Borderlands

Summary

AU, Lexa is called away from Polis to the rapidly shrinking borderlands of Trikru and Azgeda territories because of rumors of troop movement. When she ventures further into borderlands than the scouts have been before, the Commander discovers another civilization, led by a powerful Alpha named Quinn. An alliance begins to form, and is sealed by an arranged marriage between the Commander and the heir to the Twenty Tribes. Will Clarke and Lexa make their relationship work? Will the two new cultures get along? Will Raven ever leave Anya in peace?

Notes

This is my first fanfic. No beta so all mistakes are my own. It takes a while for our star duo to meet, but the story is written up through their first meeting. Let me know what you think! I will try to add at least a chapter a week, possibly more but no promises. I eliminated the ARK and CoL storylines because they don't make that much sense to me, plus I have a strong love for a badass grounder Clarke. There are still nightbloods, but they are from genetic mutations, not Becca. Thanks for reading!
Okay! As either a mourning or celebratory gift on the night of/morning after election day I have finished the remade version of Borderlands up to Ton DC! There is a bit of reused material, especially the smut, but there is also a lot of changes so I hope you all enjoy the new Borderlands! Thanks to everyone who reads this. Also I want to give a huge thanks to all of you who commented your support of me rewriting this, I really appreciate your kind words. I hope this version is still as good. I do think it flows much better and has a happier storyline, but you are judge and jury. Thanks again!

Lexa POV

Lexa stood on top of a ridge looking out across the borderlands. The borderlands were solid forests interrupted only by rivers and streams; they stretched across the mountain range to the North and East. The northernmost parts bordered Azgeda lands and the southern parts bordered Trikru lands. They were wild lands that were slowly shrinking as the population of the twelve clans grew.

However, recent word from Azgeda scouts of movement in the borderlands brought the Commander herself into the wilderness to investigate. “The branwodas probably mistook a herd of deer for a troop of warriors,” the Alpha thought to herself. “There is nothing out here but fat rabbits and mountain lions.”

There had always been rumors of great hidden armies in the borderlands. Most of these stories were nothing more than tales told to pups to keep them from venturing too far into the woods. Occasionally there was a Lone Wolf who would build a cabin and live in the borderlands, but they were hardly the makings of the wild tales often told. The far-fetched tellings went so far as to claim there were Omega warriors out in the woods that had killed over 30 Alphas at one time. Lexa knew no such Omegas existed. Omegas made excellent hunters and craftsmen, as well as teachers and mothers, but Lexa had yet to meet one that could truly excel in hand-to-hand combat. Many had trained in the Twelve Clans, but they had been unable to defeat Alphas or Betas simply because they lacked the strength to defend against the blows.

After a few more moments watching the sun move across the sky Lexa returned to camp. When she arrived back at camp, her warriors had already started a fire and were in the process of skinning a small deer for supper. Anya nodded her greeting as the Commander took a seat next to her favored general. “Anything of interest in the borderlands tonight?” she inquired. “Nothing. Azgeda scouts swear there is movement about two days ride east,” Lexa replied. “This forest puts me on edge” the older Alpha muttered, “It seems like the trees themselves are watching us.” Lexa laughed at her former mentor. “You always were a superstitious old dog” Anya growled low, “Watch who you call old dog, pup. I can still put you on your ass.”

Their conversation was interrupted by the hesitant approach of one of the scouts. He was a dark muscular Beta; his name was Lincoln if she recalled properly. He had never been on an assignment with the Commander, which explained his nervousness in approaching her. The Commander and her General cut impressive figures. Both wore their war paint and had a single sword strapped across
their backs. The Commander wore a long black coat reinforced with bone, metal, and scraps of leather over a fitted grey long sleeved shirt and a pair of black trousers. The pauldron of the Commander sat over her coat on her left shoulder with the red sash trailing behind her. Anya was in a shorter coat lined with fur. Metal spaulders guarded her shoulders and marked her as a Trikru General. Both were also armed with daggers and knives on their hips and thighs, with other small knives hidden in boots, coat sleeves, and braids. If this were not enough to intimidate their subordinates then the matching masks of icy indifference, combined with the air of power and authority they radiated certainly would. Lincoln dipped his head before speaking “Heda, dinner is ready. The first watch has just returned; all is quiet so far.” Lexa and Anya rose. “Mochof Linkon, you are dismissed for the evening.” The pair ate their dinner before retiring by the fire for the evening.

The next morning the camp rose with the sun. After everything was packed into saddlebags the warriors mounted up and began the long ride east.

Clarke POV

“Aargh!!!” a dark haired Omega roared as she hit the hard packed sand in the training ring yet again. “You need to move your feet more. You are about as flexible as a boulder,” instructed the blonde Omega who stood above her companion. The dark haired Omega climbed to her feet and raised her sword again to signal she was ready. The two danced around one another, blades flashing in the morning sun. The blonde moved fluidly, seeming to dance around her opponent, never allowing her to land a blow. The brunette soon found herself heaving for breath on her back yet again. “Its not fair!” she exclaimed irritably “You’ve been training with the leader of the Tribe since you could walk! You could at least take it a little easy on me Clarke!” The blonde threw her head back and laughed. “I am taking it easy on you O, I just won’t let you win,” the blonde grinned down at her friend Octavia.

The two began their walk back to the main house through the village. “When is Quinn supposed to be back anyways? I heard she took Kiara with her to patrol the borders this time” Octavia queried. “They should be back in about a week. With Kiara’s rut coming up Quinn thought it would be best if she took her out so she could keep an eye on her. First ruts are always rough” Clarke replied. They continued wandering through the small village. The vendors were just pulling the tarps and walls down on their stalls and the pups were beginning to trickle out of their houses, eager to begin playing.

Soon the duo reached the house in the center of the village. It was slightly larger than the other homes to accommodate for the meeting room attached. The smell of sausage and potatoes wafted through the air. Both girls grinned and sped up their pace. Just as they reached the door it flew open, revealing a young dark haired pup, who launched himself at Clarke. She easily caught him mid air and spun him around as he giggled. “Clarke! Clarke! Momma made us sausage AND sliced potatoes for breakfast!! Hurry up before Mira eats them all!!” The Omega merely chucked, “Slow down Koda, Mira isn’t going to eat all the food.”

Inside Kya, legendary warrior, the mate of Quinn, leader of the Wolf Tribe and voice of the Twenty Tribes, was covered head to toe in flour and bent over laughing at her sputtering eldest pup, who was also covered in the white dust. The torn bag of flour lay on the floor in between them as Mira continued snorting and huffing. “Aww you had a food fight without me!!” Koda whined. “No little one, your older sister just thought she would show off and throw the flour around the kitchen instead of handing it to me. As you can see it blew up in her face quite literally” Kya snickered. “Sit. Eat. We will go get cleaned up.”
Everyone sat around the table eating and laughing; however, the emptiness at the head of the table was very noticeable. “Ugh, I miss Mom already, and she’s only been gone 4 days” Mira whined. “The border checks are necessary. We’re all just sad because we had to sit these past years out because of the Tribe meetings.” Kya replied. “Speaking of which, Clarke, you are in charge of the Northern Ten Tribes and keeping them from killing each other and Mira you have the Southern Ten. Try to have them all ready for the meeting by tomorrow at sun high.” Mira immediately groaned.

The Southern tribes were known for their pompous attitude and snide remarks about the War Tribes of the North, despite the South being mostly dependent on the North for meat and protection. The Southerners were mostly merchants, farmers, and seaman. They found the militaristic hierarchy of the Wolf Tribe and other 9 Northern Tribes to be barbaric, yet a necessary evil. Mira knew immediately that her sire was testing her diplomatic abilities this meeting.

Clarke could only grin. She had gotten stuck with making nice with the Southerners last year and she couldn’t be more pleased that this time she got to brawl with her own people. Every year since Clarke and Mira had turned 16 Quinn had left for border patrol during the annual Tribe meeting, leaving her pups to handle the Tribe Leaders and stand in as her proxy to prepare them for when one of them would take over as leader of the Wolf Tribe. In the past meeting many other Tribe Leaders had followed Quinn’s example and allowed their pups to stand in and begin to lead.

As the family cleaned the kitchen, Clarke and Octavia began planning where the Northern Leaders and their entourages would stay over the next week. As the only Omega pup of Quinn, Clarke once again felt the pressure to prove she was worthy of her position in the Tribe. She and Octavia left to begin planning the meeting and hopefully impress her sire.

Later that Week

It was the night before the Tribes left after another productive Tribe Meeting and Clarke was currently trying to wash all the blood out of her hair and off of her body before her mother came downstairs and finished the job the Ice Bear guard had started. Clarke had been supervising, or rather enjoying, the closing festivities the Northerners always held when the idiotic Ice Bear guard thought starting a duel would be a stellar way to end the evening. When Clarke stepped in to remove the drunken fool, he charged at her and caught her ribs with the back end of his axe, cracking at least two. That was the beginning of the brawl. By the end, everyone left with at least one black eye and quite a few cuts and bruises, but thankfully no deaths and only 2 broken arms. Clarke had been caught in the middle trying to yank Rolling Thunder warriors off the Shadow Tribe warriors, and barking orders at her own warriors to separate the Ice Bears, Blue People, Blood Warriors, Mountain Lords, Horse Nation, Oak Ridge Nation, and Big Sky Nation. She had snarled, growled, fought, threatened and bargained the Ten Tribes back to their encampments in about a half hour.

“Did you run into a bit of trouble at the gathering this evening?” Clarke jumped when she heard her mother speak.

“Gods! You scared the shit out of me; don’t do that!” she gasped. “Moronic Ice Bear guard thought he should start a duel, which naturally escalated into a brawl, which ended the evening exactly how the Northern Tribes like it, bloody.”

“Hmm, yes they usually do try to end every meeting with a fist fight. Come here, lets see if we can’t get you properly cleaned up so you don’t get an infection.”

“Have you heard from Mom yet? They should be getting home soon.” Clarke mused.

“No, I haven’t heard a word from her or Kiara. It’s a bit odd, she always sends a messenger when she’s halfway through the patrol. Maybe she hasn’t had time with Kiara’s rut. That’s my thought at least.”
Kya softly probed at Clarke’s ribs, causing her to stiffen. She wrapped them before moving on to wipe the cuts and scrapes with alcohol. “Nothing needs stitches or burning, and you know what to do for your ribs. Get to bed. I am sure the Tribes will have left quite the mess come morning.” Kya remarked. The two bid their goodnights as Clarke entered her room. She could hear Mira snoring next door and the soft patter of Koda’s feet as he snuck into her parent’s room for the night. Clarke smiled as she drifted off, wondering how she had gotten so lucky to be found by Quinn so many years ago.

16 Years Previous

Quinn rode through the territory of the Wolf Tribe on her way back to her mate and young pup. She was anxious to return after being called away to attempt to bring a halt to the fighting between the Shadow Tribe and Blue People. The wars in the North were still going strong as ever; the Alpha had only been able to tame the Southern Tribes and begin to build trade between them. They were easy enough to work with; as long as there was a profit to be made they were willing to negotiate at the least.

The North was still at war and very volatile, however. The only two tribes to be joined were Rolling Thunder and Wolf Tribe. Quinn’s arranged mating with Kya, the daughter of the Tribe Leader was the main factor in holding the alliance together. Thankfully, it had worked to begin erasing the years of bad blood and fighting between the two previous enemies. Quinn still had hope that as the Voice of the Twenty she could convince the Northerners to lay down their weapons and stop the constant battles. She sighed deeply as she trotted on, lost in thought on how she was going to achieve the impossible.

She was stirred from her thoughts by the smell of fresh blood, and a lot of it. She drew her sword as she turned her horse and charged toward the scent. As she burst into the clearing, the Alpha quickly brought her horse to a stop as her heart sunk.

What was once a cozy, well-kept home was now a graveyard. The pieces of the couple that had once lived there were scattered across the yard. The door to the home hung open on broken hinges. The brutality and amount of blood in this killing told Quinn that Ice Bear raiders were to blame. Just as she was about to charge after the raiding party who hadn’t even bothered to cover their tracks, Quinn heard a soft whimper from within the broken home.

Quinn dismounted and slowly walked into the house. The furniture inside was smashed, bedding ripped to pieces and dishes shattered. As the Alpha picked her way through the wreckage, her boots crunching on bits of broken glass, she once again heard the small whimper, along with some scuffling. The wary Alpha followed the noise into a small room across from the main bedroom.

Inside there was what was once a small bed and nightstand, now broken beyond repair. Toys were scattered across the floor. The curtains had been ripped off their hangings. The top of the nightstand lay over the small rug that was in the center of the room. The top suddenly wiggled up and down as something attempted to move it.

Quinn quickly lifted the nightstand off the rug and tossed it to the side. When she lifted the rug, a small trap door was revealed. The Alpha immediately tugged it open, revealing a young blonde
Omega pup with tears streaming down her face. The pup scampered back as far as she could into the tiny space, a terrified look on her face. Quinn quickly dropped down onto her knees and took a few steps back from the youngster.

“It’s alright little one, I’m not going to hurt you,” she murmured softly as she began to emit calming pheromones. Slowly, the pup crawled forward until she came out of the hidden space and settled into the Alpha’s arms. Quinn immediately wrapped the young pup in one of the furs on the floor and began to soothe her.

As she nuzzled the youngster, Quinn felt her heart break a little; this pup couldn’t have been but a month or so younger than her own child. “I swear to you, this will never happen again. I will find a way to end this,” she promised.

The Alpha began searching the room, searching through the toys and broken furniture until she found what she was looking for. On the underside of a wooden rocking horse was carved: For Clarke, Love Dad.

As Quinn quickly exited the house and covered Clarke’s head so she wouldn’t see the fate of her parents, she murmured softly, “I have you now, and I swear to you I will protect you and raise you as my own. You are safe Clarke, Wolf of my Tribe.”

Lexa POV

The group had been riding east for two days and they had yet to come upon a sign that anyone had been this way. The only tracks to be found were deer and rabbit. There was nothing out of the ordinary. Lexa grew more irritated by the hour, as did the rest of her party.

“This was a massive waste of our joken time” Anya snarled as they picked their way through yet another thorn patch. “Who in the hell would try to live out here anyways? The forest is so thick you can barely walk through it, let alone march an army!” Lexa sighed; she agreed completely. There was no way there were troops moving through the area. It was simply too thick and dense for any significant traffic to have gone by in recent months. She cursed the Azgeda scouts under her breath for their foolishness.

Suddenly, a scout ahead whistled. Lexa and Anya headed in the direction of the sound; curious as to what could have drawn their attention. As they approached, the forest seems to clear. Soon the two stood on what seemed to be a well-used path that was large enough for carts to travel on. Anya sucked in a sharp breath as Lexa cursed under her breath. “Let's move out! We stay off the road and hidden.” The Commander snarled.

They had been running through the forest for over eight hours. The horses were panting and foaming. The path had curved a few times, but for the most part it ran continuously east. Finally, the Commander raised her hand and brought the party to a halt. “We need to stop for the evening, the horses can go no further and if we need to run then we need them strong.” Anya whirled around in her saddle, “We are Trikru! We do NOT run from a fight!” Lexa snarled viciously and began pumping out Alpha pheromones, causing everyone in the clearing to bare their necks in submission. “Do not dare call me a coward, General! We have no idea what is out here, and I will not have all of us killed simply for pride.”

A twig snapped off to the right at the same time an arrow embedded itself in a tree right above Anya’s head. Warriors seemed to melt out of the trees and surround the Trikru; all had bows drawn and aimed at the heads of the gonas. Lexa immediately eyed the warrior closest to her. She was a
young Alpha, in rut judging by the stench and sheen of sweat that coated the girl. Her yellow eyes seemed to glow as the girl’s jaw twitched and her arms trembled.

A lone figure strutted forward through the warriors. She spoke quietly to the girl, causing her jaw to stiffen and her back to straighten. The woman then turned to Lexa. The Commander felt herself give an involuntary shiver as she took in the apparent leader of the strangers. The woman was an extremely powerful Alpha. She stood at least a head taller than the Commander, with a powerful, thick build. The Alpha was massive; she oozed authority and strength. The strange Alpha wore only a sleeveless shirt that clung to her muscular torso, which revealed powerful arms that rippled with muscle. They were bronzed from the sun and covered in white scars and black bands of tattoos. Her leather-clad legs were equally powerful looking. Her eyes glowed the same yellow as the young warrior nearest the Commander, but the leader’s face was far more angular and her hair a more unruly mane of reddish black that was contained by a tie and a leather band around her brow.

She cocked her head as she stared at the Commander. The tension in the forest was so thick it was almost palpable. The silence seemed to stretch on into eternity as the two groups appraised each other, neither daring to move.

Finally it was broken when the leader of the strangers spoke, “You are not of my people. Your clothes and scents are not familiar to me. You were looking for something in these lands; tell me what it is you seek and why I should let you live.”

“We had no idea there were any others here,” Lexa quickly explained. “Our territories have slowly been expanding east towards these lands. Our scouts had ventured as far as about a half’s day ride west of this place before they turned back, having said they came across troops. We came to investigate, as we believed them to be Banished or rebels. Had we known an entire civilization of other people lived here we would have never charged into these lands as we have. I apologize for my mistakes and I ask for your mercy.”

Lexa had to bite back a grimace as she finished speaking, it was not in her nature to apologize or beg. However, she knew that in order to save her people’s life she must. There was no way they could escape this without suffering serious casualties, if any of them would survive at all. The Trikru were mighty warriors, but these strangers had surrounded them without ever alerting them to their presence. Lexa had no idea who these people were, but she knew she did not want to make an enemy of them. Her people had been through enough war.

The leader simply raised her hand and twitched two fingers. The warriors immediately took a step back and lowered their weapons. “I believe you. After all, if we had no idea you existed, it is not so difficult to believe the same was true for you. I am Quinn. I lead the Wolf Tribe and I speak for all Twenty Tribes in this land.”

The Alpha, Quinn, sighed deeply. “We are not allies, but we are not enemies either. This puts us in a very strange position; I am not entirely sure how to handle this situation.”

Lexa nodded and decided to introduce herself: “I am Lexa, Commander of the Twelve Clans, which lie to the West of your lands. We have only recently been at peace long enough to begin expanding our lands, which I believe is why we have never encountered one another before. I have the authority to speak for my people, and as such I would like to officially extend an invitation to explore an alliance between our people.”

Quinn nodded, “As the Voice of the Twenty, I accept. I suggest we return to our lands and reconvene one week from today past the borders of our lands in neutral territory.”

Lexa stiffened, “What assurance do I have you won’t return with an army?”
A young beta quickly spoke up in a language that was foreign to Lexa; the leader had a pained expression as she nodded to the man. “Luka is my brother’s son. He has offered to journey with you as an assurance that I mean no harm and also to teach you of your people.”

Lexa pondered the move; while the man could be a spy that would gather information on the land for these people that he would relay back to them in a week, he was also an excellent bargaining chip. He was high ranking and closely related to the leader, making him very valuable should Lexa choose to imprison him or interrogate him. Deciding to follow her instincts and trust the powerful leader, Lexa replied, “Very well, I leave you with Anya, my general and mentor. She will teach you what she can.”

The two rolled out their maps after that and chose a meeting spot where they would reconvene with 25 warriors each, not including themselves or the generals who would stay behind. Lexa mounted her horse and turned around, nudging the mare into a trot as she began to formulate a plan on which warriors to bring, what she could offer these strange new people, what her people needed, and how to learn of their potential weaknesses.

Chapter End Notes

INFORMATION ON ALPHA/BETA/OMEGA UNIVERSE

Body types vary based on region of origin, for example the Trikru have two main body types, lean and muscular (Anya, Indra, Lexa, Titus) or large and bear-like (Gustus, Lincoln). The Wolf Tribe are typically shorter (Quinn is much taller, consider her the exception that makes the rule), but highly muscled, (Clarke, Quinn) The Ice Bears are all bear like, and Rolling Thunder are all tall and lean. I will describe others as they appear in the story.

Alphas: Can be male or female, usually very protective of their mates and pups, and can be very aggressive and dominant during ruts which occur every six months, usually in sync with their mate's heats if mated to an Omega. All Alphas have a penis, which develops during the first rut if female. Alphas are the strongest physically, regardless of body type. They can force submission onto any weaker Alpha and any Beta or Omega.

Betas: Can be male or female, normally known as the peace keepers. They are the closest to normal humans as they don't go through ruts or heats, and have standard human anatomy. They make the best guards and spies as they blend in much easier than Alphas or Omegas.

Omegas: Only females in this fic, and are typically very motherly and tactile. They are also very protective of their pups, but will most often leave Alphas to defend territory when possible. Omegas go through heats every three months, and are often very vulnerable during them and therefore might seek out the strongest available Alpha to protect them should they feel threatened. While weaker than Alphas and most Betas, they are also normally faster and more nimble.

CHARACTER INFORMATION

Clarke: Wolf Tribe, 19, Omega, 5'6, fully trained as a warrior and named as an heir to Wolf Tribe.
Lexa: Trikru, 19, Alpha, 5'8, Commander of the Twelve Clans,

Quinn: Wolf Tribe, 39, Alpha, 6'4, Leader of the Wolf Tribe,

Kya: Rolling Thunder Tribe, 38, Omega, 6'0, heir to Rolling Thunder

Anya: Trikru, 30, Alpha, 5'7, General and mentor to Lexa

Raven: Wolf Tribe, 25, Omega, 5'4, blacksmith

Octavia: Wolf Tribe, 17, Omega, 5'2, warrior in training

Mira: Wolf Tribe, 19, Alpha, 6'3, warrior and heir to Wolf Tribe

Kiara: Wolf Tribe, 16, Alpha, 5'10, warrior in training

Koda: Wolf Tribe, 8, Alpha,

Indra: Trikru, 35, Alpha, 5'10, chieftain of Ton DC and General.
Clarke had been in the training grounds for the last four hours, and she was absolutely exhausted. Her sire had not sent word still and she was supposed to be home that evening; Clarke could not help but feel worry gnaw at her gut. She knew her mother and siblings felt the same; Mira had been in the woods almost constantly, hunting and running to release the stress, and Kya had been snarling and picking fights left and right while Koda never left her sight. Clarke had taken to training constantly, fighting as many warriors as she could, and sometimes more than she could handle. She was sore and covered in cuts and bruises from the constant abuse.

After another half hour of training with a few seconds, she decided to go and have lunch at the main house; both she and Mira had promised they would come home for lunch today and keep their mother company.

As soon as she entered the house she noticed her mother was laughing and smiling at Mira. “Mama?” she asked uncertainly. Kya turned and immediately walked towards her daughter, engulfing her in a hug, “A messenger just arrived, your mom got held up on the southwestern borders, but she should be home in time for dinner tonight.”

Clarke felt the tension drain out of her as she relaxed into her mother’s comforting embrace. “That’s wonderful news” she exclaimed, finally pulling out of her mother’s arms.

The rest of the day passed rather quickly as everyone prepared for the return of the Tribe Leader. Soon enough everyone was dressed in their best day clothes, with weapons polished and braids redone, waiting on the return of their favorite Alpha. Quinn did not keep them waiting long. Just as the sun reached the tops of the trees a horn sounded from the east. The family all ran towards the city gates, arriving just in time to see Quinn’s great grey war charger cantering out of the forest, followed closely by Kiara on her bay charger and the rest of the group with the addition of an Alpha who Clarke didn’t recognize.

The crowd that had gathered quickly separated as warriors were reunited with their families as Quinn sought out hers. She and Kiara leapt off their horses as soon as they spotted their family, running to them. Hugs were quickly exchanged between the parted family members before they made their way back to the main house with Anya in tow.

As they entered the house, Clarke was able to get a closer look at the strange Alpha. She smelled far more like burning wood and cool rivers than any of the Tribes Clarke had encountered before. She was dressed in much darker leathers also, with most of it being a more pieced together fashion than Clarke was used to. She stood tall and proud with her arms clasped behind her back rigidly. Clarke’s sire disentangled herself from Kya’s arms and introduced them to the stranger, “This is Anya; she is a general from another nation which borders ours. Anya, this is Kya, my oldest; Clarke, who’s just a few months younger; Kiara, who you’ve met; Koda, my youngest; and this is my mate, Kya. Anya nodded her head in greeting.

Quinn then told her family about the strangers she had met in the woods, and her intentions to form
an alliance with them in one week. They got to work immediately, sending messengers to the elders and tradesmen they would need present at the meeting, as well as the warriors from various tribes they wished to have in attendance. Clarke began gathering inventories of the various goods trades throughout the tribes, and she also began speaking with Anya about trade in this new nation, learning what they had and what they needed.

It was late in the night before the family retired for the evening. As Clarke sat down on her bed, a soft knock sounded on her door. She called out for the person to enter and was unsurprised to find it was her sire. Clarke had a good idea what she had come to talk to her about.

“Hey Mom,” Clarke greeted softly. “Clarke,” Quinn replied as she sat next to Clarke, “I would like you to come with me to the meeting. I also want to warn you. There is a good chance that I am going to have to ask for an arranged marriage between the Commander and an heir to one of the Tribes. I refuse to let you say yes now, but I do want you to get to know the Commander, as we both know that when it comes to that I will have to ask you first. I don’t want to, but you are an heir to both the Wolf Tribe throne and the Voice of the Twenty Tribes.”

Clarke nodded, she had known since she was young that mating for love was not something she would have the luxury of doing. Like her parents, Clark would need to sacrifice for her people and find love as she went. “I won’t say yes right away, but I will do my best to get to know the Commander. If we are incompatible I also won’t say yes as I don’t wish to sour the alliance by a bad marriage.” Quinn smiled sadly as she hugged Clarke tightly, allowing her to sink into her strong arms and breathe in her comforting scent of leather and fresh-cut firewood.

“I am so proud of you Clarke. You have grown into an incredible woman and leader. I wish I could shelter you from the world and keep you my little pup forever, but it would be far too selfish of me to do so. You are going to be an incredible leader; you already are. Whether you mate with the Commander or not, know that I am always so proud of you my little one.” Quinn released her and quietly left her room, shutting the door behind her. Clarke sunk back into her bed, wondering what the Commander would be like. Clarke knew she had to be powerful and cunning to unite and lead so many people, but Clarke doubted she was naturally cruel, as Quinn was normally excellent at reading people’s intentions. Clarke drifted into sleep wondering what sort of situation she had gotten herself into.

The next morning Clarke and Anya were walking through the village discussing potential cultural issues that could arise and cause problems. The worst thing that could happen would be one group thinking themselves superior to the other. Clarke was pleased to learn the Coalition was very similar to her own people. Both allowed individual Clans and Tribes to remain unique, but also kept them closely tied together through trade. Clarke was a bit nervous to ask about Omegas’ roles in society, but was very relieved to learn they were free to work as whatever they pleased and had the same rights as any other presentation.

“There are no Omega warriors, however.” Anya said cautiously, “Many have attempted the training, but have been unable to defeat Alphas or Betas and so we could not risk their lives by sending them into battles.”

Clarke nodded her understanding; “It was the same for all the tribes but the Wolf Tribe before we were all aligned. That was the main thing we traded actually, the knowledge of how to train Omegas so they could actually defend themselves. There was so much killing and raiding inside the Tribes back then that it was more than enough to seal alliances.”

“So you know how to fight and can beat Alphas?” Anya asked incredulously.

Clarke grinned, replying: “I am one of the best fighters we have. There are very few who can beat
me. My skills are unusual for any presentation though, most Omegas can hold their own in battles against Alphas or Betas, but they aren’t superior by any means. How well you do depends on how hard you work, natural ability, and how good of a teacher you have. I got lucky with a family of incredible warriors, a body built for speed, and enough stubbornness that I never gave up.”

Anya chuckled, “This will also be a good trade with my people. We value strength and wisdom, and this knowledge will be well received.”

Clarke nodded, mentally storing away the information given to her. The two continued to talk about the possible trades to be made until they were interrupted by Raven, a blacksmith who specialized in creating old world weapons out of scraps. The Omega had stopped Clarke and began to talk about how she was going to travel, but her voice tapered off as she took note of the other woman present. Raven’s eyes grew wide as she stared at Anya, mouth hanging open slightly.

“Uhh Raven? You need to know how you’re going to travel?”

“Oh! Ahh, right! Can I take a wagon? I mean I can ride, but its going to be a long trip, and I have a lot of projects I want to take with me, so what do you say?” she rambled. Clarke raised her eyebrows; it was unusual for Raven to lose her cool. She agreed to let Raven take her wagon full of projects before walking off with Anya.

The week passed quickly. The most prominent traders, innovators, and warriors were prepared to ride for the meeting place to sort out an alliance. Anya had been a massive help in preparing potential offers. She had given an excellent insight to the Coalition culture. Anya was smart, strong, and exceedingly patient, which was a very good thing for Raven. The blacksmith had been hounding the Alpha’s steps, asking her endless questions and making far too many poor jokes. Anya had done her best to ignore the Omega, but it was no use. Raven’s stubbornness would not be outmatched, and by now Anya had seemed to give in. She waited for Raven every morning outside her shop, and had been helping the blacksmith pack her projects and prepare for the journey.

They were leaving today for the meeting. The entire entourage was ready to mount up; they only awaited Quinn to give the sign. Clarke stood behind her, waiting anxiously for her sire to finish saying her goodbyes. The group soon mounted up, riding west to meet with the Coalition. Clarke felt her excitement grow at the adventure she was about to embark on. She grinned wildly as she looked at Quinn, who just happily smiled back.

Chapter End Notes

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Chapter 3

Lexa POV

Lexa rode east once again with her group of advisors, generals, and warriors. As she thought back on the difficult week, she was surprised by quickly it had gone by. The Alpha had spent every minute she wasn’t sleeping in meetings. She had compiled lists of everything they had to trade and everything they needed. She had spent hours with Luka discussing what she was walking into and what his people had to offer. Lexa had learned that one of the biggest things they would most likely offer would be the ability to teach Omegas how to fight as well as iron and timber.

Luka had explained that it was the Wolf Tribe who originally had the knowledge to teach small Alphas and Betas as well as Omegas to be able to defend themselves and hold their own in fights. He told Lexa that it had to do with a different mindset and style of fighting that would have taken the Clans as well as the Tribes years to develop on their own through trial and error. The knowledge was from before the end of the old world, and it had been a well guarded secret during the century of war that had just recently came to an end when the Tribes linked together. It had also been a huge bargaining chip for the Wolf Tribe, whose main resources at the time were warriors and the animals they hunted. Their lands were not good for farming and they held no minerals or resources, and so it was knowledge that they traded for peace.

Lexa had learned that all the Tribes were linked together through matings, and this was the main factor in holding together their alliances. Luka had suspected that Lexa would be asked to mate with an heir to one of the Tribes, most likely Quinn’s pup, Clarke. Lexa couldn’t say she was opposed to the idea assuming the Omega was willing and it truly would benefit her people. Lexa’s life had never been her own, and she had learned early on that if she ever did take a mate they would have to be politically significant. If this came to be, there would be a ceremony to link the couple as well as their people. Lexa would have to swear fealty to the Omega and her people and the Omega would do the same for her.

The Northern Tribes mined iron, copper, and timber. Copper was poor for making weapons, but iron ore was difficult to come by and even harder to turn into iron. However, the Northern tribes had found a way. They mined the ore and produced a large amount of iron, allowing them to make a multitude of the products Lexa’s people had been using repurposed iron and metals to create. The Northern Tribes were happy to trade the iron for a great number of things, but especially food and horses. The Southern Tribes flourished from their shipping and farming trades. They would haul iron on great ships for the North, and they also provided them with as much produce as possible, while the North did the hunting.

The trade and land agreements would take a great amount of time to negotiate, but after so much time with Luka, Lexa had come to believe peace would be possible with these new people.

Two days later the Commander and her group were approaching the meeting place. Lexa had sent two scouts ahead of them to ensure Quinn had kept her word. Luka had merely smiled and said they would find two scouts in the trees, fifteen people at the clearing, and nine would be out in the woods out of view. As they approached, the scouts returned. “Heda, there were two scouts in the trees that greeted us. We saw fifteen at the clearing setting up camp.” Lexa nodded and ordered her group into
formation. She led, with her guards flanking her and the Coalition banners flying.

They rode into the clearing, stopping once they reached the main tent. Lexa and her group dismounted as Quinn, Anya, and a stunning blonde walked forward to greet them. Lexa felt her mouth go dry as she gazed upon possibly the most beautiful creature on the earth. The young woman had bright blue eyes and thick blonde hair that was held back by soft braids. Her skin was slightly tanned, and her figure was curvy yet muscular. She smelt like wildflowers and raspberries, a wild yet sweet scent that mesmerized the Commander.

“I am glad to see you made it safely Commander. This is Clarke, my daughter and heir,” Quinn introduced. Clarke smiled and Lexa extended her arm in greeting. Clarke grasped her forearm firmly, saying, “It’s a pleasure to meet you Commander, I look forward to working with you in the future.”

“As I look forward to working with you and getting to know you, Clarke,” Lexa replied, giving her best charming smile. She decided then that she liked the way Clarke’s name rolled off her tongue. Lexa was then introduced to the rest of the company. She memorized the names and faces of the traders, warriors, and craftsmen she was to be working with. She noticed that Clarke had introduced herself to all of Lexa’s company and was currently in a discussion with Indra, the chieftain of Ton DC. Indra didn’t seem to be too bothered by the blonde, which surprised Lexa; normally Indra detested any form of politics that didn’t end in a fight.

An explosion on the outskirts of the camp caused Lexa to jump. “Ahh, and that would be the missing blacksmith, Raven. She specializes in old world creations. She decided to bring some of her projects with her; I assure you they are nothing to worry about,” Quinn said simply. Loud cursing sounded from the tent and when the flaps opened smoke billowed out around a deeply tanned woman around 25. Lexa was shocked to see Anya hurrying over to the woman to check her over. She was quickly waved off, but remained close to the woman as she approached.

“Sorry about that, the book has the wires color coded and none of my wires have colors so there was a bit of a mistake. I’m Raven,” the woman introduced. Lexa nodded her greeting before they all moved into the large tent. The sides were quickly rolled up, allowing sunlight and air in. The group quickly settled in and began discussing the alliance.

Later that Evening

Lexa walked around the camp as the sun began to set. The meeting was going quite well so far; the Twenty Tribes were apt negotiators. They asked for more than they would ever receive and offered less than they were willing to give in return. After that they would haggle with Lexa and her advisors, but they always were happy when they came to a fair agreement for both parties. Lexa found it odd how they always went through this even though they had no intentions of receiving the agreements they initially proposed. Regardless, so far the meeting was going well and trade routes were in the making.

“Dinner?” A voice behind her asked suddenly. Lexa turned to find that Clarke stood there with two plates of food. Lexa took a plate from the gorgeous Omega who sat down next to her. “Don’t be bothered by the traders’ way of negotiating. They really just love to haggle.” Lexa nodded, “I assumed as much, given they had no issues with accepting fair agreements.” Clarke smiled and the pair fell quiet for a time. “Do you know how to fight?” Lexa asked, curious to know if the blonde was able to after speaking with Luka. Clarke nodded, “Yes, I am a proficient fighter. As one of the heirs I have to be able to fight, hunt, and lead.” Lexa asked, “What do you mean by one of the heirs? There is more than one?”

“In the Wolf Tribe, yes. We don’t believe in bloodlines being the only important factor in a good leader, so any that wish to be an heir must go through tests when they turn sixteen. If they pass, they
are given the brand of the Wolf Tribe to signify they are worthy of leading. Each Tribe is different though, but most do pass the throne onto their pups.”

Lexa replied, “It is similar with my people, the Clans choose their own leaders by their own methods, but to be Heda you must have nightblood. When the current Commander falls, the nightbloods will fight in a conclave and the winner is the new Commander.”

“How is the nightblood passed through the generations if the nightbloods kill each other in a conclave?” Clarke inquired.

“We aren’t sure. Many believe it is from the radiation. It only affects Alphas, and there has never been a generation where nightblood wasn’t present,” Lexa explained. Clarke nodded in understanding before asking, “What’s your favorite weapon?”

Lexa thought a moment before replying, “I would choose a spear if I could in nearly every battle, but they are difficult to use in narrow spaces and hard to carry on horseback for long distances.” This prompted a long conversation between the two on weapons, armor, fighting techniques in different terrain, battles they had fought, training, and many other subjects from there. They talked late into the night before finally bidding their farewells.

Clarke POV

Clarke was enraptured by the Commander. Everything about the lean Alpha drew her in and made her wolf howl and pace. Her scent was incredible, a sharp scent of pine needles laced with the strength of her wolf. Her body was lined with sheets of toned muscle, not too bulky, but enough to speak of her physical prowess and power. She walked with an arrogance Clarke couldn’t help but find impossibly alluring. The Alpha rarely smiled, but when she did Clarke felt her world stop. The small upturn of her full lips whenever Clarke said something she found amusing had the Omega turned into a puddle of wanton desire.

The two had spent much of their free time together in between the meetings. They ate nearly every meal together and would often walk around the woods or go on patrol together. The trade routes had finally been established as well as which villages and cities would house the traders and how many stalls would be set up at each location. The goods to be traded had been decided as well as where they would go and who would enforce the regulations. The punishments for unlawful trading had been decided and the leaders capable of judging and dealing out punishments in the various cities and villages had been named.

The only things left to do were to decide how to secure the alliance permanently and to decide how to begin integrating the two nations. As anticipated, Quinn offered up the knowledge of training Omegas; she offered to both allow them to train with warriors of the Twenty Tribes as well as teach the warriors of the Coalition how to train their own people so that the information was not kept solely with the Twenty Tribes. Lexa had stood quietly for some time before she responded by offering to share the Coalition’s education system and help build schools, train teachers, and share books with the Twenty Tribes. Quinn nodded, and Clarke could tell she was pleased Lexa had offered education as well. Knowledge was a powerful and valuable resource, more precious than any metal or jewel.

“I would like a demonstration of your people’s skills, however. I am sure you can understand why I would like proof that your Omegas can hold their own against an Alpha or Beta warrior.” Lexa stated coolly. Quinn nodded; they had expected Lexa to ask for a demonstration. “That is acceptable. Raven and Clarke are the two best fighters amongst our group, but you are welcome to choose any of the Omegas to fight against an opponent of your choosing.”

“If it acceptable, I would prefer Clarke to fight against you,” Lexa responded. Clarke felt herself sigh
in resignation; any fight with Quinn would result in a multitude of injuries and no guarantee of victory. The woman was brutal in a battle; the fact that Clarke was her pup mattered little. She never held back and was extremely talented. Quinn nodded and walked outside, Clarke following behind her. Clarke could count on both hands the number of times she had beaten Quinn; she could not say the same about the number of bones she had broken training with her over the years. The injuries to Clarke in training had been the cause of countless fights between her parents.

Once they reached the open section of the glade, both began to strip of their additional weapons and clothing. Quinn was left standing in just her pants, boots, and chest binding; she never fought in shirts, as she hated sewing the cuts together afterward. Clarke left her tight undershirt on and drew her swords. Quinn drew hers as well, but she chose a shield instead of two blades. The two squared off, watching each other’s movements carefully and moving around each other in a well-known dance.

Quinn struck first, stepping close and swinging her shield viciously at Clarke. Clarke ducked down, kicking out at Quinn’s feet and rolling out of the way of the sword that came whistling down at her head. The tip cut into her back as she rolled and slashed up into Quinn’s stomach. She bounced up and danced around the much larger Alpha, careful to avoid both the sword and shield as she looked for openings in Quinn’s defenses.

The two spun around in a flurry of movement as Clarke continued to dodge Quinn and leave little nicks in her flesh. Suddenly, Quinn moved faster and switch the motion of her blade, forcing Clarke to block it with her own. Sharp pain radiated through her arm as she took the full force of Quinn’s blow. She staggered backwards, drawing Quinn in. As Quinn moved to strike again, Clarke saw her opportunity. She allowed the Alpha two hard blows to her ribs, feeling them crunch. She then twisted and shoved Quinn, causing her to lose her balance. She rushed forward; using both hands she knocked both sword and shield away from Quinn’s body to expose her entire torso. Clarke quickly followed up with a boot to Quinn’s chest, sending her crashing to the ground. The Omega pounced down, but not fast enough. As she went to push her sword against her sire’s throat, the Alpha twisted, throwing Clarke off. Quinn ripped a sword from Clarke’s hand and threw her entire weight onto her, pinning Clarke to the ground. Clarke twisted and writhed until she felt cold steel against her throat, marking another loss to her sire.

Clarke was quickly pulled to her feet, and she felt Quinn checking her over to ensure there were no serious injuries. “You have to stop sacrificing your ribs every fight.” Clarke chuckled, “Well at least it wasn’t for nothing, I did almost have you.” Quinn laughed, “That you did little one.”

They turned back to the crowd watching them; Lexa and Anya both stood there with wide eyes. The rest of the Coalition fighters looked much more impressed, but Clarke knew that even that little expression of shock was a great compliment to her skills. “That was very impressive Clarke. You may have your alliance,” Lexa remarked confidently. Quinn nodded, “There is one condition. To hold this alliance together, I insist upon a marriage between you and one of the heirs to the Tribes.” Lexa nodded, “That is acceptable; I expected as much.” Clarke felt her heart begin to pound in her chest. Quinn looked to her, arching her brow in silent question. Clarke took a deep breath to steady herself before saying, “On behalf of my people I volunteer to marry you, Commander.” Clarke watched Lexa carefully, searching for any signs of rejection in the brilliant green eyes she was so drawn to. The Commander merely tilted her chin up and said “I accept.”

