolute loathing that shone of Diana’s face as she stood rigid tall behind him. Jaha was stepping forward, his expression like he was about to walk off a pirate’s plank, but Diana jumped out.

“No! You can’t do this! We can’t do this!”

Jaha whirled on her with a snarl. “It was voted! You know how our ruling works, Diana. Do not even think to repeat what happened last time. I won’t be as forgiving.”

Diana growled, low and threatening enough for Clarke’s instincts to kick in, her hand stopping its playing with the dagger and instead readying it if need be. But Diana was all bark apparently, because though she snarled and barred her teeth, she didn’t make a move.

She still didn’t trust her. So when her sweeping gaze snagged on hers, Clarke let her eyes melt to black and hissed.

Diana hissed back so at least she got the message across.

Jaha sighed deeply before he nodded. “Commander, through a majority vote it has been decided that the Council shall align with you in defeating Alie. There is an order being put in place where none of my people will harm yours during this war. We…” he seemed to bite his tongue, not wanting to say it, but from the way Lexa’s cold eyes hardened, he went on. “We shall stand with you.”

Clarke blinked.

Lexa gave Jaha a pleased nod just as she turned to face her. With her face aimed away, Lexa was free to let reign a small smile.

Clarke chuckled. “We’re going to make it.” She shook her head with a disbelieving grin.

And that hope that Clarke had seen in Lexa’s gaze, jumped onto Clarke’s like a flame catching alight.

They had a chance.

- 

The town was deserted.

Lexa had been expecting this. It was still strange. Walking through the wide streets in at midnight with no other sounds apart from her own steps felt alien. There were few clouds in the sky, the moon a blazing sight that grinned from above, as if it knew of the chaos that was about to fall. Perhaps it did. She could feel the very apprehension in the ground itself, in the way the threads of energy around her vibrated with nerves and excitement. Oh, the earth could sense it all right.

The war was about to begin.

She stopped walking when she reached the town centre. It consisted mostly of rows of small stores and cafes lined either side of her, a large marble fountain in the shape of a wolf sprouting water from its snout placed in the middle, aimed high and howling. Lexa looked around. It seemed like no one was there, but Lexa knew better than that. She took a deep breath before she slipped to the back of her mind; she barely had to concentrate now to do so, and searched through the threads for Alie’s. It
was fast, considering how thick and just plain unnatural her thread felt. She gently laid her fingers against it.

“I’ve changed my mind Alie. I want to join you.” Lexa stated.

She quickly let go of the thread, just in case Alie used the connection to dig deeper into her thoughts. She’d learned that she could sent thoughts to her, talk across great distances, but only when Lexa was activity connecting with her could Alie hijack the link and delve into her head.

Lexa waited. A flock of fruit bats flew across from above. She made sure her breaths were even, but the task was getting increasingly difficult the longer she stood in the cold air. She wasn’t nervous, she wasn’t, yet there was this tightness in her chest, this nausea in her gut. If Alie didn’t come and do what they’d hoped for her to do then the plan was ruined.

The minutes dragged on. Her palms were feeling sweaty. She’d never so badly wanted to see that inhumane smile that only Alie seemed to be able to do. Lexa fought the urge for her gaze to become jittery. If Alie arrived and saw how she was just constantly checking her surroundings like a rabbit on crack then she’d know something was up. So. Lexa stayed still. She didn’t move, and she certainly didn’t dare to glance behind her in hopes of somehow finding a particular pair of blue eyes.

When near half an hour had passed, it happened.

It was strange, the simultaneous amount of relief and fear that flooded her at the abrupt sight of Alie, head held high in her same red dress, striding regally towards her. When their gazes met and Alie gave her the slow coy smile, Lexa raised her chin and brought her hands behind her back.

“Sister, I was glad to hear your call.”

The fountain seemed to become some unnamed boundary between the two of them. Alie didn’t move a step past the marble, nor did Lexa. “You were right. The power you hold… only you can teach me how to gain it.”

“Indeed.” Alie tilted her head. “What brought on this change of heart?”

“When that vampire intervened I was reminded of how much they seem to disregard our cultures. Our values. You reminded me of what I used to be, what I should have stayed in following.”

“And Griffin?”

Lexa hesitated for a split second. “She’s a vampire, it was foolish to ever think I could pursuer something with that.”

But Alie noticed the way Lexa had paused, and because of it she grinned wide. It made Lexa feel like she was a fly who’d just gotten caught a spider’s web. “Oh sister, your attempts are admirable. Truly. In all honesty, I just came here to see how’d long you’d last.”

Alie’s eyes shined with something Lexa couldn’t name.

“I am slightly disappointed on how fast you caved.”

Lexa shook her head. “Alie I-“

“No, no. It’s fine. I know now, you are a lost cause. And though that is… painful, for me to accept, accept I must. You had potential Lexa. That I’ve on doubt. But only potential shall it remain.”
Before Lexa could do anything Alie raised a single hand, and suddenly from the cracks in the dark from behind her, figures began to arise. Some streamed out from the backstreets, but most appeared as a single wave. Marching in from the dip of the hill. Lexa watched, barely concealing her wide eyes as the massive armies of reapers and mountain positioned themselves behind her, guns ready and red eyes burning. She had never seen so many before in her entire life. The numbers were… the numbers were fucking terrifying. But Lexa stubbornly held on to her brave face.

Though she nearly lost her resolve as amongst the army Cage pushed his way through, shoulder ing his way up to Alie's side. Lexa fought the urge to just dive a dagger into his throat.

Cage smirked. “Commander. What a pleasure to see you again.”

Lexa clenched her fists from behind her back.

“To proud to say hello? Ah, well, understandable. I just wanted to give my greetings before I slaughter you. You know. Manners and all.”

Lexa dragged her gaze back to Alie’s. “You brought an army to face a single person?”

Alie smiled. “Our previous encounter reminded me of something. Of just what you are, and how imperative it is that you not survive if you oppose me. So,” she gestured to the army behind her. “This is merely a precaution. I am honestly sorry to do this Lexa, but, what must be done must be done. I cannot let you live.”

“Exactly,” Cage said. “And, as a dear favour for me, Alie here has let me be the one to kill you.”

“I’d very much like to see you try Cage.”

Cage’s smirk dropped from his face. “This is not the time to gloat, Commander. This is time for last words.”

“Last words?” Lexa finally, finally let free the grin she’d been biting back the entire time. “Oh, Cage, if you truly thought I came here unprepared, you are sadly mistaken.”

Cage quickly looked to Alie. “What is she talking about?” he snapped. But Lexa was smiling wide now.

And when Alie’s head shot up and her gaze stared over her shoulder, Lexa knew she had sensed it. Her eyes went cold and any traces of amusement or emotion were drained from her face. All it left was rage. Alie slowly brought her gaze to meet Lexa’s. “You brought an army.” She whispered.

Lexa smirked as Cage’s eyes bulged at the sight appearing over Lexa’s shoulder.

She turned behind her, pride and anticipation in her chest as she saw her people appearing behind her. But not just her own. Clarke’s people, the nightwalkers lined the front, marching forward. Though Cage’s army was bigger than they had planned for, theirs was still almost as massive. Lexa turned back to the two stunned leaders in front of her.

“I brought an army.”

Lexa stood tall as her people gathered behind her. She could see the reapers across from her growing restless from behind surrounded by so many humans, and the faces of the mountain man, glancing to each other with petrified stares was enough for her to feel her blood thrum through her veins. Cage looked plain panicked before he spun around and shoved his way back into his army. But still no one
moved. The penny would drop soon and the battle would begin.

Before it could though, Lexa felt Clarke moved up to her side.

She didn’t stop herself this time to look over to her. Their sights met and Clarke smiled at her. Lexa
instinctually smiled back. She had quickly learned it was impossible to resist one of Clarke’s smiles.

She leant forward till she was right next to Clarke’s ear. “Emo gon rei-de gon maun?” Lexa
whispered.

“Emo don nou bilaik lon nau.” Clarke murmured back.

Lexa hid her relief. Good. Anya, Raven and Octavia were on their way to the mountain, and now
that they had drawn out all the reapers and hopefully most of the mountain men it’ll be easier to get in
and destroy it. Now all that was left to do was somehow defeat an entire army and destroy Alie.

Simple stuff.

Lexa shared one last glance with Clarke. It wasn’t long before one of the reapers let out a snarl and
the army of them and mountain charged forward. Alie stood still, not moving a muscle, but her eyes
were locked on Lexa’s and she knew that she was about to be in for the fight of her life. Her army
behind her roared and charged forward too.

She took a deep breath before she lunged forward.

Let the battle begin.

- They were nearly there.

Still Raven pushed herself faster. She wasn’t by any means going slow, the world was nothing but
blurs in the corner of her eyes. But she was facing off with a werewolf and a skinwalker and for once
in her life Raven was actually in a place where she couldn’t depend on her vampire side to easily
carry herself through whatever was happening. Their speeds were matched, but even then
Octavia was faster than both Raven and Anya.

The mission was simple. With drawing out the mountain’s forces it was her job to get in and activate
the mountain’s self-destruct sequence. From their last visit at the mountain Raven had managed to
gain a lot of private information on them, information like the numbers they held and how, if you
knew the code, there was a certain command that’d blow up the mountain. The entire thing. While
Raven was only a little sad she was missing out of the true heat of the battle, she had never really
been a close up fighter, but explosions and subterfuge?

Now that was her thing.

It was nice that she got to be with Anya too.

Raven briefly looked over to her, seeing the way her dirty blonde hair was flying behind her in its
braids, the speeds they were going at making her have to squint her eyes slightly. She didn’t know
how, but somewhere between all the arguing and the fighting she had started to care about her.
Which was strange, because Raven cared for few people. She cared for Clarke and she cared for
Octavia and fuck it, maybe even Lexa a little bit, but Anya? Anya she really cared about. Like really
really cared about. Maybe even cared enough to-
Something hard hit her stomach. Raven was thrown back first into the ground from the sudden brick wall or whatever she had run into. The collision hurt like a bitch, so you could imagine how angry she was to find that she hadn’t run into a wall – Anya had flung out her arm and forced her to a stop.

Raven was lying on the ground, but as she got up ready to verbally give Anya a new one the skinwalker was hissing at her to stay down and pushing her back by her shoulders. It took her a moment, considering how angry she was, but she eventually realised that they were hiding behind a fallen log. Raven frowned as she carefully crept over and pressed her side against it.

“What the hell are we doing?” Raven growled in a whisper.

Anya glared at her, while Octavia spoke up from her left. “The mountain. It’s just up ahead.”

“And?” Rave prodded.

“And we’re not alone.” Anya said, narrowing her eyes at her. She jerked her thumb over the log. “Have a look.”

Though Raven felt a sudden urge not to just out of spite, she knew this wasn’t the time. With a dramatic huff she did indeed peek over. The moment she saw it she dug her nails into her palms. Raven pulled herself back down, drawing her lips into a snarl. “Diana.” Raven muttered. Anya nodded grimly from beside her.

Diana. That fucking traitor. Of course the woman had betrayed them. She had known that the mountain was empty and should have been perfect for infiltrating. They had known that Diana opposed this alliance but Raven had never thought she’d actually be stupid enough for something like this. Still… they could be wrong. Maybe she was just there, surrounded by whatever vampires she had managed to coerce into her cause because she was worried that the mountain wouldn’t have been as empty as they’d assumed?

Raven scoffed at herself.

Yeah right.

“What are we going to do?” Octavia whispered.

“Kill her and her goons. Obviously.”

Anya scowled at her. “No. We’re not doing that. There’s too many.”

“Please, those are easy numbers.” Raven waved off. At Anya’s continued stare, Raven relented. “Okay fine so maybe it’d be a little… difficult. But, we could take them, right?”

“Maybe, but the odds are slim.” Anya sighed, briefly looking to the ground. Eventually she nodded to herself before raising her gaze to meet Raven’s. “Okay. Let’s be smart about this. We’ll go to her and- and try and talk this out. Find out her stance and if she’s willing to back down.”

“That’s your plan?”

Anya lightly shoved her. “Do you have a better idea that doesn’t involve us getting overwhelmed and dying?” she hissed.

Raven glowered at her but, begrudgingly, she said nothing.

“Right. Okay then.” Anya glanced between the two of them. “You ready?”
“This is a bad idea,” Octavia murmured as they all stood up. They weren’t in sight yet and only had a few more trees till they’d be out in the clearing of the entrance to the mountain.

Raven snorted. “You think?”

“Will you two shut up?” Anya growled.

Raven rolled her eyes, however she didn’t add any more comments. She wouldn’t dare admit it out loud but she was scared. Not too much, but enough for her throat to feel blocked and her stomach to feel like it was curling in on itself. If Diana had truly betrayed them and switched sides then there were sure to be dangerous consequences. And since it was mostly true that Diana had gone against them, it just left the terrifying question of what did that mean for them?

They left the safety of the trees, and Raven saw how Diana and all of her people tensed from behind her. There weren’t too many, probably around twenty, but those numbers were still too high. Fuck, Anya was right. Fighting their way through this one would end in death on both sides. When they drew close enough to Diana that if she wanted to Raven could reach out and touch her, they stopped.

“What are you doing here Diana?” Raven snarled. She didn’t bother keeping the rage from her voice.

Diana shrugged. “You wouldn’t understand, considering you are of the one’s who seems to be infatuated with the hunters. I’m here because apparently I’m the only one who sees the hunters for what they have always been.” She eyed Anya and Octavia with disgust. “Savage killers who shouldn’t be spared a second chance. And now Jaha wants us to work with them? No. No, I know when I’m being manipulated. The hunters want us joining so they can pick us off.”

“Are you insane?” Anya chuckled in disbelief. “We hold honour. We would never kill our allies in battle, especially one of the likes of this.”

Diana growled low. “You may have fooled the Chancellor but you have not fooled me. Anyway, I know where this started. And soon the problem will be solved, and with this battle done we can finally destroy you hunters once and for all.”

“What do you mean ‘the problem will soon be solved?’” Raven muttered slowly. Dread pooled in her gut. “What are you talking about?”

“Raven,” Anya warned, seeing how Raven’s palm was bleeding with how hard she was clenching her fists.

But Raven didn’t listen to her, especially when Diana’s face broke into a grin. “What are you talking about?”

“We may have voted for this ‘alliance’ but I know that it was rigged. Wanheda used her debts to guarantee the outcome. So, it’s become clear just where the problem lies.”

Raven fought not to just lunge at her. “If you have done anything to Clarke…”

Diana waved her off. “Oh, I haven’t done anything to her. Yet.” Her grin grew wide. “You should know, accidents tend to happen in battle. It’d be a shame if someone of her own were to, perhaps accidentally kill her in the heat of the fight.”

“You fucking-” before Raven could lurch forward Anya was behind her and pulling her back. She struggled in her grip, but only once it was the sixth time that Anya had muttered ‘she’s not worth it’ in her ear did she finally back down. When she relaxed enough for Anya to loosen her grip Raven
roughly snatched herself out of her hold. Raven turned to Diana with black eyes. “You will regret this Diana. I swear to you, you’ve messed with the wrong fucking vampire.”

Diana gave her a one-arm shrug. “Perhaps, but if you stay and fight here, than I’m afraid you won’t make it to save your friend.” She winked at her. “Your choice.”

Raven had never really had the urge to kill someone before, but standing here in front of Diana was certainly doing the trick. Yet, she hated that she couldn’t. Because the fucker was right. Whoever Diana had convinced to turn on Clarke, Clarke wouldn’t know until it was too late. She’d be too focused on the battle to doubt loyalties. Raven took a slow step back.

“That’s right. Step back. Go save your friend. The mountain isn’t yours.”

The fact that Raven didn’t even offer a sliver of a retort called for an award. She kept walking backwards, and she could feel Anya and Octavia’s stunned gaze on her. It didn’t matter though. Not now.

“I won’t forget this Diana.” Raven swore. Anya, though looking conflicted, joined Raven in their retreat.

Diana’s smile slipped off her face. “Neither shall I.”

“Raven,” Anya whispered low, leaning towards her. “What are you doing?”

“Turn around and keep walking.”

Anya balked at her. “Raven, what-?”

“Do it!” Raven snapped.

Anya just bit off her snarl. With a quick glance back at the smug Diana, she gave in and listened to Raven. If it was any consolation, Octavia looked just as pissed as her. Raven strode fast, forcing each step down. She knew she was doing the right thing but shit, if she didn’t just want to run back there and dive at Diana’s throat. Instead though she kept walking till finally they were back in the cover of the trees. Without the restriction of Diana’s gaze anymore, Anya instantly whirled onto Raven.

“Are we seriously walking away?!” Anya fumed.

Raven scoffed. “No. Of course not you moron. Octavia is going to go after Clarke because she’s fastest if she turns. We can’t take Diana and her lackeys on our own, so we’ll take the secret tunnel entrance which they shouldn’t know and sneak in that way.”

Anya stared at her with a dropped jaw. Raven shook her head and turned her head beside her to meet Octavia’s gaze.

“Go. Turn and run the fastest you’ve ever fucking run. Clarke’s life is on the line. I want you sprinting like Bellamy just found out about you and Atom in the seventh grade and wants to have a brotherly conversation with you.”

Octavia sucked in a sharp breath. “That fast?”

“That fast.”

She looked between her and Anya. “Clarke will be fine. I’ll get to her. You just focus on getting in the mountain.” Octavia looked like she was about to leave before she paused, giving Raven a strange
She suddenly lurched forward pulled Raven into a hug. Though Raven was surprised from the abrupt assault of affection, she brought her arms up anyway and held her tight. “Don’t do anything stupid.” Octavia mumbled. It sounded like she was holding back tears. “You better be alive when I see you next.”

Raven chuckled. “I’ll be fine. You know me. Too stubborn for death.”

She felt Octavia laugh too, before she pulled herself out of the hug as quickly as she had gone for it. Raven knew that Octavia wasn’t the best at affection, neither was she, so the hug meant all the things that Octavia couldn’t put to words.

Octavia offered her a small grin, nodding at Anya. “Good luck.” And with one last wave she was off, quickly disappearing into the trees.

It was just her and Anya now. The air wasn’t exactly awkward, per se, but it wasn’t comfortable either. Raven kicked at her feet.

“So uh, ready to do something that’ll most likely end in us getting killed?”

Anya swallowed, staring at her. “Yeah. Yeah, why not huh? I’ve always wanted to go out with a bang.”

Raven offered her a weak smile that soon fell. God damnit. She kept staring at Anya, and everything suddenly just felt too real. What they were about to do, the war they in, the fact they were most likely going to die and here she was with prettiest girl she had ever seen and-

“Oh fuck it,” Raven breathed, reaching out grabbing Anya’s collar and pulling her towards her. She needn’t have bothered; Anya was already lunging for her too. Their lips met in a crash and holy fuck she tasted so much better than she’d imagined. The kiss was like most of their conversations, fiery and intense, but also at the edges of gentle, as while she fisted her hand tightly at her shirt her other was soft as it laid against her chest. Sadly though, soon she was pulling away, more than a little dazed.

She opened her eyes just in time to see Anya’s smirk.

“ Took you long enough.”

Raven playfully shoved her back. “We’ve got a mountain to explode. Come on.”

Anya gave her a grin, but Raven grabbed her hand anyway and dragged her towards the mountain.