Messengers were sent out to retrieve the leaders of the Clans and Tribes. Preparations for the ceremony began immediately. It was decided that it would take place in five days, which was just enough time for the guests to arrive.
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Lexa was nervous; tomorrow was her wedding day. Everything was prepared, courtesy of Clarke’s mother. She had arranged what the two would be wearing, what the vows would be, when and where the ceremony would take place, and who would perform the bonding. They had chosen a beautiful field a few miles north of the clearing that the alliance had been formed in. There was a small cabin that had been built in the last five days that the couple would spend a week in as celebration of their marriage. Lexa had no idea what would happen for the week; she would never force herself on Clarke. Perhaps they could get to know each other better and one day have a relationship. Clarke was easy enough to talk to when they had time to see each other, but that had not been very often as Kya had kept both of them very busy.

Lexa had been amazed when she had met Kya and the rest of Clarke’s family. Given Clarke’s blonde hair and fair complexion, Lexa had imagined her mother would be fair like her. Kya, however, looked nothing like Clarke. She had deeply bronzed skin with nearly black eyes. Her hair was bluish black and straight and she was very tall and lean. Kya was stunning, but it left Lexa very confused as to where Clarke got her looks. Mira looked just like Kya, and Kiara and Koda were both healthy mixes of their parents. When Lexa mentioned it, Clarke merely chuckled before explaining how Quinn had found her and adopted her. Lexa’s heart ached at the thought of Clarke being left alone and scared in her destroyed home even though she knew Clarke had no memory of it.

Clarke approached Lexa then, asking if she would like to go for a walk. The pair walked off in an awkward silence, with Clarke leading Lexa into the woods. They walked for a few minutes before they came to the river. Clarke sat down at the bank and Lexa sat next to her nervously. Clarke was twisting her fingers around nervously, and her body was tense next to Lexa’s. Lexa felt troubled; the last thing she wanted was for her bride-to-be to be scared of her. “I won’t hurt you Clarke; you don’t have to be afraid of me.” Clarke gave a nervous laugh, “I’m not scared of you Lexa.” Her brow furrowed as she puzzled over her intended’s words; she did not understand Clarke’s nerves. Her questions were answered by Clarke leaning up and pressing a soft kiss to her lips. She sat frozen for a moment until Clarke moved to pull away. She brought her hand up to cradle the blonde’s face as she kissed her back, lips ghosting over each other in soft caresses. After a few moments they both pulled back, breathless.

“That was… really good,” Clarke breathed. “Sha, my wolf adores you,” Lexa murmured. “As does mine,” Clarke said, staring deeply into Lexa’s eyes. Lexa leaned down again, gently capturing the blonde’s lips. The two shared more lingering kisses as Clarke’s hands rested on Lexa’s waist and Lexa wound hers through soft blonde tresses. “We should go back,” Clarke whispered against Lexa’s lips, “They’ll start looking for us if we’re gone too long.” The pair stood up and walked back to camp. Once they reached the tents, Lexa bid Clarke good night. She was a bit surprised but very happy when Clarke leaned up and kissed her cheek. The two went their separate ways, both feeling much better about their bonding ceremony the next day.

After Lexa returned to her tent she unbraided her hair and dressed in her sleep shorts and a loose shirt. She was preparing to get into bed when Anya asked to enter. Lexa was curious as to what
could have brought her general here this late at night. Anya crossed the tent and sat down next to Lexa on the bed. “What do you need Anya?”

“I don’t need anything; I’m here for you. It’s the night before your wedding, so I’m here to answer any questions you might have as you don’t have a sire to do the job.”

Lexa nodded, “I am connected to Clarke in a way I don’t understand. It is as though our wolves have already bonded. I do not know her and yet I am already so comfortable around her; it is very strange for me.”

Anya grinned, “That’s a very good thing sekon; it means your wolves have chosen each other as mates. It will make your relationship much easier physically; although, I don’t think that would have been a problem for you anyways.”

Lexa laughed, “Sha, she is truly stunning. I wish this mating were out of love, but it’s nice that my wolf is comfortable and trusting of Clarke.”

“Do not let your wolf control you sekon; it does not hurt to trust in her some, but remember to keep you head clear. You cannot afford to be weak. Love is not weakness, but losing your reason to instinct is.”

Lexa nodded in agreement; her wolf was wise, but it could be far too arrogant and easily manipulated by affection. Anya had taught her how to control the wolf within her since she was young so that Lexa wouldn’t fall victim to the whims of the beast inside her. The two moved on to lighter topics and spoke for a while before Anya excused herself and Lexa went to bed, dreaming of soft lips and golden hair.

Clarke POV

Clarke was lying in bed sketching when her mother entered. She unlaced her boots before walking over and sliding into bed with Clarke. Clarke put her notepad aside before curling into her mother’s chest and resting her over her heart. Kya ran her fingers gently through Clarke’s hair and kissed her forehead softly.

“I doubt you have any questions about mating, but is there anything I can help you understand my love?” Kya murmured affectionately.

“I will be fine with the mating; our wolves call to each other already Mama. I don’t understand how I can instinctually feel so strongly about someone I barely know. It’s like every part of her draws me in.”

Kya nuzzled the top of Clarke’s head before answering: “It isn’t common for wolves to bond before our human spirit, but it does occasionally happen. Let your wolf guide you when your heart is unsure. You might not understand you and your mate’s needs, but she does. You have been given a gift, and you shouldn’t waste it by doubting the strength of the bond you two will share someday.”

“Okay Mama… will you stay tonight?”

“Of course my love, I will always be here when you need me. No matter what happens I will always love you and you will always have a home with me. You are my daughter and nothing will ever change that. Sleep.” Kya began to hum a lullaby softly, and Clarke drifted into a dreamless sleep.

Kya woke Clarke early the next morning. Clarke groaned a little but got up and went with her mother to the river to wash. The bath was short lived because of the frigid water. Kya helped her out and wrapped her in furs to dry before scrubbing herself clean. As Clarke sat on the bank, her mind
drifted to green eyes. She wondered what her future would hold with the Commander, and if she
would be happy with her. Clarke believed that the Commander would put a great deal of effort in
their relationship. Her personality would not allow for her to only make a half-hearted attempt and
Clarke was grateful. She wanted their marriage to be successful, both for her people’s sake and for
her own. Soon the pair was headed back to the tent to begin preparations. Clan and Tribe leaders
were already arriving by the time they had returned. It was Quinn, Mira, and Kiara’s job to get
everything ready by the time Clarke and Lexa were prepared.

Raven was already in the tent along with Octavia, who had arrived that morning. Clarke sat down in
her robe as the three women worked around her. Clarke’s hair was dried before her mother put it into
soft braids that held it up off her neck. The other three braided their hair before stepping into their
dresses. Once they were ready, they helped Clarke into her dress. It was cream colored and
wonderfully soft. The dress had no sleeves and ended just below Clarke’s knees. It was loose with a
tie around the waist. Fresh flowers were carefully placed in Clarke’s hair. After a few more
preparations, Clarke was ready.

A young girl came and led Clarke out of the tent. She waited at the end of the aisle marked by white
cloth stretching across the forest floor behind Quinn. Her parents walked ahead of her as a harp
played. The guests all stood as they watched Clarke walk to the altar. When they reached the front of
the crowd, Quinn and Kya walked to the right, revealing Lexa. The Commander was in full regalia;
her pauldron sat on her left shoulder and there was a small gear in between her brows. She was in
black pants and black boots, with a dark grey padded shirt. It was her face that captured Clarke’s
attention, however. Lexa was staring at Clarke as if she was the most beautiful woman in the world.
She looked in awe as Clarke approached. Clarke smiled as Lexa took her hand; she felt her fears
melt away at the simple touch. She returned Clarke’s smile as they turned to face Cliff, the Beta who
was Quinn’s predecessor.

The ceremony was short. It began with the pair lighting a candle to signify their new life together.
Afterward Cliff led a prayer to ask the gods for their blessing of the new alliance and marriage. It
was then time for the vows to bond the pair and their people. Lexa took a gold ring from Anya and
then spoke, “I swear fealty to you Clarke of the Wolf Tribe. I swear to treat your needs as my needs
and your people as my people. I swear to comfort you and protect you. I swear to love any pups we
are blessed with and aid you in raising them.” She slid the ring onto Clarke’s left hand. Clarke took a
silver ring from Raven and spoke, “Lexa Kom Trikru, I swear to treat your needs as my needs and
your people as my people. I swear to comfort you and protect you. I swear to love any pups we are
blessed and aid you in raising them.” She placed the ring on Lexa’s finger as Cliff announced, “I
pronounce this couple and their people bonded.” With that Lexa gently tilted Clarke’s head up and
pressed a warm kiss to her lips. Clarke smiled as she leaned into her new wife; her lips were just as
intoxicating as she remembered. The pair turned to the cheers of the crowd.

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Chapter 5

Lessa POV

There were children and couples dancing all around. Clarke was laughing next to Lexa at some remark Anya had made to Raven. Lexa wasn’t paying any attention to the conversations or dancing however. She was far more focused on the beautiful blonde who had yet to leave her side. Lexa couldn’t believe she was truly bonded to the stunning woman. She had had the pleasure of pressing kisses to the woman throughout the night. Lexa’s nerves had turned to excitement through the dinner. She and Clarke had talked throughout it, sharing jokes and memories of guests who approached them.

After another hour of speaking with guests, Quinn stood up and called an end to the celebration for the couple. As Lexa and Clarke made their way to through the crowd to leave, Quinn and Kya approached. Kya hugged Clarke as Quinn hugged Lexa; she murmured into Lexa’s ear, “Take care of her for me. She has a kind heart and deserves to be loved.” Lexa nodded seriously as she stepped back, placing a protective arm around her wife. The pair left for the cabin after another round of hugs.

They entered the small cabin to find it filled with a warm glow from dozens of candles light around the rooms. There was a bedroom with a large bed covered in soft furs, a bathroom, a kitchen, and a sitting room, which had furs spread all across the floor along with various pillows. Clarke walked into the bedroom and motioned Lexa to her. As she entered the room she felt her member stiffen as she watched the Omega watch her strut forward.

Lexa walked closer to Clarke and lowered her head to sniff at her neck. As she breathed in her scent she felt her arousal rise even higher; the Omega smelled heavenly; her arousal filled Lexa’s nose. Clarke nosed against Lexa’s neck as well, pressing closer to the Alpha and looping her arms loosely around her neck.

Lexa pulled back enough to look into Clarke’s eyes before allowing her gaze to drop to her lips. She leaned in slowly, gently capturing Clarke’s lips. They kissed softly for a few moments until Clarke nipped at Lexa’s bottom lip, eliciting a small growl from her. The Alpha deepened the kiss, swiping her tongue across Clarke’s lip. Clarke sighed, granting Lexa access. The war for dominance began as their tongues danced and they pushed and pulled at one another. Lexa grabbed Clarke by the backs of her thighs as she lifted her up and carried her to the bed.

Lexa pinned Clarke to the bed as they kissed frantically. Lexa began trailing open-mouthed kisses down Clarke’s jaw and neck, causing the Omega to squirm and groan. The Alpha deepened the kiss, swiping her tongue across Clarke’s lip. Clarke sighed, granting Lexa access. The war for dominance began as their tongues danced and they pushed and pulled at one another. Lexa grabbed Clarke by the backs of her thighs as she lifted her up and carried her to the bed.

As she rolled her tongue and worked the other nipple between her fingers, Clarke bucked and
keened beneath her. She began kissing her way down her stomach, stopping at Clarke’s waistband and looking up at the blonde. Clarke quickly nodded her consent and the brunette began dragging her underwear off, dropping kisses all along the Omega’s legs.

Once they were removed the Alpha stood as she quickly removed her own pants, allowing her erection to spring free. As she looked towards the bed she saw the blonde sprawled across the furs languidly, staring at Lexa with a greedy look. “My my, aren’t we well endowed,” The Omega purred. Lexa knew she was, at a length close to eight inches with a very respectable thickness. She grinned in response as she felt herself grow somehow harder when the blonde licked her lips and stared at her with lust-filled eyes.

The Commander strode back over and crawled on top of her, kissing her fiercely before moving down her body. She brought the Omega’s legs over her shoulders and began kissing and nipping at her sensitive hipbones. She pinned the wriggling blonde with one arm across her midsection. Lexa then began kissing closer and closer to the blonde’s center, easing her way towards the delicious heat she longed for.

Finally, she began kissing and licking into the soft blonde curls, parting the Omega’s folds and tasting her for the first time. She was wonderfully sweet, with a hint of musk and tang. As the Alpha worked through her folds and around her entrance, she heard the Omega whine as Lexa avoided the place she wanted her. Eventually she worked her way back up to the blonde’s clit, quickly taking it into her mouth as she sucked it and gently inserted two fingers into her Omega. Clarke cried out and thrust her hips upward “Oh Gods Lex, don’t stop, so good!” Lexa thrust her fingers in and out while curling them upwards, hitting a spot that caused the blonde to tremble and curse. She sucked the Omega’s clit and circled it with her tongue, drawing patterns to elicit moans. Within minutes the blonde came undone, shuddering violently and calling out to her gods in praise.

Clarke tugged at Lexa’s hair, causing her to come up to be met in another kiss that left her breathless. She was soon grinding her erection against Clarke’s thigh as their lips and tongues met. “Inside, need you inside,” Clarke grunted between kisses. The Alpha lined herself up with the blonde’s dripping entrance. She slowly pushed her way inside the tight, wet heat. She panted as she held herself still over the blonde, giving her time to adjust to her full length.

Clarke seemed to have other ideas, however. “Move!” She growled out. Lexa immediately gave her an unforgiving thrust, causing the blonde to cry out and clamp down on Lexa’s throbbing length. The Alpha began a fast pace, rutting into her Omega with deep, hard thrusts. Clarke dug her nails into her Alpha’s powerful shoulders, leaving red scratch marks.

The two were lost to their wolves, whining and growling as the Omega met the powerful thrusts of the Alpha. Lexa snuck her hand between their bodies, rubbing Clarke’s clit so the Omega would climax at least once more before Lexa reached her own peak.

Soon Lexa felt the Omega tighten around her as she clung to the Alpha, crying out once more, “Lexa- Ohh- You feel so damn good, so big, please don’t stop!!! Lex!!” The Alpha increased her pace, the warmth and tightness becoming too much, “Clarke, mm gonna cum. You’re so tight, feel so good” she grunted out. “Knot me, claim me, please Alpha,” the blonde begged as she bared her throat to the rutting Alpha.

Lexa began thrusting even harder, grinding a little more of her swollen knot against Clarke’s entrance with every thrust. The Omega whined and writhed as Lexa pinned her hands above her head and sunk her knot deep into her, giving a few more shallow thrusts before releasing ropes of seed into her Omega and biting down hard on Clarke’s neck, hard enough to fill her mouth with the coppery taste of blood. She was so lost in her pleasure she barely felt the answering bite.
Lexa gently licked the mark on her Omega’s neck as she came down from her high. She moved to roll both of them over, but Clarke tugged her down on top of her instead. “Sleep, I like this better than on my side anyways,” she murmured into Lexa’s ear gently. Lexa felt her exhaustion as she quickly fell asleep; the last thing she remembered was a soothing hand massaging the nape of her neck and soft lips kissing the top of her head.

Clarke POV

Clarke woke up slightly earlier than normal; there was not yet enough light to see. She felt a very comfortable weight across her body, and a not so comfortable wetness in between her legs and all over the furs. She smiled slightly as she looked down at the mass of brown curls spread across her chest and over her shoulder. The Commander was sound asleep on top of her, nuzzled into her chest with their legs entangled. Clarke allowed herself to simply relax and think about what would come in the next few days as she waited for the sun to rise. Clarke was eager to spend the week getting to know her wife better. She was shocked at the difference in her feelings towards Lexa since they had sealed their bond last night. Her wolf seemed to be physically connected to Lexa’s now. She was in a good mood simply because of the physical contact between them, and she was very glad she had a week to enjoy her new wife before they returned to her duties. Mate sickness could easily set in the first month or so after mating if the couple didn’t have enough physical contact.

Lexa slowly began stirring awake, causing Clarke to smile at her stretching, sleepy mate. Lexa extended her arms and curled her toes before relaxing back on top of Clarke. Clarke exhaled happily as she scratched at her wife’s scalp. Lexa began purring and nuzzling into Clarke’s neck. The rubbing of her mate’s body against her own teased Clarke’s libido, making her grow wet at the feel of the lean, hard body. Lexa breathed in deeply and gave a low rumbling growl as her cock came to life, hardening and lengthening against Clarke’s thigh. Clarke felt her wolf begin trailing hot kisses across her chest. She tangled her fingers into her hair as she felt Lexa wrap her lips around a stiff nipple, rolling the other between her thumb and forefinger. After some time Lexa switched sides, lavishing Clarke’s other breast with equal attention. She also slid her thigh in between Clarke’s legs, pressing down and grinding it into Clarke’s core.

Just as Clarke felt herself approaching oblivion, Lexa removed her tongue and leg, causing Clarke to whine and pout. Lexa merely smirked down at her before leaning in and kissing the pout from Clarke’s face before rolling Clarke onto her right side and settling in between her legs as she lifted Clarke’s left leg up. Lexa entered her slowly as she held Clarke’s gaze. She set a slow rhythm with deep strokes as she set her hands to work on Clarke’s clit. Clarke was in ecstasy; Lexa filled her deeply, grunting a little with every thrust, and her fingers were teasing Clarke’s hardened bud with every circle of nimble digits. “Mmhhh keep going Lexa,” she panted, “I’m getting close.” Lexa began pumping faster, “Come for me pretty girl, I want to watch you lose yourself on my cock.” At Lexa’s words and quickening fingers, Clarke felt herself tip over the edge as heat flooded from her center and her body shook from the force of her orgasm. Lexa pumped harder, her fingers making slow circles to help Clarke ride her orgasm out. As she was coming down from her high, Lexa came suddenly, rutting into her hard and stilling. The thumb still pressed to her clit, combined with the ropes of seed filling her had Clarke crashing into oblivion again.

Lexa pulled out slowly and crawled up to lie next to Clarke. She promptly snuggled into her Alpha’s arms, eager to rest in the comfort of her embrace. Once she was settled with her head over Lexa’s heart, Clarke commented, “Well I rather enjoy waking up like that. It certainly puts a smile on my face for the day.” Lexa laughed as she pressed a kiss to Clarke’s brow and rubbed her back gently, “That it does, it is something I could definitely get used to.” The last bit was added a bit hesitantly, which make Clarke prop herself up to look at Lexa. “You don’t have to worry about talking about
things with me. We’re married now; I want you to talk to me about things. We might have gotten married for political reasons, but we are still bonded, and that means we are going to be together through everything now. We had might as well get to know each other and make this the best relationship we can.” Lexa smiled softly as she responded, “I am not used to having someone to talk to, but I will try my hardest to open up to you and make this a fruitful marriage.” Clarke relaxed into her chest again and said, “That’s all I ask of you.”

The couple lay in bed a while longer before finally getting up and finding food. They ate a small breakfast before dressing for the day. There was little food in the cabin, and so the two decided to go for a hunt together. Clarke and Lexa set off into the woods, heading south towards a small pond where they would hopefully find a deer or boar to eat for the week. They crept towards the lake, crouching in the underbrush. When they reached the clearing, there was a small herd of deer drinking from the pond. Lexa drew an arrow and nocked it, aiming for a medium sized doe. Clarke watched as she breathed out before releasing the arrow. Her aim was true, and the doe dropped quickly without suffering. “Good aim,” Clarke complimented as she went to find a pole to carry the deer back with. By the time she returned Lexa already had the deer mostly gutted. The two finished up and tied the deer to the pole before lifting it and beginning the walk back.

“How old were you when you started to learn to hunt?” Clarke asked, deciding to take the opportunity to learn more about her wife. “I was eight when Anya took me on my first hunt. I tripped over a rock and scared away the deer right as I went to fire at it.” Clarke laughed at the image of a gangly Lexa with a too-big bow falling to the forest as Anya sighed exasperatedly. “I was six when Kya first took me. I missed the entire hunt because there were butterflies that I was watching instead of the boar.” Clarke recalled. Lexa chuckled throatily. The two spent the rest of their walk reliving hunts past and their best-and worst- trips. Lexa had once killed a massive bear. The pelt covered her entire bed it was so large. Clarke’s favorite hunt was a panther she had killed with only a knife after it snapped her bow in half when she was hunting deer.

They dressed the deer as they talked about their favorite and least favorite foods. Clarke loved grilled elk as well as barley soup while Lexa preferred salmon and roasted turkey. It took the rest of the day to prepare the deer for storage and clean themselves up afterwards. When the couple returned from the river, Clarke began preparing dinner. Clarke cooked the back straps as well as wild rice. They ate quickly, already feeling the call to mate again. Clarke took their plates and moved to wash them when Lexa walked up behind her mate and molded herself to her back, snaking her arms around the blonde’s trim waist. Clarke pushed back into Lexa eagerly, turning her head so Lexa could begin pressing hot kisses up and down her neck and jawline. Slowly, the Omega turned in Lexa’s arms, wrapping her arms around her neck and staring into her eyes with blue pools of molten desire.

Clarke began kissing her Alpha as she ground into the impressive bulge that was pushing into her lower belly. Lexa groaned at this, allowing Clarke to slip her tongue into her mouth. As the two kissed, Lexa undid Clarke’s belt and slid her pants and undershorts down her legs in one swift motion. Clarke eagerly stepped out of them as she felt her excitement mount even higher. Her arousal was beginning to smear in between her thighs when she reached for the brunette’s belt. She slid the Commander’s pants and shorts down to her thighs before eagerly dropping down to her knees.

The Alpha cursed above her as Clarke took her into her hand and ran her tongue over her head. Lexa was slightly salty, but extremely pleasant to taste. Clarke happily took the head into her mouth, rolling her tongue around it a few times in experimentation. Her mate immediately groaned and wound her fingers through her hair, but did not attempt to push her down any further on the throbbing length.

Clarke began bobbing her head and working her hand at the same time, causing Lexa to begin to shudder and lean heavily into the table behind her. It did not take long at all for the Alpha to reach
her peak; she began cursing in her native tongue while attempting to tug Clarke off of her. Clarke simply brushed her mate’s hands aside and continued sucking until she felt her mate come undone, filling her mouth with her seed as Clarke quickly swallowed.

As Clarke began to rise, she felt her mate pull her into her arms, purring and nuzzling her affectionately. “You did not have to do that little one, I would not ask that of you,” Lexa spoke softly. Clarke smiled gently, gazing into apologetic green eyes, “You didn’t ask me, I offered, and I thoroughly enjoyed it.” At this, the Alpha kissed her deeply, groaning at the taste of herself on her mate’s tongue. They quickly shed the remainder of their clothes before rolling into the bed. Lexa lay on her back as Clarke scrambled on top of her, longing to have the Alpha inside her at last. She straddled her mate, lining the tip of her cock up against her entrance before sliding down, moaning at the delicious stretch her mate caused. Soon she had taken every inch of her mate, leaving her full to the point of aching. She rose up and began a slow pace, causing Lexa to toss her head back and keen.

“Look at me,” she whispered softly. Green eyes immediately sought her out, as she felt her mate’s hands grip onto her ass, guiding her into a slightly deeper rhythm. Clarke felt herself come closer to climaxing with every deep stroke. Lexa sat up then, causing Clarke to take even more of her. The sudden change caused Clarke to come almost instantly as she ground down on her mate and pressed herself into her chest. She felt Lexa follow behind her as she painted the insides of Clarke’s womb with her seed.

She rose off of her mate slowly after she came down from her high. Lexa instantly brought her back into her chest, purring and nuzzling Clarke. The Omega allowed herself to relax into the strong arms and protective, calming pheromones of her mate. She traced patterns across the collarbone and sternum of her Alpha, enjoying the calm moment between them. Lexa was massaging the back of her neck with one hand, while the other held her close around her waist.

Chapter End Notes

INFORMATION ON ALPHA/BETA/OMEGA UNIVERSE

Body types vary based on region of origin, for example the Trikru have two main body types, lean and muscular (Anya, Indra, Lexa, Titus) or large and bear-like (Gustus, Lincoln). The Wolf Tribe are typically shorter (Quinn is much taller, consider her the exception that makes the rule), but highly muscled, (Clarke, Quinn) The Ice Bears are all bear like, and Rolling Thunder are all tall and lean. I will describe others as they appear in the story.

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Kya: Rolling Thunder Tribe, 38, Omega, 6'0, heir to Rolling Thunder

Anya: Trikru, 30, Alpha, 5'7, General and mentor to Lexa

Raven: Wolf Tribe, 25, Omega, 5'4, blacksmith

Octavia: Wolf Tribe, 17, Omega, 5'2, warrior in training

Mira: Wolf Tribe, 19, Alpha, 6'3, warrior and heir to Wolf Tribe

Kiara: Wolf Tribe, 16, Alpha, 5'10, warrior in training

Koda: Wolf Tribe, 8, Alpha,

Indra: Trikru, 35, Alpha, 5'10, chieftain of Ton DC and General.
Chapter 6

Lexa POV

Lexa lay in bed tracing the various tattoos that marked her wife’s back and arms. “They mark my achievements as a warrior.” Clarke commented softly. “You must have many accomplishments,” Lexa replied as she traced a band around Clarke’s bicep. There was a matching band around her left arm as well, and she had matching lines running along her shoulder blades. Clarke merely hummed. Her fingers sought out Lexa’s arm, tracing along the lines of her own tattoo. “I received that one when I became a warrior. The one on my back was earned the night of my conclave.” Clarke asked, “A circle for every natblida?” Lexa nodded, feeling the familiar ache in her chest as she remembered her fallen brothers and sisters.

“Let’s talk about something else,” she suggested softly. “Mmmh, who did you lose that you were in love with?” Lexa was shocked, “How do you know I lost someone?” Clarke pulled herself up to lie next to her, “I see the same look in your eyes as Raven. She lost her would-be mate. He thought Blue people captured her and so he attacked their camp, killing eighteen. Quinn had no choice but to turn him over to their mercy.” Lexa nodded before speaking. She told Clarke about Costia, about how she had paid the price for Lexa’s arrogance and how the Ice Queen had returned her head. She told Clarke that for a time she was convinced love was weakness. It was only when Anya nearly died from an arrow that she realized love was the strength that held her together. “It wasn’t your fault she died. You might have loved her, but that isn’t what killed her. The Ice Queen did. Costia’s death was the fault of the Ice Queen, not your love,” Clarke told her gently. Lexa could only nod as she felt tears prick at her eyes.

“How about I tell you an old Rolling Thunder story to go to sleep?” Clarke suggested. “I am not a child Clarke.” Lexa responded a bit irritably. “I know that Lexa, but stories are relaxing and they also will help you learn about our culture, which is important.” Lexa sighed but relaxed into the bed as her wife began to tell her how the Rolling Thunder tribe came to be. She slowly drifted off to sleep.

Three Weeks Later

Lexa was ascending through her tower on her way back to her mate. They had been in Polis for two weeks, and so far things had went very well. They had been accompanied by Raven and Octavia, along with a few other warriors of various tribes who specialized in training Omegas for battle. Clarke and her people got along excellently with everyone but Titus, which was no surprise. Clarke trained with the warriors every morning and with the nightbloods every afternoon she was free. Clarke had been an incredible help in getting the Twenty Tribes settled into Polis for trading. She had settled any disputes that arose and ensured there was no illegal trading occurring. Clarke had also been helping in training Omegas as well as warriors who wished to train Omegas in other villages. Lexa knew Clarke was seriously considering choosing a sekon to train herself. She also knew Clarke wished to choose a sekon from the Coalition rather than her home tribe.

Lexa couldn’t be more pleased with how well Clarke worked with her people. They had decided that once Clarke’s heat was over they would travel through some Trikru villages as well as visit Clarke’s home village, Sula. Lexa was eager to show Clarke her people’s homes and also to learn more about where Clarke came from.
Clarke was sprawled out on the couch with a hot water skin over her stomach. Her heat was due the next day and her body’s preparations had left her exhausted, sore, and miserable. Lexa had been doing her best to keep her company and soothe her aches, but the Commander was constantly being called away by her intrusive and arrogant advisor, Titus. “If he takes her away one more time I am putting a knife in his scull,” Clarke sulked.

Her mate strode back in the room, quickly removing her coat and moving to lay down with Clarke. The blonde happily made room for Lexa as she slipped in behind her. Clarke sighed happily as her mate began massaging circles into her stomach, chasing her aches away with strong fingers.

“Mmhh I missed you,” Clarke murmured as her mate tucked her nose into Clarke’s neck, breathing in deeply and nudging her swollen scent gland. She was truly thankful for her mate these past few days. Clarke had always had miserable heats, and she had always dreaded them. From the aching emptiness to the cramps and mood swings, they were simply exhausting. However, Lexa had made things much more enjoyable so far, and Clarke was very grateful.

The two eventually crawled into bed together where Clarke wrapped herself around Lexa tightly.

Lexa woke up the next morning to the most tantalizing scent she had ever encountered. It was as if everything sexual about Clarke had been magnified tenfold over night. Her mate was naked; sweating and writhing on the bed, already having removed her clothes in a desperate attempt to cool down. Clarke’s arousal hung heavy in the air, coating Lexa’s nose and burning its way down her throat. It was smeared down her legs, glistening in the morning sun.

Lexa was hard enough to pound through rocks. She had never felt this way before, and she was very eager to share herself with her mate. Lexa crawled on top of Clarke and began to kiss her awake, which did not take her long. Clarke mewed with pleasure as Lexa worked her way down her mate’s body, pausing every so often to nip and suck little marks into the glorious skin of her mate. Clarke tugged at Lexa’s clothes, whining in frustration. Lexa quickly removed her shorts and shirt, which caused her erection to snap up against her stomach. Clarke began to pant at the sight of her. Lexa crawled on top of her mate, grasping her hands and pinning them above her head. Clarke bared her neck in submission, which prompted Lexa to growl and sharply nip at the exposed mating bite. Clarke sighed before finally whining, “Please Alpha, take me. Knot me and breed me, I need you.” Lexa immediately took Clarke’s lips into a fierce kiss before entering her in one motion.

She gave her Omega a brief moment to adjust before she began pounding into her with abandon. Clarke threw her head against the pillows, her hands scrabbling to grasp onto something where they were still pinned by the powerful Alpha. Lexa growled in pleasure at the feeling of her mate’s walls clenching tight around her, trying to hold her in. Her Omega was soaked. Clarke kept her neck exposed even as she suddenly came hard on Lexa’s cock, causing a flood as Lexa continued to pound hard into her mate. The blonde cried out as she wriggled beneath Lexa, begging for her to knot her. Lexa growled again, putting more weight on her mate and pumping harder; she could already tell she would not last much longer. With another few hard strokes, Lexa felt her body begin to shake as her mind became hazy from the pleasure. She began thrusting deeper, causing her Omega to cry out. Lexa released Clarke’s hands so she could begin merciless circles over her mate’s clit as she began working her knot into her. Clarke trembled and shook as Lexa popped her knot into the hot, tight chamber. They came undone together as Lexa emptied herself into Clarke.

Lexa felt like she was on top of the world as she rolled over, holding onto Clarke so she wasn’t
jostled too much. The pair lay side-by-side panting. Lexa carefully began sniffing at her mate; worried she might have hurt her with how rough she had been. “I’m fine Lexa, a little better than fine actually. You did pretty damn good Alpha,” Clarke reassured her as she smiled and ran a hand over her slightly swollen belly. Lexa puffed her chest out in pride, causing Clarke to giggle.

The two talked for close to an hour about nothing of consequence. All conversation ceased as Clarke whined again and her eyes turned dark. Lexa grew hard again instantaneously, and flipped her mate onto her belly. Clarke quickly sat up onto all fours. Lexa ran her hands over the curve of the blonde’s ass, giving it an experimental smack. Clarke growled at her, resulting in Lexa abandoning her playing.

Lexa sunk two fingers into Clarke, swirling her fingers in the wet heat as she pressed her thumb against her clit. Lexa circled her fingers around Clarke’s front wall slowly as she gently rubbed her thumb across the stiffened bud. Clarke dropped her head onto the bed as Lexa slowly worked her up. She slid her fingers in and out of the sticky, wet hole that seemed to try and suck them deeper. “mmhhh faster Lex, please stop teasing.” Lexa rubbed her thumb a bit harder then, obliging her mate. She swirled and slid her fingers harder and faster, pushing Clarke into oblivion. Lexa placed reverent kisses along Clarke’s back as she felt her come on her fingers.

Lexa lifted her hand and licked her fingers clean, moaning at the taste. She positioned herself behind her mate, waiting for Clarke to nod her permission before sinking in as far as she could. “You feel so good around my cock, so tight and wet.” She grunted with every short, hard thrust as she picked up a rhythm. “You love this don’t you, you love getting fucked by me.” Clarke cried out, “Oh yes! I love getting fucked like this, oh right there, you fill me up so good!” She held onto Clarke’s hip with one hand, knotting the other in the blonde’s hair and pulling her back so she could kiss along her neck and shoulders. Clarke cried out again, “Harder Lexa please! I need you to fill me all the way, give me your big knot, stretch me with it!” Lexa felt the pressure begin to build in her base as Clarke clenched down on her length. She dropped her hand from Clarke’s head in favor or grasping both hips and pumping into her with fervor, slamming her hips into Clarke’s ass, sweat glistening across both their bodies. Lexa pressed herself against her mate as she popped her knot into her once more, flooding her womb with seed as Clarke sobbed in pleasure.

Clarke POV

It was the end of Clarke’s heat. She and Lexa had christened every solid surface in their quarters, from the table, to the couches, to the counters and floors. Currently they were enjoying a warm bath together. Clarke was pleasantly sore in all the right places. Lexa had been wonderfully dominant and powerful, taking control and filling Clarke relentlessly for the last three days. Now that it was over, they could finally take a bath without distraction. Clarke sat in between Lexa’s legs, enjoying having her hair washed by her Alpha. Lexa had insisted that Clarke eat and bathe first over the past three days, although they rarely managed to finish a meal or bath before becoming lost in each other. The Alpha had still done her best to keep Clarke happy throughout her heat, and she had done a wonderful job.

Clarke felt her fondness for the Alpha grow as she carefully worked the soap into Clarke’s head. They had learned a lot about each other, having had three days of uninterrupted time together.

Clarke turned around and began to wash her mate’s hair, loving the soft chestnut locks and how easily they glided through her fingers. They eventually left the bath and curled up together on the couch. Clarke knew she had to ask Lexa about whether she would be drinking a birth control tea or not and so she decided to so gently, “I do not know how your culture works Lexa, so I am going to ask a question and I ask you to not be offended by it.” Lexa tensed up a bit before nodding for Clarke to continue. She took a deep breath, “In the Twenty Tribes it is expected that the first heat a
couple will try to conceive, especially for political arrangements as pups strengthen alliances. However, if that is not what you wish, I will drink a tea that will prevent me from carrying a pup this heat.”

Lexa was quiet for a while before saying “It is expected by my people as well that we will have a pup right away. I do not wish to pressure you, however. If you wish to drink the tea I will not stop you or be angry for doing so.” Clarke smiled, thankful for her mate’s thoughtfulness and kindness. “Thank you, I appreciate you allowing me to choose. I am happy to carry your children, though. We don’t know each other very well, but I believe that will change by the time our child is born. I won’t allow either of us to be considered weak, however. We cannot afford to purposely not conceive; this alliance needs to remain strong.” She responded with more courage than she had. Lexa nodded and swallowed hard; they both knew that there would be many massive challenges ahead if Clarke had a pup, but that was a risk they would have to take.

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Raven: Wolf Tribe, 25, Omega, 5'4, blacksmith

Octavia: Wolf Tribe, 17, Omega, 5'2, warrior in training

Mira: Wolf Tribe, 19, Alpha, 6'3, warrior and heir to Wolf Tribe

Kiara: Wolf Tribe, 16, Alpha, 5'10, warrior in training

Koda: Wolf Tribe, 8, Alpha,

Indra: Trikru, 35, Alpha, 5'10, chieftain of Ton DC and General.
Chapter 7

Clarke POV

After Clarke’s heat was over, she and Lexa decided to depart for their trip the next day. Polis was running smoothly with the new trade and so it was time to ensure the rest of the trade was going as well. Clarke was riding next to Lexa on her dark grey stallion. They had departed Polis early that morning.

Soon the group arrived in Ton DC, a village about a two-hour ride from Polis. The group dismounted and took their horses to the stable, handing them over to the pups who were doing chores there. A young beta girl grinned merrily as she tugged Clarke’s great grey stallion along the path to the water. The group spit up, each Wolf Tribe member being given a tour of the village by a Trikru warrior. As Lexa and Clarke began walking, Lexa began explaining the various buildings and their functions. The majority of the village was made up of homes where the mated warriors and their families lived. There was a blacksmith, and many shops for shoes, furs, produce, meat, cloth, toys, furniture, weapons, armor, and much more. The village boasted a community bath, library, school, meeting hall, and training area.

Lexa came to a halt at the edge of the center of the village. Here was an ancient park, restored and cared for by the warriors in their spare time. Pups laughed and played on the various toys, while their mothers talked and joked with one another or sat with their mates. The Omegas were laughing and playing with their children, chasing them down slides and helping them across the bars. Clarke smiled warmly at the sight; she could already imagine a dark haired pup with green eyes racing around as her sire chased after her, roaring. Clarke was enjoying every moment in the Trikru village that was so full of life.

As the tour continued, Clarke was amazed at the education system the clans had. All pups went to school where they learned English and Trigedasleng. They also learned reading, math, science, and survival skills, along with how to sew, how to dress meat, and a variety of other skills necessary. Their education was far better than anything Clarke had received as a pup; it rivaled even that of the Southern Scholars who led the few schools in the Twenty Tribes. She was excited at the possibility of opening schools like this one in her people’s villages. She knew they would be very happy with the opportunity to give their pups a better education like these pups received.

Lexa took Clarke to meet the blacksmith next, as she was the one who crafted all of Lexa’s armor and weapons. Rori was an older Omega with thick muscular forearms from working the forge, and she was known as the best blacksmith in the Coalition. Her son was apprenticing under her, as her daughter had just mated a Plains Rider general and had opened a shop in the village he lived in. Clarke found the older Omega and her gruff mannerisms enchanting. She was witty and told many stories of a young Lexa always causing trouble in Polis.

The two finished up their tour after they went through the stalls and spoke with the people of both nations. The traders were doing very well from both nations, and were very happy with the relations they were forming with each other. Already the two groups were planning what they would bring back for each other when they left to replenish their stock. It made Clarke’s heart swell with pride and joy for her people as she watched them working with her wife’s people so easily.
Lexa eventually led Clarke to the communal dining area where they ate together with Anya, Raven, Octavia, and Indra. Raven and Anya had spent the day looking through the tech in Ton DC as well as sparring. Octavia had sparred as well, but she had ended up with a broken nose when she refused to accept defeat at the hands of Anya. Octavia was only 17, and her youth was plainly visible in her hotheadedness. The girl had yet to learn to accept defeat when she needed to. Indra had stuck surprisingly close to the girl since they had met, keeping other Alphas and Betas far away from her. Clarke had a strong feeling Indra had every intention of chasing after Octavia for a chance to mate with her, and she also had a feeling that the firm hand of the mature Alpha would be very good for her friend. Raven was still fawning over Anya who obviously returned her feelings, but neither was brave enough to voice them.

Eventually Lexa and Clarke retired for the evening. They were both far too tired from Clarke’s heat and traveling to do anything other than crawl under the covers and fall into a deep sleep.

The Next Day

Clarke walked through Ton DC hand in hand with her mate. The group was leaving this afternoon for Polis, and after Lexa showed Clarke the city they would depart for Clarke’s village, Sula. They were currently going out to a grove Lexa had frequented whenever she and Anya came to the village to spend time away from prying eyes. It was a beautiful clearing on the side of one of the foothills, full of wildflowers. One end had small targets and the other had a number of rope hammocks.

“Many warriors will come here on their time off to relax with their families,” Lexa explained. As Lexa walked towards the targets, Clarke tried out the hammocks, carefully climbing into the closest one. Once she was comfortable, Clarke watched the Commander draw her knife and send it whistling into the center of the target 100 feet away. Clarke blinked in shock and sat up to watch. Lexa drew another knife and once again buried it into the center of a target. She repeated this over and over, throwing with perfect accuracy every time. Once she was out of knives, Lexa drew her sword and sent it hurtling into the target as well.

“I have never seen anything like that before!” Clarke exclaimed, “Will you teach me?” Lexa walked to the targets as Clarke bounced excitedly next to her, “You mean to tell me you are excellent with a blade but cannot throw a knife?”

Clarke shrugged, “It isn’t something I was really taught. I could probably hit the target most of the time from about twenty feet away, but nothing like that. I was only fully instructed on swords, spears, and bows as well as hand-to-hand combat.” The two began yanking the blades out of the wood as Lexa asked, “You were never taught how to fight with an axe or knife?” Clarke shook her head, “I’ve never used an axe or knife in a fight.”

“Why were you not taught with other weapons or how to throw knives?”

“We are either training with a sword or we are hunting with a bow, so that’s what we focus on. Had I been born in the Ice Bear lands I would have been taught with my hands first, and then an axe, or if I had been born in one of the Southern Tribes I wouldn’t have received any training unless I was accepted into the guard training group.”

Lexus stood with Clarke about twenty feet from the targets. “Well then I suppose I have a lot to teach you,” she replied with a grin. With that Lexa began showing Clarke the proper technique for throwing knives, demonstrating how to stand, how to feel the wind, what the most effective grips were for different knives, and how to properly rotate while throwing for the best accuracy. Clarke’s first attempt resulted in the knife clumsily flying into the air before dropping five feet in front of the target. “You need to relax more, your body is too stiff. Feel the throw, rotate your wrist and let the knife snap out of your grip,” Lexa instructed.
Clarke nodded before lining back up and trying again. This time the knife soared through the air much cleaner, but still missed the target by a few feet. “Better! Your technique is getting better, now this time aim, and use more power.” They spent another hour in the clearing practicing, and by the end Clarke had managed to hit the target about a half dozen times.