She prayed they’d be okay.

- 

Octavia ran with all she had.

Sure, Clarke and her had had their differences, but she’d known her since kindergarten. They were practically family. And if Diana truly thought that she was going to be killing Clarke today than she was dead wrong. If she had anything to do it about – it wasn’t fucking happening.

Raven was right though. She wasn’t getting enough speed on human legs. Every second counted now, and she had to be faster. Even if it meant giving up her swords, which she had been quite excited on trying, she knew that it was as a wolf she would be battling. So be it. She was proud of what she was and she knew she was deadly good anyway at being a werewolf. She kept running,
but as she did she pulled at the animal urges inside of her, coaxing the wolf out. She had learned it was reluctant to come when the moon wasn’t out, but they were one with each other, and it would listen if she truly wanted it.

It didn’t take too long before she felt the first stab of pain.

Her footing stumbled from the unexpected burst but she steadied herself out. She kept running. She would only stop once it was physically impossible to keep going. Another stab at her gut, this one sharper than the last, and Octavia almost lost her footing entirely.

“Keep going. *Kigon, you.*” She breathed. Her vision was starting to distort. Gritting her teeth Octavia pushed herself faster, blood rushing in her ears and sweat pouring down her back. Her breathing was coming in pants, and she couldn’t tell if it was because she was transforming or if she just out of breath from constantly sprinting. Probably both. Her lungs burned like she’d swallowed fire.

“Fuck!” Octavia exclaimed, collapsing to the ground. Agony split down her back and she groaned loud as her spine arched. God fucking dammit, no matter how many times she did it the pain was the same. But as much as she wanted to spread it out so it wasn’t so intense, instead she did the opposite, hurrying the transformation along as much as she could. Tears in her eyes, she begged her wolf from inside. “Faster,” she panted. “Go faster. There’s no time.”

She let out a blood-curdling scream as her wolf listened.

Her spine jerked upwards, and Octavia barely had time to rip off her weapons and her first layer of armour when it was too late and her body began to grow, her fingers curling into the dirt and her heels digging as they pushed backwards. She screamed again, but as she did a snout forced its way from her jaw. Her groans and grunts morphed into snarls, and with one last glimpse of the world in colour, the transformation was complete and her vision switched to greys and yellows.

She shook her fur before immediately taking off.

Though she loved and preferred her human form, there was something so unexplainable freeing about her wolf and as much as the process hurt, she honestly loved it. She pumped her legs faster, a literal blur in the forest she was sprinting so fast. The sounds of the battle reached her heightened hearing and instantly she focused on it and changed course. She was getting close. Soon she was bursting through the last of the trees and bolting for the centre of town, slipping through side streets till finally she stumbled into the open area of town.

It was chaos. That was the only word for it. Reapers and vampires and humans fought, she could smell the blood and sweat in the air. But she couldn’t let herself get distracted. Being a werewolf was advantageous, as while she pushed her way through to try and catch Clarke’s scent the armies easily made way for her, seeming to realise that while they were obviously strong, she was an enormous wolf who could easily snap their necks with her jaws.

She wasn’t finding her scent. Octavia let out a snarl, and at catching sight of a reaper lunging at a hunter’s neck and biting hard, she instantly dove for him. Her teeth clamped on the reaper’s leg and with one hard jerk she brought the reaper to the ground. Before he could do anything but let out an enraged roar Octavia lurched at his neck and bit hard, shaking her head until she was sure he was decapitated.

His blood tasted wrong on her tongue and she was grateful to pull herself away. She looked up to the hunter and found him to be clutching at his neck, and though he was breathing hard he looked fine. She suddenly recongised him as that hunter she’d met on her first day, the one who had crept up on her. Lincoln, or something. She went to ask him where Clarke was, but all that came out was a bark.
Fucking great. How wonderful. She let out a growl in frustration and almost jumped out of her skin when Lincoln was crouching down in front of her.

‘Thank you,’ he whispered. He frowned, probably seeing the distress she was feeling. “You’re looking for Clarke?”

Octavia practically fell over in relief. She barked ecstatically.

He smiled. “I figured. She told me to watch out for you. She just left, some nightwalkers told her something that had her running off with them.” He pointed over her head, Octavia hastily following his finger. “She went that way. To the supermarket.”

Octavia gave him a bark in thanks, hoping that would somehow convey her gratitude. He grinned at her, and ignoring the way his smile made her feel, she spun on her heels and took off in the direction he had pointed out. She had to dodge her way through the battle around her, jumping over bodies and darting between legs, and more than once did some people just plain dive out of her way. But she was running out of time. Helping out Lincoln, while helpful, had taken a dangerous amount of minutes and she didn’t know how long she had left to get to Clarke. What if she was too slow? What if she made it a second too late?

‘Don’t think like that,’ she chastised herself. ‘Just keep moving. You’ll make it. She’ll be fine.’

She ran faster.

A reaper lunged for her and she just dodged his attempts. Her legs scrambled from beneath her and she almost fell, but she managed to right her balance just in time to keep going. Finally she broke through the last few lines of the battle and into, mostly, open air. The supermarket was just up ahead and with renewed energy did she sprint for it.

She was getting tired. Her muscles were beginning to protest at her, but she protested right back, growling at her body for entertaining the idea of giving up when they were so close. The closer she got the more she picked up the scent of Clarke and fuck she’d never been more glad to smell that vampire’s scent. She charged forward for the last length but just as she made it to the doors of the supermarket she pulled herself to an abrupt stop. Panting, she ducked her head, carefully pushing open the door with her paw.

She slipped in quietly. There wasn’t the sound of fighting yet, so she’d made it.

Octavia kept low to the ground, her stomach practically touching the floor. There were aisles for days but she focused on Clarke’s scent and the sounds of fast footsteps.

“You’re sure Cage is here?” Clarke asked. Octavia’s head popped up from where she had been stalking the snack aisle. In the next one. She was in the next one.

“Yeah, and he’s hurt one of our guys.” A voice said. Octavia didn’t recognise him. It must be one of Diana’s.

Octavia could hear the suspicion in Clarke’s voice. “Where is he? I can’t smell him, nor any blood if your friend’s been hurt.”

Octavia kept herself quiet as she crept her way to the next aisle. She poked her head into the new alley. She just stopped herself from growling. There were four, Clarke in the middle with two at the front and two at the back. It was a bad position for Clarke for when they decided to make their move, and considering how Clarke was already growing wary, that would be soon. Still, Octavia didn’t let herself go for them just yet. Instead she pulled back and glanced upwards at the shelves of food. She
readied her legs, before she pounced up on top.

“What was that?” one of the Diana’s vampires asked. This time it was a woman. The group, including Clarke stopped. Octavia stayed dead still and kept her body low. Thankfully, none of them thought to look up, and so no one saw her. The woman, a vampire with brown hair, slowly turned her gaze off the opening of aisle. “Must have been nothing,” she murmured.

Octavia began moving. She was slow; making sure each paw was quiet and precise. Her belly low to the surface of the shelf she crept along till she was at pace with them. She knew it wouldn’t be long before they’d scent her, but just as she prepared herself to dive at them, Clarke suddenly stopped walking.

She glanced at the vampires around her. “Cage isn’t here is he?” she said slowly.

They all shot each other looks, until one of the male vampires turned to Clarke and gave her a smile that just seemed pain wrong on his face. That was answer enough apparently.

“Who’s behind this?” Clarke snapped, and though her voice was like fire and her body was strung tight, she didn’t reach for the stake at her side. Not yet.

“Diana sends her apologies.” The brunette vampire smirked. Octavia heard Clarke suck in a sharp breath.

And finally, that was enough.

She dived down from above. She went for the one closest, a short vampire with long black hair, his eyes wild and dripping of bloodlust. Her snout was instantly buried in his throat and his screams quickly become gurgled.

“WEREWOLF!” the female vampire roared. Just as Octavia managed to separate his head someone collided hard with her body, sending them tumbling to the ground. She snarled at the sight of a vampire on top of her and the sound must have been scarier than she thought because she felt the moment of hesitation from the vampire above her. She took advantage of it hastily and switched their positions, digging her claws into their wrists and growling from above. Her teeth were soon in their throat too.

With two done she quickly pulled herself up, spinning around in time to see Clarke being shoved up against a shelf, cereal boxes falling to the floor and the aisle swaying precariously. There was another dead vampire body on the ground that Octavia hadn’t gotten and she assumed that that was Clarke’s work. Her bloodied paws were instantly taking her forward, but when the vampire pinning Clarke’s arms shoved her into the shelves again and the tower swayed even greater than before, Octavia knew what was going to happen before they did.

She sprinted forward. And instead of going for the remaining vampire, she went for Clarke, turning her head away as they collided so she couldn’t accidently hurt her. She jumped for her and her legs held more power than she had thought, her and Clarke sliding far across the ground. Clarke quickly pushed her off her and scrambled up to her legs when there was an echoing crash. Octavia got up on her legs too, her sight taking in the fallen aisle and the vampire crushed below it, a meager trembling hand sticking out from the pile.

Clarke was instantly storming over to the fallen shelf. She crouched down and grabbed tight to the outstretched hand, hauling the vampire out from the pile. Upon seeing their saviour to be Clarke the vampire blinked owlishly with a dropped jaw, but Clarke didn’t pay them mind, and instead snatched the stake at her side and plunged it in their heart.
After waiting a moment, making sure they were all truly dead, Clarke slowly stood up and turned to her.

Octavia wagged her tail.

“You took your time. I was honestly starting to think Christmas was going to come by the time you’d finally make a move.”

Octavia tilted her head at her. Wait, she didn’t mean…?

Clarke laughed, walking forward and crouching down in front of her. She scratched Octavia’s ear. “I knew you were here the moment you snuck in. I can smell you from a mile away O, you stink.”