As the pair were walking back, they laughed and bickered over who was the faster runner. “There’s no way you’re faster! I’ve had to outrun Alphas chasing me with bugs since I was four!” Clarke laughed. “And I’ve been chasing cute Omegas since I was four, so there!” Lexa replied with a toothy grin. Clarke giggled at her mate’s antics, “Well let’s see then, first one to the giant oak tree is the fastest!” Lexa grinned, “What do I get if I win?” Clarke hummed in thought, “I’ll cook breakfast for you for a week and give you backrubs.” Lexa raised her eyebrows, “You must be pretty confident you’re going to win then, you hate giving backrubs. I accept. If you win — which you won’t — I’ll do the dishes for a week and I will get you a knife from Rori; I know you were eyeing them earlier.” Clarke grinned; she had been eyeing them, especially the one with a dark wooden handle that had the Commander’s symbol burned into it.

“On the count of three?” She asked, and the two crouched down, counting to three together and taking off in a sprint towards the tall oak. Clarke gained the lead early on, running hard, but Lexa’s long strides ate up the distance between them. Clarke pushed with all she had, but her mate stayed a few paces ahead of her. As the two approached the tree, Clarke leapt for it, hoping that her jump would land her there ahead of her mate. Lexa’s hand rested on the bark a second before Clarke’s as she slowed to avoid crashing into the tree. Clarke, meanwhile, smashed into the hardwood full force, grunting before falling onto her ass. Lexa threw her head back and laughed. It was such a beautiful sound that Clarke couldn’t be irritated that she had lost, instead grinning up at Lexa who reached her hand out and pulled her to her feet.

The pair continued walking back to the village. “I can remember as a pup I loved running through the forest. I always loved being a part of such a massive living thing. The woods have always reminded me of how small I truly am. I can remember climbing the highest pines I could find; they seemed to go on for days. When I finally reached the top, I could look out and see everything. The ground seemed so far away; sometimes it seemed like I was flying up there, touching the sky and soaring above the earth,” Clarke reminisced.

“I use to run through the forests on my pony with the other nightbloods. We would chase each other through miles of trails, jumping logs and crashing through creeks. We would play for hours, climbing trees and overturning rocks just to see what lay beneath. Any time Titus tried to call us back we would all run in different directions, making it impossible for him to catch us. We were the greatest warriors in the land, fighting off dragons and other great beasts. We could fly and be free in those times,” Lexa said smiling.

Clarke tossed a playful smile at her mate as she said, “Care to recreate our childhoods then?” Lexa grinned devilishly before pouncing at Clarke. She laughed, dodging the grabbing hands before taking off through the trees, weaving in between the pines and Birchwood. They laughed and chased each other around the forest, scrambling up trees and jumping from branch to branch. They ran and tackled one another, leaving playful nips on each other’s chin and jaw before running off. They pursued each other throughout the afternoon, leaping over creeks and dancing over tree roots as they laughed. Their responsibilities fell away and soon they were simply two teenagers running through the forest together.

Their play came to an end as Lexa pinned Clarke beneath a large maple tree, leaning in to press a warm kiss to her mouth. The two lay there, staring into one another’s eyes. Lexa rubbed her nose against Clarke’s, purring softly as she gently kissed her again. Clarke felt her arousal rise as the Alpha leaned into her, deepening the kiss. Clarke wrapped her arms around Lexa, purposely
grinding into Lexa’s pelvis before flipping them over and pushing Lexa down onto the forest floor. Her mate pointed her chin to the sky as Clark began kissing and nipping down her neck and chest, refreshing the marks she left there. Lexa sat up suddenly and lunged forward, pinning Clarke to the tree behind her. She kissed her roughly before unlacing Clarke’s buckskins and pushing them down her legs. Clarke felt a gush of wetness form between her legs when Lexa spun her around and pressed her front against the tree aggressively. She pushed her hips back into Lexa’s bulge impatiently. Lexa snarled into her ear and removed her belt.

She took Clarke’s hands and tied them to the branch above them using it. Clarke gave a needy whine, enjoying the rare display of dominance from her mate. Lexa snarled again and pushed Clarke’s head to the side before dropping her pants and pushing into Clarke without hesitation. Clarke moaned, unable to speak through the pleasure of being filled. Lexa gave her no time to adjust. She began rutting immediately, using her right hand to hold Clarke’s hips still and her left to knot into Clarke’s hair and bare her neck. With every deep, powerful stroke Lexa snarled into Clarke’s ear, “Mine, mine, mine,” repeating the mantra as though it was something holy. Clarke ground back into her mate and cried out as she sunk her teeth into her shoulder. She clutched the branch tightly as she came hard from the force and dominance of her mate. Lexa gave a few more unforgiving thrusts before emptying herself inside Clarke.

The pair stood there panting. Lexa’s head was resting on Clarke’s shoulder and Clarke was lying against the tree, spent. Lexa pulled out gently before reaching up and undoing the belt that held Clarke’s hands. She pulled her pants back on and adjusted her belt before carefully peeling Clarke off the tree. Clarke sighed happily as Lexa pulled her pants up for her, delivering soft kisses to each leg. Clarke leaned in for a few more kisses before adjusting her shirt and pulling her hair up to display her fresh mating bite. Lexa took one of Clarke’s hands and examined her wrist carefully. “I didn’t hurt you did I?” Clarke smiled softly as she pulled her hand back, “No, believe me that was very fun. We should do it more often.” Lexa grinned at the comment before reaching for Clarke again. Clarke laughed as she batted away her mate’s playful hands, “Not right now, I really don’t want to be found tied to a tree and knotted by Raven and Anya, we’ll never hear the end of it!” Lexa laughed as she wrapped her arms around Clarke’s waist and kissed her cheek, agreeing.

The pair made their way back to Ton DC where they found their group, along with Indra, ready to ride for Polis. Clarke’s grey stallion and Lexa’s white mare stood side by side, already saddled and ready to leave for the trip. They both mounted up, and when Raven opened her mouth to begin teasing the pair for their tardiness, they shared a look before spurring their mounts into a run. The group made excellent time back to Polis as they chased after one another the entire trip. They slowed their horses once they arrived at the gates.

“So all of Polis consists of unmated warriors?” Miller asked from behind. “Only unmated warriors live in the city, but the shop owners and attendants of the tower are often mated. The city offers a place for them to blow off steam and train as they await the chance to have a mate and begin a more peaceful life, those with mates live in villages,” Anya explained. “So its like the old world!” Octavia piped up, “You grow up in your hometown, and then you take off on your own and learn and get a good job and then you get married and settle down in a town.” The Trikru warriors nodded in agreement as Indra stared at the brunette with a furrowed brow. The group reached the tower and dismounted, gathering their items and bidding their farewells until they traveled again before going to their separate rooms to rest from the journey.
INFORMATION ON ALPHA/BETA/OMEGA UNIVERSE

Body types vary based on region of origin, for example the Trikru have two main body types, lean and muscular (Anya, Indra, Lexa, Titus) or large and bear-like (Gustus, Lincoln). The Wolf Tribe are typically shorter (Quinn is much taller, consider her the exception that makes the rule), but highly muscled, (Clarke, Quinn) The Ice Bears are all bear like, and Rolling Thunder are all tall and lean. I will describe others as they appear in the story.

Alphas: Can be male or female, usually very protective of their mates and pups, and can be very aggressive and dominant during ruts which occur every six months, usually in sync with their mate's heats if mated to an Omega. All Alphas have a penis, which develops during the first rut if female. Alphas are the strongest physically, regardless of body type. They can force submission onto any weaker Alpha and any Beta or Omega.

Betas: Can be male or female, normally known as the peace keepers. They are the closest to normal humans as they don't go through ruts or heats, and have standard human anatomy. They make the best guards and spies as they blend in much easier than Alphas or Omegas.

Omegas: Only females in this fic, and are typically very motherly and tactile. They are also very protective of their pups, but will most often leave Alphas to defend territory when possible. Omegas go through heats every three months, and are often very vulnerable during them and therefore might seek out the strongest available Alpha to protect them should they feel threatened. While weaker than Alphas and most Betas, they are also normally faster and more nimble.

CHARACTER INFORMATION

Clarke: Wolf Tribe, 19, Omega, 5'6, fully trained as a warrior and named as an heir to Wolf Tribe.

Lexa: Trikru, 19, Alpha, 5’8, Commander of the Twelve Clans,

Quinn: Wolf Tribe, 39, Alpha, 6’4, Leader of the Wolf Tribe,

Kya: Rolling Thunder Tribe, 38, Omega, 6’0, heir to Rolling Thunder

Anya: Trikru, 30, Alpha, 5’7, General and mentor to Lexa

Raven: Wolf Tribe, 25, Omega, 5’4, blacksmith

Octavia: Wolf Tribe, 17, Omega, 5’2, warrior in training

Mira: Wolf Tribe, 19, Alpha, 6’3, warrior and heir to Wolf Tribe

Kiara: Wolf Tribe, 16, Alpha, 5’10, warrior in training

Koda: Wolf Tribe, 8, Alpha,

Indra: Trikru, 35, Alpha, 5’10, chieftain of Ton DC and General.
Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

We take a break from Clexa this chapter as we get a look at what is going on with Raven and Octavia.

Chapter 8

Raven POV

Raven was stretched out across one of the couches in Anya’s quarters in Polis. The group had returned from Ton DC earlier that day and they were now resting before leaving for Sula. She had been surprised when Anya offered to show Raven her quarters, although she said it was so Raven could look through the books she had to see if anything could be of use to Raven. Anya had an entire wall covered in ancient texts; most were of the history of the Old World. Raven was currently reading about weapons in the medieval times, and wondering how difficult it would be to build a catapult. It sounded like a fascinating machine, and also very fun to play with.

“Have you found anything of use?” Anya asked. “Yeah! Your history books are awesome, I’m pretty sure I can make most of the stuff in this one; I really want to try this one out,” she replied, pointing to a drawing of the catapult in the book. Anya sat next to her, studying the image. “You really think you can make this?” She asked with eyes wide. Raven nodded excitedly and began speaking about the physics of the machine and how she would get the trajectory correct and how to figure out how much counterweight would be needed to launch rocks of a substantial size.

When she paused for breath, she noticed Anya was staring at her with a blank expression on her face. “You have no idea what I’m taking about.” She said sadly. Raven loved talking about her projects, but most people had no desire to learn the mechanics behind her machines; they just wanted them to work and Raven to build them. “I don’t, but I would like it if you would teach me so you can tell me about it,” Anya said with a small smile. Raven’s face light up as she grabbed some paper and charcoal and began to draw out different aspects of the catapult and how they would work. Anya listened attentively, asking questions and making suggestions to improve the design of the machine. After a few hours, the two had drawn multiple blueprints for different prototypes to be built. Raven was ecstatic; Anya had not only listened to Raven rant, she had also learned quickly and became as engrossed in the project as Raven.

Raven was staring at Anya as she talked about where they could find different supplies that would be needed to build the machines. She barely heard what the Alpha was saying as she mapped high
cheekbones and a refined nose with her eyes. Raven was lost in the movement of Anya’s lips, and the smooth flesh of her neck as tendons and muscles jumped beneath it. She was subconsciously leaning closer to the Alpha, and she didn’t even realize the woman was no longer speaking. “Raven? Are you listening?” Raven’s eyes snapped to Anya’s as she felt her heart thunder. She felt a surge of confidence as she reached over and grabbed Anya’s collar, pulling her into a searing kiss. Anya was stock still for a moment before grabbing Raven’s arms and returning the kiss with fervor. The two wrestled for control as their tongues clashed. Anya tasted like spearmint and cinnamon. She spun Raven around, pinning her to the wall. Raven’s hands were cupping Anya’s face and neck as the Alpha held tight to her waist. The two eventually had to separate once their lungs began to scream for oxygen. They stood in each other’s arms, foreheads touching as they panted.

“You have no idea how long I’ve wanted to do that.” Raven gasped. “I’ve wanted to since first laying eyes on you.” Anya purred. She then leaned in and captured Raven’s lips gently before biting down on her bottom lip sharply. Raven sucked in a breath as she felt Anya smirk against her lips, “And I’ve wanted to that since I first heard your terrible jokes.” Raven laughed, shoving Anya back before leaning in and kissing her again. “Now what were you saying about finding supplies?” Anya shook her head and chuckled before returning to the project.

Octavia POV

Octavia had gone down to the training pits after they returned from Ton DC. She wanted to get away from everyone who had seen her fight against Anya; the Trikru General was a fantastic warrior, but Octavia had still wanted to win. She had been avoiding talking to Raven or Clarke, not wanting to hear their sympathetic stories or lectures about humility and accepting defeat. Octavia was 17; she should be a full warrior by now, not a trainee whose mentor was too busy to work with her. She loved her brother, but she truly regretted choosing him to train her.

Bellamy had only half finished her training before accepting a job as a Northern Post guard and mating a Beta named Gina. Since then he had sent her to Sula, not wanting her to be at risk in the North without being fully trained. She hadn’t spoken to him since. He sent her letters with every messenger, but she never read them. He hadn’t cared enough to keep training her, so she didn’t care enough to read about his perfect family and perfect job that she would never have now because of him. Clarke and Raven had both tried to talk her into speaking with him, saying he had good reason to send her back South, and that the North was not a fun place to live.

A part of her knew that was true; the Far North was nothing but ice, and the guards there often died from the vicious radiation-enhanced animals that lived there, but she was still bitter at having the choice taken from her. She knew Bellamy had to take the job; it was much better paying than any other guard position because of its risks, and with a pup on the way her brother needed all the extra money he could get.

Once Octavia reached the training grounds, she began searching for a warrior to spar with. All of
them were sparring already, but once they finished she called out to fight next. A tall Beta named Penn grinned before drawing his sword and nodding to her. She rushed at him immediately, slashing across his torso. Penn blocked her easily and swung at her arm, which she barely deflected. She snarled as she whirled, striking again. The Beta sidestepped and delivered an elbow to her back. She hit the ground, rolling and popping back up. Before she could rush again, however, a voice from behind the crowd roared, “HOD OP. That is enough gonas, back to work.” Octavia snarled in irritation, “I had him handled.”

Indra walked up to her, scowling. “You did not. You fight with all aggression, and you have no defense to speak of. Penn would have beat you into the ground.” Octavia glared at the older Alpha before moving to storm away, but she was blocked by Indra’s arm. “Let. Me. Go.” She grit out. “You need to learn patience and calmness. I can teach you.”

“Yeah, sure. I think the whole reason this alliance is working is because your people don’t know how to teach Omegas how to fight.” Octavia bit back at Indra. “I know how, but if you want to spend your time getting knocked into the dirt by my gonas, fine. I will not offer again.” Indra snapped, turning to storm away. Octavia spoke up suddenly, “Wait!” She cursed herself for talking as Indra paused, not turning around. She hadn’t meant to speak, and yet she found herself saying, “Okay, teach me.” Indra turned around, her dark eyes staring into Octavia, “We will start training at dawn. For now, you need to learn to center yourself. Come.”

The two walked through Polis until they came to the Commander’s Gardens, a lush forest in the heart of the city that was open to the public to walk through and spend time in. They walked under a maple tree, where Indra sat and crossed her legs with her back perfectly straight. “Sit. Clear your mind and find peace and balance within. You can be angry and passionate, but you must find a calm in your passion or you will not be able to see clearly enough to defeat your opponent.”

Octavia sighed, but sat, mimicking the Alpha’s position before closing her eyes. Her mind whirled as she sat there, thinking about everything that had happened in the last few days. Her thoughts ceased, however when the scent of Alpha and smoke filled her nose, blocking out all else. “Focus Octavia. Do not think, just listen.” Indra instructed. She nodded, trying to stop her thoughts and just listen. She heard the birds and the trickle of water. She heard the leaves rustle and the gravel crunch on the path, but what she heard most was the steady breathing of Indra next to her.

The even breaths steadied her, causing her to match her own breathing to the Alpha and slip into an entranced state. They sat there for an unknown amount of time, just breathing. When the night air finally became too much, Octavia shivered, causing Indra to stand immediately. She pulled Octavia to her feet and draped her coat over the brunette’s shoulders before moving to escort her back to the tower. Octavia ducked her head and smiled, thanking the Alpha for the jacket and apologizing for snapping at her earlier in the sparring ring. Indra merely nodded and placed her hand on the small of Octavia’s back. They walked back in silence, staying close to attempt to chase away the cold. When they reached Octavia’s room, Indra leaned in and pressed a kiss to Octavia’s mouth before walking away, leaving Octavia standing shocked in her doorway.
Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

The group travels to Sula; we find out why Indra kissed Octavia in Ch 8 and how Octavia feels about it. Ranya have their first fight, and Lexa is romantic.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter 9

Lexa POV

Lexa had just returned from a morning run through Polis. She bought a few pastries for Clarke and her to eat from the bakery. They were raspberry tarts, Lexa’s favorite. Lexa waited a bit impatiently for the elevator to rise up to the top of the Tower. When the box finally came to a halt, Lexa walked quickly to the dining area of the main floor. Clarke was waiting for her, and she had been joined by Octavia. The first thing Lexa noticed was that the young Omega was wearing Indra’s jacket, and it was saturated with the Alpha’s scent. She overheard her and Clarke talking, “I got cold last night and she let me borrow it; I figured I would just wear it around today and when I saw her and she asked for it back I’d give it to her.”

“She will not ask for it back,” Lexa commented. Octavia looked at her oddly, “Why wouldn’t she? It’s her jacket; she just let me borrow it.” Lexa chuckled, “And then kissed you before leaving, am I correct?” Octavia nodded, looking confused. Lexa explained why Indra had given Octavia her the jacket: “It is an old Trikru custom that isn’t used much anymore. When an Alpha wishes to mate with an Omega, they will court her. They announce their courting by presenting the Omega with an article of clothing that is saturated with their scent; from that point on, they will dote on her and attempt to prove their maturity and strength to her. They will try and prove they are capable of providing for her and that they are a good match. The Omega is free to court other Alphas, just as the Alpha is free to court as many Omegas as they wish. The courtship ends when one or both parties mate, or when the Omega returns the article of clothing.”

Octavia looked thoughtful. Lexa added, “She will be very pleased to see you are wearing her jacket.” Octavia had a panicked expression, “What does it mean that I’m wearing it?? That doesn’t mean I want to mate her right away does it??” Lexa smiled, “It only means you enjoy her scent; you have nothing to worry about. Indra would never push you.” Octavia seemed to relax as she nodded and thanked Lexa before leaving to get ready to leave in a few hours.
“Why haven’t you courted me?” Clarke asked with a curious look on her face. “Why would I? It isn’t a tradition that is used very often anymore, and furthermore we are already mated.” Lexa was confused as to why her mate would want to be pursued when she was already Lexa’s. “Ahh, so it isn’t required?” Lexa shook her head, “No, it’s rarely used to be honest. Most couples simply get to know each other and talk about mating before doing so.” Clarke nodded and handed Lexa a tart before eating her own. Lexa frowned as she took a bit of her tart. Normally a courting was less about being romantic and more about proving your strength and ability to provide. However, a romantic courting could be fun and Clarke would appreciate the gesture. It would also provide her with the excuse to give Clarke the knife she had made for her from Rori. The pair finished their breakfast before going their separate ways to prepare for the trip.

Clarke was shuffling through paperwork in her study when Lexa found her. They both had their saddlebags packed for the journey and were simply ensuring Polis was in fit condition for them to leave. Lexa had went through documents and procedures with Titus, as she always did before leaving the city. Clarke had been arranging reports of activities as well as setting up a chain of command for her people in the city while she was away. Lexa came up behind her and rested her chin on top of Clarke’s head as she wound her arms around her neck. “How are you doing?” Clarke sighed, “I am pretty much done; I just need to finish the report from the western Azgeda villages and we can leave.”

Lexa pressed a kiss to the top of Clarke’s head before walking around her study. Clarke had drawings all over her walls. Most she had done herself, but there were also some done by Koda and other pups from Sula. She had portraits of all of her family across the room. There were also scenes from her village as well as other places she had visited. Lexa noticed a new drawing had been hung near Clarke’s desk. She was surprised to see that it was of her. She was in a loose shirt with a pair of pants and bare feet; Lexa recognized it from their vacation at the cabin when the two had rested by the river for a while after a bath. Clarke commented, “I loved spending that week with you; you were so relaxed and young. Maybe we can go back some day.” Lexa nodded, “I’d like that.”

Clarke had the reports rolled up and ready, so the two went down to the stables to saddle the horses. Octavia was already there saddling her horse, as was Anya and Raven, who were taking a wagon because of how long the journey was. Everyone else was already saddled and waiting. Lexa was brushing down her horse when Indra entered. She puffed her chest out when she saw Octavia wearing her coat, strutting over to kiss her softly before moving to saddle her horse. Octavia turned bright red as Raven snickered at her. Anya elbowed her in the ribs and gave Raven a warning glare before taking the horses out to hitch them. The rest were quickly ready as they moved outside to mount up. Clarke and Lexa rode out front with the rest of the group forming into pairs before following their Commander out of the city. The group made good time; they made their goal and reached the edge of the borderlands by dusk. Unlike the last time Lexa had been through here, there was now a wide path that had been trampled through the forest, marking the way to the Wolf Tribe lands.

The group made camp quickly. Octavia and Indra went out to hunt and Anya was building a fire while everyone else moved to pick a spot for their bedrolls. Clarke was combining hers with Lexa’s, intertwining their furs for extra warmth. Lexa took out a thick woven top that was one of her
favorites during the cold seasons. She moved away from the group before blasting her pheromones onto it, rubbing it along her jaw. Once she was satisfied with the strength of her scent on it, she returned to camp. Clarke was just beginning to unpack a coat, which meant Lexa’s timing was perfect, just as she had planned. She walked up to Clarke, extending the shirt with her hand. Clarke’s face flashed with confusion until she went to put the shirt on. Lexa’s wife smiled brilliantly as she pulled the shirt on, tucking her nose into the collar and breathing in. “Well thank you Alpha, I’m impressed.” Clarke smirked. Lexa grinned before wrapping her arms around Clarke, kissing her lightly before pulling her to sit by the fire.

When the pair reached the fire, they noticed Raven and Anya were arguing. Lexa knew the two were constantly bickering and joking, but this seemed to be different. Anya was scowling more than normal and Raven’s jaw was clenched tight. “It’s a waste to build all the prototypes, especially the ones that won’t work! I know what I’m doing Anya.” Anya growled low, “Then why is it only my prototypes are the ones not to be built? Why not one of your ridiculous ‘triple distance’ catapults that will never reach that far. My plans were just as sound as yours; you said so yourself.” Raven snapped, “It’s my job to know what will work! I say we aren’t building those five and that’s final!” With that the irritated Omega stormed off. Anya glared hard at her back.

“Hey, don’t let her get to you. She didn’t mean what she said. I know it’s not an excuse, but she’s only acting like this because of her leg. Even riding on the wagon hurts her after a long day, and she might not admit it, but even she has a breaking point,” Clarke tried. Anya merely stood and walked away in the opposite direction of Raven.

Clarke sighed, “Well I guess that gets their first fight out of the way.” Lexa hummed as she pulled Clarke into her arms, “First fights are the worst. They will forgive each other soon enough.” Clarke nodded in agreement, “I’m glad we got that out of the way... the making up was quite fun though.” Lexa grinned as she nodded into Clarke’s hair.

The pair sat together, cuddling by the fire. Clarke had her sketchpad and was drawing Lexa on her horse as Lexa watched. As the darkness settled into camp, Indra and Octavia returned with a boar. Octavia’s hair was considerably more ruffled than when the pair had left and her cheeks were flaming red. The other gonas quickly took the boar and put it on a stick to cook it over the fire. Octavia sat down by Clarke and Lexa, holding her hands over the fire to warm them. Lexa noticed a dark bruise on her neck peeking out from the collar of her coat. It would seem the young Omega was more open to Indra than she had let on earlier. The dark Alpha sat close to Octavia, leaning into her space and watching her closely. Octavia moved closer so the two were pressed together as they waited for dinner.

Once the boar was finished the entire group minus Raven and Anya sat together and ate, telling stories and making jokes round the fire. They stayed up until the fire was nothing but embers and the first watch returned and switched with second. Clarke and Lexa eventually crawled into their furs together, cuddling close to avoid the chill. Clarke rested her head on Lexa’s chest, and Lexa brought her hand up to run her fingers through the golden strands.
Lexa loved their couplings, but she secretly enjoyed these quiet moments just as much. As her right hand massaged her wife’s scalp, Lexa felt her mate tug at her left hand until she could play with it. It had become a nightly ritual that Clarke would take Lexa’s left hand and toy with the ring on it, as well as run her fingers over every line and scar, running her own fingers over Lexa’s, pressing the pads together. It was oddly soothing to both of them. Eventually they fell asleep pressed closely together.

It was very early when Lexa woke up. The sun hadn’t even begun to rise, but still she was wide awake with a rather annoying bulge. She sighed and began to think of the tattoos on Titus’s annoying head, hoping it would relieve her bulge. Unfortunately, the images of Titus quickly turned to images of Clarke’s backside which did nothing to relieve the bulge. Clarke began to stir as Lexa’s erection pressed into her stomach. She rubbed against Lexa as she woke, causing her to moan and bite her lip. Clarke blinked owlishly up at Lexa, obviously confused as to why she was awake. “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to wake you up; go back to sleep,” Lexa whispered. “Mmmhh but you’re wide awake,” Clarke purred as she palmed Lexa’s member. Lexa tossed her head back as she tried to remain quiet. Clarke began to press wet kisses to her chest as she pushed Lexa’s pants down. “Clarke. We can’t; we are in the middle of camp,” she gasped. “Hmm I guess we better keep quiet then,” Clarke murmured. Lexa grunted as Clarke gripped her member and bit her collarbone.

Lexa quickly removed Clarke’s pants and slid down, lining herself up with Clarke’s already dripping entrance. She gently slid into her wife, both of them shivering from the contact. Lexa rested her head on Clarke’s shoulder as she set a slow pace. Clarke dug her nails into Lexa’s back and quietly groaned as Lexa began pushing deeper into her mate. The pair quietly gasped and moaned as they lost themselves in each other. Lexa was close to coming as she began to push her knot against Clarke, seeking entrance. Clarke pulled back quickly and gave Lexa a warning look as she shook her head. Clarke clenched down on Lexa as she came, whining quietly as Lexa exploded in pleasure, grunting as she gave a few short thrusts.

They lay together, panting lightly as they pushed their foreheads together and exchanged a few soft kisses. “I think I forgive you for waking me up now,” Clarke joked quietly. Lexa chuckled as she captured her favorite pair of lips. “You know you love my wake ups.” Clarke hummed as she nodded and kissed her again. They pulled their pants back on as they got comfortable again, pressed tightly together. The pair dozed lightly until the sun rose.

The group only had a light breakfast in the morning. As the group packed up, Lexa asked Clarke to accompany her on a walk. She and Clarke walked through the trees, simply enjoying the silence of the morning. "So, what did you want to drag me out into the woods for?" Clarke asked. Lexa chuckled at her mate’s wording, "I wanted to give you something." Clarke looked up at her eagerly, "Ooh what do I get??" Lexa pulled the dagger out of her waistband behind her back. She presented the dark handled blade to her wife. "Oh my!! Lexa! This is the dagger I was looking at!! Thank you so much, I love it!" Lexa laughed as Clarke jumped into her arms in her excitement. Clarke kissed her excitedly, grinning as Lexa twirled her around. Clarke kept pressing kisses to Lexa's mouth.
Lexa grinned even bigger, "I think I like courting you Clarke." Clarke laughed, "I bet you do Alpha." When they returned, the camp was packed and mounted up, ready to ride. Anya was riding Octavia’s horse, and the Omega was riding next to Raven on the wagon. Lexa sighed; she knew her mentor could be very stubborn. She had a feeling it was going to be a long ride to Sula.

Chapter End Notes

Here are how I picture the non-canon characters...and yes I definitely stole all images off Google!

Quinn: In my head she would have darker hair and a more muscular jaw, but hey, I stole the pictures from Google, I can't be too picky!

Kya as a young woman/Mira:
Kiara: this one looks like it might be off tumblr, so if its your work or you know whose it is, let me know so I can properly ask permission and give photo cred.
Koda: (Yes I know its actually the kid off LOTR)
Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

We are in Clarke's village this chapter. Clarke and Lexa act like little kids, and Raven and Anya finally make up. This is a pretty lighthearted chapter; I just got done with about 5 hours of microeconomics homework so I'm a little fried. Thanks for reading and all the wonderful comments! You are great!

Chapter 10

Lexa POV

The group had arrived at Sula. It had been an awkward two days as Raven and Anya still refused to speak to each other. Raven had only talked to Octavia since their fight, and Anya had growled and snapped at everyone who tried talking to her. Lexa had tried to speak with her about it, but Anya had just growled and stalked off into the woods again. It was obvious she would not speak about it until she was ready.

The village itself was nestled at the foot of a mountain, perfectly hidden in the tall pines that surrounded it. Any passerby would never see the houses unless they were looking very closely. When Lexa glanced at Clarke, she saw the blonde was nearly vibrating in her saddle from excitement. Her mount had picked up on her energy and was prancing into the village. The gates were made so that thorn and ivy covered the front, making them look like a part of the underbrush. They swung open as the group approached, revealing the village within. There were log homes winding through the trees and pups were running out the doors to get a better look at the Commander and her Trikru Warriors. A young boy Lexa recognized as Clarke’s brother came sprinting through the village, launching himself up and clambering into the saddle with Clarke.

"Clarke, you're home!! I missed you so much!!" Lexa’s wife grinned as she hugged the boy close, “I missed you too buddy! Have you been good while I was gone?” The boy nodded seriously before jumping down and waiting for his sister, bouncing on the balls of his feet with impatience. The group dismounted as Quinn and Kya approached. The pair looked much different in the comfort of their own village. They were both smiling and holding hands; their clothing was significantly more relaxed and they weren’t nearly as heavily armed. Clarke ran to them, hugging both of them fiercely in greeting. Lexa approached slowly, giving Clarke time to embrace both her parents. Kya turned to Lexa and engulfed her in a hug the same as she had Clarke, “Thank you for taking such good care of her,” she murmured into Lexa’s ear before pulling away. The Alpha was then pulled into a tight hug by Quinn. Lexa felt her ears go red from the physical affection; she was not used to being hugged by anyone but Clarke.

Clarke had been correct when she said the Trikru and Wolf Tribe villages were nearly identical. The markets and shops were set up very similar, and so were the houses. The only noticeable differences were the unmated Alphas and Betas living in Sula and the lack of a school. The Wolf Tribe training pit had more weapons to be used for practice, but it too was very similar in size and design. There was no playground; instead the pups were running around the village and climbing the trees, playing with wooden and leather toys together. The group was shown to their quarters for the night while Clarke and Lexa went to the main house to unpack.
Lexa had expected the house to be larger and grander than the others, however it was not. There were enough bedrooms for the pups and their parents upstairs, and the lower level had a kitchen, living area, and bathroom. A meeting room was attached to the home, but the doors were closed and the windows were dark. Lexa followed Clarke up the stairs to her room, which contained an oak framed bed, a chest, and a desk with papers scattered across it. Clarke flopped down onto the bed, sighing happily. Lexa climbed in next to her, lying on her side so she could watch her mate’s face. “I expected your home to be bigger,” Lexa mentioned. Clarke opened her eyes, smiling at Lexa, “We don’t need a bigger house, and so Quinn never built more. It was only one level when I first came here. Quinn added on as needed.”

Clarke hopped up then, “Come on, I want to show you something.” Lexa grinned as she followed her excited mate out of the house and into the woods behind it. They came to a stop beneath a large tree that had a small building nestled in its branches. “It was our tree house as kids, we were always in it,” Clarke told her. She followed the blonde up the tree, climbing into the little house through a hole in its floor. It was a single room with windows on all four sides that were tied shut. Clarke closed the hatch behind Lexa as she investigated the contents of the room. There were slingshots tossed haphazardly in a corner, with a pile of small stones next to them. A pile of furs and pillows sat in another corner. There was charcoal and paper scattered on the floor along with a stuffed tiger, a few toy horses, and wooden swords.

Clarke opened the windows before stretching out on the blankets. “This was our guard tower. Mira, Kiara, and I would never let anyone else up here; that’s what the slingshots and rocks were for. We had pretty good aim too.” Lexa snorted at the thought of three young pups pelting their friends from above to keep their fort safe. “I’m surprised they didn’t make you share,” she commented. Clarke grinned, “We only had to share this with each other, otherwise if we wanted, we could fight the other kids off. To be fair, they did all have their own forts, so they didn’t need to come in ours.” Lexa shook her head as she picked up a slingshot and tested it, firing a rock into the trees. It launched surprisingly far. “I’m glad you didn’t decide to hit me with a rock from this; it’s actually powerful!” Clarke laughed even harder, “Hey, we were badaasses! Nobody messed with us.” Lexa leaned out the window, envisioning the young pups playing and tussling in the house. She couldn’t help but let her mind drift to the thoughts of her own pups one day playing like this. She could picture Clarke in a tree house with them, helping them defend it and egging on play wars between them and other pups. Lexa knew the perfect tree outside of Polis to build such a house; she would have to have one built once they returned.

Voices began to echo through the trees, alerting the couple to visitors. Clarke popped up and tossed a slingshot to Lexa, hissing at her to get down and get some pebbles. Lexa felt herself become giddy with excitement as she watched the blonde crouch down and take aim. Raven and Octavia soon came through the clearing, talking animatedly to each other. Clarke held her hand until they were about 25 feet from the tree house. She leapt up and began to shoot pebbles at the pair with frighteningly good aim while screaming “FIRE, DON’T LET THE ENEMY TAKE THE FORT!!!!” Lexa laughed as she took aim and began shooting the tiny missiles at the girls, causing them to shriek and duck behind trees. Clarke kept firing and hollering, hitting the two every time they peeked out from behind a tree. “GOD DAMMIT CLARKE WE ARE ADULTS WOULD YOU STOP SHOOTING US WITH FUCKING PEBBLES!!” Raven blared out. Clarke laughed, as she hollered back, “Never!! Wolf Tribe doesn’t surrender land to the enemy!! You’ll have to drag me from my sanctuary!”

Raven and Octavia cursed Lexa and Clarke before taking off towards the village, swearing retribution upon them. The pair looked at each other before collapsing in a fit of giggles. Tears were streaming down both of their faces before they managed to collect themselves. “Okay, we better go. They meant the whole ‘revenge’ thing, and I don’t want to fight whatever Raven has planned with only pebbles,” Clarke shuddered as she stood up and began to close the tree house up. The pair
climbed down and began walking through the woods, careful to watch for the two angered Omegas and any traps they might have laid.

They made it safely back to the house, much to Lexa’s surprise; however, their luck ended there. As soon as they made it into the yard, Octavia and Raven dumped buckets of ice-cold water on both girls’ heads from above. Lexa gasped in shock from the water, which had completely soaked her. Lexa immediately lunged at Octavia, roaring as she tackled the girl and proceeded to bear hug her so she was just as cold and wet as Lexa. When they stood, they saw that Clarke had done the same thing to Raven, causing all four to stand outside the house laughing and shivering. “Okay, we need to make a truce before this gets out of hand,” Lexa declared. She didn’t wish to see just how far the three would take this war if it wasn’t ended. “Oh fine, but you’re no fun Commander,” Raven whined. “Which is exactly why it’s a good idea,” Clarke replied. The girls agreed to no more revenge pranks before going their separate ways to put dry clothes on.

Clarke and Lexa stripped quickly once they were in her room. Lexa took a moment to appreciate her mate’s strong back and the round curve of her ass. She watched the way the curvy muscular body she adored moved around the room, looking for a set of clothes. Lexa moved to her, wrapping her arms around the blonde’s waist and pressing their bodies together. “Lex, what are you doing? My parents could come home,” Clarke questioned. “We are cold Clarke; I do not want either of us to become ill from this. We should warm up together before dressing.” Clarke laughed throatily, “Ohh, is that so? Well I suppose I should listen to my mighty Alpha,” Clarke responded teasingly.

Lexa tugged the blonde down onto the bed before burrowing into her chest, enjoying the sweet scent of her mate. Lexa very much enjoyed being wrapped up in her mate’s arms, feeling the softness of her body beneath her. Clarke ran her fingers through Lexa’s hair. The sensation always made Lexa turn into a boneless heap as she purred contentedly. The pair got comfortable beneath the furs, deciding a nap was necessary to ensure they didn’t become sick from the cold, or so they told themselves.

Anya POV

Anya was appraising a knife she had just acquired as she walked towards the building she and the rest of the Trikru were staying in. The knife would be excellent for hunting, and it was beautifully designed. The trader had said it was from the Horse Nation, which was a tribe northeast of the Wolf Tribe. As she was walking, Anya didn’t see the person walking towards her from the right, causing the two to bump into each other. When she looked up to apologize, Anya’s words died in her throat as she gazed into familiar brown eyes. “My apologies, I didn’t see you,” Anya said curtly before moving to walk away. She and Raven had yet to apologize to each other, and although Anya knew she needed to, she was yet to bring herself to do so. “Anya, wait! We should talk.” Raven called after her. Anya paused, knowing if she wanted to mend things between them she had to let go of her pride and apologize. She turned back to the dark haired brunette, nodding and following her into a building.

The room was well light and filled with various pieces of metal, a forge, papers, and models of projects. Raven stood with her arms folded across her chest as she leaned back against a table. “I’m sorry Anya. I was… a complete ass to you on the way here and I had no reason to be. I am sorry for treating you the way I did and I hope you can forgive me.” Raven looked at her a bit nervously before walking to a different table that was covered by a blanket, “I, ah, made these for you… as a sign of how much I mean it when I say I was wrong.” She removed the blanket to reveal five miniature catapults, all of which were Anya’s designs. Anya felt her throat constrict as she looked at the models Raven had made in such a short time so she could prove how sorry she was. Anya quickly pulled Raven into a hug as she responded as clearly as she could, “I’m sorry too; I was an ass as well. Thank you for being the bigger person and apologizing first and making these. I don’t
know what I did to deserve you in my life.” Raven pulled back with tears falling down her cheeks, she stared into Anya’s eyes before crashing their lips together. The kiss was desperate, full of unspoken feelings and needs. Anya picked Raven up and set her on the table, grinding her bulge into the apex of the brunette’s thighs. “Bedroom, back behind curtain,” Raven mumbled in between kisses as she gestured towards the wall with her hand.

Anya carried Raven as she buried her face in the younger girl’s chest, pressing kisses in the valley between her breasts as she stumbled into the living quarters. She set her down long enough to begin ripping her clothes off, as Raven began to tear her own off as well. When they were both naked they froze, and Anya stared at the beauty before her, drinking in the lean figure. Raven was perfection; her caramel skin looked wonderfully kissable, covered in a light sheen of sweat. Her scent was filling the room, with her arousal heavy in the air. Anya approached, this time taking Raven in a gentle kiss. Anya pushed the girl back, laying her gently on the bed. The pair kissed deeply, and when they finally broke for air Anya began trailing kisses down the Omega’s neck and chest. She took a nipple into her mouth, rolling and biting at it before switching to the other breast. She kissed her way over Raven’s soft abdomen, nipping at hipbones and inner thighs. She pressed a kiss to her lover’s mound before rising up to meet her eyes, seeking permission. Raven nodded as she stretched up and kissed Anya. She carefully lined herself up with Raven’s soaked center. She pressed her head against the Omega’s entrance, groaning when she felt it slide inside. Her lover’s arousal made it easy to push in, but Anya went slow nonetheless, giving her partner plenty of time to adjust. Raven was panting and clinging to Anya by the time she was fully sheathed inside her.

“Slow, go slow. You’re big,” Raven whined. Anya nodded as she kissed the corner of Raven’s mouth, beginning a slow pace. She gave light thrusts at first, easing the Omega into more motion. Raven cried out in pleasure as Anya began to pick up her pace. Soon she was begging for more, and Anya gladly answered her requests. She began rutting into her harshly, grunting and panting alongside the Omega. Her fingers worked endless circles over the Omega’s clit, causing her to clench down on Anya’s length. Soon the brunette came hard on Anya’s cock, forcing her to stop her movements before she came too. “Raven, I’m gonna cum… Can I?” Anya asked. Raven shivered and panted, saying, “Do it. Knot me and Claim me, I want you.” With that, Anya began slamming into the Omega, pushing her knot in with force, but careful not to hurt the Omega more than necessary. Raven was moaning with pleasure from the new stretch. Anya came as her knot finally popped into the hot channel, tying the two together. Anya bit down hard into the neck of her mate, as Raven did the same to her, sealing the two together permanently.

Anya rolled herself and Raven onto their sides. She lay next to her new mate, panting in exhaustion and pleasure. “Well that was the best makeup sex I’ve ever had,” Raven joked. Anya snorted, “Sha, you are incredible Raven, thank you for becoming my mate.” Raven became serious, “You don’t have to thank me; you’re special. I’m so happy you want to be with me, and I’m happy we did this. I don’t think I could live without mind blowing orgasms like those two any longer.” Anya laughed at her mate’s inability to remain serious. She leaned in and kissed her, loving the sweet taste of Raven’s lips. The two cuddled close and fell asleep, enjoying the safety and comfort of being in each other’s arms.
Chapter 11

Chapter Summary

This is an entire Clexa chapter. There will be a time jump either the next chapter of the one after, I haven't decided if I want to write the rest of the tournament in detail or not. It would be a lot of fight scenes. If you want to see the fights and contests comment, or if you don't, comment too and let me know! I'm sorry it took so long for the update and that I have only responded to about 2 comments; life has been crazy lately. I promise I will do my best to update more frequently, and I will get back to everyone who commented. Thanks so much for reading, let me know what you think and if you want to read any specific scenes. Thanks everybody!

Chapter 11

Clarke POV

It was the group’s second day in Sula, and a tournament had been announced in the honor of the Commander’s visit to the village and Clarke’s return. It was a small tournament with the local villages participating, but the warriors were buzzing with excitement nonetheless. The small local tournaments were held a few times each year in the villages throughout the Twenty Tribes, allowing young warriors or those who hadn’t been able to prove themselves in the wars to earn the right to compete in the year-end games. The warriors who met a certain number of points were allowed to compete in the amateur and open classes in the games. There was a separate class for the Heirs and Leaders along with those known as Legends, or warriors whose skills were exceptional. The open classes allowed the two classes to compete together, and they were often the most popular classes for competitors and spectators alike.

The tournaments were only for warriors; Legends, Heirs, and Leaders were not allowed to compete. Clarke, Kia, Mira, and Quinn would instead be judging the tournament alongside Cliff, who lived in a neighboring village and was still considered an Heir, and Angus, an Heir from another neighboring village. Kiara had yet to be able to take the tests to become an heir, so she would still be able to compete. The winner of tournament overall would get to fight Quinn in the end if they wished, simply for experience. It had been decided that the Trikru could join in the tournament if they wished, except for Lexa, Indra, and Anya, who all met the requirements to be considered Leaders and Legends.

The tournament would consist of hand-to-hand combat, infantry combat (warriors on the ground with a sword and shield, axes, spears, etc,) mounted combat, archery, mounted archery, and combat races on wagons (Clarke’s personal favorite. It was six warriors on a wagon that was pulled by six horses, racing full speed through a course while fighting with the members of the other wagons and trying to knock as many off as possible or knock the entire wagon off course.) Clarke was in charge of getting the courses for mounted archery and the race ready.

She and Lexa were currently walking the archery course and setting targets up. The course was a mile and a half long and contained 25 targets. It made a large circle around the village, beginning and ending outside the arena where the combat games were held. The course for the race was five miles long and it wound through the forest, twisting up and down the mountain and running through the
rivers. It was a challenging course for even the most experienced drivers; Clarke did not envy the contestants. It had already been marked and was ready for the competition.

“How many contestants do you think there will be?” Lexa asked Clarke as they placed another target. “There’s normally around 50 to 75 that compete in all the events, and about another 30 or so that just come to compete in their favorites,” Clarke replied. Lexa helped Clarke down from the tree that she had placed the target in as they continued their walk. “When are the final games?” Clarke thought for a moment before answering, “They will take place in five months in Chita, the capital of the Blue People’s territory.” Lexa nodded, “Will my people be invited to participate in the games? I know this year is not a possibility, but I would be interested in arranging for tournaments and participation in the years to come; it is an excellent way to encourage practice and boost morale of warriors.” Clarke smiled softly, “The Tribes that will participate decide on the number of tournaments, locations, point systems, rules, and the date and location of the final games every spring. I am sure that in the winter meeting Quinn will formally invite you and the Coalition to participate.”

Clarke then wondered if she would be able to participate in this year’s games, or if she would instead be carrying a pup. It was still too soon for her to know if she was pregnant; it had only been a little over a week since her heat, and she would need to wait for at least a month before she would know for certain. Clarke was anxious to find out. She had been carefully eating only the healthiest of foods, avoiding overly fatty meats, along with alcohol. She had shortened her training sessions and taken to wearing a chest plate when she trained or rode in order to protect her stomach better. Lexa had also been much more protective since her heat ended; she rarely left Clarke’s side and was always helping her with any activity that involved any sort of heavy lifting. Clarke might have been irritated with the coddling if it weren’t for the fact she found it endearing. Clarke had always been very independent, and she knew that if she told Lexa to give her space and allow her to do things on her own she would, but she couldn’t help but find she appreciated the support her mate was offering her.

The two finished placing the last of the targets before they made their way into the arena to see how preparations were going for the other events. Raven and Anya were setting up archery targets while Kya barked orders at them, Octavia was practicing with Indra in the sparring pits, Quinn was setting up prizes and situating the seating arrangements for the village leaders and other Heirs, and Mira was getting contestants signed up along with Cliff and Angus. Most of the spectators had yet to arrive as the tournament wouldn’t officially begin until tomorrow and the villages were only about an hour or two away from each other. The group spent the rest of the day and late into the night preparing for the tournament. They settled the groups into their camps for the nights and got all the draws and brackets ready for the fights tomorrow. The arena was raked and targets were perfectly lined up. By the time everything was ready, no one had enough energy to do anything but crawl into bed and fall fast asleep. The village was quiet that night as everyone rested up for the excitement that would come the next morning.

With dawn came the blasting of war horns announcing the arrival of the other villages and the spectators. Clarke sighed as she stood on the platform in between Lexa and Anya. She was exhausted, and had desperately wanted to just stay in bed and sleep through the ceremonies. She would have done just that if it weren’t for Koda dropping a large spider onto her bed when she refused to get up. She had chased the pup all through the house until Kya snapped at her to get ready and leave Koda alone. As she glared at him on her way back upstairs, he had stuck his tongue out at her in glee, resulting in another bout of chasing and yelling which led to the family barely making it to the arena on time to welcome the guests.

Clarke zoned out as Quinn addressed the crowd and went through the ceremony to begin the tournament. She barely paid attention as the flame was lit and the order of events was announced. The roar of the crowd when the ceremony was over jolted Clarke out of her daydreams. She shook
her head before descending the steps and moving to judge the hand-to-hand combat rounds. She would judge the first two rounds and then have a break as the first rounds of archery took place.

Clarke stood just outside the circle drawn into the sand that marked the area for the competition. The first two competitors stepped into the arena and clasped hands. One was a stocky Beta man from the neighboring village; Clarke recognized him from the open class of last year’s games. The other was a slim Alpha woman Clarke didn’t recognize. The pair squared off and waited for Clarke’s word. She raised her arm and whistled. The pair began fighting, and Clarke counted down from 200 in her head. She watched the competitors carefully for any signs of foul. The round finished without incident so Clarke parted the two and allowed them time to drink before beginning the second round. The Beta man managed to pin the woman and take a victory. The next four fights went without issue as well, but the fifth wasn’t so friendly. It was between two young Alphas who had been vying for the attention of the same Omega, and they were eager to use the fight to prove their worth. Rules were quickly thrown out the window as the two punched, bit, kicked, and grabbed each other. Clarke was snarling at them and trying to pull them off of each other when one made the mistake of rearing back and slamming his elbow into her nose.

The roar from the platform echoed through the whole arena, making everyone freeze. The Alphas leapt apart as Lexa suddenly appeared, towering over them with her lips pulled back in a silent snarl. Her face was a mask of pure fury when she grabbed the boy who had elbowed Clarke. She lifted him by the collar and slammed her head into his, knocking him unconscious. She dropped the boy and loosed another feral snarl at the other boy, who snapped his head to the side in submission before bolting out of the arena. Clarke was in awe at how quickly Lexa had arrived to defend her. She stared at the tense form of her mate as Lexa turned to face her. Clarke felt a rush of warmth as she was enveloped in a cloud of protective pheromones. Lexa strode to her quickly and pulled the blonde into her arms. Clarke melted into her mate’s arms as she felt Lexa press a kiss to her temple and whine.

“I’m okay. He didn’t hit me hard enough to break anything. Thank you for protecting me,” Clarke thanked as she burrowed further into Lexa’s protective hold. “Of course, I’m happy you aren’t hurt,” Lexa muttered as she nuzzled the top of Clarke’s head. Lexa’s protective instincts were obviously in overdrive as she continued marking her mate with an abundance of protective pheromones and rocking her side-to-side as she held her tightly. Clarke couldn’t help but revel in the attention and affection. She allowed herself to bask in Lexa’s affection for a few more moments before pulling away. She then pulled her mate away from the crowds and into the armory.

Clarke wound her arms around Lexa’s neck and pressed soft kisses to her lips. Lexa nudged her nose against her mate’s as she smiled softly. Clarke reached down and gently rubbed against Lexa’s member, causing it to begin to stiffen. Lexa sighed as she lifted Clarke and gently set her down on a table, parting her legs and stepping between them. The two kissed languidly, and Clarke stroked the rippling muscles of her mate’s stomach, loving the way they flexed as her fingers ran over them. Lexa’s fingers were carefully running through the curls at the base of Clarke’s neck, soothing and working Clarke up at the same time. They slowly worked each other up with lingering touches and loving kisses. Lexa slid her hand into the waistband of Clarke’s pants and began to tease her clit, playing with it far too slowly. Clarke began nibbling at her mating bite as she rolled Lexa’s nipple between her fingers. Clarke soon grew impatient with the slow circles her mate was making and bucked her hips into the Alpha’s hand, “Faster, I need you to go faster.” Lexa smirked at the blonde, not changing her pace. “Trust me,” she whispered against Clarke’s lips. Clarke felt her heart race at the implication of her mate’s words as she nodded enthusiastically. Lexa just continued her slow circles and soft kisses, occasionally leaning down to press kisses along Clarke’s jaw.

She eventually removed her hand, causing Clarke to whimper in protest. Lexa merely slid out of her pants before carefully removing Clarke’s. At the sight of Lexa’s proud member, Clarke felt a gush of
arousal. She moved to kneel and grasp the hardened cock, but Lexa stopped her. Lifting her back onto the table, Lexa put Clarke’s hand on her chest so she could feel the strong beat of her heart. “Not this time, my star. This time we will just enjoy our closeness.” Clarke could do nothing but nod as Lexa stepped closer, pressing their bodies together and gently easing into her. Clarke trembled and sighed as Lexa began an agonizingly slow and gentle pace. She continued to kiss Clarke softly and rub slow circles over her clit. Clarke felt herself slowly rise towards her pleasure. She continued her play with her mate’s breasts and squeezed down on her mate and burying her face in her neck. She felt like she was on another planet as she lost track of time and space from the intensity of her orgasm.

Lexa POV

Lexa held the beautiful blonde carefully as she rode out her orgasm. Lexa shuddered from the intensity of the sensations around her cock, causing her to keep releasing shot after shot of thick cream into the Omega. Lexa pulled Clarke closer to her, nuzzling her sweaty hair as she breathed in her delicious scent. Lexa loved Clarke. She had no doubt this was true. The blonde had captured her heart over the last month since they had been together. Lexa had wanted to tell her the moment she had discovered why her heart fluttered every time the blonde laughed and why the rooms were always darker until she walked in. However, the fear of rejection, the fear that her mate might not feel the same way, kept Lexa from voicing her love for her wife.

Lexa had lost all control when she saw the young Alpha strike her mate. She was still unsure how she had managed to simply knock the boy unconscious, rather than kill him like she wanted to. She decided the moment Clarke had cuddled into her and thanked her for her protection that she would tell Clarke how she felt. Lexa molded herself to her mate as Clarke began to come down from her high. The blonde buried herself in Lexa’s arms, sighing contentedly. “That was incredible Lex, wow.” Lexa purred as she nuzzled her mate; she was beyond pleased with herself. “Clarke, there is something I need to tell you,” Lexa said, feeling her heart begin to race in anticipation. Clarke looked up at her a bit nervously, “Okay.”

Lexa took a deep breath. “Clarke, I love you. I know this marriage was just for our people, but over the last month you have stolen my heart. I love your laugh, and how you drool in your sleep. I love how good you are with the nightblood pups and how talented you are with traders. I love your smile and your heart. I love you Clarke, and even if you don’t feel the same I swear I will love you and keep you safe and try to prove my worth to you.” Lexa stared at the ceiling as she felt her mate’s eyes on her. As the silence stretched on, Lexa felt her stomach knot in dread.

“I love you too Lexa, more than I could ever say.” Lexa’s head whipped towards her wife. Clarke was looking at her with tears glistening in her eyes. “I love you so much Lexa. You’re everything I could have asked for in a wife, and I’m so happy we got married for our people. This was for our people, but now it’s for us. I love you too, and I will spend every day showing you how much.”

They were both crying by the time Clarke finished. Lexa wrapped her arms around her as she began peppering her with kisses, “I love you. I love you. I love you.” Clarke laughed as she kissed her back. “I love you too Lexa. I love you too.”
Chapter 12

Chapter Summary

Clarke has a little announcement to make. Anya goes into rut.

Chapter Notes

There isn't really any smut in this chapter, mostly fluff with a teensy bit of angst. I just wasn't in the mood for a whole lot of romance, so this chapter is pretty mellow. Thanks for reading.

Chapter 12

One Month Later

Lexa POV

Lexa was observing the nightbloods’ training session as she thought about the alliance and its current state as summer set in. The heat was becoming unbearable and sticky. Lexa found herself missing the village of Sula, which she had returned from two weeks ago. The cool lake there had been the perfect respite for the heat, and watching Clarke swim naked had been no chore either. Lexa couldn’t help the small grin that formed as she thought of her wife; ever since they had exchanged their words of love during the tournament, the pair had been nearly inseparable. Clarke was only away from her now because of some matter with the traders and stall space. Although it was nothing to worry over, Lexa couldn’t stop the niggling worry that was growing in her gut. Her Alpha was pacing and anxious from being away from her mate, who was possibly pregnant.

Lexa felt a new sense of nervousness and anticipation at the thought of her mate carrying a pup. She knew that it would be any day now that Clarke’s scent could change and announce her pregnancy. The thought of becoming a parent filled Lexa with an excited fear; she was ecstatic to be a sire, but also terrified she would fail miserably at the task. She continued watching her pupils train as her thoughts remained on blonde haired pups wreaking havoc on Polis as their troublesome aunts Octavia and Raven helped them with every prank.

The pups were soon finished training and followed Lexa through Polis to finish the evening with a meal and lesson in the tower. A young man selling flowers caused Lexa to pause and send the nightbloods and Titus ahead of her as she walked to his stall and looked over the flowers. She chose a bunch that had some pink and yellow wild flowers along with a few blue flowers and paid for them to be sent to Clarke’s painting room/study.

That evening’s dinner was filled with laughter and stories reenacted by the pups that made Lexa smile so hard her cheeks hurt. The evening lesson was on Omegas and how they differed from Alphas. The pups went through extensive training on all three presentations and how to best deal with the different people in political and personal relationships. It was a very good lesson; the pups learned quickly and asked insightful questions and answered Lexa’s questions with well-thought-out
Lexa was surprised to see one of the Wolf Tribe traders leaving her quarters with a box of supplies in his arms. It almost looked like it was full of needles and ink for tattoos. Curious, Lexa made her way into her rooms, immediately seeing Clarke lying shirtless on her belly on the bed. She instantly noticed the reddened skin with new ink sprawling across it. Lexa made her way over and sat down on the edge of the bed, looking down on her wife’s back. “Thank you for the flowers; I loved them Lex.” Lexa smiled as she kissed Clarke’s cheek, “You’re welcome. I see you added on to your back.” Clarke hummed, “I had to mark the newest part of my life. What do you think?” Lexa pulled back and looked at the tattoo.

It was a tree. Its trunk ran up Clarke’s spine until it split off in a multitude of directions, barren branches stretching across her shoulders and back. Lexa noticed that her name was etched into the trunk of the tree. It was woven through the center of it, and the words were a deep green. She also noticed that one of the branches had leaves on it. There were green buds covering the branch, but there was a space large enough for a name to be written on it. She felt her heart pound harder at the thought of what it could mean. “Clarke… Why is there a partially filled in branch?” Her mate rolled over and sat up, taking Lexa’s hand. “Because each branch is an addition to our family, and we have one addition on the way so the leaves are budding.” Lexa felt her eyes burn with tears as she choked out a laugh. “You’re pregnant?” Clarke laughed, wrapping her arms around Lexa. “Congratulations Nontu, you’re going to be a sire soon.” Lexa pulled Clarke into a tight hug, lifting her into the air and spinning her around in circles. Clarke laughed as Lexa began pressing quick kisses all over her face before she dropped down onto her knees and gently rested her head against Clarke’s belly. Lexa felt Clarke gently smooth her hand over her hair as Lexa pressed her lips against her belly, silently vowing to always protect the pup and their mother.

She stayed there until she smelled Clarke’s arousal beginning to fill the air. She looked up into dark blue eyes filled with desire. Lexa rose up, pushing into Clarke and making her take a step back. “See something you like, ai hodnes?” Lexa smirked. “Hmm you are already a very sexy Nontu, Alpha.” Lexa grinned as she held Clarke’s hips and kissed her, pressing her tongue into her mouth and tasting her wife. Clarke whined as she kissed back, grinding into Lexa. The two quickly stripped and lost themselves in each other. They only collapsed together in bed once they had both reached their peaks multiple times. Lexa cuddled into her wife’s side, rubbing her thumb over the soft skin beneath Clarke’s navel.

“You’re going to be such a great mother Clarke. I can’t wait for our pup to be born,” Lexa commented as she nuzzled into the blonde and stroked her hand over her belly. “I can’t wait either. I can already see you with a goufa in Clan meetings, snarling at an ambassador as our pup chews on your finger and pulls your braids.” Lexa laughed at the image. She nodded, “Sha, and then you will take him and you two will antagonize Titus and wreak havoc on the city.” Clarke laughed and nodded, kissing Lexa’s head and tangling their fingers together.

“You really think I’ll be a good mom?” Clarke whispered uncertainly. Lexa pulled herself up, staring into Clarke’s eyes, “I think you will be an incredible mother, why would you think you would be anything less than excellent?” Clarke dropped her eyes, “Sometimes I wonder how I could possibly raise a pup with everything I’ve done. I know we rarely talk about what our lives were like before we were married, but the things I’ve done still haunt me. I have shed so much blood I don’t know if I can raise an innocent child, or if I even deserve to.” Lexa took Clarke’s face in her hands, tipping her head up so she looked into Lexa’s eyes. “Clarke, I don’t know what happened, and I can only hope that one day you will talk with me about it. However, I know you. I know you would never hurt someone unless you had no other choice. You are good. You are kind. You deserve to be happy Clarke; I truly believe that. I love you, and you deserve to be loved. You deserve all the happiness in the world. Being a parent isn’t going to be all happiness, but I believe the happiness will
outweigh the bad, and you deserve that. Never doubt your own worthiness or goodness ai hodnes.”

Clarke’s chin wobbled as she burrowed into Lexa’s chest. Lexa wrapped her arms around her wife, feeling her chest ache at the pain she was in. Lexa understood inner demons well; she had wrestled with her own when she was younger and Costia had been killed. She could only hope she could help her mate with whatever memories haunted her. Lexa held Clarke close as she trembled and nuzzled into her chest.

“There was a 21st Tribe… They were never allies with anyone. They were called the Panther Warriors. They were… vicious. They did horrible things to anyone who walked into their lands and anyone who was unlucky enough to be raided by them. When I turned 16, my trial was to end the war with them. I was given 300 of the best of the Wolf Tribe warriors and one year. It was the bloodiest war in our history. I remember the face of every person I killed. I remember the screams of the prisoners and spies we tortured for information. It was a different kind of war; we didn’t charge into battles and fight with honor, because that would have gotten us all killed. We hid and ambushed and ran away. It was horrible and bloody and cruel, but it worked. The entire nation fled within six months, travelling east for months before settling back down. We had scouts watch them for the rest of the year to be sure, and they are still checked up on every three months, but they never came back.”

Lexa held her mate tighter as she let Clarke tell her about everything she had went through in the war. She comforted her and consoled her as she cried over the horrors she had seen and caused. Lexa carefully reined in her protective instincts as she cared for her distressed mate, refusing to give into the urge to simply pin her mate and swear that she would never have to step into battle again. Soon Clarke’s exhaustion won out over her grief, and the Omega fell into a fitful sleep as Lexa watched over her through the night.

Anya POV

Anya was sweating and irritated as she stomped back to her quarters after her training session. The session had gone quite well, which left Anya baffled as to why she was so angry. Her clothes were too tight and constricting, and she just wanted to lie down with her mate and relax for the evening. When she entered her rooms, she noticed immediately Raven wasn’t there. Huffing, Anya trudged back out and made her way through the city to Raven’s shop. She opened the door to her shop and couldn’t help the fierce snarl when she saw a man laughing with his arm thrown over Raven’s chair.

Anya saw red as she grabbed the blonde Beta and snarled in his face before physically throwing him out the door. She whirled to Raven and moved to wrap her close, but she was stopped by a growl and a hand on her chest. Raven began snarling at her and pushing her backwards. “Don’t you dare. What the hell is wrong with you Anya? Wick is my partner for work, why did you throw him-“

Raven froze suddenly as she leaned into Anya’s space. Anya was so confused by the actions of her mate. She didn’t understand why Raven would be angry with her for protecting her mate; it was her duty. “You’re in rut.” Raven murmured gently. Anya thought back and shook her head; she wasn’t due for her rut for another month. “No, I’m not due for a month.” Raven grinned as she pulled Anya into her. Anya burrowed into her Omega’s arms, enjoying the warmth and comfort immensely. “Not in rut huh? So if I were to walk outside and start talking with the Alpha from the armory you would be fine with that?” Anya snarled and began pumping out pheromones; no one would touch her mate. Logically she knew Raven was fine to speak to whomever she pleased, and her mate could easily defend herself. However, Anya recognized she wasn’t thinking rationally. She huffed before pushing her head back against Raven’s chest, seeking comfort.

“We’re going to have to get back to our rooms, gorgeous. There isn’t any food here and I’m not spending the next three days eating nothing and going to the bathroom in a bucket.” Anya nodded,
standing tall and formulating a plan to get her mate through the sea of Alphas safely. “Nope, stop thinking about how many Alphas you’re going to dismember. We are going to walk back to the tower calmly, leaving everyone intact.” Anya growled low, “They will not touch you.” Raven grinned wryly, “No gorgeous, they definitely won’t with the way you’re smelling.”

Anya sniffed around her mate, happy to smell only Raven and herself, but displeased by the faintness of her own scent. Raven tilted her head back and stood still, purring softly and inviting Anya to scent mark her. Anya happily began pumping pheromones and rubbing herself against her mate until she was satisfied with the strength of her scent. Raven cuddled into her side as the pair made their way out of her shop. Anya growled low as she walked through the streets, holding Raven close. Her mate rubbed her had across Anya’s back, releasing calming pheromones as they made their way to the tower. The city’s inhabitants steered clear of the rutting general, knowing better than to intercept or challenge the Alpha with her mate. Anya felt her mate stiffen in panic as a young pup, no older than two came trotting towards her. The little one grinned as he toddled to Anya, holding out his chubby arms to be held. Anya smiled as she picked up the goufa, cradling him close and walking him back to his mother, who smiled and thanked her.

Anya walked back to her mate, who was smiling at her with a look of affection. “I guess he doesn’t count as a fierce Alpha competitor huh?” Anya grinned as she pulled her mate towards the tower again. “In a few years I am sure I will have to watch him, but for now I’ll let it slide.” Raven chuckled as they rounded the corner and made their way inside the tower. Anya relaxed when they entered the elevator and the door was closed. Raven leaned against the wall, blowing out a breath in relief. “We aren’t doing that again. No more leaving our rooms when you’re in rut, okay?” Anya felt guilty for causing her mate to panic. “Sha. I am sorry Raven; I didn’t mean to stress you or bother you. Thank you for walking with me back to our rooms.” Raven tugged her into another hug, “You have nothing to apologize for; I should have recognized the signs when you were so grumpy this morning. You didn’t do anything wrong. I’m actually surprised by how controlled you were; I’ve been around a few Alphas that lose it during ruts.” Anya bared her teeth at the thought of another Alpha losing control near her Raven. “I’m fine, and I have you to protect me now so there’s nothing to worry about.” Anya was thankful her mate was humoring her by saying she needed her protection. The Omega might be more than capable of defending herself, but she was kind enough to allow Anya’s Alpha to protect and defend her anyways.

The two made their way down the quiet hallway and into their rooms. Anya quickly stripped out of her clothes and laid down on the soft furs, enjoying the way they soothed her overheated body. She felt her very naked mate settle on top of her and begin rubbing her back. She began purring as Raven kissed along her spine; she smirked as she thought about all the fun they were going to have for the next three days.
Chapter 13

Chapter Summary

There are some surprise visitors that come to Polis. Clarke and Lexa defile the war table. Up next: Bellamy and Octavia reunite. Anya and Raven play with catapults. Clarke and Lexa begin training. Thanks for reading, commenting, and leaving kudos!

Chapter 13

Clarke POV

Clarke was snuggled into her overly large armchair in her study writing to her parents as Octavia and Raven lounged on the couches flipping through books and bickering with one another. She was writing to her parents to inform them of her pregnancy and also to deliver the biweekly report on the state of trade and relations in the Coalition. Clarke hoped to see her parents again soon, because while she adored her friends, Octavia and Raven were the opposite of helpful when it came to pregnancy questions. The pair was more likely to poke her and tease her than offer any sort of advice. She finished her letter and stuffed it, along with the reports, into an envelope before sealing it and setting it aside to be sent out.

Clarke rose and was about to walk to the couches when a knock interrupted her. She opened the door to reveal Bri, one of the tower workers, holding a large stack of old books. “Bri! You found some books!” Clarke exclaimed excitedly. “Sha Clarke; they will help answer many of your questions. I hope I found enough.” Clarke smiled as she took the books from the girl, “I’m sure they are perfect, thank you for finding them for me.” The girl grinned, accepting the hug Clarke offered, “It was no problem; I had fun going through the city and bartering with someone else’s money!” Clarke laughed and gave the girl the letter, asking her to deliver it to the messenger before thanking her again and bidding her farewell.

Clarke picked the books back up and made her way to the couches, dropping a large book on top of each of her friends’ stomachs. “Oomph! What to Expect When You’re Expecting, whoa! Let’s see what this has to say!” Raven laughed, “I got A Complete Guide to Omega Pregnancies. I wonder if it says how grumpy you’re going to get.” Clarke could only laugh at her friends’ antics as she opened a book and began to skim through it. Octavia piped up, “So why did you get all of these? I know you had a few questions but this seems a bit much.” Clarke replied, “I could probably have done with just a book or two, but Lexa has been really nervous the past few days since we found out so I wanted to get her as much information as I could to help her.” Raven and Octavia both grinned at her before Raven snarked, “You two are so disgustingly cute.” She just rolled her eyes, used to her friends teasing her over her relationship with Lexa. “And you won’t be borrowing any of these when you and Anya decide to add to your family, right?” Octavia snorted as Raven glared. “I am so glad I don’t have to worry about any of this yet. Being single is fantastic.” Clarke and Raven both burst out laughing. “Yeah, because those bruises on your neck and chest are definitely from the deer you bring back after hunting.”

Later that afternoon, Lexa joined Clarke for lunch after her friends left. They laid down on the couch together after eating, and Lexa settled in her arms and began to read. “Clarke, have you been eating enough? The book says you should be gaining one to five pounds the first three months and I don’t
think you have gained any weight. Do you need different food? Perhaps I should hunt an elk? You like elk.” Clarke couldn’t help laughing as she pulled Lexa tighter against her and kissed the shell of her ear. “I’ll put on weight soon enough, love. You don’t need to get me any special food; I am eating plenty. It’s only been a month.” The pair spent the next few hours reading through the books and commenting on different subjects. Lexa was particularly excited when she read that an Omega’s libido was often elevated during the second trimester and that sex wouldn’t hurt the unborn pups. Clarke rolled her eyes and smacked her Alpha on the shoulder. Clarke couldn’t wait to feel the pup kick, but she wasn’t looking forward to morning sickness and not sleeping on her stomach.

After reading through a few books, Lexa left for the evening nightblood lessons, and Clarke decided to go for a ride through the forest. She pulled her chest plate on before strapping on a few weapons over her coat and swinging her quiver over her shoulder. Clarke whistled when she reached the pastures, causing her stallion to pick his head up and come loping up when he spotted her. She stroked his cheek before kissing his nose and swinging up onto his back. There was nothing better than riding a horse through the woods. The beauty of nature never ceased to amaze Clarke; she would never grow tired of wandering through the forests and becoming one with nature. As she rode through the trees, Clarke allowed herself to close her eyes and feel herself rock back and forth with the soothing motion of her horse. Clarke breathed in the clear air as she let her horse wander through the towering trees, feeling free as she became nothing more than a tiny piece of the forest. Her horse walked east as Clarke watched the forest move around her. Birds flew and sang around her and squirrels chattered and chased each other up trees. Clarke smiled widely and let herself relax completely. She walked through the trees for another half hour before she came across anyone.

Clarke heard the rumble of travellers before she saw anyone. She was unsurprised to hear wagons coming towards her as she was on the road to the Wolf Tribe territory. The blonde considered turning back rather than meet up with the traders, but something told her she needed to stay and meet up with them. As she approached the curve in the road and the noise became louder, Clarke’s horse began to jump and jitter beneath her. Clarke felt her nerves spike; her horse was trained to respond to threats. She loosened her blade in its sheath and notched an arrow as she stopped her mount before the curve and waited to see what came around the bend.

Clarke felt her heart stop as an all-too-familiar deep grey charger rounded the corner. She leapt off her horse and ran to the rider, leaping on top of them. Quinn scooped Clarke up and swung her around, wrapping her into a tight hug. Clarke was laughing weepily as she was swept up into another hug from Kya. She burrowed into the arms of her parents as they both hugged her tightly. “What are you doing here? I had no idea you were coming!” Kya grinned as she waved the letter Clarke had sent out that morning, “I know, we decided to surprise you with your wedding gifts from the Tribes, and now as a congratulations.” Clarke couldn’t speak as she was pulled into another round of hugs, this time with Koda joining in.

The four quickly mounted back up and began riding back towards Polis along with the wagons that followed. Clarke recognized one of the drivers as Octavia’s brother, Bellamy. She knew that meant a screaming match would be ensuing soon after the siblings were reunited. “Are you still planning on competing in the games this year?” Quinn asked. Clarke sighed before responding, “No, I know I could, but I don’t want to take any more risks than I need to. If we aren’t going to war I would rather just lightly spar than train and fight.” Quinn nodded, “We thought you might say that. We have an idea we want to talk with you about. If you aren’t comfortable with it, we don’t have to do it, but both Kya and I agree it would be a good plan for the games.” Clarke turned, fixing her full attention on her sire, unsure about what she was going to suggest. “We thought Lexa could take your place in the games this year. It’s too late to incorporate all of her people into this year’s games, but you were already accounted for, and she is the leader of her people. It would be a good start to melding our cultures together completely.” Clarke found herself nodding enthusiastically, “That’s a great idea; Lexa will be thrilled!” She was more than excited to see her mate compete and fight in her place, and
the idea of Lexa sweaty and victorious for three weeks on end had Clarke squirming in anticipation.

The group shortly made their way back to Polis. The wagons were left at the small cottage at the edge of the city that Clarke and Lexa would stay in when they needed to get away. Quinn and Kya walked hand-in-hand behind Clarke, who carried Koda on her shoulders. Bellamy approached her then, “Excuse me ma’am, would you know where I could find Octavia? She’s my sister.” Clarke sighed, “She’ll probably be in the training pits since she made it into the games this year. I would be careful if I were you; she’s very angry with you Bellamy.” The young Alpha had a sad look on his face as he nodded and thanked her before leaving for the pits.

The group quickly made their way through the city and into the tower. Clarke officially asked for an audience with Lexa because of the matters Quinn wished to discuss. They were quickly let into the throne room to await the Commander. It was about ten minutes before the doors burst open and Lexa came striding in, head held high and radiating authority and power. She stopped abruptly when she realized only Clarke, Quinn, Kya, and Koda stood in the room. Titus followed her through the doors and nearly crashed into her. “Ai Hodnes, why did you call for a meeting with me? You know that is not necessary.” Clarke walked forward to greet Lexa with a kiss before replying, “Given that Quinn came for a visit and we need to talk about official matters I figured it would be best if I just called for a meeting.” Lexa nodded and clasped her hands behind her back, “What do we need to discuss?”

An hour later Lexa had learned everything she needed to know about the games. Clarke felt her arousal grow every minute as she imagined Lexa’s well-toned body in the revealing armor worn during the games. She could picture her wife strutting across the arena with her chest puffed out in victory as she released a war cry. Clarke rubbed her thighs together in search of relief and the motion wasn’t lost on her mate. “I believe we have covered everything that needs to be addressed tonight. Let’s reconvene in the morning.” Quinn and Kya grinned knowingly before walking out with Koda walking between them and Titus following behind.

Lexa was on Clarke in an instant. “You’ve been driving me insane for the last half-hour with your scent.” Clarke could only whimper into her mouth as she was hoisted onto the war table. “You’re so sexy Lex; gods I love you.” She groaned as Lexa ripped her pants down far enough to release her member. Clarke lifted her hips to allow Lexa to pull her pants off. Clarke grunted as Lexa pushed into her quickly, causing a delicious mix of pleasure and pain. Her mate set a quick pace that had Clarke trembling and clenching down in pleasure. Just as she was about to tumble over the edge, the doors to the throne room opened and Titus strode in. Lexa snarled, “TITUS. GET. OUT.” Her advisor stood with his eyes wide in horror before he slammed his eyes shut and fled, robes flapping behind him. Clarke looked into her mate’s eyes before she collapsed into a fit of giggles. Lexa began laughing as well as she dropped her head onto Clarke’s shoulder. “Well, that’s one way to kill off your advisor Heda.”
Chapter 14

Chapter Summary

This is a purely Indra/Octavia and Raven/Anya chapter. I haven't had very much time to write because of exams and such, but I did want to get at least one chapter out this week. Octavia and Bellamy have a messy reunion, and Raven and Anya play with a catapult. There is zero plot development or anything of importance in this chapter. Enjoy, sorry about no Clexa!

Chapter 14

Octavia POV

Octavia took a long drink of water as she steadied her breathing. She had been training all afternoon; the games were in four months and she had every intention of being ready. Indra had been helping her with her swordsmanship for the past month and the effects were obvious. She was a better fighter, hunter, and warrior. Octavia had managed to find a way to direct her emotions, rather than let them rule her. She was still filled with passion and fire, but she had control now as well. She was practicing defensive maneuvers with a variety of weapons; so far Octavia had been able to defend against swords and axes well, but the spear was causing her a great deal of difficulty. She had cuts all along her forearms, on her thighs, and across her stomach.

“Have you fought with anything other than a sword?” Indra asked. Octavia shook her head, “My brother wouldn’t teach me anything else until I mastered the sword first, which never happened, obviously.” Indra growled. “Your brother was an idiot. Swords are useful only in close combat. A spear and an axe both have other properties that make them just as valuable, and even better in different situations. There are far too many weapons to only focus on one until you have reached perfection. Becoming a master swordsman takes years, which is far too long to simply hope you will never encounter an archer or a rider with a lance.” Octavia blew out a frustrated breath, “I can’t learn another weapon entirely before the games!” Indra glared at her. “Once you reach a certain level of mastery over your body, you can learn any weapon in a much shorter time than it took you to learn the first. All weapons are similar, and so you can learn them all. You will be able to fight with a spear and an axe by the time the games begin.” With that, Indra threw a spear at Octavia, who caught it with one hand. She spread her legs and lowered her stance, gripping the spear in front of her. “Don’t hold onto it so tight, you must be able to move it more fluidly than you do a sword.” Indra stood behind her and began adjusting how she stood. “To fight with a spear, you must move more than you parry. A sword can cut through a spear, but it cannot outreach one. You must dance around your opponent and cut through his weaknesses with well-timed jabs and slashes. Block blows only when you have to, but you should mostly be dodging and searching for openings. You have the benefit of reach, and you must use it to your advantage without overusing it.”

The two began going through different motions and maneuvers, practicing in slow motion. Octavia
was beginning to grow more comfortable with the spear after an hour of practice. “Good. You’ve done excellent so far. We are done with the spear today; let’s go for a run to cool off.” As the two turned to leave the pits, Octavia caught site of a familiar head of dark curly hair. Bellamy stood at the edge of the pits watching her. She turned to leave and rejoin Indra. “Wait! Octavia, please, we need to talk.” Octavia stopped and clenched her jaw; she had no desire to speak with her brother about anything. “I don’t have anything to say to you.” He sighed as he came to stand in front of her. “I know you’re upset because I went North and you couldn’t, but you shouldn’t be so unreasonable, O.” Octavia snarled and barely resisted the urge to strike her brother. “Upset?! You abandoned my training and me! I couldn’t do anything but hope that someone would feed me, because I couldn’t work! I couldn’t hunt! Had Clarke not at least taught me how to use a bow I would have starved to death! You left me to the pity of others. You didn’t have to take me as your trainee, but you did. You made my life your responsibility, and you failed. I’m a lot more than upset, and I want nothing to do with you, Bellamy.”

Octavia moved to stalk off when her brother made the mistake of grabbing her arm. She twisted and threw him to the ground hard. He stood up, growling. “You asked me to train you. I won’t apologize for refusing to risk your life. I want to train you for the games, O. Let me help you; you need it. You were lucky to get into the games, now let me show you how to win them.” Octavia saw red, but before she could begin screaming at her brother, Indra stepped past her. “Foolish boy. Your sister earned her spot in the games; it had nothing to do with luck. She didn’t need you to get her this far, and she doesn’t need you now. I will not allow you to blame her for you leaving her. Leave, before I decide to end your fight.” Bellamy glared hard at Indra before addressing Octavia again, “When you’re done playing around with this mongrel, come to me so-” Octavia launched herself at him the moment he insulted Indra. She quickly gained the upper hand and began raining punches down on Bellamy, who did little to defend himself. She hit him hard in the jaw twice, causing him to fall to his knees. “Never insult her again. She’s been there for me more in the last few months than you have in the past five years. I don’t know who you’ve become, but you’re not my brother, not anymore.”

Octavia stormed off, with Indra following quickly behind. She noticed Indra snarled something to the kneeling Alpha before following. Octavia kept up her fast pace until she was out of the city and in the woods. She began to cry and would have sunk to her knees had Indra not caught her and pulled her into her chest. She sobbed into the Alpha’s muscular shoulder as Indra stroked her hair and shushed her. “It will be alright, little one. He will change, I promise.” Octavia shook her head; she knew better. “He won’t. Bellamy never thinks he’s wrong. He won’t change.” Indra pulled her back so Octavia stared into her dark eyes, “It is going to be okay, Octavia. Bellamy has hurt you, and you don’t need to forgive him now. He will come back to you one day though. Blood is too thick to abandon forever, trust me little one.” Octavia could only nod as she buried her face against Indra once again, who lifted the young warrior and carried her to her quarters for the night.

Anya POV

The day after Quinn arrived, Anya stood in a clearing roughly ten minutes from Polis. She was there with Raven and a full sized catapult they had finally finished building. The design was the most basic they had created; if it worked well they would begin testing the others as well. The catapult stood nearly twenty feet tall, with a weighted end and another end to be filled with stones or other missiles to be launched. Raven was dancing around it excitedly; checking over the mechanics to ensure everything was in working order. “Reivon, everything is fine. You have worked tirelessly on this;
it’s going to work. Let’s get the ammunition in for the first round.” Raven nodded, walking back to her. “I just want everything to work alright. First tries always stress me out.”

Anya smiled and wrapped her arms around Raven’s waist, kissing her cheek. “It will work, and if it doesn’t we will fix what is wrong and try again.” Anya pressed her nose against Raven’s neck, breathing in deeply. She could smell the sweetness in her mate’s scent growing stronger, signaling the beginnings of her heat. “Besides, I do believe we will have a few days to ourselves to think of ideas.” Anya wiggled her brows suggestively, “I know just how to get your creative juices flowing.” Raven turned bright red and shoved Anya back lightly, “Alphas, they always have just one thing on their mind.” Anya narrowed her eyes at the comment, “Not true! I think about food too, and eviscerating every Alpha who flirts with you.” Raven rolled her eyes and walked to the machine. They began filling the bucket with stones roughly a foot in diameter. Once they had three in the bucket, Raven stood to the side and grabbed the lever. “Ready?” Anya reached out and grasped Raven’s free hand, “Ready.”

Raven pulled the lever down, causing the arm to shoot forward as the counterweights swung. The stones launched across the clearing and crashed into the earth, sending dirt flying as they skipped across the ground. Raven whooped and jumped into the air. She then leapt at Anya, wrapping her legs around her waist as Anya spun her around. “We did it!!! It works!” Anya laughed at her beaming mate, “Sha, we did it Reivon.” She felt her love for her mate fill her chest and make her eyes sting with the intensity of the feeling. She swallowed down her tears before speaking, “Ai hod yu in Reivon.” Raven smiled and kissed her before saying, “Ai hod yu in seintaim, Onya.” Anya grinned in triumph as she spun Raven around again, kissing her happily.
Chapter 15

Chapter Summary

Hoorah for the lifting of writer's block and early updates! This chapter is all Clexa, and its over 3000 words, yay!!! I finally got the motivation and focus to write, so this chapter is pretty plot heavy, and begins to get out of the nice happy bubble we've been in so far. The first half is very lighthearted and playful though.

NOTE: The end of this chapter is pretty violent and gory.

As always thank you so much for the comments, kudos, and bookmarks, they make me feel all warm and happy (which is quite an accomplishment considering there's over a foot of snow outside my house right now.)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter 15

Clarke POV

Clarke stretched her limbs at the base of the tower. Lexa needed to get through the morning meeting before they could spend the afternoon at the cottage and go through gifts. Kya offered to spend the morning with Clarke, which she gladly accepted. It was barely dawn, which meant the city was still mostly silent. Clarke closed her eyes and listened to the quiet sounds around her. She heard the soft crunch of stones as her mother approached. Clarke danced on the balls of her feet as she waited for Kya to round the corner. Clarke grinned and quickly hugged her mother when she came into view.

Kya grinned at her, “Would you like to run with me this morning?” Clarke nodded and chased after her mother as she ran through the winding streets. The dark haired Omega tossed a grin over her shoulder before picking up speed and pouncing onto a cart before jumping onto the roof of a building. Clarke laughed as she swung up onto the roof opposite and began tearing across the cityscape after her mother. The two leapt and danced across the city, going from rooftop to rooftop and scaling buildings until they were out of the city and swinging through the treetops.