Octavia threw a playful growl at her, which only spurred Clarke to smile wider.

“Seriously though, thank you. The moment you were here I knew something was wrong.” The smile fell off her face. “Is it true? Is this Diana’s doing?”

Octavia nodded solemnly.

Clarke closed her eyes. “Fuck. Shit.” She let out a sigh. “I was hoping this wouldn’t happen. But…” she opened her eyes. When they locked with Octavia’s, she leant forward again and ran her fingers through Octavia’s silver-tipped fur. “No time to dwell on it now. Raven and Anya, they’re okay?”

Octavia barked.

“Good. All right. Come on, we’ve got a war to fight.” Octavia let out another bark, unable to contain it as she jumped up to her paws. Clarke smiled down at her. Octavia aimed her head upwards to find Clarke staring at the battle whilst taking in a shaky breath. She must have sensed Octavia’s gaze on her because soon she was turning her sight downwards to meet hers. Octavia tilted her head, trying to get the question across.

Apparently it worked. “I’m alright. I’m just… I’m looking for Cage. I need to find him.”

Octavia let out a bark and Clarke jumped. She offered her an apologetic whine before she took off, sticking her nose to the ground and trying to search for Cage’s scent. Comfort, she couldn’t do – but find the man behind this fucking hell they were in? That she could do. Clarke seemed to realise quick what Octavia was doing, as soon she felt the blonde’s presence behind her, hovering as she searched through the collision of scents around her. Octavia could do this, she could. She remembered his scent from mountain and it was a pungent one. Maybe evil had a smell, because she could pick it out of thousands. It was just… so obvious, so blaring. So wrong.

Her tracking had taken her back into the battle, her body occasionally having to dodge a wild dive at her or even just a body being thrown to the ground and her happening to be in the way. She could also feel how while Clarke was staying close; she was also taking anyone on who happened to get near her. But Octavia didn’t focus on her. She focused on Cage’s scent. On finding it through the many others, the many other smells and tracks and-
Octavia barked loudly, capturing Clarke’s attention. She turned her head in time to see Clarke snatch a gun from a mountain man and shoot him with it. His body slumped to the ground and Clarke threw his gun with him. She strode over to her.

“You’ve found him?” she breathed.

Octavia barked again, taking off for the church. That was where the trail was leading anyway. They maneuvered their way through the chaos, Clarke joining her in slipping through the crowds and avoiding getting lost in the fight. When the church finally came fully into view and they caught sight of Cage sneaking into the building, Octavia picked up her pace in anticipation.

Except she came to a dead halt at the sound of a familiar scream.

Panic burned her chest. She stopped immediately, Clarke with her as her gaze snapped behind her, trying to find the source of the outburst. It didn’t take long. Indra wasn’t far, gritting her teeth and ignoring the slash at her arm, the blood leaking out.

No. Not Indra. She couldn’t leave her mentor, not the woman who had taken her under her wing despite what she was. Trained her with complete respect and yes, sure, the woman was a hardass and put her through hell, but it was worth it, and it was never without reason. She glanced between Indra and then back behind her to the church.

Fuck.

She felt a hand thread through her fur. Her gaze snapped up to meet Clarke’s. “Go,” Clarke whispered. “Go help Indra. I’ve got this.”

Octavia hesitated. She knew Cage had hurt Clarke, probably more personally than any of them, but she still worried. Clarke was strong but she could be reckless. And this was the epitome of reckless.

But Clarke shook her head at her, seeming to read her thoughts. “Go O. Indra needs you. I’ll be fine.”

Octavia lingered a moment longer before she gave in, giving Clarke one last bark before she took off for Indra. With a snarl she pounced at the reaper Indra was fighting from behind.

If she saw the shining relief and pride on Indra’s face, she ignored it.

- Clarke kicked the doors to the church open.

It flew off its hinges and smashed into the ground.

“Young! Clarke roared, striding forward. “Where the fuck are you!”

The church was bigger than she had expected. The ceiling was dizzyingly tall, long smooth wooden arches that would have probably taken her breath away if she were human. Huge colourful windows lined the walls, but the biggest was the one at the front, hiding just behind the altar and rising nearly the entire length of the wall. Yet Clarke’s sole attention was on the person in front of the glass, casually leaning against the altar with a wide smile.

“Clarke, what a lovely entrance, I must say.” He cocked his head. “Your dramatics are quite
amusing.”

“I am going to thoroughly enjoy ripping out your throat Cage.”

Cage sighed. “Yes, as much as I look forward to that, I have other things I must do. So, I can’t be dying today.”

“Well then,” Clarke began walking towards him, right down the middle aisle of the wooden pews beside either side of her. “I suppose today won’t be going your way.”

“Not so fast.” He raised a hand and Clarke hated, hated that ingrained instinct from her time as a reaper made her stop. Instantly she moved again, but Cage had caught the action, and he smirked from it. He clicked his fingers and the snap echoed around the towering church walls. “I’ve got a little company you’ll have to say hi to first.”

This time Clarke did stop. She felt her muscles tense as two reapers suddenly approached, hunched and growling, positioning themselves in front of him.

Clarke scoffed. “Really Cage? Hiding behind your own fucked up creations?”

“You do realise that you were once one of those creations?”

“I do.” Clarke muttered. She flexed her hands. “It’s why I shall take great pleasure in watching the light leave your eyes.”

The smile slipped off Cage’s face. “I should have killed you the moment you served your purpose. Pike was stupid in keeping you alive.”

“Well, that doesn’t help you now, does it?”

“It’s over, Clarke.” He glanced to the reapers in front of him. “Go. Kill her!” he snapped.

They burst forward. Clarke ground her teeth, taking a few slow steps back. She quickly glanced at the environment around her. Though the church was big, there wasn’t much that she could use as an immediate weapon. Her eyes narrowed on the wooden pews. If she could just…

One of the reapers coming at her snarled, having finally made it close enough to attack. Clarke dodged his swipe, and with her eyes melting to black she snatched at his outstretched arm and yanked him forward. He smashed into the pew. Before Clarke could make a move to finish him off the other reaper was there and swiping at her. She didn’t dodge its strike this time and was a second too slow, sharp pain erupting at her side from the swipe. Clarke growled as she dove for the reaper, extending her nails into claws and bringing in a hard strike at its stomach.

They were stronger than her, but it didn’t matter too much because she actually knew these reapers. They had been some of the ones who had taken her side at the mountain. Though they did fight with her with all they had, there were moments where they hesitated, barely noticeable really, but enough so that she’d either just miss a possibly fatal attack, or she’d get a hit in that, logically, she shouldn’t have.

Clarke grunted when one of them forced her back into a wall. The force of it sent cracks splaying out at the stone, some of it even caving in. Her head had hit the wall hard and it had left her slightly dazed, blinking her way through her double vision. The reaper holding her took advantage of her surprise and dove at her neck biting into her jugular. Clarke screamed, and channeling as much power as she could into her legs she lifted her knee and kicked hard at the reaper’s stomach. The reaper stumbled backwards until its back hit a font. With a snarl Clarke charged forward and grabbed
the reaper's head, forcing it down into the font so hard it split in two.

Clarke coughed the stone dust out of her lungs, brief relief bleeding through her when the reaper didn’t get back up. It was unconscious at least. A sudden roar had her tightening her fist again. It was the other reaper. It was sprinting for her, but Clarke began running for him too. When their bodies were sure to collide, Clarke dived out at the last minute, rolling on carpet. Without wasting a beat she took off again but instead aimed for the pew she had thrown the reaper in before.

She skidded to a halt in front of it, snatching a broken off piece of wood just as the reaper came close enough for contact again. Its red eyes burned as it swiped at her. Clarke kept up with its hits with some difficulty but she did manage to stay at pace with it enough to keep alive. It took longer than she’d like, but eventually she saw an opening, and with a final low snarl she broke through the reaper’s guard and plunged the piece of wood through its heart.

The reaper reeled back with a roar. It growled at her savagely, but as it staggered towards her its legs soon gave out and instead it collapsed to the ground. Clarke let out a shuddering breath of relief before she bent down and turned the reaper onto its back. The red dimmed from its eye, and with careful fingers did she take the makeshift stake from its chest and gently shut its eyelids with her fingers.

She understood the pain of being reaper. Of feeling completely out of control. She hated killing them, denying them that chance of cure, but when it was either them or her – the choice was obvious. Quickly she went back to the front, finding the unconscious reaper with its body lying in the smashed stone. She rolled him over and plunged the stake into its heart too. When she was sure it was dead she stood up and threw the bloodied stake to the ground.

Clarke slowly stepped over its body, positioning herself till she was standing in the centre of aisle, just in front the steps that led up to the altar.

She spat a mouthful of blood to the floor. “It’s over Cage. You’re done.”

There was nothing of the cocky amusement she’d grown used to seeing on him. He hadn’t taken off during the fight; mostly because any time he did Clarke managed to snarl at him enough for him to stay back. Now, he still stood by the altar, but his shoulders were tense and his fists were clenched.

Clarke moved forward, her foot finding the first step. “Nothing to say now?” she taunted.

“You’re a monster.” He snarled. As Clarke slowly inched forward he stepped back. “You kill your own kind without thinking. I know these reapers were of the ones that fell under your sway at the mountain. You would kill them so readily?”

“Fuck you Cage. You have no right to call me a monster after all the shit you’ve pulled.” They were on equal ground now. Clarke kept moving forward and Cage kept stepping back. “You destroyed so many lives, brought people to a place worse than death. Me killing them was a mercy. I know first hand the pain it is to be a reaper.”