Kya finally came to a stop and slid to the ground beneath a tall pine tree. Clarke plopped to the ground next to her, panting slightly from the workout. “That was the best exercise I’ve had in awhile,” she said a bit breathlessly. “You need to keep yourself in shape Clarke. The healthier you are, the healthier your pup is,” Kya responded. “I know Mama, I just haven’t had much time to run or spar lately.” Kya merely raised an eyebrow at Clarke, causing her to scowl at her feet. “I’m not a child; I don’t need you to scold me because I haven’t been exercising six hours a day like you.” Kya sighed deeply, “I just want to help you. I know you’re nervous about having a baby; you can’t deny that. Exercise and eating right are very important, and you need to make the time to keep yourself in good shape.” Clarke nodded. “I was reading a book about pregnancies and it said I was supposed to put on weight though. I don’t understand how I can gain the weight I need if I am exercising constantly.” Clarke nervously glanced at her mother. “You must trust in your body to tell you how much you can do. You will put on the weight you need to even with exercising, and as your pregnancy develops you won’t be able to exercise nearly as much.”
Clarke nodded as she felt a thousand other questions swirling around her head. Kya stood up and offered her hand to Clarke. “Come on, I’ll answer all of your questions while we walk back to the tower.” She happily took her mother’s outstretched hand and rose, snuggling into her mother’s side once she was standing. “I missed you Mama.” Kya pulled her into her side tighter, murmuring, “I missed you too.” The two stood like that for a few minutes before separating and beginning the walk back to the tower.

By the time Clarke and Kya reached the tower, Lexa was already standing outside the doors waiting for them to return. Most of Clarke’s fears were gone since she was able to talk with her mother, who reassured her and answered all of her questions about having a child. Clarke smiled at Lexa as she walked up to her and embraced her, kissing her mate chastely on the lips in greeting. Kya chuckled before bidding them farewell. Clarke took Lexa’s hand and began to nearly drag the Commander to the cottage in her excitement. “These gifts must be something truly extraordinary to have you so excited.” Clarke laughed as she slowed down to walk next to her wife. “They are. All of the Tribe Leaders have to try and outdo each other when an heir marries, and so they only send the best of the best as gifts. Since you are the Commander, they will be trying extra hard to impress you with their wealth and skill. I can’t wait to see what we got!” Lexa chuckled, but much to Clarke’s relief, sped up her walk.

The two soon reached their cottage where the wagons sat in the small barn next to the house. Clarke removed the cards from the first wagon, handing three to Lexa and opening the other two herself.

“To the happy couple, may your marriage be blessed always, sighed, Grania of the Blue People. Oh, this one is from the Horse Nation. Who are those from?” Clarke asked. “Mine are from the Ahearn, Golden Leaf, and Bright Water Tribes,” Lexa replied. “Ooh this is going to be a good one! Ahearn has the best cloth and I’ve been dying to get an axe from the Blue People.” Lexa laughed at her enthusiasm. Clarke just grinned and shook her head; she knew that once Lexa saw the contents of the first wagons she would be just as eager to go through the remaining four. The pair crawled through the back of the wagon and Clarke heard her mate suck a sharp breath in at everything that lay inside. Ahearn’s leader had gifted them with four bolts of their finest cloth. Two of the bolts were a royal blue and the other two were blood red. The leader of Golden Leaf tribe had given them an assortment of their finest woodcarvings, along with a set of wood carving chisels and knives. The Bright Water Tribe added fishing poles, lines, bait, and nets to the wagon, along with a chest full of fish packed and cooled with ice. There was a set of matching axes and a set of matching swords from the Blue People. One axe had the symbol of the Commander etched into the blade, and the other had the symbol of the Wolf Tribe etched into it. The blades also had the symbols burned into the wooden pommels. There were two bridles from the Horse Nation as well as a note that invited Clarke and Lexa to come and visit the capital to pick out their own horses from the Royal Training Stables.

Lexa quickly hopped out of the wagon and moved to the next, ripping open the cards and reading eagerly. “See! I told you it was exciting.” Clarke laughed. Lexa nodded happily and said, “This one is from the Wolf Tribe, Rolling Thunder Tribe, Shadow Tribe, Ice Bears, and Blood Warriors.” Clarke’s eyes lit up as she said, “You’re going to love this one. Those are all the Warring Tribes.” She was correct; Lexa loved the gifts they received, as did Clarke. They both received two new sets of armor, bows, arrows and quivers, daggers, war paint, banners, spears, and lightweight saddles for mounted archery. The next wagon was from the Fire Nation, Black Rock Tribe, Red Hawk Tribe, People of the Lion, and The Great Sea Nation. It contained a multitude of books and parchment, harpoons, more chests of fish as well as lobsters and crabs, steel armor and arrow tips, coal, and multiple pair of heavy leather boots. The final wagon contained the gifts from the Everglade People, Bayou People, Mountain Lords, Oak Ridge Nation, and Big Sky Nation. It had multiple cure skins from the great water monsters that were famous in the south, along with numerous furs, the finest cuts of meat, jewels and precious metals, and the working tech the Big Sky Nation was famous for.

“This is too much Clarke. We can’t accept all this.” Clarke smiled softly at the concern of her mate.
“Lexa this is normal. They haven’t given away anything they can’t spare; you don’t need to worry.” Clarke began to flip through a book about a young boy who seemed to perform magic of some sort while Lexa inspected the jewels in the wagon. Lexa eventually sat down between Clarke’s legs and leaned back into her, picking up another book and beginning to read it. Clarke wrapped an arm around her waist and pressed a kiss to her temple before continuing to read about the boy beneath the cupboard. After a few minutes; however, Lexa snarled deeply, making Clarke look at her in concern. The Alpha was scowling hard at the pages as though they had personally offended her. “This book is ridiculous.” Clarke flipped the book and read the title, Pride and Prejudice. She laughed, “It’s one of the classics. I never liked it myself. There was a school intact at the end and it had hundreds of copies of it inside, so it’s quite easy to find.” Her wife huffed, “I don’t like it.” Clarke set the books down and wrapped both arms around Lexa, snuggling into the irritated woman. She began planting little kisses up and down her neck until Lexa finally relaxed and began to purr. “How about we go get my parents and we all go for a hunt together.” Lexa nodded and climbed out of the wagon, holding her hand out to help Clarke.

They decided to make use of their new armor and weapons and began to get ready. The flexible leather armor fit Clarke like a glove, and as she glanced over, she could see it fit Lexa just as well. She took a moment to appreciate the way the armor accentuated her firm breasts and fit her like a second skin. “Enjoying the view, love?” Clarke turned red as Lexa smirked at her. “Just help me get my bracers on.” Lexa gave an impish grin as she tightened the bracers over Clarke’s forearms. After they both had their armor on, Clarke strapped the dual axes to her back, and Lexa swung a sword over her shoulder and took a lance. They both selected a few daggers and throwing blades before collecting their bows and leaving for the edge of the city where the Wolf Tribe was camped. “Why do your people sleep outside the tower?” Lexa asked. “They don’t like the heights or the way the tower sounds when it’s windy.” Lexa grinned, “So your sire is afraid of heights?” Clarke snorted in amusement, “I’d be careful with teasing her; she might just prove you wrong and kick someone off your balcony.” Lexa threw her head back and laughed, and Clarke couldn’t resist joining in.

They soon made it to the Wolf Tribe campsite, where Quinn and Kya already stood ready to hunt. “You’re coming on the afternoon hunt then?” Quinn asked with a big smile. Lexa replied without missing a beat, “As long as being in the trees won’t frighten you too much.” Kya and Clarke both dissolved into fits of laughter as Quinn looked like she was going to explode. “I think I will manage, thank you Commander,” she finally spit out. The four left into the woods once Clarke and Kya composed themselves. Quinn and Kya walked just within sight of Clarke and Lexa to their left. Clarke carefully made her way through the forest floor, carefully watching for signs of animals. They walked for about two hours before Clarke saw prints in the ground. Her brows furrowed in confusion as she looked at what appeared to be hoof prints. There was no reason for any riders to be going this way, and as looked more carefully, she could see that there were six horses that were dragging two people on foot. Clarke felt her heart race faster as Lexa crouched next to her and appraised the prints, growling lowly when she saw the half-drug footprints. “Someone is dragging prisoners through my woods,” she whispered. Clarke released a warning whistle to her parents, who quickly responded. They whistled to follow the tracks, which Clarke and Lexa did while Quinn and Kya moved silently into the trees. They followed the tracks for close to a mile before voices began to flow through the trees.

Clarke stopped to listen and she felt a sinking feeling of dread as she heard the snippets of conversation. She felt panic rise in her chest as she recognized the language. “Panther People.” Lexa whipped her head around, “You said they were far to the east in exile. Why would they be here?” Clarke swallowed hard. “I have no idea.” Quinn let out a low whistle to signal that she and Kya would sneak around the camp to surround them. “Listen to me. I need you to get in the trees and wait. Kya will be across from you with arrows as well. Quinn and I will attack on foot. I need you to take out as many as you possibly can with the arrows before you engage on foot. Do. Not. Let.
Them. Get. Behind. You. These people fight with no honor, and they will gut you like a fish if you turn your back to them for a second. You need to be safe; they do not fight like the warriors you have battled against.” Lexa nodded, “I understand. Shoot and do not turn my back.” Clarke gave a sharp nod as Lexa climbed into a tree. She began creeping carefully forward towards the camp. Soon she was able to see the warriors and their prisoners. There were eight Panther People eating around a fire, and two Trikru hunters tied to a tree and gagged. Both were badly beaten and nearly unconscious. Clarke looked above her to see Lexa carefully perched in the branches with an arrow drawn. She was extremely grateful for all of their practice with throwing weapons as she stared at the Panther Warriors. They were marked as high-ranking warriors, which meant this would be no easy battle.

She took a steadying breath before whistling to Quinn that she was in position. The chirp to move forward with the assault came soon after. Clarke drew an axe with her left hand and a throwing disc with her right as she rose and walked into the clearing. As she walked forward, the warriors’ heads snapped up, and the leader grinned with a mouth full of bloody meat. His pale eyes shimmered with excitement as he swallowed and hefted his mace. Quinn walked out of the woods then, growling deeply at the warriors. “Paint the earth with their blood.” The leader laughed out his orders as he charged at Clarke, five of his warriors following him. She released her disc at the nearest warrior, embedding it in his skull. Lexa began launching arrows, which embedded themselves in the chest of another. Clarke drew her second axe as she hurls the first into the chest of the third warrior. She ran at the remaining three, leaping over them and parrying a blow as she ripped the axe from the fallen warrior’s body. The next several minutes were a blur as she dodged and parried blows from every side. Lexa fired another three arrows, which only slowed the warriors before she leapt from the tree onto the back of the leader. The distraction allowed Clarke to snap the back of her axe across the face of one of the warriors, knocking him unconscious. She rounded on the final warrior and snarled as he drew a dagger that dripped a yellow liquid. Before he could move at her, Kya hurled a spear and impaled it through his chest, making the warrior scream as blood poured from his mouth. Clarke ran to help Lexa who was barely fending off the leader of the Panthers. The large warrior was swinging the mace with deadly speed and strength, despite the numerous deep cuts Lexa had already left on his arms and chest. Clarke swung her axe hard at his arm, forcing the man to turn on his side to avoid her blade. Lexa used the distraction to cut up at his torso. He narrowly avoided her blade and began backing up furiously.

Clarke and Lexa circled the large man who had picked up a sword from his fallen comrade. He leapt at them suddenly, catching Lexa by surprise with his mace and lifting her from the ground with the force of the hit. She crumpled at the base of the tree. Clarke felt her rage rise at the site of her injured mate. Red filled her vision as she roared and charged with a newfound strength and speed. Clarke began striking blow after blow, ripping chunks out of the wooden mace with every blow. The warrior managed to leave a deep cut above her eye, which caused blood to begin to distort her vision. She misjudged his next attack, which knocked her right arm aside and left her exposed. The man grinned with glee as he stabbed directly at her belly. The air left her body as the sound of skin slicing open filled the air. Her axe ripped open the leader’s belly and let his insides fall to the forest floor as he sunk to his knees, desperately grabbing at his stomach. She felt the hot pain in her side where his blade had sunk into nothing but muscle. She gripped at it as she drug her body to where Lexa sat, just catching her breath. “Are you alright Lexa?” She asked worriedly as she felt over her mate’s body for any serious injuries. “I am fine Ai Hodnes, are you and the goufa okay?” Clarke could only nod in response as she collapsed against her mate in relief.

Lexa helped Clarke stand before making her way to the fire and placing a dagger into it. “We cannot make it back to Polis without cauterizing your side. You will lose too much blood.” Clarke nodded in agreement as she looked at Quinn and Kya, who were looking over the injured hunters. They seemed to be in good enough shape as they walked to the fire. “Did you hear them say anything
about why they were here?” Lexa asked them. “We are sorry Heda; they never spoke in a language we understood.” Lexa nodded, “I am just happy you are alive and well enough.” The two thanked the group for saving them multiple times before they began to eat ravenously. Clarke barely felt the pain of her mate pressing the hot blade to her skin; she was too distracted with the thoughts of what all this could mean. “It doesn’t matter that they know nothing. This one does, and he’s still alive to tell us everything he knows.” Quinn said darkly as she hoisted the unconscious Panther Warrior roughly onto a horse and tied him to it like a deer. The rest of the group rose and took a horse, with Clarke and Lexa riding double. “What if he will not speak?” Kya asked. “Few have succeeded in interrogating Panther People; they are so immune to violence nothing can break them.” Clarke felt bile rise in her throat as she remembered the war from years ago. “He will speak. Even Panthers have a breaking point.” She stared towards Polis as dread settled in her gut at the thought of what was to come.

Chapter End Notes

Try to imagine Clarke and Kya's run as something like free running in Assassin's Creed II. I watched youtube videos of that game for like a week straight and I fell in love with it, even though I can't play it to save my soul (believe me, I've tried. I damn near broke my laptop from hitting it so hard in frustration.) So since I can't do it in a game or real life, I wrote Clarke and Kya free running to make me feel better about myself.
Chapter 16

Chapter Summary

The plot thickens... All will end well, I promise, but I have so been looking forward to this!!!! Enjoy! Thank you for reading! (Also I promise I will respond to all comments soon, as well as update more often now that I finally finished exams.)

Chapter 16

Lexa POV

Screams filled the room where Quinn and Clarke were interrogating the Panther Warrior. Lexa flinched as the man’s voice reached an ear-splitting pitch. They had been torturing the warrior for close to three hours, but still he screamed nothing but insults—or so Raven told her. He had been screaming in his native language, so Lexa couldn’t understand anything he said. While they interrogated the warrior, Lexa sent Octavia and Indra to follow the tracks of the Panther Warrior band and see which clan’s land they had crossed the border through. Lexa was anxious to see if the warriors had simply snuck across the short expanse of Ice Nation territory that separated Polis and Tribe lands, or if they received aid from one or more of the Clans. Since disposing of the Ice Queen and instating a young rebel leader named Ontari as Queen, Lexa held no fear that Azgeda would betray her. Quinn had sent out a falcon carrying orders for Luka to investigate the Tribes for information and traitors as well.

Lexa was unsure how much more screaming she could handle in one day. It had begun the moment they had returned to the city. Clarke had taken control immediately. She sat directly in front of the man and told Quinn what to do to him in horrifying detail. It frightened Lexa to see just how much her mate knew about torture, and just how good she was at it. The man was terrified of her; any time she moved near him he would begin shaking and screaming. Clarke never touched him, however. She told Quinn what to do, and while Quinn carved skin, tore muscle, snapped ligaments, and broke bones, Clarke would speak quietly to him. She never asked him a question, instead she told him everything she had done to his brethren in the war.

“Fetch a healer. Have him tend to his wounds and give him a comfortable and warm bed for the night. He can think about our conversation until tomorrow.” Clarke never broke eye contact with the bleeding man as she spoke. She stood and walked out the door without another word, leaving it open as she climbed the stairs. Lexa rose and gathered her papers and left orders with Titus for the evening before following her mate up the stairs. When Lexa arrived in their quarters, Clarke stood leaning against the balcony. She had removed her armor and weapons, leaving her in a loose white shirt that was rolled up to her elbows and a pair of tight fitting pants tucked into her boots. Her hair was freed of its braids and left to cascade down past her shoulders. Lexa felt a rush of affection at the beauty of her mate. She strode forward, shedding her bracers, pauldron, and armor before joining Clarke on the balcony. She wrapped her arms around Clarke’s thin waist and rested her chin on her shoulder as she stared out across the city.

“The view is just as beautiful at night as it is during the day. I love staring out at the stars and seeing how the city lights up after dark. I always so small on this balcony.” Clarke spoke quietly. Lexa stared at her wife’s soft features, trying to discern what was going through the blonde’s mind. “Are
you alright my love?” She asked finally. Clarke sighed and turned, leaning her back against railing and staring into Lexa’s eyes. As always, Lexa’s heart seemed to skip a beat when she stared into the depths of deep blue.

“I’m alright. I don’t think it will ever stop hurting when I torture and kill, but I have learned to live with the carnage. It is my responsibility as a leader to do what I must to protect my people, and so I have learned to push the pain aside. Sometimes I lose my way and the pain becomes too much. When that happens I go to the people I love and I find my balance again through them, through you. I am okay, and I will continue to be okay so long as I am with you.”

Lexa’s eyes filled with tears at her wife’s confession. She leaned in and kissed her mate sweetly, holding Clarke close as her protective pheromones filled the air, scent marking the blonde. “I will always protect you and be your strength for so long as I live.” Clarke purred softly as she extended her neck, inviting Lexa to thoroughly scent mark her. Lexa nuzzled her mate’s neck and breathed in deeply, satisfied with her scent. Lexa began pressing feather-light kisses to Clarke’s neck. She ghosted her lips over the blonde’s muscle covered collarbone, trailing kisses around her neck and up her jaw. Lexa nibbled softly at Clarke’s earlobe, causing a soft gasp to escape her.

Lexa pulled back so she could kiss Clarke properly. The Omega sighed, running her tongue across Lexa’s teeth. Lexa pulled her wife close as she lost herself in their soft, sensual kiss. Clarke broke away first, taking Lexa’s hand and leading her inside. She lifted her shirt over her head and let her bindings fall away, leaving her back exposed to Lexa’s view. The reminder of their pup growing in Clarke’s womb had Lexa striding forward only to sink to her knees before her mate. She placed a hand on either side of her wife’s muscular abdomen and began pressing soft kisses just below the blonde’s navel. Lexa softly whispered a promise to her unborn pup to protect and guide the little one, and most importantly, love them always.

Lexa closed her eyes and breathed deeply as she rested her head against her mate. She felt a soft hand beneath her chin. Clarke guided her up, pulling her into another slow deep kiss. They slowly undressed each other, taking the time to lovingly kissing each new piece of skin exposed. Once they were both completely bare, Lexa sat down in her large armchair by the fire, allowing Clarke to take what she needed. Her eyes tracked the blonde as blood pounded in her ears and rushed to her groin, making her impossibly harder. Her mouth went dry as her wife swung her hips and swaggered towards her. Clarke placed a hand on either side of Lexa’s head and leaned in close, arching her body before turning away teasingly.

“Beja Ai Hodnes, don’t tease.” Lexa panted as Clarke strode away, swinging her ass. The blonde picked up Lexa’s button down and slid it on her arms, tucking her nose in the collar and breathing in as she smirked at Lexa. The sight of Clarke in nothing but her unbuttoned shirt had Lexa squirming in the chair.

Clarke strode back to her, trailing a finger up Lexa’s forearm, making her grip the arms of the chair tighter. The blonde began kissing her deeply as she straddled her lap and ran her fingers through Lexa’s curls. She couldn’t hold in her groan at the feeling of her wife’s hands in her hair and her body pressing into her own. Lexa’s left hand came to rest on her wife’s hip, squeezing the soft flesh, while her right carefully began toying with her wife’s nipple; she was mindful not to be too rough with her mate’s over-sensitive and swollen breast. Clarke whined with pleasure as she gripped Lexa’s member and lined it up with her dripping entrance. Lexa couldn’t resist the lurch of her hips upward when she felt the heavenly heat of her mate. Clarke slowly sunk down on her length, encompassing her cock in her soaked, tight pussy. Lexa’s head fell back as she panted and dropped both hands to her wife’s waist to steady her and encourage her to move.
She couldn’t stop herself from whining desperately when Clarke lifted herself up slowly before sinking back down at an agonizingly slow pace. The blonde kept up the brutally slow pace, dragging out both Lexa’s and her own pleasure. Lexa was trembling from the intensity as she held her wife’s hips in a vice grip while Clarke’s head dropped to her shoulder. She was going to cum soon, so Lexa began rubbing slow circles on her wife’s clit so she would reach her climax with her. Clarke’s pace increased as Lexa rubbed faster. As Lexa exploded into her wife, Clarke’s head fell back as her mouth opened in a silent scream of ecstasy. Lexa carefully lifted her mate off of her and carried her to bed, tucking her in close to her side before she fell into a deep peaceful sleep.

The next morning Lexa was awakened by pounding on her door and yelling that Indra had returned. She sat up quickly, exchanging a worried look with Clarke before dismissing the messenger while they both quickly dressed and strapped on their armor and weapons. Lexa fixed her braids as Clarke tied her hair up into a knot above her head. She tied a leather strip around her brow to keep any stray pieces from falling into her face. Lexa couldn’t resist dropping a few quick kisses on Clarke’s lips before opening the door and letting her lead the way to the throne room where Indra and Octavia were waiting.

When they reached the doors, Clarke paused, waiting for Lexa to enter beside her. Lexa was thankful her mate was always so thoughtful with small things such as that; she knew they were vital to maintaining her image as a strong Commander. The throne room was empty except for Titus, Indra, Kya, Quinn, and Octavia. Indra was sitting in a chair and her shoulder was tightly wrapped. Lexa felt her insides clench in dread at the looks on Quinn and Indra’s faces.

“We have a few problems.” Quinn growled. “The prisoner bit some sort of poison from his arm, and he is dead. His only words before he died were ‘you will all die choking on your blood as you burn in the shadow of the mountain.’ I have Luka investigating the Tribes, but I have a strong feeling the Panther Warriors have found allies in both the south and the north. The Mountain Lords and Fire Nation have been dissatisfied with many laws and trade regulations. It would also not surprise me if Big Sky and Ahearn turned astray, and such a poison is only known of in the Oak Ridge Nation, and they deal exclusively with the Black Rock Tribe.” With that, Quinn looked to Indra, who spoke slowly.

“We tracked the prints east to the Azgeda border, where they turned north for a few miles before looping back. They obviously hoped we would simply assume they crossed over Azgeda lands. We continued tracking until we came to the Delphi Clan border. There we came across a small patrol group that was a mix of Delphi, Blue Cliff, and Swamp Clan warriors who attacked us upon sighting. We managed to defeat the patrol and pass it off as a pauna attack with only minor injuries to ourselves. We returned immediately to tell you Heda.” She paused a moment before continuing, “Also, the Delphi, Blue Cliff, Swamp, and Glowing Forest ambassadors have all fled Polis along with all their warriors.”

Lexa sighed deeply as she pinched the bridge of her nose and paced the throne room. She knew there was always a chance of dissent amongst the clans, but she hadn’t anticipated this major of a break. “What happened?” She growled out. Titus spoke up then, “Heda, if I may, it seems that the suspected tribes and clans are all dissatisfied with the laws and restrictions. Perhaps it is still possible to avoid all out war if we are able to turn the people away from their leaders.”

Lexa sighed; she feared that the tribes would be unable to be swayed because of their cultures, and when she looked at Clarke who simply shook her head, she knew her fears were confirmed. “What do the Panther Warriors have to do with this?” She asked Clarke softly.

“My guess is they heard we found another group of people and used it to their advantage. They are best at causing chaos, and what better way to do so than infiltrate the nations that know nothing of
their existence and turn them against us. I am sure the four clans are trading only with the tribes that have betrayed us as well. They are all linked by trade, and the Panther Warriors used that along with greed and fear to bind them together to start a war.”

Lexa nodded. “Then let us prepare for the war.”
Chapter 17

Chapter Summary

Yay for Winter Break and tons of free time! Clarke has a bad dream, Lexa is wife of the year, the war begins, and Raven makes things to make a city go boom.

Chapter 17

Clarke POV

Clarke was lying on a couch with her toddler daughter. They were reading a book together as they waited for Lexa to come home. The young pup was bouncing excitedly in Clarke’s arms waiting for her Nontu to come home so she could tell her about her day. “Relax Jessa, Nontu will be home as soon as she can. Do you want to play or read another book?” Big green eyes peered up at Clarke and she pressed a soft kiss into her daughter’s dark curls. “I wanna pway Momma.” Her young daughter chirped happily.

The blonde happily slid off the couch and sat next to her daughter, who was pulling papers out for them to draw on. “What are you drawing sweetheart?” Clarke asked. “Me an you an Nontu with our doggie,” the little one responded easily. “Our doggie huh? We don’t have a doggie baby.” Clarke laughed. “I know Momma, but Nontu said I could have one soon, and she would take me to go pick one out!” Clarke frowned; it wasn’t like her wife to make decisions without her. Before Clarke could think on it further, Lexa strode through the door, followed by a Mountain Lord and Fire Nation warrior.

“Jessa, come my little one.” Lexa called to the toddler, who ran up to her, eagerly jumping into her sire’s arms. Clarke stood, shifting nervously at the sight of the two warriors who flanked her wife. “Lexa, what is this?” Green eyes bored into her, and Lexa’s face was a wall of indifference. “I married you because I had to for my people. There was no love, no bond, and while I have grown… fond of you over the years, I must do what I have to in order to protect my people. It will hurt at first, but I have my heir, and I will have an empire that is safe from attack. I have no further use for you. It is regrettable that Jessa won’t have a mother, but I made this decision with my head, not my heart. This is goodbye, Clarke. I’ll take good care of Jessa; don’t worry.”

Clarke felt like her heart had been ripped out of her chest as the two warriors rushed her. With no weapons to defend herself and no reason to fight, Clarke let the warriors land blow after blow as she watched Lexa carry her daughter away.

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Clarke woke with a start, feeling hot tears flow down her face. She barely contained a sob as the image of Lexa leaving her flashed before her eyes. She felt her insecurities come rushing to the surface because of just how real the dream had felt to her. She looked down to see Lexa curled up on her chest, one hand tangled in Clarke’s shirt.

Clarke considered squirming out from her wife to get some air, but the fear of losing her mate had her nudging Lexa awake instead. The brunette blinked up at her owlishly, whining at being woke up in the middle of the night. “What’s wrong Clarke? Are you okay?” She croaked out. Clarke
immediately felt her guilt rise at waking her mate, along with her anxiety. She ducked her head and avoided Lexa’s eyes as she said, “I had a bad dream. I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have made you get up.” She went to push Lexa’s head back down, but Lexa sat up, wiping a tear from Clarke’s cheek with her thumb.

Lexa tilted Clarke’s head up, making her look into soft green eyes. Clarke couldn’t stop her chin from wobbling as she began to doubt herself and her ability to earn Lexa’s love or affection. She felt more tears begin to fall, and Lexa quickly pulled her close, releasing calming pheromones and cuddling Clarke.

Lexa spoke softly, “Tell me what happened in your dream.” Clarke whined, not wanting to have to deal with a possible rejection from her wife. She felt the Alpha nuzzle her softly. “Please,” she whispered softly.

Clarke nodded, swallowing hard and hiccupping as she pulled back and wiped her eyes. She quietly told Lexa about her dream. She noticed how her mate’s eyes light up at her description of their daughter, and she also saw the pain when Clarke told her about her betrayal. When Clarke finished, she dropped her eyes and waited for her wife’s response. She was hoping Lexa would hold her close and promise she loved her, but she was bracing for rejection.

Lexa spoke up, “Clarke, please look at me.” She looked up into Lexa’s eyes. Clarke could see the fire within them. “I swear to you, I have never pretended to love you nor have I lied about anything. I love you Clarke, and while our marriage might have came about because of politics, it is not why I treat you the way I do. You are my world, and that is never going to change. It is my duty to protect my people, but I could never do so at the expense of you.”

Clarke was flooded with relief as she collapsed into her wife’s arms. She was quickly cuddled close to her wife, who settled them so Clarke could lie down with her head on Lexa’s chest and have Lexa’s arms wrapped around her. Clarke pushed her face into her Alpha’s neck, nosing the mating bite she placed there. “I’m yours Clarke. I’m yours and you’re mine and that is never changing.” Clarke only nodded as she finally relaxed and began drifting back to sleep.

The next morning Clarke stretched awake and snuggled back into Lexa’s arms. She sighed deeply and tried to stop the feeling of anxiety gnawing at her gut. Six days ago the war plans had been decided, and today Clarke would be sailing for the Mountain Lords ports with the original battalion she led when she was sixteen. Their objective was to burn the port cities of all the traitorous Tribes to the ground. It should only take about two weeks, and then they would sail for Levo and join Lexa’s army, which was currently gathering in the port city a days ride from Polis.

“We need to start the day.” Lexa murmured softly as she played with Clarke’s hair. Clarke burrowed deeper into her chest, whining at the thought of having to leave the sanctuary of her wife’s arms. “I don’t want to go.” She felt Lexa swallow hard as she tightened her arms around her. “I don’t want you to go either. I hate that you are going to fight so far from me.” Clarke felt her wife kiss the crown of her head. “I’ll be home soon. Maybe once this is over we can go for a trip and see the clans and tribes, and pick our horses and even visit our cabin?” Clarke propped herself up on her elbow so she could see Lexa’s face. She smiled softly, playing with Clarke’s hands. “Sha Clarke, I would love that.”

Clarke sighed, shifting so she could cuddle back into her mate’s side. She tangled their fingers together on Lexa’s chest. They stayed together for another half an hour, silently saying everything words couldn’t express. They laid together until Quinn came to announce the ships had arrived. They dressed slowly, and Lexa left first to make sure everything was settled at the docks and ready for the journey.
After Lexa left, Clarke sighed in resignation. Quinn stood in front of her, her yellow eyes boring deeply into Clarke’s own. After a few minutes, Quinn broke the silence. “You know I wish I didn’t have to send you, but you are my best leader and strategist and I need those ports completely disabled if this war is to be over quickly.” Clarke nodded; her voice cracked as she spoke. “I know Mom, I just can’t stand the thought of leaving her.’ The tall Alpha strode forward and wrapped the blonde in a hug. When she finally pulled away, Quinn opened Clarke’s armor trunk and pulled out her war armor. It was a deep brown with gold stitching and the cape was the royal blue of the Wolf Tribe. The pauldron covered both shoulders and had the brand of the Wolf Tribe burned into each side. The bracers were carved with ruins that marked Clarke as an Heir to the Wolf Tribe, and the chest plate had the mark of the Legend Warriors stamped into it.

Clarke sat on the lid of the trunk as her sire put the armor on her, just as she had since Clarke had started training with her. Once she finished, Quinn laced up Clarke’s boots before walking around her and pulling her hair back in a series of simple braids. The dual axes were strapped to her back, along with a quiver and a bow. Various knives were placed in her belt and thigh holsters, along with in the hidden seams in her armor. Finally, Quinn put the blood red war paint on her; it ran down her face like the claw marks of a great cat.

Quinn crouched in front of her, holding both of Clarke’s hands in her own. “You are a warrior of the Wolf Tribe and Heir to my Throne. You are the only warrior to successfully drive the Panther People from our lands. You are a legend; you are a leader; but, most importantly, you are my daughter. No matter what happens, I will always be proud of you, and I will always love you. I know I am asking you to do the impossible again, and I know that somehow, you will get it done. But this time I also ask you to come home. You need to survive this war, Clarke. You need to come home and be a mother to your child and a wife to your mate. I can’t let you stay here, but I can order you to come home in two weeks, even if you haven’t finished your mission. You have to come home. This war is going to be different. I can’t have you leaving Lexa’s side for more than two weeks at a time.”

Clarke’s brow furrowed in confusion. Never had Quinn ever given her a deadline. The orders were always to obliterate the enemy and not come home until it was done. “I don’t understand; my orders are always the same.”

Quinn sighed. “I know. Things are different with you mated now. Normally mates simply fight together, or they stay close to each other, but you and Lexa are leaders of two different nations. If you weren’t carrying a pup, I could order you away for a month, but now mate sickness will be setting in within two weeks.”

Clarke sucked in a breath in realization. She hadn’t even considered the physical implications of being away from Lexa. There had never been a reason for her to be separated from her mate before this, but now she realized just how difficult this war would be. If she failed to return to her mate within two weeks, regardless of the circumstances, she would quickly find herself incapacitated from illness. With the knowledge that she would be home soon to fight with her mate, Clarke rose, steeling herself and preparing to march into the fray with her warriors. “The ports will be gone within two weeks and I will come back and defend Polis.” Quinn clasped her shoulder before they both strode out of the room to go to war.

Clarke loaded her two trunks onto the massive ship from the Bright Water Tribe. Her grey stallion stood calmly by Lexa’s side, waiting for Clarke to take him aboard and say goodbye one last time before they sailed. “Beatrix! Are we ready to sail?” The lanky captain stood on the quarterdeck speaking to her first mate. She called down to Clarke, “Aye Imperator, we are ready to sail.”

Clarke climbed down from the ship. “Imperator?” Lexa asked with a smile when Clarke approached. She smiled wryly, “It’s an old world title for a commander of an army.” Lexa grinned even bigger;
“Well I am honored to be in your presence then, Commander.” Clarke laughed softly as she leaned in and wrapped her arms around Lexa. They hugged tightly, neither wanting to let go. “Come back to me.” Lexa whispered softly as she pulled away just enough to kiss Clarke softly. She stepped away, handing Clarke her reins. Clarke felt a lump in her throat as she smiled at her wife. “I love you Lexa; may we meet again.” Lexa watched her board the ship and stood on the dock as the ties were undone and the ship began heading out into deeper waters. Clarke watched her mouth “I love you too” as she rapidly shrunk out of view.

When Lexa was out of view, Clarke turned. She felt the familiar fire in her belly as she prepared for battle. She ran up the steps to the quarterdeck, looking out into the open water where five other ships were waiting with Clarke’s battalion. She grinned as Raven came to stand next to her along with Beatrix. “What do you say we meet next to her along with Beatrix. The captain gave a wolfish grin before barking orders at her crew for full sail. The ship quickly picked up speed, sending fresh spray in the air as they flew past the other ships. The crewmates hollered at one another as the others rapidly hauled in anchors and followed them to war.

Raven POV

Raven was below deck with Clarke going over different arrows Raven and Anya had built in the past few months. Raven had built arrows that remained on fire even with the sea spray and ocean around them. They also were designed with sharp barbs in them to stick deeply into the wood of buildings and ships so they couldn’t be easily removed. She had also designed arrows that exploded upon impact after many failed trials. She had nearly blown her hand off when one exploded before she was able to fire it. Anya had been very upset about losing her favorite bow, and Raven had had to grovel for a few days before she would return to her workshop and help her again. Thoughts of her mate had Raven grinning at the memories of her heat, which had just finished. Anya had been nothing short of wonderful throughout the entire ordeal, always being there and doing whatever Raven needed her to do. They had decided to wait until after the war to have pups, but Raven couldn’t be happier nonetheless. “Where’s your head Raven?” Clarke asked. “Somewhere a hell of a lot more fun than here with you.” Raven snarked back. Clarke snorted. “Did you manage to make any Greek fire?” She rolled her eyes at the lack of faith her friend had in her. “Honestly, what do you take me for? I have twenty gallons all in glass bottles, perfect for lighting ships on fire. Bea was none too happy about letting it on her ship.” Raven shuddered at the memory of the threats the captain had made if Raven broke a bottle on her ship.

Clarke just nodded, looking over maps and layouts of Sedaris. Raven felt bad for her friend; it wasn’t too difficult for her to leave Anya, and it would take awhile before she felt any signs of mate sickness, but Clarke wasn’t that lucky. Being pregnant and away from her mate was going to be miserable, especially since she would be fighting for her life every day. “Are you going to be okay to do this?” She asked. The blonde’s eyes snapped up to meet hers as Clarke snarled. “Are you questioning my ability to lead my people?” She growled low. Raven immediately backed up with her hands in the air. “Easy there, crazy pregnant lady. I’m just making sure you’re okay; I don’t want to challenge you or something.”

Clarke deflated instantly, rubbing her eyes. “I’m sorry, Rae. I’m just so on edge.” Raven rubbed her shoulders as she looked over the maps, searching for logistical weaknesses she could exploit. “Do you have a shirt of Lexa’s or anything? Maybe that’ll help.” Clarke mumbled a response as she went over to her chest to start digging.

Raven kept her eyes on the maps of Sedaris. The city was built on the remains of an old world city, pieced together as it grew over time. The sprawling, tight quarters would make fighting on foot difficult, but it would also make burning the city very easy. The port had twenty ships in it according
to the spies in the city, and it contained roughly 300 warriors and an equal number of civilians.

“We will burn the granary first; it is too close to the surrounding buildings, and it will set the whole city ablaze. After that we destroy the ships while Mira takes the majority of the warriors through the woods to kill all those who run from the fires. They are expecting Quinn to march on foot; she’s been parading the main army close to the Mountain Lord borders, so we have the element of surprise. Once the city is razed to the ground, we sail as fast as we can for the rest of the ports.”

Raven nodded, eyeing the maps. It was an excellent plan. Clarke was known for her strategy and cunning in battles. “You have a backup plan?” She asked. The blonde grinned, “Several. I-“ They were cut off by the low whistle that announced they had reached Sedaris. The two women grabbed the arrows and Greek fire that was on board their ship and made for the deck.

It was dark when they reached the top, and all six boats had extinguished their lights. Raven watched as four of the other ships went close enough to shore to let Mira and roughly 250 warriors row to shore. Once they reached the shore and slipped into the forest, the ships began sailing for the ports. Raven watched as Clarke stood facing the city with an arrow knocked. Warning bells from the city rang out suddenly as a sentry spotted the ships, but it was too late. Clarke lit her arrow and released it, sending it straight into the roof of the granary, which began burning immediately. In a span of seconds, the entire building and the three closest to it were engulfed in flames. Raven felt fear freeze her gut as she saw the savage light in Clarke’s eyes as she drew her axe and prepared to leap onto the Ahearn ship that was coming straight for them. Screams and howls of agony began rising up from the forest surrounding the city, and Raven knew then that Sedaris would fall and burn that night.
Chapter 18

Chapter Summary

We see the Trikru side of the war in this chapter. Also, I finally have a beta, so updates might take a little longer while we collaborate, and also a huge shoutout to Hero for helping me out! Also I hope everyone had a great Holiday Season!

Chapter 18

Lexa POV

Lexa watched until she could no longer see Clarke’s form aboard the ship before she turned and marched towards the war tent. She should be ready to march for the Delphi Clan by the end of the day, and she had every intention of being ready to launch her assault by that time. All of the Trikru warriors within two day’s ride were in Levo already, and Tristan and his Rangers, along with a force of roughly 400 Azgeda warriors should be joining them within the day. Warriors from the Lake people should be starting their assault on the Swamp Clan along with the Shadow Valley warriors within two day’s time as well.

She strode into the tent where her war table was entirely covered with a map of the Tribe and Clan territory. Traitorous nations were outlined in red, with estimated numbers gathered by spies written on small sheets of paper and set on the territories. Lexa had planned with Anya, Indra and Titus for the last three days, and they had finally decided on a tentative plan for the war. Trikru and Azgeda would work to wipe out the Delphi Clan as quickly as possible while the Shadow Valley and Lake people crushed the Swamp Clan and the Desert Clan and Plains riders would attack the Blue Cliff Clan. Once those three clans were neutralized, the clans would attack Glowing Forest together, as it was the most difficult land to traverse.

Clarke and her force of 300 should be joining them about midway through the assault on Delphi Clan, and that should help them be able to push through the rest of the territory more quickly. Quinn had been loath to allow 300 of her warriors to fight away from their tribe, but Lexa had been adamant that her wife remained as close to her as possible. The tribes had a better chance of crushing their enemies if Clarke and her warriors mysteriously disappeared after crushing the ports anyways, Clarke had argued, as they would waste resources and time searching for the missing battalion, rather than tracking the rest of the tribes armies properly.

Lexa locked her jaw as she thought about her wife. It had taken everything in her to remain strong and let her leave. She had wanted nothing more than to drag her off the boat or at the least go with her. Their duties to their people, however, kept them separated. Lexa had to fight her own war, and Quinn’s orders were law for Clarke. Two weeks away was the most merciful she could be to her Imperator. Lexa understood the difficulty of the situation for Quinn, as she had been forced to order Anya to stay put while Raven sailed off as well. Anya was far too important to simply let leave with another army, just as Clarke was too important to be allowed to stay with Lexa’s army. Octavia, since she was still in training, stayed with Indra. The young warrior’s duty was to stay with her mentor rather than go with the rest of her kin to fight either in the port battles with Clarke or in the mountain battles Quinn was waging.

Lexa remembered the look of pure relief Indra had shared with Octavia when Quinn told her she was
welcome to stay. Octavia hadn’t left Indra’s side, accompanying her to every meeting and doing her best to learn all she could from the generals and ambassadors. She had spoken up with several ideas, many of which Lexa had incorporated in their plans.

“The rest of the Wolf Tribe is gone as well, Heda.” Titus spoke as he entered the tent. Lexa hummed in acknowledgment as she looked over the numbers for Delphi Clan. “The scouts are certain the main concentration of warriors is at the southern border and not the eastern?” She questioned. “Sha Heda. The eastern borders are still heavily guarded, but the southern borders are mostly heavily impregnated with additional warriors from the other Clans.”