Cage tripped over a fallen candle as she edged backwards. Clarke noticed with a certain sick pleasure that he was running out of space. Soon, his back would hit the painted glass wall. “Being a reaper is a gift. They hold more power than any other vampire. You should be thankful you got a chance of what I’d made.” He sneered.

Clarke smashed her fists through the edge of the altar and Cage jumped. “How dare you! How fucking dare you.” She forcefully took a breath. Cage’s back hit the glass and he spun around at the end of his tracks with wide eyes. When he turned back to Clarke, she was grinning. “Well, looks like
“Clarke, listen, it’s not too late. I can still give you power, so much more power than you could ever imagine. I have Alie now. I could make you a god.”

“Cage, the only god I want is the one who’ll send you to hell.” She stopped her advancing with just a metre on him. “There’s nothing that can save you now.”

Clarke let her eyes melt to black, but just as she was about to finally do it, finally end Cage’s disgusting life, a smile broke out on his face.

His hand reached for his pocket and pulled out a case. He flipped it open and revealed a syringe of a red liquid. “Not quite,” he smirked.

Clarke hesitated. She hesitated when she shouldn’t have. The sight of red brought up a barrage of instincts she’d thought she stamped out. Though the pause only lasted less the second, it was enough for Cage to suck a breath and stab the syringe into his neck, pushing the plunger. Clarke was so shocked that he’d willingly inject his own self with red she could only stare at him.

Her mistake.

Cage grinned. “New formula. A lot better than the old.”

And before Clarke could finally make her move, loosening herself from her shock, red veins spread from Cage’s eyes and he lunged at her. His hands wrapped around her shoulders and with a roar he threw her at the huge windowpanes behind him.

Clarke’s body smashed through the thick glass.

Lexa’s head whipped behind her at the sudden crash. Her heart jumped into throat when she saw Clarke of all people crashing through the church glass and slamming into the ground outside. She would have run for her, but instead she had to dive to the side, just missing the slab of brick wall Alie had flung at her. Lexa let out a snarl. Her eyes briefly flicked back to Clarke’s still form, but she was too far away, and right now she had to stay focused on Alie.

“Worried for that Griffin, I see.” Alie grinned. Her hand shot out and the ground beneath Lexa’s feet shook. Out of nowhere a hulking vine erupted from the cobble, breaking through the stone and wrapping around her leg. Lexa threw a burst of wind so strong at Alie that she staggered back, giving her time to dive into her mind and find the thread of the vine. When she could feel her very bones being crushed she finally found the thread and ripped it in half.

The vine fell useless to the ground and Lexa just barely kept herself up right from the sudden lack of pressure. “Fuck you, Alie,” Lexa panted. She quickly righted her balance, the two them now just slowly circling each other. “Clarke is a greater person than you’ll ever be.”

“She is a vampire.” Alie spat. “You’re meant to be a hunter. Have you already forgotten who you are?”

Lexa caught sight of a sword held in a lifeless body’s hand on the ground, and she hastily used the wind to pick it up and throw it at Alie. The blade would’ve landed perfectly in her stomach but Alie raised her arm and a wall of earth rose with her, a grassy dirt wall now holding the sword. It soon crumbled to the ground. The sword fell hopeless with it.
“You are the daughter of being that created this earth. Human life is beneath you; *vampires* are beneath you. You are a fool for siding with them. I could have made you great, sister.” Alie muttered.

Lexa scoffed. “You’re insane. Excuse me for wanting to avoid siding with a psychopathic daughter with a god complex.”

“How dare you!” Alie snarled. Before Lexa could do anything Alie jerked out her hand and swiped it through. Harsh wind knocked in Lexa hard, picking her up and slamming her back first through the window of a shop. The pain was immediate, burning up her back as she felt the small shards of glass that had embedded themselves into her flesh.

“Motherfucker;” Lexa groaned. Slowly she pulled herself, her eyes blinking open to find Alie’s wild unnatural stare trapped on her and walking towards her. With a few more curses Lexa pulled herself to her feet, briefly glancing around to find herself in an electronics store. No wonder it had hurt so bad. She’d smashed into a TV as well as the glass. Lexa readied herself to fight, but when she locked gazes with Alie she saw she wasn’t actually looking at her. Her sight travelled behind her, and Lexa spun around to see that the TV she’d hit was left in sparks, and the one of the sparks had jumped onto a nearby curtain.

She leaped out through the windowless gap, just missing the sudden burst of flame from behind her.

Lexa rolled onto the cobble ground, hissing at the sharp pain at her back. She had no time to deal with it though and instead brought herself up to shaky feet. She raised a trembling hand, gritting her teeth through the pain, when a burst of unexpected agony hit her back. It was sharp, and Lexa just bit off her scream. With tears in her eyes she tried to look over to find whatever the source of the pain was and she almost damn near fell over at the sight of floating pieces of bloodied glass. Lexa blinked. Was that… was that the glass that was in her back?

*It looked like it hurt. We couldn’t let it stay in you.*

Lexa nearly laughed. The wind. The wind had fucking taken the pieces out.

*Watch out! Duck!*

Lexa ducked without question, a sword flying over her head. She stood up and locked eyes with Alie. Her breathing was coming in pants. Alie took a step forward before her entire body froze, and her sight snapped on to the shop Lexa had gone through from before, spotting the growing fire that was climbing up the curtain.

Alie smiled.

Her hand shot out, but she kept it steady, and Lexa watched with wide eyes as the fire began to move, funneling out onto the street. At first she thought she was making some gigantic fireball to throw at her, yet when the ball of fire kept moving and folding in on itself, now rising above the ground, Lexa knew she was wrong. By the time Lexa prepared another sword to fling at her she suddenly realised what Alie was creating. Her jaw dropped.

It was a bear. A bear of fire. A fucking *fire bear*.

“*Chon ona skafa*?” Lexa breathed. The fire bear roared, sparks spiting out from its jaws. Its red eyes turned to meet hers and Lexa didn’t even bother to hide her gasp. What in the actual fuck?

The bear, unlike Lexa, held no surprise and instantly began charging at her. Its paws scorched the stone with each step it made, the fire that consisted of its body swirling and bleeding out smoke as it
ran. Lexa searched through her mind for its thread, as that seemed like the most logical thing to do right now, and when she found it she felt more shock go through her.

She knew what each of the threads felt like. Though they weren’t necessarily dead, they were more… dormant. Quiet. She could interact with them, coax them to grow grass or throw bursts of winds, but after they’d always fall back to that relaxed state. But, the bear’s it was, it was just so alive. Its thread was thick and burned almost blindingly bright, and the strangest thing was that unlike the threads around it, it didn’t stay still. But actually moved.

The bear got close enough to pounce and Lexa dove under it just in the time. She could feel the blistering heat pounding on her from above, smalls licks of flame touching her back and making her hiss. She rolled out on the other side. Her eyes flicked up to meet Alie’s. When she saw the smirk on her face she growled. She’d landed near the fountain, and using the ledge as leverage she pushed herself up.

The bear roared again and realising it had missed its target it spun around hastily and holy shit was that thing fucking scary. It gnashed teeth made of fire at her. Alie stood by its side, grinning wide.

“There is so much you don’t know sister, if you give up now and join me, I’ll consider letting you live.”

Somehow she kept the tremors from her voice. “Not a chance Alie.”

“Very well.” Alie sighed. “You shall pass knowing that there could have been another way.” She flicked her hand and the bear was off again, charging for her with those thunderous steps that very nearly shook the ground they stood upon.

Lexa swallowed. She scanned the area around her, her eyes snagging at the water in the fountain next to her. Water. Fire. She glanced up at the bear charging for her.

“Two can play at that game,” Lexa murmured.

She had no idea what she was doing, but if she wanted to survive this than it didn’t matter. She fell through to the back of her mind finding the threads of the water by her. Okay. With a trembling breath and ignoring the snarls of the bear as it drew closer, Lexa reached out her hand and aimed her palm at the water. The difference in the fire bear’s threads was that they felt alive. That was what she had to make the water. She had give it… life. How would she do that? What did Alie do to make the fire alive?

The bear’s roars were getting nearer.

Maybe if she cut open her thumb, let her blood touch the water. Blood was life, right? Would that work? But that didn’t make sense, because Alie hadn’t needed to do that. She had just. Done it. Made the fire full of life without offering an ounce of her own. But there was something, something that only Alie and she had that was making the elements alive.

The bear would reach her any second now.

Lexa’s eyes widened. Her soul. That was what was different. She hastily wrapped the water’s thread around her fingers, and closing her eyes she delved deeper in her mind than she’d ever gone before. She pushed past those points where she knew she shouldn’t pass, flew past the internal warnings, the feeling of messing with something more powerful than was possibly ready for…

Just as the bear rose up on its hind legs, Lexa felt her soul. Mother Nature’s soul. Without hesitation Lexa hastily plunged her hand inside, and the moment her finger touched and the connection was
made, her body the vessel between both her soul and the water – she felt it.

When the bear’s claws would have come down on her a ball of water shot over her shoulder and smashed into the bear. The two elements rolled, and Lexa just about lost the ability to breathe when she saw her water creature remove itself from the bear’s grip, staggering back as steam rose off it in tendrils from being so close to fire.

It was a wolf.

The water wolf darted over to her, saddling up by her side. Lexa had to forcefully tear her sight off the elemental instead bringing it to meet Alie’s gaze. She was glad she did. After all, Alie looked both a mix of furious and astounded. The fire bear stumbled to her side.

“You will regret ever standing against me.” Alie muttered.

Lexa grinned.

Because now she knew Alie was scared.

The fire bear burst forward but the moment it moved her wolf was bolting forward too. The elementals crashed into each other in a mess of steam and smoke, rolling into the ground with their elements reacting against each other, the wolf swiping claws of water against the fire fur of the bear. While the fight was incredible to watch, Lexa couldn’t let herself get distracted and hurriedly ripped her attention from their fight and focusing on her own. Alie was talented when it came to fighting elements, yes, but Lexa was trained in hand-to-hand combat. If she could just get close, than the advantage was on her.

Alie knew this though and often made great effort to keep Lexa far from arms lengths. Lexa sprinted for her, and when Alie raised her hand and vines burst from the ground she leapt over the climbing plants and kept moving forward. New ones kept sprouting with each step she took but with every one did Lexa dodge, nimble feet keeping her just out of the hulking vine’s aim.

Closer than she’d ever been Lexa lunged for her but a burst of wind forced her back. She smashed into the ground, and with a growl she used the wind to snatch up some of lingering glass shards from where she’d smashed into the window and threw them at Alie. Alie deflected most of them but one broke through her invisible wall and lodged itself into her shoulder.

Lexa scrambled up to her feet as she palmed the dagger at her side. Her eyes bulged as the fire bear was thrown in her direction and she just dove out of the way. Rolling onto her feet her water wolf shot past her, showing its teeth and pouncing at the fire bear’s exposed neck. The bear was a second too slow. Her wolf made contact and with a bone-chilling final roar the bear thrashed in the wolf’s teeth. But it didn’t make a difference. The fire in the bear burned brighter than ever before the entire thing erupted into a cloud of smoke.

The water wolf looked back at her, and Lexa somehow could sense its question.

*Let me go?*

Lexa nodded. She felt something like gratefulness sweep over her, when the wolf shook its body and bolted back for the fountain. It dived in and didn’t come back out. Lexa turned back to Alie, her eyes holding a rage she didn’t know was even possible.

“How you and me now.” Lexa smirked.

And with that, she burst forward.
“Shit,” Raven cursed, ducking back behind the log. “They’ve got guards.”

Anya bit her lip. “Are they mountain men or Diana’s?”

Raven peeked over the fallen tree again. It had taken longer than expected to creep around the back of the mountain and avoid the eyes of Diana’s traitors at the same time. They hadn’t just been planted at the main entrance that Raven had blown on their last visit, and so they had to move carefully and slowly through the trees. They were also on the look out for them, as Diana clearly didn’t trust them, and so had to avoid the sights of patrols as well. But here they were, finally, and after all the sneaky shit they’d done they were at the secret tunnel entrance – which was guarded.

Not by many. Only around four, but it was still dangerous. They couldn’t make any noise or alert the rest of Diana’s people. Sure, four they could take – twenty they could not. Raven narrowed her eyes on the guards standing nearby, focusing her hearing. She pulled herself back down.

“Mountain men. They have heartbeats.”

Anya frowned. Raven had learnt it was what she did when she was thinking hard. She had to bite her tongue to stop herself from saying how adorable it looked. Eventually, Anya’s face brightened with an idea.

“You got something?” Raven asked.

Anya glanced over the log. “They don’t know what I am right?” she whispered.

Raven mentally went through all the information she’d gotten from the mountain. She shook her head. “Not fully. They’ve seen glimpses of you and a dingo but they haven’t made a proper connection.”

“Okay.” Anya grinned. “I have an idea.”

She quickly went on to explain it and soon Raven was grinning too.

Anya left their spot by the log, creeping off deeper into the forest. There was a flash of light that had Raven checking the guards by the entrance for if they’d noticed, but they didn’t see anything, still blissfully unaware. Raven turned back to see Anya and she almost jumped out of the skin when there was a sudden dingo in front of her.

“Fucking Christ Anya!” Raven hissed, her voice a strained whisper. “Are you trying to give a girl a heart attack?”

Somehow, Anya gave her the same unimpressed look she’d give when she were human.

Raven huffed. “Yes I know I’m a vampire, it’s a figure of speech you bastard.”

Anya let out a sound that was suspiciously similar to a snicker before she carefully leapt over the log. Raven held her breath, more a habit she picked up around humans, as she peeked over and watched Anya.

Anya acted the part of an actual dingo very well. She was hesitant, slowly approaching the guards and freezing when they saw her. Instantly their guns were up and aimed at her and while Raven tensed, she didn’t move. Anya stayed dead still, caught in the lights of the guard’s gun, when, with much relief, Raven heard one of them slap the gun of another guard’s.
“Gun down Mac! It’s just a dingo. Look at him. He’s harmless.”

Slowly, they all lowered their guns. The one who’d gotten scolded, Mac, scowled at his presumably superior officer. “Hey, dingoes are dangerous. Remember the whole ‘dingo at my baby’ thing?”

“Will you quit being an idiot?” the older officer snapped. “Honestly, Mac. I’ve no idea how drunk Cage must have been to hire you.” He crouched down, offering Anya a smile. “Come on I’ll prove it. Here dingo, here little puppy.”

Raven winced. Anya was not going to like that.

But even if she saw how Anya’s entire body tensed, she hid it well and instead took a few hesitant steps forward, keeping her head low. The older guard smirked, winking at Mac who only scowled deeper. One of the other guards, this one a woman, shook her head with a scoff.

“You two are both idiots. It’s a wild animal, Jeremy, not a dog. If the thing bites you don’t come crying to me.”

Jeremy ignored her, his fingers still wiggling and his words still cooing. As Anya edged closer to them Raven stood up slowly, creeping around to the side in a crouch. Anya had made sure to come at them from the side so their view wouldn’t be directly on her giving her the opportunity to sneak by. She was in the open now, and though she felt exposed, she kept moving.

Anya finally made contact with Jeremy, and with surprise Raven watched her let him pat her. Probably to give her more time.

“See!” Jeremy exclaimed, smiling. “Perfectly harmless.”

Mac still eyed Anya with immense distrust. Ironically Raven thought he was probably the smartest of the bunch. “Yeah whatever. Just keep that thing on your side. I don’t trust those teeth.”

Jeremy rolled his eyes at him, continuing to pat Anya, and with all them focused on her Raven crept up till she was behind them. She straightened her spine slowly. Quickly her hands shot out and grabbed the woman’s and Mac’s head, smashing the two together. They dropped to the ground unconscious. Instantly Jeremy and the other guard spun around, but a burst of light from behind had them snapping their gazes back to the Anya. At the sight of a sudden naked woman, they both froze.

Anya smirked before she mimicked Raven and brought their heads together.

Both of them slumped to the ground with closed eyes, falling with a soft thud. Anya dusted her hands off. She raised her eyes to meet hers but Raven was just staring at her. It wasn’t really her fault. Anya was there. Right there. Naked. No clothes. In front of her.

“You know, a picture will last you longer Reyes.”

Even though her brain was currently having a gay overload, she managed to throw her a smirk. “I would love that. You got your phone?”

Anya lightly shoved her before she sauntered off, presumably to go get her armour. Raven knew she should probably start walking to the entrance to the mountain but honestly she was still trying to get mind to function properly again. By the time Anya came back, no longer naked but decked in her usual gear, Raven could finally wrangle some semblance of self-control and spun her heels off towards the direction of the mountain.

She heard Anya snicker from behind her.
They got in the mountain easy. It was deserted, as expected, and they ran into no one as they trailed through the base. Raven remembered where to go from their last outing here and so she easily maneuvered her way through the copious amount of halls and corridors. Eventually they arrived at the control centre, and with a wide excited grin Raven kicked open the door. She gestured wide for Anya to go first and with a roll of the eyes Anya did.

Raven quickly followed in after her and planted herself into the nearest chair. The room was dark, lit mostly from the glow of the many computer monitors in front of her. She let herself drink in the sight for one last time before she began typing speedily into the keyboard. For a short while the only sounds in the room were the near insane levels of speeds of tapping against the keys. Anya didn’t interrupt her and Raven was grateful, her mind was in complete hacker mode now and she was focused on nothing but code in front of her.

Soon her fingers were typing in the final keys, and on the screen popped up a red notification with a timer. Raven grinned.

“Self-destruction sequence activated. Ten minutes till detonation.” An unseen voice announced.

“Okay, good job,” Anya grabbed her arm. “Let’s go.”

“Nah nah just wait,” Raven pulled her elbow out of Anya’s grip. Her fingers went back to flying across the keyboard. She could feel Anya standing tense behind her, obviously keen to get the hell away from the explosion that was about to go down. “Anddd done. Alright. Let’s go.” Raven jumped out of chair, Anya hastily lunging after her to keep up. They both quickly broke into a sprint, speeding down the halls as fast as they could. If they didn’t get out quick enough than they were definitely going to get caught in the blast.

The relief she felt when they burst out into open air had Raven almost doubling over. She didn’t though, and instead put all her energy into keep running, her thighs burning from the amount of sprinting she had been putting through it today. Soon they were finally out of the immediate radius and they could slow their pace. Anya looked over to her as they slowed down to a jog.

“Why did we need to stay back a bit?”

Raven threw her a mischievous grin. “Set an alarm. It’ll go off with five minutes to go.”

“Won’t that attract Diana?” Anya frowned.

“Exactly. But there’s not enough time for her to get to it. By the time she does the mountain will blow.”

Anya gave her a look. “You’re a little bit sadistic you know that right?”

Raven just wiggled her eyebrows at her. “It’s what makes me more fun.”

Anya threw her head back as they ran and laughed.

- 

Clarke slowly pushed herself up off the ground.

She hissed at the glass that cut her palms. Motherfucker that had hurt. Shaking the small shards of glass from her hair she pulled herself up to her feet, ignoring the stinging from the shallow cuts on her arms and legs. Cage easily stepped through the gap in the glass. He strode towards her with a wide grin.
“You think I didn’t have a backup plan in case you came after me?” he sneered. “With the help of Alie I’ve created a formula that gives me the strength and speed of a vampire without the needless problem of actually turning.”

Clarke bared her teeth, taking a swing at him. He easily dodged the strike.