He came to stand next to Lexa before continuing. “It is a good plan, easily changeable with the war, and it does not rely on our allies. I still wish you would consider closing the borders until this war is over at least.” Lexa glared at her advisor. “To do so would be to provoke Quinn to war against us as well, and I have no intentions of starting another war when this one has barely begun.” Titus nodded slowly, keeping his eyes low. “I know you do not want to betray your mate, but Quinn has proven she cannot even destroy an outside threat, but rather let her pup drive it away for a few years and then let her guard down and allowed these Panther People to infiltrate her lands and ours!”

Lexa snarled deeply, forcing Titus to submit. “This has NOTHING to do with Clarke. Perhaps Quinn made a mistake in allowing the Panther Warriors to live, but we don’t know that. We know nothing about that war and the situation they were in at the time. You know just as well as I do that the four Clans would have split and revolted eventually with or without the Tribes’ influence. They merely accelerated a plan that was already in place. I am dealing with the Clans the best I can, and your attempts to undo the alliance in place is only hindering my ability to do so. Whether you like it or not, we are either at peace with the Tribes or we are at war. I cannot close the borders and ignore their existence. You will either accept this, or I will personally remove your head from your shoulders.”

Titus looked up at Lexa, nodding slowly. They had been close since she was a pup. As Flamekeeper, Titus had practically raised Lexa, but this had never stopped them from butting heads over every decision Lexa made. She knew that he was in truth an excellent advisor because he challenged her to think, but he cared for Lexa too deeply, and this clouded his judgment at times. Today was far from the first time she had threatened him, and she doubted it would be the last.

Anya entered the tent then. She looked exhausted and more prickly than usual. “Are we going to fight this damn war or not?” She snarled as she stomped to the war table. Lexa wrinkled her nose at the scent of her mentor and general. It was painfully obvious Raven’s heat had just finished and Anya hadn’t bathed before sending her mate off and coming to find Lexa.

“We certainly aren’t going anywhere with you smelling like that. The sentries would be able to smell us from over a mile away. Take a bath and get some rest and then come find me.” Anya grunted and stomped back out. Lexa couldn’t help but chuckle when she heard a passerby make a sound of disgust at the general, and Anya growled in response as she stormed to the bathhouse.

“Your love for your subjects will be your downfall Lexa.” She snorted in derision. “Yes, because being indifferent to the sufferings and feelings of my people will most certainly allow me to lead them better. Your love for me clouds your judgment teacher.” Titus sighed deeply and walked away. He turned his head and paused before leaving. “I hope you’re right Heda. If not, I am afraid of the outcome of this war.”

Lexa sighed and dropped onto her throne. She couldn’t stop herself from groaning when a guard announced another group of scouts had returned with news. They were quickly ushered inside the war tent to deliver the information. There had been a steady flow of supplies between the Clans, and
the blacksmiths hadn’t stopped working since the scouts had begun watching them. Glowing Forest was nearly empty of warriors since it sat in the middle of the four turncoat Clans. Delphi Clan was still amassing warriors at their southern borders, with a large number of Panther Warriors arriving earlier in the day.

Word had come from the Lake People that they were also nearly ready to begin their assault, they were only waiting for another 250 Shadow Valley warriors to arrive, and then they would attack. The Desert Clan and Plains Riders had yet to send word back, which was unsurprising given the messenger from their ambassador would have only arrived yesterday, and so their response was most likely still travelling. Soon after dismissing the scouts, Tristan arrived with his rangers, and it was only another hour before the Azgeda forces arrived.

Once the army was assembled, the generals and captains gathered in the war tent for debriefing with Lexa. It took another hour for Lexa to fully debrief and explain the situation to them. The generals and captains quickly left once their debriefing was over to give orders to their warriors and organize. The army would leave in one hour and reach the first border outpost of the Delphi Clan in the middle of the night. Lexa walked to Anya’s tent and walked through the flap so she could wake the general before they left. Anya’s warriors already knew their duties and the battle strategies, so there was no need for her to be present at the meeting.

Anya was stretched across the bed with a fur haphazardly thrown across her legs. She was stripped down to her undershirt and shorts, and was lightly snoring with her arm over her eyes. Lexa considered her options for waking Anya up. Remembering her irrational fear of snakes, Lexa left and dug through the grass for a few moments until she found a small garter snake under a rock. She carefully held the slithering creature as she made her way back into the general’s quarters. Lexa set the snake on Anya’s stomach before yelling “Anya! Your stomach!”

She fell into fits of laughter as her First’s eyes popped open and grew comically wide before she screamed and leapt from the bed, yipping. The tiny snake hit the ground and slithered off under the tent flaps to return to the forest, while the general stood in a corner staring at the reptile in horror and panting.

Anya took one deep breath before she flew at the Commander, who bolted out of the tent, laughing maniacally. “I’m going to get you back for that, pup!” She hollered before storming back inside to dress. Grinning to herself proudly, Lexa wandered through the camp, checking on the progress of the army as she waited to march.

The army was prepared to leave on time, thanks to Lexa’s wandering through the camp to motivate generals and captains to speed warriors along. Lexa and Anya rode at the head of the army, which was on foot. The next few hours were spent in silence as they rode for the southern Delphi border. Every few miles, a scout would fall back and report to Lexa. When they were roughly two miles from the city, Octavia fell back to report.

“The walls are heavily fortified and there are patrols constantly within a half mile of the border village. Our scouts earlier estimates seem to be correct, and we should still be able to take the village with only minor losses.” Lexa nodded as she dismounted. She and Anya joined the rest of the warriors on foot. The next two miles the Trikru would remain in the trees and surround the Delphi village and the Azgeda would provide the distraction by firing Raven and Anya’s catapults along with the strange arrows they had made. Once they had drawn the warriors outside the walls, Lexa and the Trikru would close the trap and attack the village.

They began moving silently through the forest, hiding in the shadows as they moved. Lexa and her band of warriors came across a patrol roughly a half mile outside the village, just as Octavia said. She
signaled her warriors and let three of the Delphi warriors pass before leaping out from behind the trees and grabbing the next warrior and slicing his throat. Her band killed the remaining patrollers just as silently, before continuing through the forest. When they came within sight of the fortress, Lexa and her band moved to the north of the village, looping around and climbing into the trees. Other groups soon joined them as the Trikru surrounded the village silently.

South of the village, Azgeda war horns blared. The chant of “jus drein jus daun” began echoing from the forest as hundreds of warriors shouted into the night. Lexa watched as they came into sight, with three teams of horses pulling catapults. The Azgeda continued chanting while the warriors defending the village began amassing at the southern wall. The quiet night was quickly turned into a cacophony of war cries. The catapults lurched as they fired large stones into the wall of the village, sending warriors tumbling from their stations. More pieces of wall flew into the air as the machines were reloaded and fired again.

The enemy fighters then went on the offensive, leaping through the rubble and charging the Azgeda. Tristan and his rangers swept in from the west just as they were about to reach the Ice Nation, charging straight into the attacking force. The sound of metal clashing and warriors screaming filled the air.

Lexa watched and waited until the majority of the warriors were moving to leave the village through the breached southern wall. She let out a low whistle, and the Trikru warriors slunk from the shadows. They scaled the walls and leapt down into the village. Lexa drew her swords and crouched low as a group of Blue Cliff warriors turned and spotted them at last. The leader just managed to give out a cry of warning to the others before an arrow silenced him. Lexa sprang forward, releasing a fierce war cry as she led her warriors into the battle.
Chapter 19

Clarke POV

Clarke yanked her axe out of the chest of a dead warrior with a pained grunt. The battle had not gone nearly as well as planned, and Clarke was feeling the effects of their errors. The ports had been much more heavily fortified than they had thought, and the few warriors Clarke had were hard-pressed to break through Sedaris’s defenses. They had quickly and easily burned the ships, but large piles of rubble blocked the entrance into the city. Any time Clarke and her warriors had managed to pick their way to the top of the pile, archers fired at them from open windows and rooftops.

It hadn’t taken long for Clarke’s patience to wear thin. She ordered her warriors into formation with a shield wall on the front, sides, and above. They marched over the rubble as arrows stuck into their shields and occasionally snuck through to pierce into flesh. Once they made it over the blocked entrance, enemy fighters flew at them from all sides. Since then, Clarke and her warriors had been swept away in a never-ending battle. It seemed like for every warrior she killed, there were two more to charge at her.

Clarke was exhausted. There was an arrow shaft embedded in her thigh, a deep gash on her left bicep, multiple deep bruises on her back, arms, and legs, and a particularly irritating cut from her upper left forehead down to her right cheek that was impeding both her vision and smell.

With a huff, she trotted down another side street. She was looking for the archers that were still firing at her warriors. They were obviously determined to hold the city at any cost, as they didn’t care about friendly fire. Clarke stilled when she heard the soft twang of a bowstring. Looking up, she saw a young man perched on a rooftop, shooting down into the fighting below. Clarke internally groaned in pain; the boy couldn’t have been over 15. She clenched her jaw as she pulled out the throwing dagger she had stolen from one of the many dead warriors. She breathed deeply and centered herself before rearing back and launching the small weapon. Clarke sent up a silent thanks to her mate when the blade found its home in the young man’s skull.

She continued on her path, trotting as silently as possible down the dark streets, until a heavy body collided with her violently, pinning Clarke to the wall. She grabbed a dagger in panic and was about to shove it into her assailant’s gut when she realized it was Mira. Clarke relaxed instantly and tapped her sister’s hand covering her mouth. Mira immediately let go, but kept Clarke trapped against the wall, shielding her with her body. They both stayed silent, listening. Clarke was still trying to figure out what had triggered Mira to stand so defensively when voices began to echo through the alleys.

“You’re certain the Imperator is in the city?” A man’s deep voice murmured. Another man with a higher voice answered. “Yes, my king. She led the warriors through the ports. Quinn’s eldest by blood led the warriors in the forests. The archers last saw the Imperator being swept into the alleys and backstreets.” The “king” spoke up again, “Good, good. I have been waiting a very long time to become reacquainted with Clarke.”

Clarke swallowed hard when she recognized the voice at last. His name was Ragnor. He had led a small band of Panther Warriors during Clarke’s trial. They had met on the battlefield more than a few times, but the Panther Warriors were always called to retreat before Clarke or Ragnor could be called the better warrior. The Beta man was not particularly large or fearsome, but he was cunning and cruel, and he had a way with words that made even the most horrid actions seem heroic and honorable. It didn’t surprise Clarke that he had risen up in ranks after the Panther Warriors fled east.
Mira looked at her, yellow eyes flashing in warning. Clarke opened her mouth, which made Mira
slap her hand back over it, exactly like Clarke hoped she would. As soon as she could hear the two
men’s footsteps, Clarke bit Mira’s hand hard. She yelped loudly, making both men freeze. Clarke
bolted out of the alleyway, firing two arrows at the men. The first hit its mark and felled the man with
the higher voice, but the arrow meant for Ragnor hit him too high in the gut. It wasn’t a fatal wound
if treated quickly, and he obviously knew that as the man simply smiled and waved at Clarke before
turning and fleeing towards the outskirts of the city.

Before Clarke could chase after him, grunts in the alleyway she had just left made her turn around.
Mira was surrounded by three warriors she was failing to fend off. Growling, Clarke drew her axes
and ran to help her sister. The largest warrior of the group turned to face her, grinning madly as he
hefted his war hammer and shield. The man charged straight at Clarke, not pausing a moment when
she swung her axes and took large chunks of flesh from his arms. He barreled into her, knocking
Clarke to the ground and causing her axes to fly from her grip. She quickly kicked him off of her and
staggered to her feet, only to have a shield smash into her face, breaking her nose violently.

Roaring in pain, Clarke leapt backwards, avoiding the war hammer. She ran up the wall in the
narrow alley, flipping backwards and grabbing the large man’s head. She twisted his neck sharply
until she felt the telltale snapping of his spinal cord. The massive body dropped to the ground. Clarke
panted and whined in pain as she turned. Mira had just killed one of the warriors, and Clarke quickly
sent a dagger into the back of the other.

“I can’t believe you bit me! You were always scary, but now that you’re pregnant you are just
downright terrifying!” Mira exclaimed. “We need to get out of here and finish this.” Clarke grunted.
Mira nodded as she bent down to pick up Clarke’s axes. Mira eyed her carefully as Clarke slid them
back into their holsters. “You need to see a healer as soon as possible, Clarke. Your injuries are
serious.” Clarke just grunted as she began to jog back toward the center of the city.

The two soon made it back to where the main battle had been. Clarke stopped abruptly in shock; her
warriors had all of the non-combatant citizens gathered, and wagons of supplies pillaged from the
city were already being loaded into wagons. The warriors they hadn’t killed were sitting in chains
and being guarded by the wall, and the entrance to the ports was being cleared out.

“They tried to issue a retreat through the woods. Apparently they didn’t realize just how many
warriors Mira left out there.” Raven suddenly appeared at Clarke’s side. She jumped, visibly startled.
“Everything is being taken care of. You need to see a healer now.” Normally Clarke would have
argued that there were other warriors that needed healers more, or that she was a leader and she
needed to remain strong in front of her battalion, but today Clarke’s exhaustion won out, and she
allowed herself to be led to the healer’s station without a fight.

Her armor was quickly stripped off as Annithi, a Beta woman who had been the head healer at
Clarke’s home village for some time, began checking over her wounds. “You do know that the goal
is to kill your enemies, not yourself in battle.” The gruff healer said bluntly as she shoved the arrow
through Clarke’s leg before snapping the head off and pulling it back out. Clarke gasped in pain,
unable to respond.

The healer packed the wound with a poultice and wrapped it tightly before moving on to stitch up
the gashes on Clarke’s arm and face. She set Clarke’s nose before checking over the rest of her body
for injuries. “Well, you’ll live. Keep your bandages changed and a poultice on that arrow wound. No
running around and trying to fight large armies for the next few weeks. As I am sure you will
anyway, make sure you come back when you rip all your stitches out.”

Clarke just shook her head at the healer. “You always are a charm to talk to. Thank you Annithi.”
She said with a grin. The healer simply waved her out as she turned to her next patient.

She turned and walked to the citizens. She could see that a man was arguing with Beatrix over something. The captain stood with a scowl on her face as the man snarled and pointed at his people. Clarke strode up to the pair, and the man immediately fell silent when he saw her. He glared at Clarke harshly as she walked up to them. “Captain, is there any way I could be of assistance to you?” Beatrix growled at the man before replying, “He seems to think we are simply going to hand the city over to him, and he refuses to leave for the Blood Warriors territory.” Clarke nodded, understanding the problem.

She looked at the man and asked, “What is your name?” The man stood taller and spat, “I am Orran, son of the mayor of this city who was overthrown and executed when Ragnor and his vile people made a deal with our Tribe’s leader.” Clarke nodded slowly, thinking before responding. “You put me in a difficult position Orran. It is obvious you are loyal to your people in this city, but I still cannot simply leave you with the only port in your Tribe’s territory with no way to defend it from those who are loyal to your Tribe leader. I am sure you can understand this.”

“If you can hold the city then you can let us live here! We would be helpful to your warriors! We could cook and help keep watch!” Clarke eyed the man sadly. “We cannot hold the city any better than you can. Our mission is not to take Sedaris.” Orran stumbled backwards as if he had been struck. “No… please, you cannot burn the city. It took generations to build it! Please, you must understand!”

“I have my orders, and I must follow them. You and your people will be escorted to the Blood Warriors territory, and there you will be given shelter and protection until this war is over. Afterwards, you will be welcome to return and build anew. I suggest you make the buildings further apart next time.” With that, Clarke walked away. She knew they could not afford to spend any more time in Sedaris.

Twenty warriors would take the remaining citizens north while the rest sailed onward to the next port. They should be joined by a much larger number of ships from the Great Sea Nation, and the help would be much needed. The only other traitorous Tribe with ports was the Ahearn Tribe. They had six port cities, all heavily fortified and with massive populations of both citizens and warriors. Clarke began shouting orders to prepare to sail, and her warriors immediately began loading supplies, weapons, and extra food onto the ships.

“Imperator! What are we to do with the surviving warriors?” One of the guards watching over the prisoners asked. Clarke spoke without emotion, “There are no surviving warriors.” Her warriors obeyed without question, slitting the throats of prisoners. Clarke felt her stomach turn at the sight, and she had to walk as swiftly as possible to the nearest house to empty the contents of her stomach.

As the sun began to break over the horizon, Clarke’s battalion was ready to sail. The warriors were all back on the ships, and Raven had placed her explosives all across the city. Dozens of warriors fired flaming arrows into the city that was still burning from the battle. It was quickly set ablaze again, this time with numerous explosions sounding. Clarke watched the city burn as they sailed south. The docks were in ruins; the buildings that were made of stone had been torn to the ground, and the entire city was engulfed in flames. Their goal to make the city completely inhabitable had been met.

Clarke rubbed her slightly sore mating bite as she finally turned around and prepared herself for the new day. In three days time, they would reach the capital of Ahearn. It would not be an easy battle, and Clarke began planning how to take it as she walked below deck with Raven and Mira in tow.
Chapter 20

Chapter Notes

I didn't respond to the comment thread on the last chapter because I thought the discussion was actually going really well and I didn't need to add anything to the debate going on. I did read the debate, and I enjoyed it so much I cranked this chapter out much faster than I was planning. Thank you for commenting, I loved reading everyone's POV!

I just want to give a huge thanks to my beta for all your help with worldbuilding and grammar. Herocaller, you are absolutely awesome, and thank you so much!

Chapter 20

Lexa POV

Lexa spun past a Panther Warrior and buried her sword in his back. She ripped it out quickly and turned just in time to parry a blow from a Blue Cliff warrior. She snarled in irritation and attacked, cleaving the woman’s head from her shoulders in three moves. So far the battle for the border city was going very well. The Azgeda forces continued blasting the southern wall and were cutting down every warrior who crossed their path. Meanwhile, the Trikru forces were inside the walls wreaking havoc on the inner defenses of the city.

Lexa was currently trying to get to the northern wall to open the gates. If she could get the gates open, Tristan and the rangers would be able to help sweep the city and they could begin aiding the Azgeda more quickly. Lexa moved quickly between the huts, careful not to alert the inhabitants to her presence. The majority of the civilians had run from the border city, but some still remained to defend their homes.

She came up to a small band of warriors who were watching the northern wall. Drawing her throwing knives, Lexa quickly killed three warriors before the final two managed to attack. Lexa quickly cut down the remaining two, ducking beneath one sword as she rammed her blade into the other warrior and throwing his body at his comrade, knocking him off balance and allowing her to slit his throat.

Wiping the blood from her face, Lexa quickly gathered her knives from the dead warriors and continued jogging to the northern gates. Lexa saw the archer from the corner of her eye, and she couldn’t be more thankful as she just managed to dodge an arrow that embedded itself in the wood right where her head had been. She dropped to the ground and rolled out of sight, steadying herself. Lexa saw the archer was settled on the roof of a building close to a hundred yards away. She gripped her bow comfortably, knowing she couldn’t hit the archer with her dagger from this distance. Trotting backwards, Lexa easily hit her target and watched the archer drop from the building.

Slinging her bow over her back, Lexa kept moving. She finally reached the gates. She counted ten warriors, with four on the wall, three standing in front of the gates, and another three sitting by a fire. Lexa sighed; she was an excellent warrior, but the odds were not in her favor for this fight. The gates had to open, however and so Lexa drew her bow again and calmed her breathing and mind.
Stepping out silently, Lexa rapidly fired four arrows and killed the guards on the wall. She darted between two huts and drew her sword and a dagger and waited. The guards shouted, and two came charging after her between the buildings. Lexa grabbed the first guard that reached her, ripping his head back and slitting his throat, killing him silently.

Lexa quickly clambered up onto the roof of one of the huts, careful to stay in the shadows and out of sight. The second guard approached more cautiously. He held his sword in front of him and crept into the tight space. When he was directly beneath her, Lexa dropped onto him, sinking her blade into his skull.

With seven of the ten warriors dead, Lexa drew her second sword and strode to the gates. The three guards stood defensively by the gates, too apprehensive to charge the Commander. Lexa grinned as she twirled her blades menacingly and ran directly at the remaining guards. She sprinted and leapt into the air, kicking the head of a female guard and snapping her neck from the force. Lexa landed behind the two guards and spun, slamming her shoulder into the closest warrior. As he was flung to the ground, Lexa caught an axe with her sword, and with a twist of her wrist, sent it clattering to the ground.

Lexa decapitated the now weaponless warrior and strode over to the last guard who was gasping and attempting to crawl away. When she reached him, Lexa stepped on his back, pinning the man to the ground. Lexa bent down and grabbed the man’s head, snapping his neck with a sickening pop before walking over and opening the gates.

She whistled loudly to alert Tristan that the gates were open, and she didn’t have to wait long before he and his group of warriors were at the gates. Lexa led the charge back through the city. They moved swiftly and fluidly, splitting up and clearing every alley and path in the city.

Lexa came upon her warriors quickly, and saw they had been cornered against the eastern wall and a large building. “With me!” She shouted as she ran towards the trapped and weakening Trikru warriors. She swung her sword at the nearest warrior, causing a spray of blood. Air whooshed past her head as she ducked beneath a spear and slashed at its owner.

A sword cut into Lexa’s side, making her roar in pain. She turned to see the warrior with his blade raised above his head, ready to cut Lexa down. There was a sword protruding through his chest, and he crumpled to the ground when it was ripped out. Anya stood behind the warrior, with a gash above her head, and a few bruises, but she otherwise looked all right.

“ Took you long enough to get the damn gate open, pup.” She growled as the two turned and began fighting with the nearest warriors. “I had a few guards to take care of on my way to the gate.” Lexa justified as she hacked and parried. Anya grunted as she took the brunt of a blow from a massive warrior with her sword. Lexa slashed the brutish warrior’s back legs, causing him to fall to his knees and allowing Anya to shove her blade through his eye socket.

Lexa grinned, “We still make a good team, Fos.” Anya barked out a laugh as she ran her blade through a Panther Warrior’s gut. “Sha Heda. You haven’t lost your touch yet.” They ceased their conversation as they engaged in more intense fights. Lexa was fighting a small, reedy Delphi warrior she recognized as a personal guard of the Delphi Clan leader. Her name was Cora, and she was a stout loyalist who was one of the best swordsmen in the Clan.

Lexa also remembered that she had suffered a shoulder injury just a year ago, and so Lexa began raining down the strongest blows she was capable of. With each blow, the warrior began to weaken, and her face began to contort with pain. Finally, when their blades locked, the Delphi warrior’s arm gave out, and Lexa went in for the kill.
The fighting went on for another hour within the city, and by the time Lexa and the rest of the Trikru had cleared it, Tristan and his warriors had made their way back out the southern wall and had helped the Azgeda surround and crush the remaining warriors. Their enemies hadn’t given up, but at last, the final warrior fell, and the fighting ceased. The city was silent for a moment, until Lexa lifted her arm in victory and released a fearsome war cry. Her warriors echoed the sound, and the dawn was filled with the cries of their victory.

Lexa sat astride her horse outside the city she had conquered two days ago. She had waited two days for the rest of her Trikru army to join her, and that morning they had finally arrived. An additional 16,000 warriors filled the woods; the full Trikru army was ready to march through the Delphi territory. 400 warriors would be left in the city to keep it secure and its inhabitants that were loyal to the coalition safe.

With the full strength of the Trikru army at her disposal, Lexa would take the army across the rest of the southern border. Once it was secure, they would move northeast until they met up with the Azgeda army. By then, nearly all of the Delphi Clan would be secure, and the Swamp Clan and Blue Cliff Clan should also be ready to fall. This would leave only the Glowing Forest territory to be conquered.

Confident in her planning, Lexa nodded to Gustus, who blew the war horn in a signal to move out. Lexa led her army west, mapping her route across the border and back to the east, where she could finally be reunited with her love.

Indra POV

The army had finally made camp late in the night, roughly two hours from the next border city. Indra carefully helped Octavia down from her horse, as the young warrior had a few broken ribs, along with a painful cut across her back from a sword and multiple deep, painful bruises. Indra quickly set their tent up and helped her young mate-to-be inside.

Octavia whined softly as Indra laid her on the furs. “Shh, you will be all right, you just need to rest. The young omega wrapped her arms around Indra and tugged at the Alpha. “Y’need ta lay down wiff me” she slurred in exhaustion and pain. “Sha, I will. You need to let me get my armor off first though.” Indra spoke softly.

When Octavia finally let go, Indra quickly shed her armor and crawled into bed beside Octavia. The tiny brunette curled into Indra’s chest, nuzzling her gently. Indra wrapped her arms around her protectively and began purring. She kissed the Omega’s head and held her close before drifting off to sleep.

The next morning, the pair rose early as the camp began to pack up and prepare to travel again. As Indra and Octavia stepped outside, the Commander walked up to them. Bowing her head slightly, Indra greeted her. “Good morning, Heda. I assume we will be leaving for Goldcrest soon?” The powerful brunette lifted her chin in affirmation before addressing Octavia. “You are too injured to join us in this fight. You fought admirably in the last border city, but today you will remain here and lead the seconds and injured.”

Indra watched as her companion’s face morphed into pure fury. “Commander I am fine! I’m not going to sit back like a child while you risk your life in battle.” The green eyed Alpha growled low and stepped into Octavia’s space. “It was not a request, warrior. I am ordering you to take care of the camp.” Indra cut in before Octavia could snap at the Commander again. “She would be honored, Heda. I will make sure everything is settled before we leave.” Lexa nodded at Indra before turning
and stalking away.

Indra turned to face her furious counterpart. “Really, you too? I can fight! Why do I have to stay back?” Indra met Octavia’s grey-green eyes. “I know you can fight, so does the Commander. You don’t need to, though. We have an entire army that can fight, but we don’t have an unlimited supply of leaders. You are hurt, Octavia, and you know you can’t deny that. Stay back and lead the seconds so you may fight in the battles that come after this.”

Indra exhaled in relief as Octavia relented. “Fine, but you had better come back to me in one piece when this fight is over.” She grinned as she leaned forward and kissed the fiery brunette softly. “Pressing her forehead against the Omega’s, she whispered, “Sha, ai gonplei nou ste odon. I will return to you, Octavia.”

After saying their farewells, Indra left to march with the army as Octavia began organizing the seconds who were also ordered to stay behind and guard the wounded. Indra had been given 4,000 warriors to lead, and her orders were to storm the east wall and secure the gate. Raising her spear, she led her force into the forest and began the march to the eastern wall of Goldcrest.

Two hours later, they had reached the walls of the city. Unease filled Indra’s gut as she listened to the eerie silence that hung over Goldcrest. There was no one in sight. As she crept forward, Indra saw the wall was completely unmanned, and the gates were left open, revealing a seemingly empty city inside.

Motioning for her warriors to clear the city, Indra stealthily led them through the gates and began silently moving through the city. As she went, she looked at the houses, all of which were completely empty. It was as if everyone in the city had simply vanished. Stalls in the market were left open, toys were left scattered across the ground, and fires were still burning.

Indra felt her blood freeze when she rounded the corner and came into the center of the city. The Commander had already reached the open square, and was standing at the western entrance staring ahead of her in shock. Piled in the center of the city were the bodies of thousands of civilians. Men, women, and children were all left to rot in the sun behind a large piece of wood, which read, “Death to the Coalition and all Those Who Stand With It.”

A small movement at the base of the mountain of bodies had Lexa, Indra, Tristan, and Anya running over. An old warrior was lying against the pile, barely breathing. Lexa knelt down next to him, clasp-
ing his hand. “Gona, what happened here?” The man took a wheezing breath as tears fell freely down his cheeks. “I am sorry Heda, we tried to fight them, but there were too many. We refused to give the city up to the traitors, and so they sent thousands of Panther Warriors and Big Sky Warriors here. Beja, Heda, forgive me.”

The man gasped again before going slack, his eyes staring out, unseeing. Indra watched as the Commander’s jaw clenched before she spoke. “Yu gonplei ste odon, gona.” She rose up, fury and pain evident. “Build a pyre in the center of the city. These brave gonas have died defending it, and we will honor them by sending their spirits into the afterlife with their city. Take nothing; let it burn as it is.”

Indra took her warriors into the trees and began gathering the timber for the massive pyres. It took half a day, and by the time enough wood had been gathered, the seconds and injured had joined the army in Goldcrest. Cries of shock and pain could be heard as they entered the city square. Indra smiled sadly when she heard Octavia ordering the seconds to begin helping with the pyres. She saw her helping to gently lift the bodies onto one of the pyres, and she walked over and began working side-by-side with her.
After another two hours, Lexa took a torch and wordlessly lit a pyre, while Indra, Anya, and Tristan lit the others. The army knelt in respect before silently standing and leaving the city, marching further west to avenge the murderers of the citizens of Goldcrest.
Chapter 21

Clarke POV

It had been twelve days since Clarke had left Levo. She was miserable; she had a fever, aches, cramps, and was always nauseous. She craved anything that smelled even slightly like her mate, and she found herself constantly rubbing her nose against Lexa’s shirt she had taken with her, even though the scent was barely there anymore. She was grouchy and irritable, and everyone gave her a wide berth as they rode through Delphi Clan lands.

After Clarke and Mira had crushed the city of Sedaris, the Great Sea Nation and the Rolling Thunder Tribe had joined them. With the additional 10,000 warriors, the Ahearn ports fell easily. Before they reached the first port, Clarke argued for hours with Mira and Raven. They decided that Clarke would not join in the battles, but instead would direct and lead from afar. She had fought the decision tooth and nail, but in the end they convinced her that all of the wounded should remain aboard the ships rather than fight since they had plenty of warriors to fight.

Clarke and the injured remained aboard the ships until the city was ready to fall, and then they began setting up healers’ tents, wagons and food to go with the refugees, and explosives around the docks and city. She hated staying behind instead of leading her warriors into battle, but Clarke found that with every day that passed, she felt worse instead of better.

By the time they had finished destroying the port cities, Clarke’s lack of sleep, combined with her injuries and mate sickness, caused her body to finally give out. She had been speaking to Beatrix when she had collapsed. For two days her mind wandered through memories while her body recovered.

14 Years Ago

Clarke was five years old, and she was spending the day with her adopted sire. Quinn was going to take her for a ride and tell her all about the different tribes. She was nearly vibrating with excitement as she stood by the tall Alpha and waited for her to finish grooming her horse.

The blonde pup wasn’t quite half the height of her sire, with her head barely reaching the Alpha’s waist. After Quinn slipped the bridle over the horse’s head, she easily lifted Clarke onto its bare withers before swinging up behind her. Clarke relaxed against her sire’s chest as Quinn’s arm wrapped around her. She looked around in wonder as they began loping through the forest in a
direction she had never been before.

Clarke spent the next two hours enjoying the quiet as they rode. She was content to ride forever in the safety of Quinn’s arms while the large Alpha hummed a lullaby softly, but they soon came to a halt in a small clearing. Clarke’s eyes grew wide in delight as she took in the bright field full of flowers and butterflies.

“It’s so pretty Mommy!! Are we gonna stay here today?” Clarke asked as Quinn slipped off the horse. She stood back to give Clarke enough room to swing off. “Yes Clarke, I thought we could have lunch here and go swimming afterwards if you’d like.” Clarke pounced off the horse and on top of her sire, who caught her easily and swung her up to sit on her shoulders. Clarke looked around eagerly from her new perch while Quinn unbridled her horse and walked through the clearing.

When they finally came to a spot Quinn liked, she lifted Clarke over her head and set her down before taking out a large fur from her bag and laying it on the ground. Quinn stretched out and relaxed, while Clarke ran around the clearing chasing the butterflies and exploring.

After a few minutes, Quinn called her back. “Little one, it’s time to start our lesson for the day.” Clarke scurried to the tall Alpha, plopping down on her stomach and giggling when she grunted from the impact. Quinn grinned up at her, ruffling her hair gently. “Today we are going to learn about the Panther People.” She said softly.

Clarke’s eyebrows scrunched in confusion. “But Mommy, I thought the Panther People were our enemies? Who do I gotta learn about them? They’re scary.” Quinn sat up slightly, cradling Clarke close to her chest. “They are our enemies, Clarke. The best way to defeat your enemy is to know them better than they know themselves. You will lead our people one day, just like I do, so you need to know everything you can about all the tribes, okay?”

Clarke nodded and waited for Quinn to begin. “Many years ago, there was a great nation far to the north and east of here. They were ruled by a wise king, who made sure all of his people had enough food and were happy. The people grew and grew, until there were over 100,000 of them, as many as all the Northern Tribes together. The king was careful and helped his people, and they flourished.

But then the wise king died. His young son, who was foolish and greedy took the throne. Instead of caring for his people, he made them pay heavy taxes so he could have great parties and all the food and meat he wanted. Soon the land his people lived on died, and they began to starve.

In a desperate attempt to save himself, the young king ordered his people to leave their homes and move west to fertile lands. They resisted, and so the king had all the young Alphas stolen and they were forced to become warriors. They were raised by cruel, twisted leaders, and so they became cruel themselves. The people had no choice but to move when their children came home as monsters.

They moved west, but these lands soon died as well, and so they had to keep moving. The king passed a law that all Beta and Alpha pups had to leave home at the age of eight and become warriors, and only after they were loyal and good warriors for five years they could take mates. The king made them do horrible things to all the people they encountered as they kept moving west, and the warriors did it so they could have a family.

After many years, the young king became old, and he died with no son or daughter to take over the throne. The warriors were lost with no direction, and they turned their cruelty onto each other and their people. After many years with no clear ruler, a general named Banku took control. He ruled by allowing his warriors to do what they wanted, as long as they fought for him. He moved his people all the way to the borders of the twenty tribes. Ever since then, they have been fighting to enslave our people and steal our lands.”
Quinn finished the story, and Clarke frowned. “But why didn’t somebody nice take over when the young king wasn’t very good? If you weren’t good, somebody would take over, right Mommy?” She looked up to her sire confused, and Quinn just smiled sadly. “Sometimes, the strongest people aren’t the nicest, or the best rulers. If someone isn’t brave enough to fight them, even though they’re weaker, then they will keep ruling and hurting their people.”

Clarke sighed, snuggling into her sire’s arms. “When I’m big enough, I’m gonna be brave and stop Banku, or whoever is a bad leader then. I don’t care if I’m smaller.” Quinn chuckled deeply and hugged Clarke tight. “I hope you do, my brave little pup, I hope you do.”

Present

Clarke growled deeply as she remembered the flashbacks she had for the entire journey back to Levo. Mira and Beatrix had rushed everyone to begin sailing for Trikru lands so Clarke could get back to Lexa sooner. As she rubbed her sore head, she silently thanked her sister and friend for caring so much. Because of them, the 300 warriors Clarke led, along with the 6,000 Rolling Thunder Tribe warriors, should reach the Trikru army by the end of the night.

Kya and the Rolling Thunder warriors were aiding the Trikru in their side of the war, because the Desert Clan and Plains Riders were sending a steady supply of warriors and supplies to the Tribes. The open areas of the southern tribes was ideal for the Desert Clan and Plains Riders’ fighting styles, while the dense forests in the Delphi Clan and Glowing Forest Clan were ideal for the Wolf Tribe and Rolling Thunder Tribe.

Clarke was riding at the head of the army. All the warriors had brought their horses aboard the ships, so they were making excellent time. Kya was riding close to Clarke, eyeing her carefully. The rest of the army remained a few yards behind them. There were five scouts ahead of the army, and a dozen surrounding the flanks and back of the army.

They were setting a fast pace that would get the army to Rumson, the capital of the Delphi Clan, where Lexa and her army were attempting to siege the city. The city was a fortress; however, and it would not be easily taken. The walls were solid stone and stood twelve feet tall, with square towers built into them. It had a river that ran through the city. Massive iron grates with thick oak doors guarded the entrance and exit of the river. All of the entrances to the city were also reinforced with oak and steel.

Clarke sighed as she stretched her sore muscles. Two days of hard riding left Clarke more tense than normal. Her mating bite was throbbing and swollen. Her gashes were healing, and her body was healthy, but Clarke had never felt worse. She was eager for the next few hours to pass as quickly as possible so she could be reunited with her wife.

“How are you doing Clarke?” Raven asked as she rode up beside her. Clarke smiled wearily at her friend. “I’m just happy to be home soon.” Raven smiled softly, looking towards Rumson fondly. “Yeah, me too. I miss Anya so much.” Clarke couldn’t help but chuckle. “Don’t tell me you’re going to have a pup too Rae; you’re supposed to be the sensible one.” Raven laughed. “I hope not! The world isn’t ready for another Raven!” Clarke laughed, wincing when it made her head throb worse.

A scout came trotting back after a few hours. “We are five miles from Rumson. The Trikru and Azgeda armies have already surrounded the city, but no fighting seems to have taken place yet.” Clarke nodded in thanks before the rider turned and loped back in front of the army.

Clarke ordered a rider to fall back and inform Mira, who was riding in the middle of the army. She then informed Kya she was riding ahead with the scouts. Unsurprisingly, Raven joined her. They loped quickly through the forest, catching up to the scouts that were waiting at the edge. Beyond the
trees, miles of farms surrounded the city in all directions.

The fields surrounding the city had been flattened, and rows of tents stood in the place of crops. The Trikru and Azgeda armies reached a total number of 35,000 warriors, easily filling the fields with an intimidating number of bodies.

Clarke and Raven loped through the fields, while the scouts remained behind. As they approached the tents, they steered for the two flying banners of Azgeda and Trikru. Clarke began eagerly scanning the faces around the tents, searching for her favorite shade of green.

When they reached the two large command tents, Clarke and Raven dismounted, loosening their saddles as they waited for their mates to find them. Finally, just as Clarke pulled her saddle and bags off her horse, the Commander rushed into view with Anya beside her.

Clarke took in her mate, who looked relatively unharmed and healthy, aside from the tiredness that was plainly obvious on her face. Lexa’s eyes shone with relief as she bolted forward, pulling Clarke into a tight hug. Clarke tucked her face into Lexa’s neck, breathing in her mate’s scent. She finally was able to relax, and she felt exhaustion begin to tug at her immediately.

Before they could say anything; however, horns trumpeted from the forest. The army announced its presence as all 6,300 warriors blasted horns. The sound echoed and rolled through the fields as the riders loped swiftly towards the city. The pounding of over 6,000 sets of hooves made the earth tremble and shake. Banners flew high and warriors roared and pounded their chests as they approached the city.

Lexa’s eyes grew wide as she took in the sight of the force, which was much larger than she had anticipated. She looked to Clarke for an explanation. Clarke smiled softly. “The Tribes were very thankful for your people’s aid, and so Rolling Thunder will fight with you in thanks.” Lexa grinned, leaning down to kiss Clarke softly. She remained close, much to Clarke’s pleasure, and repeatedly pressed gently kisses to her lips.

The army stopped at the end of the tents, still chanting war cries at the city before them, unfazed by the massive walls. Lexa strode forward, hand-in-hand with Clarke. “Warriors of the Wolf Tribe and Rolling Thunder Tribe, I offer you my sincerest thanks for coming to my aid in the siege of Rumson. Place your tents among ours and come eat with us as brothers and sisters.”

The warriors roared their approval as the immediately began dismounting and setting up their camp. Kya and Mira waved Clarke and Lexa away when they went to discuss how to best take the city, telling the couple to go and relax for the rest of the day instead. Not needing to be told twice, the reunited couple quickly made their way to the Commander’s tent.

Clarke burrowed into her wife the moment the tent flaps closed behind them, nuzzling her neck and hugging her tightly. Lexa purred comfortingly as she effortlessly lifted the tired Omega and carried her to the sleeping quarters in the tent.

Clarke couldn’t stop smiling as her mate set her down and began tenderly removing Clarke’s armor. When she finished, Clarke reached up and began unbuckling Lexa’s in return. When they were both left in only their undergarments, the pair crawled under the covers together for a well-earned nap.

Lexa pulled Clarke close, and Clarke rested her head on Lexa’s chest, enjoying the soft, steady sound of her heartbeat. Clarke relaxed completely, finally feeling safe as she rested with her mate and enjoyed the feeling of their bare skin pressed tightly together.

“I missed you so much, Lexa. I never want to go through that again.” Lexa ran her fingers gently
through her hair, massaging her scalp gently. “I know ai hodnes, I could barely sleep with you gone, and I can see how badly you have been hurting. Is there anything I can do to make it better? You are already improving it seems.”

Clarke smiled and pressed a kiss to her kind and doting mate’s chest, tucking herself more securely into her side. “This is the best medicine you could possibly give me. I’ll be fine in the morning, my love.” With that, the pair easily fell into a deep sleep that lasted through the afternoon and all night.

Chapter End Notes

I was asked a question about the particulars of the wolf nature in this story, so I decided to post the question and answer in case if any of you were curious.

Perhaps you’ve answered this; if so, sorry for extra effort on your part. Can you flesh out how the humans have wolf characteristics, or whether they are actually part wolf? Genetic mutation, or is everyone part wolf in this AU? Something else? Any physical characteristics? Behavioral only? How and why?

The wolf is a mostly internal, ambiguous force that came about through advanced evolution due to radiation. So it is a genetic mutation that gives the characters in this world a more predatory edge over humans, which is why they (humans) no longer exist in this story. Everyone is stronger and faster with enhanced senses. They look mostly human, but they have wolfish eyes, sharper, elongated teeth, and the ability to howl, growl, snarl, etc, along with the genital modifications that come with A/B/O universes. They do have considerable differences in their behaviors versus humans, even though that is purposely downplayed in this story. The reasoning for the changes is because of the biological advantages that come with being a better predator. Simply put, they are better at surviving in the wild and reproducing in the harsh landscape, so they've become the dominant species.
Chapter 22

Lexa POV

Lexa was dreaming. She was back in Polis as a young pup. Her big eyes were eagerly searching the markets for a familiar head of fiery red hair. Natblida pups didn’t have to live in Polis and train until they were ten years old, but Lexa’s parents had been killed when she was only one, and without any other relatives to care for her, the village chief sent her to Polis to be raised by the fleimkepa.