“Vampires are nothing now. Soon you will all be extinct. All of you will be nothing.”

“You’re fucking crazy Cage,” Clarke breathed. He threw a punch at her and she caught his fist, hauling him forward and bringing her knee into his face. Blood spurted from his broken nose and his red-veined eyes snapped up to hers with a guttural snarl.

He let out a vicious chuckle. “You’ll pay for that.”

“I’d like to see you try.”

He growled low before pouncing for her. Cage was right; he did hold the strength and speed of a vampire. Clarke grit her teeth as she tried to keep up with his hits. Though he was fast and strong he didn’t hold the same amount of training as her, and multiple times did Clarke find herself delivering quite a heavy blow at his back or a sharp elbow jab in his chest. But the fight wasn’t one sided and Cage threw everything he had at her. She took in strikes at her stomach and arms and a particularly hard one at her belly that had her doubling over with a grunt.

Cage managed to throw her to the ground and Clarke rolled right onto the glass she’d smashed through. Instantly she was hissing, but at seeing the sharp pieces around and Cage advancing on her, she snatched a shard and ignoring the sting as the edges cut her hand she lunged upwards and aimed it for his chest. He jerked his body just in the time though and the glass only got lodged into his shoulder.

Cage roared, and before he could even take it out Clarke charged at him in a bull rush and sent them both tumbling to the ground. She straddled him and extended her nails in claws, bringing them down. Cage’s arms snapped upwards and snatched her wrist. With a snarl he threw it to the side so Clarke was forced off him. Cage scrambled up to his feet and Clarke did too but she was a second slower and Cage taking advantage gripped her throat and pushed her till she was slammed back first into the ground. He climbed on top of her and snatched the dagger at his side, raising it with a malicious grin. With a roar he brought it down.

Clarke caught it just in time. Her hands were locked in a white-grip on his, and she pushed with all she had upwards. The dagger’s blade just hovered over her chest. Her arms shook.

“This is it Clarke,” Cage muttered, his spit hitting her face. “You’re done.”

“This is only done once you’re dead.” Clarke growled from below. Her words had distracted her slightly, enough so that the dagger fell a few centimetres lower. Clarke realised with a start that the dagger was the one that her father had given her. It was the ancient one. Cage pushed harder, clenching his jaw and staring her dead in the eye. Clarke hissed when she felt the tip break into her skin. She forced more strength into her push but the blade barely moved a millimetre up. Fuck, she couldn’t be dying today. Not after everything. Not by the hands of Cage of all people.

Her eyes switched from the dagger to him. His seemingly always perfect hair was a mess, greasy and splaying out, sweat leaking down the sides of his face. Blood was spilling steadily down his shoulder from where she’d plunged the glass into him, but the Red in his system must be numbing the pain. She stared at the red veins speaking out from his eyes, the manic, pure crazed look that made look like a true madman.
And then she stared at her dagger that was in his hands.

No.

Clarke didn’t know when it started happening, but when her eyes fell back onto the dagger, they nearly bulged out of her head at the sight of the carved markings in the blade actually glowing. Full on glowing. Cage was shocked too, his jaw dropping. The dagger glowed brighter and the more it did the more Clarke was starting to feel new strength in her arms. Gritting her teeth she pushed and was beyond relieved to find the dagger actually moving up. Cage’s eyes widened before he pushed down with all his weight, but it didn’t matter, because now Clarke was not only forcing it up, but also turning. The engravings grew brighter.

“What are you- What are you doing?” Cage panted.

Clarke let out a breathy chuckle. “I’m not dying today Cage, and I’m certainly not dying by my own blade.” Her eyes flicked up to meet his panicked gaze. “But for you, your time is done.”

And with one last hard shove upwards, the dagger jerked forward and found its home in Cage’s throat.

Clarke shut her eyes at the spray of blood. Instantly she shoved him off her and with how he was clawing at his own neck he offered no resistance. She staggered up to her feet, looking down at Cage’s last moments. The red veins disappeared from his eyes as he squirmed, desperately trying to grab the dagger but failing. Briefly his gaze locked on to hers, and Clarke watched unblinking as finally, his hands fell slack to his sides, and Cage was dead.

She let out a shuddering breath before she bent down by his side and wrapped her hands around the dagger’s hilt. She jerked it out, standing up slowly. She eyed the dagger in her hand. Symbols that she didn’t understand glowed with her touch and somehow she just knew that it was because the dagger was finally at peace with finding its master, and with one last flicker of light, the engravings dimmed till they could only be seen when looked at closely.

Clarke turned, scanning the battlefield around her. The battle actually looked like it was finishing up and… it looked like they had won. There were barely any reapers left, the few that were standing quickly getting overwhelmed with the combined forces of the vampires and hunters. She caught sight of the last lingering mountain men, slowly walking back and glancing at each other like they knew it was over and it was only a matter of time.

She searched the scene for Lexa.

It didn’t take long, considering she was one of the few still fighting tooth and claw. Her eyes widened at the chaos that was littered around her. The scorch marks on the stone, the cracked open fountain, the missing slabs of wall in buildings. What the hell had been going on over there? It didn’t matter. She had to help her. Clarke began running for when there was a sudden echoing boom that shook the ground like an earthquake. She openly gaped at the mushroom cloud that billowed out in the distance, black smoke filtering into the open skies. The mountain was gone.

She felt someone lightly punch her arm and though she spun around ready to attack and she found it to be just Raven.

Relief at seeing Raven alive and well had her instantly pull her into a crushing hug. Raven, though initially surprised, instantly hugged back with equal intensity. “You’re alright,” Clarke whispered into her neck.
Raven chuckled. “Of course I am Griffster. What else would I be?” Slowly they pulled out of the hug. Clarke stepped back, her wide smile dropping from her face as she remembered that Lexa was still in danger. Her sight snapped over to where Lexa was fighting, and she saw that Lexa was staring at where the mountain had been blown up. Her gaze swept around her but they snagged on Clarke’s eyes. Clarke felt her heart cave in on itself when she saw that Lexa was fine. A little banged up, but fine. She offered her a wide smile and Lexa smiled back.

But she shouldn’t have diverted her attention, so Clarke was forced to watch as Alie came up behind her, spun around and drove her fist through her stomach.

The pain, oddly, only hit her after she’d glanced down.

Maybe it was just the plain shock. But only once she looked down and saw Alie’s fist buried deep into her stomach, deep enough to be fatal did the waves and waves of pain hit her.

“I’m sorry sister,” Alie said. Lexa stared at her wide-eyed as blood began trickling from her lip. “But this must be done. You gave me no other choice.”

Lexa tried to say something, but all that came out was a gurgle.

Her knees buckled from beneath her, and Alie crouched down with her, her hand still in her stomach. It was surreal, in that she could feel it. Feel it buried inside of her. “I promise you your death shall not be in vain. I intend to change the world sister, make it worthy of us. You will see, see from above. I will make you proud, Lexa. That I promise.”

Lexa put her hand against Alie’s shoulder, she tried to curl it into a fist, maybe to even hit her, but all she ended up doing was gripping Alie’s dress in a weakening hold. The world grew blurry.

“Do not fear death. It is not your end.” Alie gave her something that could have been a sad smile. It was getting hard to make out details. “I’m sorry. I truly am. But you will understand, you will, that this—“

Her words were cut off when out of nowhere a dagger was driven into her head. Alie’s eyes bulged, before her body just slumped over on top of her. Lexa tried to push her off her but her arms felt like lead. It didn’t matter though, because soon someone was shoving Alie’s body off her. Lexa cried out when Alie’s hand was ripped from her stomach. The person who’d killed Alie shushed her, pulling her into her lap and pressing their hand against the wound in her stomach. It took her longer than it should have but eventually she saw her. Clarke. At finding that gorgeous blue she opened her mouth.

“Clarke…” her voice barely rose above a whisper.

She felt fingers through her hair. “Stay with me baby. Alright? Just- Just stay with me.”

Clarke was smiling at her, but Lexa could see the tears in her eyes and blood on her face. She frowned. The world was feeling so impossibly slow. She attempted to say something but all she managed was to open her jaw. More tears fell from Clarke’s eyes, faster than before. She didn’t want her to cry. She lifted a shaky hand, it didn’t get far, but it got far enough that Clarke saw it and grasped it tightly.

“Lexa, Lexa just hold on okay? You’ll be fine. I promise. I’m not letting you go.”

Those were the last words she heard before the world went dark.
Clarke watched Lexa close her eyes.

Her entire body felt numb. They’d won. They’d fucking won. She had killed Cage, the mountain was gone, they had defeated Cage’s army and killed Alie. But none of it mattered. They had lost. That was what had happened. Lexa was lying in her arms not moving, and they had fucking lost. She had lost. Clarke had felt it. The second Lexa had left her. Their souls were quite literally connected, and the moment that that link was gone, and she felt Lexa pass, she felt something like a piece of her soul breaking.

For a long while, she didn’t do anything but stare at her.

She just stared.

Her hands were trembling violently, but still she threaded them through Lexa’s hair. It didn’t feel fair that Lexa looked so peaceful. She wasn’t peaceful. She was gone. There was nothing peaceful about that. It wasn’t fair.

It wasn’t fucking fair.

Lexa couldn’t be dead. Not after everything. Clarke couldn’t hear anything, the world had gone muffled a while ago, but slowly she brought herself back. It didn’t really make a difference; it was still silence. Dead silence. And when Clarke slowly lifted her head upwards to stare at the people around her, she saw all the people, all of Lexa’s people, just staring at her. As she had been. Carefully, so very carefully, she moved Lexa’s head off her lap. Gently she laid her down. With a long shuddering breath Clarke picked herself up.

Raven was the first one to approach her. “Clarke I’m…”

“Where are you?” Clarke whispered, not looking at her.

Raven frowned. “Clarke, what are you-?”

“I know you’re here,” Clarke growled. She stared up at the sky, then the ground, then all around her. “Where are you? Show yourself!”

Someone grabbed her by the shoulders but she instantly snatched herself out of their grip. It was Anya. “Clarke, stop it. Not here. Not with everyone watching.”

Clarke went on like Anya hadn’t said anything, raising her voice. “Your daughter is dead! I know you’re fucking watching! Show yourself!”

“Clarke stop it!” Raven snapped.

“Clarke’s voice rose even louder. “Come on! I know you’re here! Come out! I know you can hear me!”

“Clarke will you fucking-“

A sudden snap had everyone flinching. There was a blast of wind that nearly knocked Clarke off her feet, forcing her to shut her eyes. When she opened them the unexpected brightness of the being before her had her squinting. But quickly she adjusted. Forced herself to adjust. Clarke stepped toward Mother Nature without a drip of fear in body, while the others around her scrambled back and tried to put as much subtle distance as they could.
The light slowly faded from Nature’s form. It didn’t leave completely, but it dimmed enough that Clarke could see her clearly. Could make out her brunette hair, the same as Lexa’s, and the swirling colours in her iris of brown, green and blue. Her face was drawn with obvious pain. But Clarke didn’t care. She edged closer, her face stony and her eyes burning.

“Bring her back.” Clarke muttered.

Nature looked at her with sad eyes. “Clarke, that is something I cannot do.”

“No. Not cannot, will not. You created life itself. You can bring her back.”

“It is not as simple as that,” Nature said softly. “There is balance. An order. To disrupt that, it is dangerous.”

Clarke blinked the tears out of her eyes. “I don’t fucking care. Bring her back.”

“Clarke, I’m sorry but-“

“No, no you’re not listening. This isn’t a request. I am not asking you to bring her back. I am ordering you. Bring. Her. Back.”

The sadness in Nature’s face morphed into the faintest traces of anger. Raven suddenly stepped forward, seeming to realise the shit Clarke was about land herself in if she didn’t back down.

“Clarke, come on, just stop. It’s over. She’s gone.”

Raven tried to touch her arm but Clarke slapped her hand away. Her fiery gaze didn’t budge from Nature’s. “Do it now. Bring her back. I don’t care for the prices, you’ll fucking bring her back.”

“No, believe, Clarke, that because of who you are you hold the power here. What you have, was a gift from me. And I can just as easily retract it as I’ve given.”

Clarke laughed disbelievingly. “You think I care? You think I care if my dagger fucking glows when I touch it? What’s the point of a beating heart if the one person who made it beat is dead?” she stepped forward, her voice shaking. “This is your fault. And you’ll god damn bring her back.”

“My daughter is dead.” Nature snapped. The sheer amount of power she held made the hairs rise on the back of Clarke’s neck. “You dare to blame me for my own child’s passing?”

“Clarke seriously you need to stop this before-“ Raven tried to grab her again but Clarke dodged her attempts once more. If she were in the right mind, she’d be backing down right now. The being before her was growing angry and could very easily kill her in the blink of an eye. But she wasn’t in the right mind. And right now, there was only one thing in the entire world that mattered.

And that thing was gone.

“You’re damn right I’m blaming you. Lexa only fought in this war for you. For your mistakes. Alie is your child too, your responsibility, and because of her Lexa is dead, and so are all the others who’ve fought this war for you.” Nature’s lips pulled back as if to snarl, but Clarke kept going, her voice rising. “You are her mother and you sent her to fight someone with decades of knowledge against her because you were too cowardly to fix the problem yourself. Lexa’s death, your daughter’s death, is on your fucking hands, and if you think for one second that I’m going to back away from the truth in sake of saving your ego – you’re dead wrong.”

Nature charged forward towards her, stopping just a breath away from Clarke. Even if Nature should
have towered over her, Clarke’s burning gaze made it seem like she was taller, and she met Nature’s furious sight head on with not an ounce of hesitation.

“You have a choice, Mother Nature, a simple choice.” Clarke muttered, her eyes not leaving Nature’s. “You can either bring your daughter back, the one that you sent to die, or you can do nothing. You can be the coward you have been for these past centuries. You can walk away from the one good thing left in this fucked of a world. Because Lexa, she would have made a difference. She would have made it better. But if you want to stand by your pride?” Clarke scoffed. “Fine. But I hope you remember, that your daughter’s blood, it lies on your hands. And you are the only one with the ability to wipe it off.”

Clarke took a slow step back.

“So, I’ll ask you one last time.” She clenched her fists. “Bring her back.”

Nature stared at her, and Clarke figured that if she weren’t such a benevolent being she’d probably be looking at her with a dropped jaw. Nature stared her down, but Clarke stared right back, her eyes unblinking as she waited on Nature’s response. What she’d just done was either going to secure her death or bring Lexa back. Either way, she couldn’t lose. It was selfish. Beyond selfish. But Clarke didn’t care; she had lost too much, given too much to lose Lexa too.

Everyone was seeming to hold their breath, either in that they were afraid Nature was actually going to kill Clarke, or that she was going to bring Lexa back.

The seconds wondered in minutes.

Clarke didn’t move.

Nature slowly turned her gaze to behind her, where Lexa’s body was. Clarke saw the deep sigh Nature let out, saw how with it her shoulders fell and all that anger and fury left her face. Instead, she brought her gaze back to Clarke’s.

And she nodded.

But Clarke was still cautious, so she didn’t show any signs of relief. Only once Nature started moving, quietly brushing past her and crouching down by Lexa’s side, only once she saw her place her hand over Lexa’s stomach, saw the sudden blinding light that erupted from her fingers and had her stubbornly keeping her eyes open even as the intensity of the light made them burn – only once she heard Lexa’s sudden intake of breath did she let herself fall to the ground in relief.

She hastily dropped by Lexa’s side, opposite to Mother Nature’s. For Clarke she honestly couldn’t have cared less for her presence. It didn’t matter that she was quite literally in the presence of the being that had created this very earth she stood upon, all Clarke was focused on was Lexa and cradling her head as she coughed heavily. Lexa blinked up at Clarke, her eyes only half open.

“Clarke… what happened?”

Clarke smiled brighter than the light that Nature gave off. “Nothing baby. You’re fine now. I promised you you’d be okay.”

Lexa still looked thoroughly confused, but at seeing Clarke smile she smiled too, seeming unable to stop it. Her eyes flicked to the side and widened comically at seeing Mother Nature.

Nature gave her daughter a smile before she looked up to Clarke.
Clarke internally braced herself. She’d basically emotionally blackmailed her, and she knew she was in for some type of hell. She may even be killed, but really she didn’t care, because Lexa was alive, and that was all that mattered.

But instead, Nature just gave her a soft smile. “Jake would have been proud.”

Clarke blinked in shock, her jaw dropping. And just as quickly as Nature had appeared was she gone, her form disappearing with another crack and burst of light. Clarke smiled briefly before she looked back down at Lexa. Her smile widened impossibly so. She leant down and kissed her gently, and even though Lexa was still really confused on what was going on, she kissed Clarke back with ease.

- Raven stood gobsmacked as she watched Clarke lean down and kiss Lexa. She shook her head, once and then again when it didn’t do anything. The drastic turn of events left her head spinning. She had felt enough emotions in the past half hour to last her a lifetime. She felt Anya lean into her ear.

“Did Clarke just summon Mother Nature herself and force her to bring Lexa back from the dead?” she whispered.

Raven just nodded, still staring wide eyed at the pair. “Yeah.”

“Huh.” Raven turned her head in time to see Anya slowly dip her head. “So that’s why they call her the Commander of Death.”

Raven laughed. She couldn’t help it.

Commander of fucking Death indeed.

“Oh, we should probably leave they’re…”

Raven scoffed. “Are they seriously making out? Here? After Lexa literally just died?”

“Complete horndogs if you ask me.” Anya muttered. “Come on,” she grabbed her hand. “Let’s give the lovebirds their privacy.”

Raven eagerly followed. “Yes please.”

- Clarke pulled back, panting slightly. She smiled against Lexa’s lips.

“I love you.” She mumbled.

She felt Lexa smile against her lips as well. “I love you too.”

Chapter End Notes

aaand thats a wrap! wow, this shit went on for way longer than i thought it'd go. i sincerely hoped you enjoyed it, and if you didn't that's fine too, i'm just happy that you at least gave the story a chance to read it. thank you to everyone who has offered their
comments and kudos, they honestly pushed me to finish this when i wanted to abandon it a lot of times and i owe a lot to all of you wonderful souls who put the time to write comments for each chapter. would just like to say an extra special thank you to: SnobbyDragon, Jayenator565, Lettheflamebegin, MadProf and oda_rn. Your support with all your comments seriously means the world to me. thank you for your continued support.

i'll be focusing more on my prison au and a sequel for my grounder clarke au now, as well as a possible apoc au in the future. i know i shouldn't, but ive been planning it out and getting way too excited. if you want to track me down and talk clexa prompts, problems or just plain scream at me in caps because that one gay ship finally sailed, you can find me on tumblr at ur-the-puppy.

thank you so much for reading lads.

tRaNsLaTiOnS
Yu oden, ban op. - You’re done, leave.
Daun ste pleni Onya - That is enough Anya
Chich no mou diy - Speak no more of this
Yu na gon yu Heda - You would go against your Commander?
Don teik in - Accepted
Chil au. - Stay calm.
Jok of - Fuck you
Emo gon rei-de gon maun? - They are on their way to the Mountain?
Emo don nou bilaik lon nau - They won’t be long now. (sidenote: lon I made up for long)
Kigon, you - Keep going
Chon ona skafa? - What the hell?

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