Titus was like a father to Lexa, even though he made her call him Ticha instead of Nontu. He always sent her off to play with Costia, a beta girl her age, while he taught the class of Natblida, because he said she was too young to come with him. Titus wouldn’t tell her much about the Natblida, instead telling her stories about great warriors of the past, and reading to her from his vast collection of children’s books. He would take her with him on trips to see the Clans, and he taught her how to braid her hair, swim, throw a ball, and everything else a pup needed to know to be a pup.

Spotting Costia hiding in a stall, Lexa’s face split into a grin. She raced towards her friend, tackling her to the ground with ease. Costia laughed, quickly squirming out of Lexa’s grasp and tearing off into the woods. The pair raced around the forest under the watchful eye of their guards. When they were tired, the pair flopped down at the riverbank, watching the water drift past them lazily. They didn’t leave for Polis until it was nearly dark, walking hand-in-hand back to the city.

Lexa woke up with a smile on her face; she often dreamt of her childhood with Costia, and she was thankful for the happy memories she had with her previous friend and lover. However, at the moment she was happy for a much different, much more blonde reason. She was so entwined with Clarke, she couldn’t tell where one body ended and the other began. She was almost too warm, but she still burrowed even further into her wife. Clarke was lightly snoring and wrapped around Lexa, clinging to her tightly.

Leaning in, Lexa began nibbling at her wife’s neck. She bit and kissed her mate awake, sliding down to worship Clarke’s chest. The Omega began squirming and moaning as she slowly woke up. Lexa carefully took a sensitive nipple between her teeth as she felt Clarke grab her hair tightly. “Mhhh Lex, I missed your wake up calls.”

She grinned as she continued to tease Clarke’s nipples until they were hard and painfully sensitive. When she began to whine, Lexa moved lower, biting her lover before soothing the red skin with her lips and tongue. When she reached Clarke’s belly, Lexa paused to press a few reverent kisses to the
soft skin. She slid her fingers under the waistband of Clarke’s shorts, slowly drawing them down her muscular legs.

Lexa crawled back up and kissed Clarke deeply, sliding her tongue in the Omega’s mouth and easily claiming dominance. The blonde wrapped her legs around Lexa’s waist, pulling them together so Lexa’s member was pressed against her soaked entrance. Wasting no time, she slid into the sticky heat, moaning as Clarke clenched down on her member.

“Jok, Clarke. I’m not going to last if you keep doing that.” Clarke grinned wickedly before clenching down again, making Lexa moan and whine in pleasure. Her eyes were screwed shut until Lexa felt gentle fingers against her jaw. When she opened her eyes, she stared into a vast sea of blue. “Kiss me.” Clarke whispered against her lips. Lexa crashed her lips into Clarke’s, kissing her desperately and starting a fast pace. Lexa dropped her head and began pressing hot kisses to Clarke’s pale neck, and Clarke tossed her head back into the pillows, clawing desperately at her back.

Lexa began rutting faster, knowing neither she nor Clarke would be able to last long after being apart for two weeks. It was only a few brief minutes of hard, grinding thrusts before Clarke clenched down, orgasming hard. Lexa manage two short thrusts before falling over the edge after her mate. She couldn’t resist leaning down and refreshing her mating bite before collapsing on her mate, exhausted.

Clarke began purring and gently untangling Lexa’s hair. Lexa nuzzled her mate’s chest, rolling off of her and cuddling into her side. She gently stroked Clarke’s belly, noticing how it was slightly more firm than normal. “Are you getting excited?” Clarke asked softly. Lexa nodded quickly, grinning and pressing a kiss to her collarbone. Clarke’s hand settled on top of Lexa’s, squeezing gently.

“I hope this war is over soon. I really don’t want to give birth on a battlefield.” Clarke growled at the thought. “You will do no such thing. It isn’t safe. We will go back to Polis if it comes to that. I won’t risk you and our pup like that.” Clarke smiled and nodded, kissing Lexa’s head and whispering a soft “okay.”

The camp was already awake and moving by the time Clarke and Lexa made it out of bed. They quickly dressed and put their armor and war paint on before summoning their generals for a meeting. Mira, Kya, Anya, Indra, and Ontari joined them in the meeting tent. Maps of the city and surrounding areas were spread across the large table, and reports from spies within the city were scattered across the top.

“We need to take Rumson down as quickly as possible, and we have to be prepared for counter attacks as well. Guards and sentries are to be posted at the edges of the camp and in the trees at all times. Scouting parties scour the woods daily, and no one makes it past our camp to get in or out of the city.” Lexa took a deep breath before continuing.

“The city’s main weakness is that all its water comes from the river that runs through it. We can’t divert it without flooding our own camp and destroying the land, but we can make it undrinkable. The city has been mostly evacuated; only essential citizens and the warriors remain. We are looking at a force of close to 25,000. Soiling the water won’t be enough, we need to take other measures to ensure the city falls.”

Anya spoke up then. “Raven and I can build more catapults. They will keep the enemy’s eyes on them and off of our other movements.” Kya began looking over city blueprints. “There has to be other ways in and out of the city. There are no cemeteries or places for waste to leave the city. That means there has to be catacombs and an underground sewage system. We need to find the exit points and infiltrate the city through them.”
Mira spoke up, “They could be anywhere within a twenty mile radius. We can’t cover all that ground without alerting their sentries to our activities. We have to get at least some sort of idea where the entrance is.” Indra growled lowly. “Until we find and secure those entrances this entire camp is at risk to attacks and infiltration.” Lexa spoke loudly. “There is no need to fight over this. Kya, search the maps and choose the most likely areas for exit points. Indra, Anya, and Ontari, pick out teams to search those sites at night. Make sure they are good hunters and can see and walk at night in unfamiliar territory. Clarke, Mira, I need you to help Raven build as many catapults as possible.”

After a few more minutes ironing out details, the group exited the tent.

Warning horns blared from sentry posts. An army rode out of the gates of Rumson, charging straight towards the Coalition’s camp. Lexa and Clarke rushed forward, immediately barking orders to defend the camp and go to their squad leaders. The pair rushed to the front of the camp. The charging army was fast approaching the tents. Clarke blasted two long calls on her war horn, sending a wave of Rolling Thunder warriors forward. The cavalry charged straight towards the incoming army, while the Wolf Tribe Warriors pounded iron fists against their chests and shields and formed a line in front of the tents.

The warriors of all three armies couldn’t to make it into formation before their enemies crashed into them. The Rolling Thunder Warriors were swept into the middle of the battle as the Delphi and Oak Ridge warriors ignored them and charged straight for the center of the tents where Clarke and Lexa were standing.

Lexa tensed and crouched in anticipation of the battle to come, but her blood burned and her vision turned red when a warrior at the head of the charge purposely launched a spear directly at her mate. Rage consumed Lexa at the thought that anyone would dare to attempt to harm her mate while she was protecting her. All thoughts of strategy were lost as Lexa charged forward, roaring in bloodlust.

As she ran, the Commander saw the looks of pure terror in the faces of the warriors galloping towards her. She took four long strides before leaping into the air and colliding with the foolish soldier who dared attack Clarke. The man was knocked off his horse, and Lexa slit his throat while he lay immobilized in shock beneath her. Rising up, Lexa took his lance, looking back to see Clarke locked in battle with two warriors. Roaring in anger, she launched the spear as hard a she could. It easily impaled both warriors, sending them crashing to the ground in front of her mate. Drawing a sword, Lexa stalked back to Clarke, whose wide eyes were staring at her in shock.

Sensing danger, Lexa whirled, catching another soldier’s blade on the tip of her own. She shoved him back effortlessly and swung her sword faster than a human eye could follow, removing the warrior’s head with ease. Anger and rage were flowing through her veins like a drug as she strutted forward and into the battle once more.

Clarke POV

Clarke watched Lexa fight in awe. She had heard of bloodlust before, but she’d never witnessed it herself. Lexa was displaying all the signs, and Clarke knew her mate couldn’t think past killing anything and everything that threatened her. Thinking fast, she followed Lexa, staying a safe distance behind the enraged Alpha. She knew the best way to calm her mate down was to let her fight the bloodlust out, and there were plenty of enemy warriors to kill. Clarke looked around the
chaotic field, seeing how each of the flanks was holding up.

The Azgeda had successfully formed a sort of shield wall, and they were holding up left flank in place. The right was held by the Trikru, and, with the help of dozens of archers, they too held their ground. The center was pure chaos, however. The Rolling Thunder and Oak Ridge warriors were still mounted and running each other down. Wolf Tribe warriors were fighting in small units, but they were leaving most of the Delphi Warriors untouched for fear of accidentally killing an ally, and Trikru warriors were putting more arrows in horses than warriors.

“Callum! Spread the word through the units, any Clan warrior with band tattoos or more fur than leather armor is an enemy. Leave all with black war paint alive. Rhys! Pull your Riders back, arrows only, do not engage!” Clarke barked orders to two generals. She watched as Rolling Thunder quickly pulled back and began riding towards Rumson, effectively blocking the enemy from retreat, and weakening them as arrows rained down on the back half of the army.

The Wolf Tribe warriors quickly got the message and began felling Delphi Warriors. The chaos quickly turned into a battle, and Trikru were once again hitting their targets. Clarke quickly began searching the crowd for Lexa, who she had lost sight of while ordering warriors around. Her breath stuck in her throat when she finally saw the Commander’s red sash whirling around the battlefield. Lexa had a fierce snarl etched on her face; blood and gore was splattered up her arms and across her neck and chest. She gutted another soldier before stealing his axe and heaving it across the field. The soldier was thrown back when the blade slammed into his chest, releasing a fountain of blood.

Lexa didn’t pause to see the warrior fall; she was already moving on to the next target. A Wolf Tribe warrior dodged her sword just in time, and it embedded itself in a Delphi Warrior’s skull instead. Clarke began trotting into the battlefield towards the dangerous Alpha who was shaking the chunks of flesh off her blade. Freeing an axe from its holster, Clarke moved through the carnage to meet her wife who was moving deeper into the battle.

A tall woman with broad shoulders and cruel grey eyes stepped in front of Clarke. She grinned maliciously, revealing elongated canines red with blood. “Imperator, what a pleasure.” Pulling her second axe free, Clarke began searching the tall Alpha for weaknesses. She was obviously extremely strong and experienced. She wore the armor of a very high-ranking Panther Warrior. In one hand she held a Trikru axe, and in the other was a bloody mace that had nails embedded in it, which were coated in gore.

“I don’t think your mate will have time to come to your rescue now, Omega.” The woman sneered. “I hardly think I’m going to need my mate’s help, since I’ve never even heard of you…” Clarke said as she waited for the feral-looking warrior to introduce herself. Looking over the woman’s shoulder, she saw Lexa was surrounded. In her rage, she had walked straight into a trap, and Clarke had followed right behind. The Alpha grinned, knowing Clarke realized the danger she and her mate were in. She laughed lowly. “Oh you’ve heard of me, pup. I’m Damia, the Alpha who is going to remove your head before removing your mate’s. You have nowhere to run, and no one to save you.”

Clarke knew she was no match for the Alpha physically; even Lexa would have difficulty killing an Alpha this strong and deadly. The Alpha’s hubris might leave her defenses low enough for Clarke to mortally wound her, however. Steeling herself, Clarke spoke with more confidence than she had. “Well, old dog, I’m standing right here. Come and get me.”

Damia snarled before lunging at Clarke. The two were caught up in a deadly and rough dance. Damia had no grace; she fought with harsh blows that crushed her opponents and no sense of honor. She pushed in too close and took too many risks. Still, her size and strength had Clarke pushing herself to her limits to avoid both the mace and axe.
Suddenly, the Alpha hit her knees, gasping from no visible wounds. Clarke stepped back in shock, looking up. Lexa was covered from head to toe in blood; her chest was heaving and her lips were peeled back to reveal the white blade-like teeth of her wolf. Her green eyes were pitch black with rage, and her armor was too tight from the extra height, muscle, and strength her Alpha had gained in her bloodlust. Dozens of warriors lay dead around her, and Damia sat on her knees, choking on her own blood because of the axe buried in her back.

Clarke stood in shock as warriors fled in retreat for the safety of Rumson. Her eyes remained locked with Lexa’s as Damia gasped and choked and warriors bolted past them on foot and on panicked horses. One knocked into Lexa’s shoulder, but her focus was so intense she didn’t notice. Clarke walked calmly up to her mate, searching the Alpha’s eyes for any remnant of her Lexa. She slowly reached up to cup the Commander’s cheek, smearing blood on her thumb as she stroked the tense jaw. Clarke stared deeply into her wife’s eyes, silently begging her wife to come back to her.

The pair stood together in silence for what seemed like an eternity as Clarke pumped out soothing, submissive pheromones in hopes of calming the Alpha. Slowly, green bled back into the black eyes. The hard lines of Lexa’s face gradually softened until finally, she collapsed against Clarke. Lexa pulled her into a fierce hug, nuzzling her face into Clarke’s neck, growling softly.

“No one will hurt you while I am here. No one.” Clarke smiled softly. Footsteps jarred the two from their moment together. A man dressed in Big Sky Nation clothes walked towards them, eyeing them carefully. He kept his hands raised away from his body, but the moment Lexa recognized his clothes, she pinned him to a tent pole with her dagger at his throat.

“Give me one reason why I shouldn’t kill you now.” She snarled in his face as Clarke stood next to her, watching the man in curiosity. He was perfectly calm, with his eyes lowered respectfully as he spoke. “Because I can get your men in the city, and I can help you take this city and all the others as well.” Clarke’s eyes widened in shock, and Lexa pulled back a fraction of an inch in shock. Clarke snarled lowly, pushing Lexa aside and moving within an inch of the man’s face. “Why would I ever believe a traitorous coward like you?”

The man glared at her. “Because, Imperator, despite my… dislike for you and your people, I’m not an idiot. Quinn and Lexa are too smart of rulers to lose this war, especially with you and Mira running around and wreaking havoc. There are thousands of us who don’t agree with this war. We are hidden in the cities as citizens, and we will help you take the cities in exchange for safe haven when the war is over.”

Clarke exchanged a look with Lexa; she could tell her mate at least wanted to see what he knew. “I can get you through the catacombs safely. You need our help.” He spoke urgently. Stepping back, Clarke let the Commander deal with the man. “I have to check my warriors and evaluate our losses. I’ll meet you in the meeting room later, Heda.”

Quinn POV

Quinn sat atop her black mare, staring out at the northern wastelands of the Big Sky Nation. Twenty miles to the north of her armies lay the base camp for a large army of the “Republic” as the traitors had come to call themselves. Her army of 20,000 would meet the Republic’s warriors in the abandoned city of Chinook. She knew they were led by the Fire Nation leader, Connor. She was an Omega warrior who was always rushing, which would be her downfall.

“Move out. We sleep in our battle stations. Set up the tents outside the city and put lanterns in them to give the appearance we are sleeping.” Her warriors nodded before they slipped silently across the harsh, frozen land. Quinn set her tent up at the front of the city, placing lanterns on hooks and arranging furs to look like she slept on her cot. She took a pike and placed the Wolf Tribe banner on
Quinn led her mare into the ruins. She chose her post just within the city; it was large enough to hide both her and her horse, and it also blocked the wind just enough to allow her to survive the frigid air while she slept. Within a few minutes, the city fell into complete silence as all her warriors took up positions and bunked down for the night.

The northern reaches of Big Sky Nation were brutal. The wind always howled so loudly warriors couldn’t hear whistles or war horns, and temperatures were so low that the ground never thawed. Even the horses had to have extra blankets to survive. They had to bring wagons of food for the few horses that had made the journey, because there was no forage. Quinn had multiple layers of her thickest furs on, and her face was completely wrapped with furs as well. All her weapons had to remain partially out of their sheathes or they would have expanded and been stuck.

Clucking to her young mare softly, Quinn made the horse lie down for the night. When the horse was comfortable and Quinn was certain she was well covered by her blanket, she laid down with the mare, resting against her stomach. She quickly warmed up from the horse’s added warmth, and fell into a light sleep to the sound of her horse’s deep, slow breaths.
Chapter Summary

I know, I know, I promised an update within a week, and it has definitely been ten days....I'm sorry... But, the good news is that after a few interviews, I got a job, and I get to work in Sierra National Forest this summer, and I have a week's worth of training to do in Glacier National Park this spring!!! Anyways, I'm hoping chapter 24 will be out within the next few days, but no promises. As always, thank you for reading, commenting, and leaving kudos!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter 23

Anya POV

Anya watched as the last of the so-called “Republic” warriors retreated back into their city’s walls. The fields surrounding the city were soaked in blood and littered with bodies. The battle had been fast, brutal, and devastating. Both sides had significant losses. Growling, Anya limped back towards the tents, barking out for her warriors that were uninjured to begin gathering their dead and building pyres. She had taken a lance to the thigh and an arrow to her shoulder in the chaos.

Anya was limping to the healer’s tent when a very worried and upset Raven came running towards her. “Oh gods, Anya you’re hurt!” Raven immediately began fussing over her, running her hands over every inch of Anya’s body, taking note of every scrape and bruise. As she worried, Anya couldn’t help but feel a rush of affection for her mate.

“I’m happy to see you are unharmed.” She sighed happily as they resumed their walk to the healer’s tent, this time with Raven pulling Anya’s uninjured arm over her shoulder so she could take the weight off her hurt thigh. “I was on my way to the woods to look for good timber for the siege catapults. By the time I made it back to the camp, the battle was nearly over. I didn’t have time to get hurt.” Anya smiled, relieved. “I’m glad.”

Anya sat down outside the healer’s tent by the dozens of other injured warriors; she was becoming lightheaded from the blood loss. Her mate pressed in close to her, pressing on her wounds and trying to get her attention. Anya’s head was fuzzy, and she couldn’t focus enough to answer her mate. She watched Raven’s face contort with worry and fear. Anya felt guilty for being unable to soothe her, but her arms didn’t seem to work.

After a few minutes of trying and failing to focus, Anya recognized the healer, Blaise, who was standing in front of her and talking. She couldn’t make out his words, but she understood his meaning well enough when the arrow was shoved through her shoulder before the tip was broken off and it was pulled back through. Crying out in pain, she ground her teeth as clear alcohol was poured over her leg and shoulder before a red-hot brand was placed over both wounds. Anya was shaking and sweating as Blaise began carefully applying a poultice and wrapping her wounds.

“You always do know how to wake me up Blaise.” Anya grunted as she sat up, realizing she had
been moved into the tent at some point. The lanky man chuckled, helping her sit up. “I’d tell you to stay off your feet and heal, but I know that won’t happen. Just do your best to rest as much as possible, and don’t go picking fights. Your mate had to leave to get back to work; Heda isn’t very happy at the moment.” Anya grimaced as she stood, thanking the healer before hobbling out of the healer’s tent. She was making her way to her tent for a nap when a young messenger trotted up to her, informing Anya that she was needed in the war tent.

Groaning, Anya stumped to the war room. She was shocked by the amount of Alpha pheromones Lexa had pumped into the tent; Anya hadn’t made it to the door yet and they were already making her scrunch her nose up in disgust. Shaking her head, Anya pushed through the flap, intending to give her former second a piece of her mind. She froze when she saw an enemy soldier standing next to the Commander, looking over battle plans.

The second thing Anya noticed was the way Lexa’s eyes glowed a bit more brightly, and how her canines extended too far down into her mouth. The effects of her bloodlust were obvious; Anya was treading on dangerous ground with the Commander. Green eyes stared at her intently, daring her to challenge her. Anya averted her eyes, sighing in resignation.

Anya jumped back when Lexa suddenly appeared directly in front of her. She leaned into Anya’s space, sniffing at her curiously. “You’re hurt. Sit down while we talk.” Relaxing, Anya sat down and got comfortable for the long discussion ahead in the hot, smelly war tent.

Quinn POV

The Republic’s army had arrived. They were howling out their war cries into the wind, waking up Quinn and her army. She grinned viciously as her blood began to burn with the excitement of the battle. She rose and positioned herself against the edge of the wall. Listening carefully, Quinn heard the warriors begin tearing down the tents.

“Are you up for a little competition?” A voice startled Quinn. “Damn you Gwen. Don’t scare me like that; I could have killed you.” The wiry Beta leader of the Shadow Tribe laughed. “You wish. You’re like a bull in a china shop, all brute strength and no finesse.” Quinn snorted. “As if. I’ll take you up on that competition. We’ll see who has more finesse.”

Gwen grinned fiercely, swiftly climbing up the wall and crouching on the top. The sun was just rising, and she was able to hide in the shadows and remain unseen. She strung her bow and nocked an arrow, watching the Republic’s army carefully. “Looks like we’re up against pretty close to 20,000 warriors, just like the scouts said. It’s a good thing you decided to send them up here. This could have been a disaster.”

Quinn grunted in agreement as she drew her sword and strapped her shield to her arm. “20,000 warriors don’t just disappear; I knew they had to be somewhere, and this is the perfect place to hide an army. Had we not came north to face them, they could have easily retaken the Big Sky territory and caused us incredible amounts of trouble.”

“Looks like this is the end of our conversation; here they come!” Gwen said cheerily. Quinn grinned at her cheeky friend. She had chosen this army very carefully. The warring tribes earned their names, and they were the perfect army to march with Quinn. They were vicious, deadly, and ruthless, all qualities Quinn valued highly in her warriors. The warriors were battle-hardened and eager to spill more blood, and the Republic warriors had came straight to them.

Quinn grinned like a pup on their birthday when Republic warriors began rushing into the ruins. She swung her sword, sinking it into the neck of one warrior, and slamming her shield into the chest. “There are two!” She called up to Gwen.
“Ha! You’re getting slow! I’m already up to six!” She taunted back, firing another arrow. “Ah, there’s seven!” Quinn growled at the cocky Beta before singling out a group of Republic warriors. She charged straight at the group, catching them by surprise and killing them easily.

She was swept into the heat of battle, guarding her entrance to the ruins, and felling over a dozen warriors within minutes. Gwen guarded her flank, firing on any warrior that managed to sneak around her while she fought. Kiara was also in Quinn’s sight. Her pup was holding her own well, with an older Wolf Tribe warrior close by as well to keep her safe.

Quinn easily parried blows from multiple soldiers, grinning madly as she twisted and slammed her shield up under the jaw of one warrior. She spun quickly, slamming the shield against another warrior’s skull and embedding her blade into the side of the last soldier.

She was met with wave after wave of soldiers. Many ran into the ruins to Quinn’s right, choosing to brave the warriors within rather than face her in combat. The sounds of metal hitting metal echoed off the walls and screams filled the air. The ground beneath her feet was becoming slippery with blood, and it was soaking through her boots as well.

“I’m at 47. How are you faring on this lovely day, Gwen?” Quinn shouted up as she walked forward and out of the pools of blood. “Gah, if you’d stop killing everyone before I had a chance I’d be better! I’m at 39.”

Quinn cut down another warrior and looked up to see a mostly empty field before her. She laughed joyously as she killed another soldier before searching the field for her next target. Connor was looking panicked and afraid as she sat astride her horse far away from the battle. Quinn was about to charge forward and end the cowardly leader when a loud roar from her left made her blood freeze.

Terror seized her when she looked over to see a massive brown bear stalking forward, gaze fixed on Quinn’s pup. The bears were not commonly used in battles. They were mostly used for brutal entertainment in distant territories outside of Quinn’s control, where prisoners and slaves were fed to them in front of crowds. Obviously, Connor was desperate to wreak as much havoc as she could before her inevitable downfall. The massive beast was growling and panting as it lumbered towards Kiara, who was frozen in fear, pinned against the wall of the ruins.

Time seemed to slow as Quinn watched helplessly, trying to find some way to save her daughter. “I can’t make it on time. I can’t save her.” She thought desperately as the bear seemed to move in slow motion towards the paralyzed youth. Quinn looked down desperately, and her gaze fell on her war horn.

She grabbed it quickly and raised it to her lips, sending out a long deep blast. The bear turned its giant head, dark beady eyes searching for the source of the noise. Quinn blared out a war call again, this time roaring as she dropped the horn. She stooped and picked up a large axe, beating it on her shield and roaring at the beast, which was turning to face her. It growled and roared loudly at the challenge.

The bear reared on its hind legs and gave a deafening roar before charging Quinn, running as fast as it could. She crouched and braced herself for death, sending up a silent prayer to the gods to take care of her family. She would do her best to end the beast, but she doubted she would survive the monster’s claws and teeth.

It was on her in an instant, slashing across her chest and ripping through her armor and flesh. Quinn screamed in pain as she rolled, striking blindly and sinking the axe into the beast’s shoulder. It did nothing but irritate it. She grabbed her sword as the bear raked its claws down her back, shredding her skin like paper. Howling in agony, Quinn rose to her feet, just to feel the claws rake across her
face, from the upper left corner down to her right cheek, narrowly avoiding her eye. Blinded by the blood, Quinn lunged forward in a desperate attempt to survive. The gods must have favored her, for when she lunged, the beast opened its mouth to attempt to finish her, and she drove the sword into its skull, killing it.

Quinn was barely able to stand as she wiped at her face shakily, attempting to see. Everything was burning from the razor-sharp claws. Suddenly, steady hands replaced her own, carefully pressing against the wounds. Her vision was cleared, and Gwen stood in front of her, scowling slightly. She looked at the dead bear before saying, “You know, that still only counts as one.” Quinn couldn’t help but laugh at her friend’s ridiculously poor timing. “I still won.” She managed to croak out as her vision began to swim and she began swaying.

“Bao came up from the back of the ruins. He had them all cleared when the bear was set loose. They are giving chase to Connor and her party now. Kiara is fetching the healer.” Quinn nodded, barely listening. She faded from consciousness as Kiara and the healer came into sight, happy that her pup was unharmed.

Chapter End Notes

Yes, I know I watched way too much Lord of the Rings as a kid, and yes I know a bear is utterly unrealistic... but hey it was fun to write!
Chapter 24

Chapter Summary

Thank you all for the comments on the last chapter; they really made this chapter much more fun to write! I am adding a lengthier note at the end of this chapter which is going to explain the future of Borderlands. I hope you enjoy the update!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Chapter 24

Clarke POV

Clarke stood in the bath tent, rubbing her sore shoulders as she waited for her bath water to cool down. They had been laying siege to Rumson for a little over a month now, and resources were growing thin for both sides. The surrounding areas had been sending as much supplies as they could spare to the Coalition armies, and Republic warriors had been sneaking through the catacombs and gathering supplies and fresh water for those within the city.

Over the last month, the tides of the war had changed drastically. The citizens of the Republic had risen up against their leaders, forming militias and secret organizations that worked together with the Coalition and Tribes to bring the Republic down. Kya had raced back to the Big Sky Nation when news of Quinn’s injuries arrived. She was still healing from the serious injuries, but the armies were still marching, and nearly all of the Tribes were back under her control.

Likewise, while Lexa and the Trikru and Azgeda laid siege to the capital of the Republic, the rest of the Coalition was being brought back under her control. The citizens of the traitorous nations had been responsible for the upheaval of most of the leaders. They overthrew the warriors that had taken over their villages, and by the time Coalition or Tribe armies arrived, the Commander’s flag was flying, and the bodies of warriors were stacked outside or hung from the walls. The people who didn’t overthrow their leaders before the armies arrived would cause unparalleled amounts of damage within the walls when the armies attacked. The people’s loyalty and bravery sped the war along until only Rumson and the Panther Warriors’ lands far to the east remained.

The man who had approached Clarke and Lexa on the battlefield a month ago, Niles, had been working with them. They had been causing accident after accident within the walls of the city, setting fires and dismantling machines, but they still hadn’t found a way to breach the walls of the city and bring down Rumson.

Time was running out; they would have to defeat the city within a week, or abandon their cause until a new plan was formed. A messenger had came that morning, delivering the news that the Panther Warriors had all retreated from Tribe lands and were returning to their lands in the east. The only Panther People left were in Rumson. Quinn would have all the Tribes under her control within a few weeks, and then she would march her armies east and finish off the Panther Warriors.

Shaking herself from her thoughts, Clarke tested the water before stripping her clothes and stepping into the water basin. She sighed pleasantly as the warm water soothed her sore body. Between the
numerous skirmishes that took place, and the daily training with either Lexa or the seconds, Clarke was often sore.

She relaxed into the tub, content to sit for a while and relax. She absentmindedly stroked the barely-noticeable bump. While she wasn’t visibly pregnant yet, Clarke still felt the effects of her impending motherhood. She spent most mornings sick, while Lexa held her hair and rubbed her back. Lexa had been doting on Clarke as much as she could, and Clarke loved the care and attention her mate offered her.

She quickly scrubbed herself clean and washed her hair as the bath water began to run cold. She stepped out, drying herself off with a soft cotton cloth before slipping one of Lexa’s favorite shirts over her head and pulling a pair of soft pants on. Clarke quickly brushed through her hair, leaving it loose to dry.

Clarke made her way back to her tent, enjoying the cool air and quiet evening. As she walked past Raven’s work tent, she could hear Raven and Anya bickering inside. Anya hadn’t left Raven alone for the past week, and Raven was irritated from the lack of space. Neither of them had figured out that Anya was refusing to leave Raven’s side because of a particular scent change that had came about roughly a month and a half after her heat. Clarke shook her head and kept walking; for two near-geniuses, they were taking a long time to figure out they would have a pup soon.

Clarke padded into her tent, breathing in the woody scent of her mate, who was stretched out on their bed. She quickly shed her shoes and climbed into bed beside Lexa. The mighty Alpha immediately rolled over, tangling their legs together and resting her head on Clarke’s belly. Clarke ran her fingers through Lexa’s hair and closed her eyes, smiling softly. They spent every night before bed like this; Lexa curled up, talking to their unborn pup, and Clarke just relaxing and playing with Lexa’s luxurious chestnut locks.

Unfortunately, their peaceful evening didn’t last more than five minutes before Raven burst through the tent with Anya following closely. “I did it! I figure out how to bring down the walls!” Raven blurted out excitedly. “It’s an old world technique for bringing down walls during sieges. I don’t know how I didn’t think of it before. It’s called sapping. I need to talk to Niles and get maps of the catacombs.”

Clarke and Lexa stood up. “Raven slow down. What did you find?” Lexa asked the overzealous blacksmith calmly. Raven turned to her, eyes comically wide. “Oh! Right, sorry. We can cave in parts of the wall by caving in tunnels underneath; it’s called sapping. I was reading one of Anya’s old world books, and I came across it.”

Lexa nodded, walking over and rifling through the papers on the table until she revealed the map of the catacombs and drainage tunnels that ran beneath the city. “This is the only map we have. We will need the wall to fall in as many places possible to get the armies into the city.”

Raven began pouring over the map, mumbling to herself and tapping the table with her fingers. “I can drop in wall in… six places. It’s better with explosives, but for that I need people that knows how to use them safely, mainly people from my tribe, as they know both me and my explosives better than any others.”

Lexa nodded. “Clarke, I trust you and Raven can assemble the teams. Anya, get the generals and everyone we need to plan our attack. Raven, how soon can you have enough explosives to bring down the walls?”

Quinn POV
Quinn sighed as she carefully stretched. It was early morning, and her army was packing up to move out and continue on their southern sweep of the Tribes. Since the Chinook battle, there had been very few all-out battles. Still, Quinn had yet to return to the battlefield. Her wounds were quickly turning into tight, red scars, which burned in pain when she moved too much. Her range of motion was steadily increasing, but she knew it would be another month or two before she was able to fight like normal again.

“How are you feeling today?” Kya asked as she entered their tent, carrying two trays of food. Quinn smiled, feeling the familiar warmth that always spread through her chest when she saw her wife. Being with her for 20 years had done nothing to diminish Quinn’s feelings for her.

“I’m feeling good today. Everything is still too tight, but the pain is lessening.” Kya grinned back at her as she set the plates of food on the table. “Good, that’s very good.” Quinn molded herself to her wife’s back, wrapping her arms around her waist and resting her head on Kya’s shoulder. “Hmm, what’s for breakfast?” She asked huskily, leaning in to nip at her mating bite.

“Gross Mom. We’re having deer and berries.” Kiara said as she walked through the tent flaps. Koda was following behind her, carrying his plate carefully. Since the people had revolted against the Republic, Koda had been able to join them, and a great number of warriors with young children and mates were able to go home.

Quinn and Kya had both been overjoyed to have their youngest with them again. He and Kya would continue with Quinn and the army until the Tribes were fully secured, and then Quinn and Kiara would take their army east to eradicate the Panther Warriors, while Kya and Koda returned to Sula. They had decided together that there was no need for both of them to go east and risk their lives, so Kya would ensure that the Tribes remained loyal while Quinn ended the war.

The family sat down and began eating their breakfast. As always, Kiara riled Koda up, Quinn egged them on, and Kya had to intervene. As Quinn and Kiara began clearing plates, a messenger requested entry.

“Emperor, I have word from Heda Lexa and Imperators Clarke and Mira.” Quinn gathered the letters from the messenger, sitting back down as her eyes scanned over the messages. The other three stood silently, waiting for news.

“Everything is fine.” She said, allowing everyone to breathe easier as Quinn continued. “Raven found a way to collapse the walls in certain areas. They should be beginning the siege as we speak. Mira and Raven are leading teams to collapse the walls and then go up through the catacombs and work with the citizens within the city to open the gates, and Clarke and Lexa are leading the armies into the city once the walls fall and the gates open.”

“Well telling me they are marching into the city certainly doesn’t help me relax.” Kya said shortly. “Would you rather I lied and told you they were sitting in tents drinking ale and waiting for me to come rescue them? Our daughters are perfectly capable of leading and fighting, that’s why they were given their positions and sent to war. I wouldn’t have ever let them near a battlefield if I thought they couldn’t handle it, let alone send them with an army!”

Kya sighed deeply. “You cannot expect me to be happy about our children risking their lives.” Quinn felt her irritation rise. “You think I am? It’s a part of life. We have to survive, and to do that we have to fight.” Dark, sad eyes met hers. “I know.” Kya whispered softly.

Quinn’s irritation vanished as she stepped forward and tightly embraced her mate, feeling Kya tuck her nose into the crook of her neck. “They’re going to be fine, love. They were trained by the best.” Kya nodded softly as Kiara and Koda gathered round, not about to miss out on a group hug. Quinn
chuckled as she wrapped her arms around her two youngest pups as well.

Clarke POV

Clarke stared at the tall, foreboding wall before her. It had been a week since Raven had discovered the method to collapse the walls, and now that plan was being put into action. Clarke sat on her grey stallion in front of the walls. She was leading the Wolf Tribe and Rolling Thunder armies, with her two generals leading two of the three waves of warriors. Lexa, Indra, and Anya were leading the Trikru armies, and Ontari, her mate Roan, and another general by the name of Echo were leading the Azgeda forces.

Warriors lined the walls, shouting insults and profanity at their attackers, while the Coalition armies howled out war chants and beat weapons against their shields. Suddenly, the earth began to rumble and shake, and screams echoed through the city. The walls trembled and came undone as the ground collapsed beneath them.

Clarke raised her sword over her head as the wall before her tumbled down. “To victory!!” She roared, as she led the charge into the city. They rode through the gaping holes in the wall, leaping over the rubble, trying to see through the dust-filled air. Arrows whizzed in both directions as the fighting began.

Finally, Clarke rode through the dust. Hundreds of soldiers lined the city streets, tensed and waiting for Clarke and her warriors. She didn’t pause as she charged into the warriors, trampling more than she stabbed. She and her warriors charged through the streets of the city, crushing as many soldiers as they could, until the horses became too tired. Clarke dismounted, sending her stallion back through the open wall, as her warriors did the same. She grinned viciously as she heard the Republic warriors shout in victory, thinking the horses meant they had retreated.

They quickly realized their mistake when Clarke and her army came running across rooftops and through the streets, coated in the blood of their enemies. Clarke dropped in front of two warriors, dropping and kicking one’s feet out from under him, and slamming her sword through his chest. She rose quickly, stabbing at the chest of the second warrior. Her blade caught in his metal armor and she dragged him forward, bring her second sword down and severing his arm before pulling back and stabbing him through the neck.

As she looked forward, Mira and her teams emerged from the catacombs, covered in gore from the warriors that had tried to escape through them. She held a two handed spear, which she twirled menacingly as a Republic soldier charged her. As the woman ran towards her, she easily sidestepped and slashed the blade across her chest, and using it to flip the soldier onto her back. Mira quickly brought the blade down on the woman’s neck, easily slashing through her throat.

Another warrior rushed at Clarke. Her stab was parried, and Clarke spun, slamming her elbow into the warrior’s nose, and continuing her spin as she buried her blade in the woman’s skull. Clarke narrowly avoided an arrow as she jogged to Mira. She turned to the archer, just to see the soldier fall dead, another arrow protruding from their neck.

“Did everyone make it away from the blasts on time?” She asked Mira breathlessly. Her sister nodded as the two were caught up in another wave of fighting. Clarke slashed and parried as her sister twirled and stabbed through the soldiers. “Everyone made it through the blasts, but we did lose a few in the tunnels fighting. There were secret entrances Niles didn’t know about, and the warriors got behind us.

A soldier suddenly sprang from a doorway, crashing into Clarke. She fell hard on her back, using her legs to launch the man up into the air. Mira stabbed him in the shoulder, whirling back and mortally
wounding the man with a deep slash across his stomach that left his innards spilling onto the street. Clarke stood back up, grabbing her swords from where they fell, and continuing on the path to the center of the city.

When they arrived in the city square, both Clarke and Mira froze. It was pure chaos; Azgeda, Trikru, Wolf Tribe, Rolling Thunder, and Republic warriors were all crammed into the space. The square was painted red. The Republic warriors were trying to gather in the center of the square, but Coalition warriors were pouring in from all sides, making it impossible.

Clarke spotted Raven on one of the roofs, firing flaming arrows down into the sea of warriors, while Anya stood directly below her, guarding her position dutifully. Indra and Octavia were whirling around one another; the deadly duo were in their glory on the battlefield. Finally, Clarke saw Lexa. She looked like a goddess of war as she towered over her enemies, swords red with blood, and face speckled with gore. She had a snarl on her face as she downed warrior after warrior. Roughly a dozen Trikru warriors stayed close to her, and they all moved systematically through the square, ensuring their enemies had no opportunity to organize.

Clarke continued searching the battlefield. She knew there had to be a leader for the Republic, otherwise the warriors would have laid down their weapons in surrender already. At last, she spotted him. He was a tall, proud Delphi warrior, with a brilliant green sash over his shoulder. “Mira, there!” She shouted to her sister. Mira looked and nodded. The two ran forward, side-by-side.

The man stood in the center of the square, making it difficult to reach him. He had also assembled a makeshift guard as he attempted to rally his people. Octavia and Indra joined Mira and Clarke, along with another ten Azgeda warriors. “We have to reach him!” Clarke shouted as she narrowly dodged a pike. Octavia stabbed a warrior before nodded and signaling to Indra.

The group began purposely moving towards the leader, cutting down every warrior blocking their path. Soon, the other Coalition warriors realized their mission, and began working to keep enemy warriors occupied. Suddenly, Clarke saw a small opening. She felt time slow to a crawl as she bolted forward. Everything were moving in slow-motion as she raced for the man in green. It felt like she was running for an hour as she said a prayer to every god she could think of to keep her alive. Miraculously, she made it.

Clarke slammed into the man, knocking both of them off balance. They righted themselves quickly, and with all of his guard busy with other warriors, there was no one to interfere. The man drew two narrow blades, eyeing Clarke carefully. She watched him, noting his impeccable footwork and confident steps. He was obviously very well trained, but not arrogant.

Suddenly, he lunged. Clark sidestepped, slashing at his back, and drawing the first blood. He spun around, launching a flurry of blows, which Clarke parried. They fought back and forth, each leaving a series of small wounds on the other, but neither gaining an upper hand. Clarke felt her arms begin to shake as her exhaustion began to wear on her. Desperate to end the battle, Clarke dropped to her knees, and stabbing her sword upwards between the man’s legs. He had barely managed to cut into her shoulder before dropping his weapons and screaming in agony. The fighting around them ground to a halt as the man collapsed onto his knees and Clarke rose up, grabbing him by his hair and mercilessly shoving her blade through his heart.

The Republic warriors looked shell-shocked as they began dropping their weapons one-by-one. Many sunk to their knees at the sight of their fallen leader, and others hung their head, defeated. Clarke stumbled backwards as Lexa rushed forward, wrapping her arms around Clarke. Clarke raised her sword above her head, releasing a vicious cry of victory. As the Coalition warriors responded in kind, filling the city with a cacophony of victorious shouting, Clarke tipped her head
back, reveling in the softness of Lexa’s lips.

“It’s finally over.” She whispered softly. “Sha, it is.” Lexa whispered back, a soft smile on her lips.

Chapter End Notes

As you might have noticed, we only have 3 chapters left in Borderlands. The next chapter will cover what happens to the Panther People, then there will be a coming home/rebuild chapter, and finally a little epilogue of the games.

That isn't the end of Borderlands, however!! As I have said in a few comments, I will be starting another fic, which will be a series of oneshots, very similar in style to "Her Alphas, Her Mates." I will be automatically writing a few oneshots, such as the birth(s) of Clarke and Lexa's pup(s), Octavia and Indra actually having a marriage ceremony, Raven and Anya and their kids, etc.

BUT I would also love it if you would send me prompts of what you want to be written from the Borderlands universe. You can drop comments on Borderlands, the oneshot fic when I get that posted, or shoot me an email at trikruwarrior2050@gmail.com! They can be whatever you can think of; there is very little I won't write about! From our characters as kids, to smut, fluff, scenes I glossed over in Borderlands, to just a piece of fanart that you want a story to go with (that's actually how I started this fic).

I hope to hear from you guys with prompts! I'll be writing the oneshots as weekly updates as long as I am inspired and people are still reading them, or as long as I still get prompts! Thank you all for reading!
Chapter 25

Chapter Summary

TRIGGER WARNING PLEASE READ: This chapter does contain rape and suicide. While neither are too terribly detailed, I will add this warning. Enjoy the chapter!

Chapter 25

Quinn POV

Three weeks ago, Quinn had said goodbye to Kya and Koda at the edge of Tribe lands. It was a three-week journey at the shortest for her army to reach the city of the Panther Warriors. They did not attempt to disguise their arrival or intent, as the Panther Warriors were badly outnumbered, and lined up outside their city ready to fight anyways.

Quinn sighed, trying to get rid of the bad taste in her mouth. She loved a fight, loved the feeling of coming out on top and crushing her enemies, but this was no fight. The Panther Warriors were already beat. They were all too injured, too young, or too old to pose any real threat to Quinn and her people’s safety, but their ideals and way of life were still far too threatening to let live.

So, Quinn and her army stood before the ramshackle city, nauseous from the acts of horror that they were about to impose on its citizens. The once mighty and just Panther People had been reduced to nearly nothing by the greed and sinful ways of their leaders.

Drawing her sword, Quinn wordlessly kicked her horse into a canter, the rest of her company following suit. The battle was neither bloody nor glorious. There were no victory cries as boys as young as twelve and men old and wrinkled were cut down. Quinn and her warriors easily took the city, killing every warrior within.

Ragnor had sent the only men left in the city to defend it, while he and the escaped warriors from the wars in Tribe and Coalition lands barricaded themselves in his mansion. It was a grand building, obviously meant to show the king’s strength and power, but the hundreds of rundown huts that surrounded it caused the building to lose its luster.

It took very little effort for Quinn’s warriors to bust through the doors and enter the mansion. It took everything in her power to stop herself from retching when she entered. It reeked of piss, blood, and the unmistakable smell of multiple Omegas in distress. Ragnor’s warriors had apparently decided to enjoy their last few hours on this earth, as each and every one of them was buried in a young, sobbing girl.

Quinn snarled fiercely, grabbing the man nearest her and pulling him away from a girl that couldn’t have been more than fourteen. She stabbed him through the gut, careful to bury her sword where it would take the man hours to bleed out and die. Her warriors followed suit, making sure to give the last of the Panther Warriors the most painful deaths possible.

It took longer to clear the mansion, as Quinn’s army was careful to not cause more needless harm to the young girls. Finally, they reached the king’s room. The door was open, and inside, Ragnor hung from the ceiling, having chosen to end his own life, rather than die a long and painful death at the
hands of Quinn.

She walked down the stairs slowly, bile rising in her throat. When she reached the main room, all the girls had gathered in the center and gotten dressed the best they could. They all shuffled nervously, keeping their eyes on the floor and whining softly. Their arms were curled around their stomachs in pain, and tears stained their cheeks.

“You are safe. I am sure you have families within the city that will be glad to have you back. You are free to go to them.” Quinn spoke as gently as she could to the girls, suddenly very glad for having learned the language of the Panther People. The youngsters wasted no time in running out the door and through the streets, back to their homes.

“What do we do with them, Mom?” Kiara asked softly. It was obvious the young warrior was badly shaken by what she had witnessed in the city. She had never witnessed such blatant abuse to a Beta or Omega like that before, having come from a strongly matriarchal family.

Quinn sighed, deeply troubled by their situation. It was obvious the women were treated as nothing more than slaves. The captains of her units came in then, reporting that all the warriors had been killed, but the women had been left untouched. Even the oldest of them bore no mating bites. There were numerous children, most of whom were so young they could barely walk.

The school for training boys had been discovered, but the captain refused to describe what she had found within. The warrior just shook her head, swallowing hard as tears made their way down her cheeks. The boys had all been reunited with their mothers already; they were overjoyed to see their families again.

Quinn left the disgusting building, walking down the rows of small huts. She watched as Omegas no older than Clarke hugged their four year old sons, crying in joy at seeing them again. Older women held their teenage daughters tightly for the first time in years, stroking their hair softly and whispering comfortingly to them.

Unable to take anymore, Quinn ducked behind a trading stall, falling to her knees retching violently. She slowly stood up, shaking. She was handed a wet rag from behind. She mumbled a thank you, assuming it was one of her warriors as she wiped her face down.

“You are welcome, Emperor of the Tribes,” a gentle female with a strong accent replied. Quinn looked up in surprise, her eyes meeting soft grey ones. The woman was very old, her skin wrinkled and creased, and her hair was a variety of different greys. She smiled kindly at Quinn.

“My name is Greya. I was born at the fall of our people. My mother taught me your people’s language in the hopes she and my sire could smuggle me out of our lands and into yours. Unfortunately, they were caught when I was nine. They were killed, and my… punishment left me unable to bear young. As such, I have acted as a healer for my people since then.” The woman paused, looking down at the ground sadly.

“We have suffered much in the past years at the hands of these animals. I want to thank you for saving us from them.” Quinn sighed, knowing what the woman was silently asking. “I cannot leave you here to rebuild. I would be dethroned and killed before I reached my own lands.” Greya swallowed hard, nodding in resignation.

“I won’t have you and your people killed if I can help it. I can see that you have no loyalty to the Panther Warriors. It is my intention to offer your people the opportunity to join the Tribes. You will be separated by family and taken to the villages of my people with a warrior from here that will protect you and explain what happened. Your people will integrate fully into their village, becoming
a part of the Tribe. They will speak their new people’s language, dress in their new people’s clothes, and act according to their new people’s laws. I will not allow them to be abused in any way, but they cannot remain Panther People.” Quinn said with an air of authority.

She made the decision rather suddenly, but as she thought about it, Quinn knew it was the right thing to do. Her people wouldn’t stand for the Panther Warriors to rise again, but they also would never ask their warriors to kill innocents. She was confident the warriors who had witnessed the atrocities that had been done to these women and children would keep them safe and give them a chance for a new life.

Greya smiled brilliantly, and tears fell down her cheeks. “Thank you. I couldn’t ask for anything more. Thank you for your kindness and mercy.” Quinn nodded and smiled softly before excusing herself to speak with her warriors.

As she expected, her warriors were very happy with her solution. She spent the next hour with her captains, trying to work out the logistics of getting the 15,000 women and children separated by family and moved to their new homes. Once they had decided which villages and warriors would be escorting the families, Quinn asked Greya to help her count the families and decide which ones would be going where.

It took them the rest of the day to get everything organized and arranged. Quinn sent a messenger back to start the chain of events necessary to get the villages ready for their arrival. There were roughly 2000 families in the city, most spanning over 3 to 4 generations of women who didn’t want to be separated from their mothers, daughters, and sisters again. All the men of the city had fought and died, with only boys aging from newborn to eight years old being left alive.

The next morning, thousands of Quinn’s soldiers went out to hunt in order to feed the extra mouths over the next month. They would spend the next week gathering supplies and getting the families ready to travel.

As Quinn spent more time with the Panther women, she found herself both immensely thankful for her wife, and missing her terribly. While Kya wouldn’t feel the effect of mate sickness until they were apart for nearly two months, courtesy of them being mated for over 20 years, Quinn still worried about her mate and wanted to be back in her village with her.

Thankfully, the week went by quickly with all the work that had to be done, and it wasn’t long before Quinn and her warriors were helping the women into their saddles before leaping up behind them and starting their ride home. Greya rode with Quinn, and a young Omega girl and her infant pup rode with Kiara. Quinn’s daughter had turned into a stammering fool around the pretty, shy girl. Five other warriors from Sula rode with the girl’s mother, two sisters, and their children.

The three-week ride was spent teaching the women and children all about their new homes, including beginning to teach them to speak their new language. Some caught on quicker than others, but they were all earnestly trying. The warriors were all eager to help, as well as learn about their new friends. Nearly all the women were excellent cooks, healers, seamstresses, and oddly enough, card players. More than a few of her warriors had lost a fair amount of money and furs to the women, who just giggled and collected their prizes shamelessly.

When they finally reached the Tribe lands, the warrior groups began to split off. Quinn and Greya had worked tirelessly to ensure that the families that were close friends or cousins would only be a village or two away from one another so they could visit after they were settled in.

As she grew closer to home, Quinn was finally able to relax. After another three days of riding through Tribe lands, Sula came into view. When they approached the gates, shouts came from
within, and the group was immediately granted entrance. Kya, Mira, and Koda all stood at the front of the crowd with the other families whose relatives had went with Quinn to end the Panther people.

Quinn dismounted and helped Greya down before tightly embracing her family. She knew things wouldn’t be easy or relaxed until all the villages accepted their newest members; there was still much work to be done, and a lot of rebuilding to do. However, she and her family had made it safely through another war, and she knew tomorrow would be better. With a smile on her face, Quinn introduced the shy women and children to their new home, showing them their house, and stepping back as Kiara and the other villagers helped them settle in and get accustomed to Sula.
Here is a brief summary of the last chapter for those who elected to skip it :) Quinn and the army defeated the Panther Warriors once and for all, sparing no one. It was a very solemn affair, but they were able to save all the women and most of the children, who went back home with them to join the Tribes as free people with the same rights as the Tribe citizens. A family went to Sula with Quinn and Kiara, and Kiara already has a soft spot for one of the Omegas with an infant, who seems to share her affections. The chapter closes with the reunion of Quinn and her family, and the refugee family being welcomed into their new home.

Lexa POV

Lexa breathed in the warm Polis air, overjoyed to be home. The clans were back under her control, and the traitorous leaders had all been dealt with by her armies. Her mate was riding beside her, safe and happy, and Lexa was certain nothing could ruin her day.

Lexa and the warriors of Polis trotted into the city, heads held high with pride as they returned to their families. Lexa allowed a small smile to creep onto her face as cries of joy rose through the air when warriors were reunited with their loved ones. She and Clarke wove through the crowd until they finally reached the tower. Dismounting, Lexa helped Clarke down and wound their fingers together as they walked to the elevator.

“I’m happy to be home.” Clarke sighed happily as she leaned against the back of the elevator. “So am I.” Lexa agreed, “We finally have private quarters with stone walls instead of fabric.” Lexa grinned suggestively as she leaned in to steal a few kisses. As always, their contact quickly became heated, and by the time Titus greeted them at the entrance to the elevator, Lexa had her tongue down Clarke’s throat and her hand up her shirt.

“Heda, if you wouldn’t mind, there is much I would like to discuss with you.” He sent a pointed glare at Clarke, making Lexa’s temper rise. “Alone.” Lexa growled low. “I don’t believe it is for you to decide who I allow in my meetings. The Imperator is more than welcome to join me in my debriefing.” She snarled out before storming into the throne room. Clarke followed behind her more slowly, smiling sweetly at Titus as she passed.

Lexa dragged Clarke’s chair back onto the dais next to her throne. It was a cushioned oak chair, comfortable and fit for a queen. During their absence, it had been moved into the corner of the room, much to Lexa’s chagrin. With a huff, she lounged on her throne, watching Clarke gracefully settle in her chair.

Titus stood stiffly in front of them, his jaw clenched tightly. “Heda, beja, be reasonable.” Lexa lifted her chin, staring down her advisor with ever-growing contempt. Titus sighed. “Heda you cannot give Clarke so much power over you. She has proven time and again that her loyalty is with her Tribe. She will get you killed. She stood with her people in this war, and she will continue to put them before you. I implore you to see reason!”
Before Lexa could respond, Clarke spoke up. “It’s a shame you haven’t learned about anything but black-blooded Alpha’s in your lifetime, fleimkepa. It would have saved you a great deal of stress.” Titus growled at the blonde, making Lexa snarl louder at him.

“I can’t betray your Heda, Titus. Do you know why?” Clarke spat out, not waiting for a response before continuing. “You claim my loyalty is to my Tribe, and that I would let Lexa die to protect them, yet the only thing truly left tying me to the Tribe is my family. If you had any understanding of an Omega’s wolf, you would know that I would sooner let my family perish than allow anything to happen to Lexa. My wolf has already accepted the death of my parents and sibling; it will not mourn their loss. However, should Lexa die, I will never take another breath that is not laced with the pain of my wolf’s loss. My humanity will mourn the loss of my family, but the beast that rules me will never allow them to come before my mate.”

Titus swallowed thickly. “You followed orders from Quinn and left Lexa for war. Your loyalty is with your Tribe.” Clarke laughed humorlessly. “You honestly believe that because I followed orders I am going to get Lexa killed? Of course I fought! Had I left the ports intact in order to stay with Lexa and march on Delphi, there would have been an entire fleet in the river at Rumson.”

Clarke snarled, her anger obvious. “Besides, to not follow orders would have resulted in hundreds, if not thousands, or more deaths, one of which would have been mine! As Imperator I am still subject to Quinn’s rule, and failure to follow orders is punishable by death. The moment Quinn ceases to make decisions that are for the good of the Coalition and Tribes, I will resign as Imperator, but until then I will follow orders and do everything I can to keep all of my people safe, including the Coalition and Lexa.”

Titus continued to glare harshly at Clarke. Lexa recognized the look on his face; he was trying to find some weakness, some way to prove that he was not wrong. Lexa knew he would find nothing, because Clarke had spoken nothing but the truth. Her only reason for remaining an Imperator was because it gave her considerable leverage in the Tribes, but once that threatened her life or Lexa’s, she would walk away without a second glance.

Lexa watched as the cogs in Titus’s brain turned, until finally, after many long months of fighting, he relented. Bowing his head slightly, he spoke. “I do not often admit that I am wrong, for I rarely am. I would not survive long if I made many errors, but it would seem that I have made one in judging you. Your heart is true, Clarke kom Wolf Tribe, and I hope that we can work past our differences in the future.”

Lexa turned to her wife, curious to see her reaction. The blonde rose and walked down the dais until she stood in front of Lexa’s advisor. She smiled at Titus, extending her arm. “To a better tomorrow.” She said as he grasped her forearm. Titus nodded, giving Clarke an uncertain smile in response.

Clarke looked back and nodded to Lexa before walking out of the throne room. “Mochof, ticha. I know how difficult that was for you, but I am very happy you have began to trust Clarke more.” Titus nodded. “I do not trust her completely yet, but for you I will try, little Lexa.”

The Alpha couldn’t help but smile softly at the nickname from her childhood. If she were being honest, the last few months had been very hard on her because of all the fighting between her and Titus. Despite their differences, he was still the closest thing she had ever had to a parent, and she still cared about him very much.

“How did things fare in Polis while I was away?” She asked, stepping off her throne to sit on the steps with Titus. “Very well, actually. The Southern Tribe traders kept the city well stocked, and Aden has become an excellent negotiator. He and the other Natblida have been taking on more responsibilities, and they are excelling.”
Lexa and Titus spent the next hour talking about the Natblida, Polis, and the war. After Titus retired for the evening, Lexa went to the Natblida’s quarters and spent a few hours with them talking about what had happened while she was away, and telling them about the battles she was in. It was late by the time she tucked the last pup into bed.

When she finally reached her quarters, Lexa found Clarke curled up in an armchair sound asleep. Smiling, she changed into her nightclothes before scooping Clarke up and gently setting her in bed. She slid into bed, resting her head below Clarke’s breastbone and cupping her growing belly gently. Finger began lazily weaving their way through her hair, and Lexa began purring softly. She was sound asleep within moment.

Anya POV

Anya had never been this happy to be in Polis. She normally preferred to be out in the woods hunting or walking, but today she was relieved to be back in the city where there were enough smells to mask the irritation and frustration of her mate’s scent. They had been fighting nonstop for the last three weeks, and she just wanted things to go back to normal.

Anya couldn’t explain why, but all of her instincts were screaming to protect Raven and stay by her side. Unfortunately, her mate was far more irritable and moody lately. She was sensitive and sore, and wanted nothing to do to Anya, which just made her instincts to protect and provide stronger.

“Congratulations General; it looks like you and your mate are going to have a busy year,” said Arryn, the Floukru weapons master. She wiggled her eyebrows at Anya before patting her shoulder and walking away. Confused, Anya looked at Raven who had an equally surprised look on her face.

“What do you think she meant?” Raven asked. “I’m not sure.” Anya murmured. Anya couldn’t resist the urge to wrap her arms around Raven and pull her against her chest, but Raven squirmed, pushing her away. She rolled her eyes and walked away, looking at the trading stalls and leaving Anya to follow after her. Gritting her teeth, Anya went to follow when Roan spoke up.

“Don’t worry, in a month you’ll wish she would leave you alone.” Anya looked at him in bewilderment. “What are you talking about?” She snapped. Roan just laughed. “Ontari was the same was when she was pregnant with Liam.”

Anya froze in realization. Her protectiveness, Raven’s moodiness, they were both from her being pregnant. The scent change that Anya didn’t understand had happened a month and a half after Raven’s heat. She took off in a sprint after her mate.

“Anya what the hell is wrong wi-“ Raven began to snap when Anya cut her off by grabbing her and spinning her in the air, kissing the Omega fiercely. She set her down and proceeded to drag the confused woman back to their rooms in the tower.

When they finally reached their quarters, Anya turned to face her bemused mate. “Will you please tell me what is going on?” She snapped irritably. “Think about it, ai hodnes. I haven’t left you alone since a month and a half after your heat. You are always irritable, and for the last week you’ve been sick in the mornings.” Raven’s faced morphed from one of confusion to shock as she realized what Anya was talking about.

“I’m pregnant.” She whispered, looking at Anya. Grinning excitedly, she nodded, leaning down to kiss her mate all over. Laughing, Raven kissed her back happily. “We’re going to have a baby, An!” Anya laughed with her mate. “Sha, we’re going to have a baby.”

Anya buried her face in Raven’s neck, lifting her up and carrying her to the bed. She set Raven
down gently on her back so she could press little kisses all over her belly. She kissed her way up Raven’s body, where she met her mate in a smoldering kiss. “Thank you for this gift.” She whispered softly to Raven, who gently wiped Anya’s eyes. She hadn’t realized she was crying, but seeing Raven’s equally wet cheeks, she couldn’t be bothered to care.

The two celebrated until late into the night, when they finally collapsed, with Raven tucked comfortably into Anya’s chest.

Clarke POV

There was much that still needed to be done. Cities would be rebuilt, leaders would be replaced, and rebels would need to be stopped from destroying peace, but as Clarke lay in bed with Lexa, she smiled, knowing tomorrow they would begin to rebuild.

The Coalition would grow stronger; she and Lexa would travel through the clans and ensure the people had adequate food and shelter in the wake of the war, the fallen warriors would be honored, and once everything settled, their children would grow up in a world of peace.

Clarke drifted to sleep, visions of her children chasing Lexa through the streets of Polis, with no messengers to interrupt them, no pressing matters to wipe the huge grin off her wife’s face, dancing behind her eyelids. She fell asleep knowing she had finally found peace and a home in her wife.

The End.
Epilogue

Chapter Summary

And here is the epilogue, featuring fluffy adorable Clexa, badass Lexa, smut, and Raven and Anya being cute! This is a wrap for Borderlands, so I just want to thank all of you so much for reading this story and leaving feedback. I really appreciate everyone’s comments, kudos, and support for this story. I hope you all enjoyed reading the story as much as I have writing it, and I hope you will read the (still unnamed) sequel of one-shots and send me prompts! Thanks everyone, have a great day!

Epilogue

Clarke POV

The streets of Ento, the capital of the Horse Nation, were filled with people. It had been five months since the war had ended, and the Clans and Tribes were finally rebuilt and peace was fully restored. The games had been pushed back two months so that cities could be rebuilt and food stores replenished. The next three weeks would be dedicated to the games hosted in Ento, and Clarke had never been so excited.

She and Lexa had gotten into a fight before the games because of a lack of communication. Clarke’s heightened hormones hadn’t helped the situation, but thankfully Quinn explained what Clarke hadn’t.

Three Months Earlier in Ento Lexa POV

Clarke and Lexa finally emerged from an all-day meeting with the Tribe Leaders about the games. There had been a raging debate about when the games should be held. Finally, after hours of shouting and threats, everyone agreed to push the games back two months.

“I always thought meetings couldn’t get any worse than my meetings with the ambassadors.” Lexa groaned. Clarke laughed. “Well at least you have an extra two months to train now!” Lexa’s brows knit together in confusion. “Why would I need to train? I am Heda. My prowess is beyond question.” Clarke narrowed her eyes. “You won’t train? This is a very important competition; it would mean a lot to me if you would train.” Lexa sighed, irritated with her wife’s lack of faith. “Clarke I have no reason to train any more than I am.” Clarke tensed up, tears forming in her eyes before she snapped back. “Fine then. I guess I’m not worth any sort of extra effort to you after all.”

Clarke stormed off, slamming the door as she left. Lexa stood in her wake, bewildered by the sudden hostility. Quinn chuckled behind her. “In our culture, it is a great honor to be a contestant in the games and earn the chance to prove your strength and worthiness to potential mates.”

She paused for a moment, grinning wryly before continuing. “It is also a chance to show off to your mate, and believe me when I say the extra training is well worth the reward. Any contestant will train exceptionally hard to show their mates that they still care enough to attempt to woo and impress them. I have not been defeated in twenty years, but I still spend six months training nearly all day for the games.”
Lexa nodded slowly, beginning to understand why Clarke was hurt. “So Clarke thinks I don’t care enough to woo her because I said I didn’t want to do extra training?” Quinn nodded. “How was I supposed to know about that? It’s not as if anyone told me I was supposed to train extra hard to impress her.”

Quinn laughed, shaking her head. “Sometimes you are a foolish young pup, Lexa. Clarke is an Omega, and a pregnant Omega at that. She will be angry at you for doing things you haven’t done, not knowing things you had no way of knowing, and saying things you never said. You are just going to need to adjust. Also, training with her and letting her get a few good hits in always helps.”

Present

Clarke had been exceptionally irritated when Lexa told her what Quinn had said about Omegas, even though she knew it was true. She had made Lexa sleep on the couch for a week in the early days of their relationship because she had thought she was flirting with a warrior who ended up being Lexa’s cousin. Thankfully, Lexa was every bit as patient and forgiving as Clarke was stubborn and hotheaded.

Clarke rested a hand on her belly as she stretched out in the lounge chair beneath the awning of the house she was staying in for the games. Clarke and Lexa were staying with Anya, Raven, Indra, and Octavia for the three weeks. She often had the house to herself as the pregnancy seemed to drain her of all her energy, and everyone else spent their days running about and exploring the city.

Anya and Lexa had been training together almost constantly since they had arrived. Over the past three months, Clarke’s mate had become significantly more muscular. Lexa was naturally lean, and she had always been toned and powerful, but the constant training, as well as her getting older and outgrowing her puppy fat, had changed her body into rippling muscles and sharp edges.

Clarke had thoroughly enjoyed the changes to her mate’s body, even if it did leave her self-conscious as she continued to grow larger and larger. Lexa, always kind and thoughtful, had reassured her time and again that there was nothing wrong with her body, and that she was absolutely stunning pregnant. If Lexa’s actions in their private quarters were anything to judge by, she wasn’t lying when she reassured Clarke.

Clarke sipped her glass of water and closed her eyes, enjoying the cool shade. Her pup kicked against her ribs, making her grimace. The little one was increasingly active, rolling and kicking around. He was especially active when Clarke would talk to him or sing to him. Lexa loved feeling him kick against her hand, and Clarke loved watching her mate’s face light up with joy whenever their little one thumped against Lexa’s palm.

Clarke would never forget the first time Lexa had felt the pup kick; the mighty Alpha had dropped to her knees, purring intensely. She had cried as the little one kicked against her hand again, kissing Clarke’s belly over and over.

Now, the pup delivered more than a few painful kicks to Clarke’s ribs and kidneys, and she didn’t find it so cute anymore. With only about two months left before the pup would be born, Clarke was increasingly grumpy, tired, and sore. She had done enough waiting, and just wanted her pup to be born so she could hold him.

“How are you feeling love?” Lexa asked softly as she walked under the awning. “Mmh, I’m okay. Are you all set for the opening ceremony tonight?” Lexa pressed a few soft kisses to Clarke’s lips. “Sha, I am ready to defeat your Nontu and claim the title of champion as my own.” Clarke laughed at her mate’s playful attitude while Lexa grinned happily.
“Well, let’s get ready then. Help me up?” Lexa easily lifted Clarke up, playfully spinning her around before setting her down. “Are you going to wear that black dress that looks so good on you?” Lexa asked as they made their way into their room. “No, I think I want to wear the blue dress tonight.” Lexa growled low. “The one with the slit up the thigh?” Clarke rolled her eyes. “Lexa, I’m eight months pregnant and it’s hot. Yes, I am wearing the dress with the most air flow.”

“If anyone looks at you even a little bit I am cutting their eyes out.” Lexa grumbled out. “Fine, but I get to do the same thing when all the Omegas and Betas stare at you.” Clarke laughed as she shrugged out of her cotton dress. The two continued to joke with one another as they got ready for the opening ceremony.

As Clarke wasn’t competing, she would be performing the opening ceremony by lighting the torch of the games. It was a tradition that stemmed from the Old World games, and to be the one to light the torch was a great honor. The pair made their way to the arena where the opening ceremony would take place. People were already cramming into their seats when Clarke and Lexa arrived.

As warriors began taking their places, Lexa and Clarke were swept away from one another. Clarke spent nearly an hour having her ceremonial war paint and braids done and redone, while she was instructed on what to say and do. Finally, a war horn blasted, followed by 20 others. One horn was blasted for each Tribe, and one for the Coalition, since the Clans would not enter individually until the next year.

Clarke held a small torch in her hand, the flame flickering gently as she stood at the back of a wall of warriors. As she approached, they moved in synchronization, splitting apart to leave a clear path to a raised dais where a large torch sat unlit. Clarke’s heart hammered loudly in her ears from nerves as she slowly walked between the rows of warriors.

Drums beat in time with her steps, thrumming deeply. The walk seemed to take ages before Clarke stood on the dais and turned, causing the entire arena to fall into silence. She was petrified as she looked out at the thousands of faces. She could hear herself confidently speaking the words to open the games. She faintly heard the roar of the crowd when she finished, and she saw her arm rising up to light the torch, proclaiming that the games had officially begun.

Strong arms guiding her off the platform finally shook Clarke out of her daze. She looked down, realizing it was Lexa who was holding her. The Alpha smiled brilliantly at her. “You did wonderful, Clarke!” She smiled shyly, weaving her fingers between Lexa’s and joining their hands. “I was so scared, I couldn’t think.” She admitted.

Lexa grinned, tugging her back towards their house before the celebrations began. “Well no one could tell. You seemed confident and poised.” Lexa leaned in so her lips were close to Clarke’s ear. “I’d like to make you a little less poised and proper once we get back to our rooms.” She husked softly. Clarke felt a bolt of arousal shoot straight to her core. She smiled seductively at Lexa. “I’ll accept that challenge, Heda.”

Clarke squealed when the Commander scooped her up bridal style, laughing as she jogged towards their house. “Don’t you dare drop me Lex!” The green-eyed beauty laughed, kicking the door to their house open and sauntering to their bedroom. She set Clarke down gently on the bed, pressing into her for a heated kiss.

Clarke wrapped her arms around Lexa’s neck, growling playfully as she nipped at her jaw. Lexa’s eyes lit up and she growled back, placing light bites on Clarke’s collarbones. “Naughty Omega.” She grumbled with a twinkle in her eye. Clarke tossed her head back defiantly, scratching lightly at the back of Lexa’s neck. “What are you going to do about it, pup?”
The Alpha snarled, pushing Clarke back. She bared her teeth at Lexa, who paused, giving Clarke plenty of time to let her know if she was still playing or wanted to stop. “I’m fine Lex, more than fine actually.” Clarke said the last part suggestively, running her hand up her mate’s thigh and palming her impressive bulge.

The Alpha grinned, kissing Clarke softly before pulling back to growl fiercely. Clarke growled back, pushing Lexa, who grabbed her hands and pinned them over Clarke’s head. The Commander proceeded to kiss and bite her neck while Clarke squirmed in pleasure, bucking up against Lexa’s body.

“Give in little Omega, and I’ll let you go.” Clarke tugged her hands, leaning down to gently nibble the shell of Lexa’s ear. “Never! I won’t give in to you!” Lexa pulled back, nodding solemnly, and clenching her jaw. “You leave me no choice then.”

Green eyes locked with blue, and a devilish smirk was Clarke’s only warning before Lexa’s nimble fingers began dancing up her sides. “No!! Lexa stop it, you’re going to make me pee!” Clarke squealed and squirmed while her mate laughed, torturing her for a few short moments more before trying to placate her with kisses.

“No! No kisses for you!” Clarke laughed as she tried to dodge her Alpha’s adamant lips. “But Clarke, I have to make it better!” She protested as she smothered her, planting kisses on her nose, cheeks, eyelids, and lips.

Laughing, Clarke flopped down on her side. Lexa cuddled close to her, resting one hand on her stomach and kissing her repeatedly. “I love you, Clarke.” She whispered softly. “I love you too, Lexa.” Clarke whispered back. She deepened the kiss, running her tongue across Lexa’s lips. Her fierce Alpha sighed in pleasure and pushed closer, tangling her hand in Clarke’s hair.

They kissed lazily for a few more minutes before Clarke tugged at Lexa’s pants. “Off. These need to come off.” She murmured as she began kissing her wife’s jaw and neck. The Alpha complied, quickly shedding her pants, underwear and top. Clarke lifted her dress over her head, leaving her in only her underwear.

Lexa’s eyes darkened as she watched Clarke slowly remove her underwear. She purposely drew the cotton panties down her legs torturously slow, smirking as she watch her mate’s nostrils flare in arousal. With a flick of her foot, Clarke sent the offending garment flying to an unknown corner of the room.

Lexa strode forward, sliding into bed and pressing her body against Clarke. She moaned at the contact, happily running her hands down the Alpha’s sculpted body. Lexa began pressing open-mouthed kisses to her body, making Clarke arch up and sigh in pleasure.

Clarke jolted as Lexa rubbed the head of her shaft through her folds, purposely grinding it against her clit. She moaned when Lexa brought her leg over Lexa’s hip and slid in. She didn’t push fully into her; Clarke’s advanced stage of pregnancy prevented that. The Alpha started a gentle rhythm, making Clarke whine in pleasure and drop her head to Lexa’s neck. She began sucking marks into the tanned skin, enjoying the way Lexa gasped and increased her tempo.

“Jok Clarke. You’re so beautiful.” The Commander panted harshly in her ear. She ground against Clarke, rutting perfectly to find that sweet spot inside of her to send the Omega over the edge. As Clarke cried out and clamped down, she felt Lexa climax as well. She collapsed against the soft pillows, exhausted.

Lexa snuggled close to Clarke after carefully wiping both of them down with a warm cloth. “Are
you still feeling alright? I didn’t hurt you, did I?” Clarke stroked her mate’s cheek, kissing her brow contentedly. “You gave me nothing but pleasure, as always.” The brunette leaned down and kissed the top of Clarke’s belly. “Good, I read that you might start feeling contractions when you reach your pleasure. They are nothing to be concerned about according to the books, but I don’t want you to feel pain.”

Clarke chuckled. “Darling, I’m going to have to get this pup out of me at some point, and I can assure you it isn’t going to feel good when I do. We’ll deal with sex contractions if and when they occur, sound alright?” The Alpha grimaced and nodded. “I dread the day you go into labor. You’re going to break my hand at the minimum.” Clarke laughed, nodding in agreement as she got comfortable for the night.

“Do you want a boy or girl?” Lexa asked quietly. “I’ll be happy with a healthy pup, but if I got to choose, I think I’d like a boy first. A boy with your eyes and pouty lips.” Clarke said, smiling at the idea of a little green-eyed toddler running around. “First? You’d like more children?” Lexa asked with a surprised tone. “Yeah, I would. I loved having siblings, and I’ve always wanted a big family. What about you?”

The brunette hummed thoughtfully against Clarke’s chest. “I’d love to have a little Omega that looks just like you at some point, and I definitely want more pups.” Clarke smiled, kissing the top of her wife’s head. “I guess we better keep practicing them.” Lexa pulled back, grinning devilishly before surging forward to kiss her. They “practiced” a few more times before finally collapsing in a deep sleep.

Raven POV

Raven woke up to Anya gently pressing kisses to her lips. She whined pitifully as the Alpha bid her to get up. “Ahn, it’s too early.” She pouted as the blonde nuzzled her. “I know it is, little bird, but we promised Clarke and Lexa we’d go to Lexa’s fight this morning.”

Raven had never competed in the games; she was a competent fighter, but she preferred working her mind and building to training half the year. That being said, she hated mornings, and always had. Her first had always made her go on early morning runs, which made her despise mornings even more. Thankfully, Anya had always let her sleep in, up until now at least.

“Gorgeous, please. I’ll do whatever you want later, just let me sleep. The baby needs rest.” Raven tried. Anya picked her up, making Raven groan. “I’m sorry, but you are the one who promised to sit by Clarke.” Raven grumbled as she stood up and made her way to the bathroom. By the time she was ready to go, Clarke and Anya were standing by the door with a plate of breakfast for her to go.

They quickly made their way down to the arena. Clarke took her seat on the bottom level of the stadium, and Raven sat next to her while Anya joined Lexa to warm up. “Please tell me that this year you won’t make any comments about Quinn.” Raven laughed; ever since she had been 15, Raven had mercilessly teased Clarke about her sire’s good looks.

For the most part she wasn’t serious. Quinn was like another parent to her, but since she had hit her prime, the Alpha did have a rather potent sexuality to her, mated or not. Alphas hit their prime around 30, and they stayed in their prime until they were around 45. They were at their most mature and virile at that age, and it resulted in a stronger, more appealing scent, and greater physical strength. This made Quinn, an already exceptionally strong Alpha, particularly appealing to unmated Omegas. She always politely declined all of their affections, but they still flocked to her every year at the games.

“Well, now that I have my own Alpha in her prime, I suppose I can give you all the details on our
sex life instead.” Clarke snorted. “If you try that I’m going to give you a vivid description of Lexa’s tongue and how she uses it.” Raven crinkled her nose. “That’s not a visual I ever needed.”

The warriors competing in the Legend hand-to-hand challenge walked out onto the sand with their sparring partners. They each had a half hour to warm up and practice before the matches would begin. Quinn and Kya were warming up together, and Anya was helping Lexa prepare.

As always, Quinn was dressed in just a pair of leather pants, heavy boots, and a leather chest binding that looked like an old world sports bra with lace on the back. She was coated in oil, making her bronze skin shine in the early morning sun, and she had taken red war paint and traced the scars on her face from the ice bear.

Lexa had a much more subtle wardrobe; her traditional black war paint adorned her face, and her hair was pulled back at the temples with her usual braids. She wore black pants, boots that came up to the middle of her calves, and a loose grey sleeveless shirt. Raven watched Clarke squirm excitedly as she looked at her mate stretch. “Keep your dress on; she hasn’t even warmed up yet!” Clarke shot a glare at Raven. “I’m allowed to be excited. She’s in a really good bracket and has a chance to win this!”

The brackets had been made by random draw, and those who won their first matches would fight in a second match directly after all the first matches were finished. There were a total of 32 contestants in each of the events. Tomorrow they would return and would fight two more rounds, until only two warriors remained undefeated. That evening, the remaining two would fight for the title of champion, as well as a new sword.

The hand-to-hand competition for the warriors who qualified for the Games through the point system of the smaller tournaments held in the villages throughout the year would fight after the Legends, Tribe Leaders, and Heirs in a different class, called the Warrior Class. They followed the same rules as the Legend’s class, and the champion had the right to challenge the Legend class champion to a contest for bragging rights. The setup of the two classes was the same for all the different challenges, from mounted archery to axe throwing.

Raven and Clarke carefully watched the rest of the warm-ups. They observed all the warriors’ forms and physiques, searching for weaknesses and faults. The two women talked back and forth about strategy, techniques, and their favorites to win until the horn blasted. It was time for the challenge to begin.

Kya had been drawn first, and she would be fighting the Ice Bear leader. It would be a contest between speed and strength, one that Kya had won year after year. The two warriors walked into the center of the chalked circle, eyeing each other carefully as the judge checked their hand wraps.

Once the judge stepped out of the arena and whistled, the two warriors lunged at each other. Raven never ceased to be impressed by the skill of the warriors in the Legend class. Their skills were truly incredible, and Raven found herself engrossed in the fight before her.

Kya and Clarke’s fighting styles were eerily similar, with a focus on precise, lethal hits that were well planned out. They fought like they were in a chess match, and they were both experts at the game. The match ended when Kya tossed the massive man over her shoulder, knocking the wind out of him and placing her boot over his throat in victory. Clarke and Raven threw their hands up, cheering loudly and clapping as Kya strutted around victoriously. As they calmed back down, Clarke wrapped her arm around Raven's shoulders, beaming at her friend. Raven couldn’t help but admit to herself that this was a very good reason to wake up early.

Anya POV
Anya couldn’t be any more proud of her second than she was as she watched her take on a Shadow Tribe warrior. The young Alpha was meeting the swift Beta blow for blow, dodging punches and throwing plenty of her own. Anya stood on the sidelines, watching her pupil with a large smile on her face while Clarke and Raven cheered from the stands.

As Lexa threw the Beta to the ground, finishing the fight, Anya let her gaze wander to the sight of her beautiful mate. Clarke was already in the arena, throwing her arms around the Commander, while Raven stood, resting her hand on her stomach and smiling at Anya. As always, Anya’s stomach flip-flopped, and her heart beat faster as she observed the stunning Omega.

Raven beckoned to her, so Anya jogged over, climbing up into the stands and taking Clarke’s seat. The blonde wouldn’t need it anytime soon judging by the way Lexa was attempting to sneak off below the stands.

“Hmm just think, this time next year it will be me and our pup sitting up here watching you kick ass and take name.” Raven purred into her ear. “What makes you so certain I will be in the Legend class? I am just a lowly General after all.” Anya teased back. Raven laughed, running both her hands down Anya’s arm. “Somehow I think Lexa will appoint her mentor and war hero advisor the Legend status.”

Anya grinned, stealing a few kisses and wrapping her arms around her mate so she could rest her hand on Raven’s side and feel the pup kick. They continued watching the matches of the first day, happy to spectate together.

Lexa POV

It was the final day of the hand-to-hand challenge, and Lexa had made it to the final match, along with Quinn. The fight would commence in a half hour, and Lexa was currently sitting in a private room beneath the stands with Clarke preparing. Her mate was massaging her sore muscles and telling her everything she could to help her win the fight.

Lexa had more than a few large bruises from the four fights she had been in already, and her body was aching from all the work and stress. Clarke had been rubbing mint oil into her skin to relax the muscles and help promote healing.

“Listen to me, Lexa. I don’t care if you win or lose this fight, what I care about is that you come back to me in one piece. Quinn is a lot bigger than you, and she’s forgotten her strength before in these challenges. No matter what happens, do not let her get her arms around you. You’d have better luck fighting a giant Swamp Clan snake than getting out of her grip.” Clarke said worriedly.

Lexa rose, stretching her arms and legs before kissing Clarke softly. “Do not worry, my love. I will not only return to you whole, but with a new sword for you as well.” Clarke smiled gently, nodding and kissing her one last time. “Good luck out there. Be safe, and fight well.” The Omega left for her seat in the stands while Lexa waited by the gate to enter the arena.

The gate opened, revealing the arena, which was lit by torches surrounding the perimeter. Lexa marched out to the cheers of the crowd, and Quinn strutted out from a gate on the opposite side of the arena. The two warriors walked slowly to the center circle, puffing out their chests and flexing their muscles in a show of strength.

The two Alphas stood within arm’s reach of each other as the judge checked their wraps. Quinn’s yellow eyes glowed dangerously as she grinned at Lexa. A sudden realization dawned on her; Quinn honestly didn’t think she could lose. While the older Alpha certainly had more experience and, in all honesty, more skill, that arrogance could be her undoing. Quinn was supposed to win and she knew
that, and Lexa began forming a plan in her mind as to how she could exploit this.

When the judge whistled, Quinn leapt at Lexa, forcing her to duck and leap to the side. She circled carefully, barely avoiding a left hook aimed at her ribs. She continued dodging punches for several minutes, until Quinn’s irritation rose high enough to cloud her judgement. Lexa ground her teeth as she let Quinn’s fist meet her ribs. The force of the blow lifted Lexa off her feet, sending her crashing to the dirt. ‘Jok she hits as hard as a mule,’ she thought as she rolled directly into Quinn’s legs.

The massive Alpha stumbled back as her legs tangled with Lexa’s. Lexa grabbed Quinn’s pant leg, ripping her leg up as she lunged forward. The two crashed to the ground together, with Lexa on top. They rolled together, fighting for dominance. Lexa let Quinn gain the upper hand for a moment, carefully moving her hands to knock Quinn’s arms out and lunge forward, slamming their foreheads together.

It was a painful maneuver Anya had taught Lexa when she was young; it left Lexa barely conscious, and Quinn totally limp. She managed to roll the Emperor off, grunting as her head spun. Lexa stood up, staggering as her arm was raised by the judge in victory. She heard blood pounding in her ears and saw Quinn begin to shake herself awake.

Suddenly, Clarke slammed into her side, capturing her lips in a rough kiss. “Congratulations pup; you fought very well.” Quinn said, smiling as she gripped Lexa’s forearm. Lexa grinned, feeling high from her victory and head injury as she bent down and kissed Clarke again.

Three Weeks Later

As the games finished up and the last champions were declared, the torch was extinguished and put away until the next year. Competitors said farewell to one another, and Ento’s population began to shrink back down to its normal size. The warriors of Polis packed up and began their journey home. The Commander brought home numerous trophies from the games, including a new sword from the hand-to-hand combat challenge.

The journey home was slow and relaxed, with Clarke and Lexa stopping to enjoy their cabin by the lake for a few days before continuing on through the Borderlands. Finally, they returned to Polis. They unpacked their bags, met with their advisors, and took a very long nap in their bed, with Lexa snuggled closely to Clarke’s stomach, and Clarke’s fingers wound through thick chestnut locks. It would always be their favorite sleeping position.

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