Sentinels Reborn

by Mintonic

Summary

When a presenting Alpha bleeds blue instead of the usual red, it is a sign of future danger.

Many years ago, the mixing of wolf and human DNA produced four dynamics. The first dynamic, the Sentinels, are incredibly rare and only present when a disastrous threat is near.

In space, aboard the Ark, a young woman questions the reasons of why all dynamics are heavily medicated with suppressants. She yearns to smell the dirt of the ground, eat food that isn't chemically treated and to do anything she can to protect her friends.

On Earth, the Mountain Men are becoming an even larger issue. Their kidnappings of Grounders keep increasing.

A dark-hearted queen of ice will do anything she can to make the public question the first Omega-born Commander.

This space-born woman and the first Omega-born Commander will have to battle several obstacles before they can achieve true world peace.

Notes

This fic will cover the first three seasons. Trigedasleng translations will be provided in parenthesis.
This is an idea I've had for the past several months and I finally organized it. Clarke will become the ultimate badass in time.

See the end of the work for more notes.
Earthen history was a strange and complicated one. In a distant future, the American and Canadian government officials formed a joint effort to create the perfect soldiers. Soon, over time, these 'soldiers' would be needed to strengthen the human gene pool to create a society full of environmentally-adept citizens if a major disaster should strike.

The governments demanded the creation of beings who had a high pain tolerance, average to long lifespans, animal instincts such as aggressive breeding to quickly strengthen the human gene pool. Beings who would literally fight to death with tooth and nail, who would carry instincts of nurturing their young, who would guard each other and act as a multi-functional family.

Eventually, the rest of the world leaders joined the project after a political discourse demanded each country to have the upper hand, so that no one will.

Project WB, otherwise known as Project Wolf’s Bane, called for willing volunteers. These volunteers could be of any age over eighteen, any body shape, any gender. The volunteers were told they would take part in an invasive study that would ultimately change their behaviors and bodies.

Scientists spliced the genes of wolves and inserted them into the DNA of their volunteers. Two weeks later, one lean-bodied cis female reportedly developed a phallus after enduring a painful transformation. During this time, she had to be locked in a cell for her own safety and the safety of the public because of unpredictable rage resulting from a large influx of hormones. Scientists dubbed her as the 'Alpha female' because among the volunteers, she fought for a better life and led them into the normal world after their individual internal transformations finished.

One cis male, dubbed as the 'Beta male', assisted the Alpha in calming and caring for the group. One intersex male, dubbed as the 'Omega', often babysat and cared for the offspring of the Alpha.

Eventually, more and more volunteers would join the project. The American and Canadian subjects formed a large group so they could support each other before rejoining the public world.

'Screwing with nature', 'playing God', 'potential end of humanity' and more harsh words were said by most of the public when Project Wolf’s Bane was officially announced. Over time, however, the ABOs mated with each other or bred with humanity. Either way, this resulted in a stronger hybrid and further dragged the wolf gene into the human genepool. Each continent and country across the globe became populated with hybrids.

Alphas and Beta males were observed over the years. Alpha females were born with bodies similar to Omegas and female Betas, but during their middle to late teenage years, they underwent a painful puberty. The first warning pains came in the form of a sharp shooting stomach pain that started as minor stomach aches. The second warning signs were mild, manageable headaches that would become skull-pounding migraines within hours. Next came the horrible sensation of another being inside of them begging to tear itself out. This was the dubbed inner wolf.

The third generation offspring of ABOs advanced even further. They would growl when they felt threatened. They would emit pheromones to attract mates, soothe each other or warn potential enemies. This worried scientists and biologists because the ABOs socially and physically adapted fairly quickly.
The true purpose of the ABOs creation became successful. Alphas often served as skilled military strategists, Betas became skilled soldiers and Omegas served as pup/child caretakers. But Alphas clashed with each other too often. Countless deaths and debilitating injuries from Alpha spats became far too common.

Approximately one thousand years later, an unnamed country developed a mass plague for biological warfare purposes. Ultimately, the plague spread to each country and continent. Every human fell ill, but only people with wolf DNA survived. Though there were survivors everywhere, this crushed the human population. Project Wolfsbane won the race of humanity.

During the beginning of rebuilding society, an Alpha male presented. He was found to have blue blood. Scientists were baffled. This was a new discovery they hadn't predicted.

A few hundred individual Alpha males across the globe developed blue blood. Biologists came to the conclusion that the blue blood cells consume the red cells. Genetists discovered a gene in their DNA 'turned on'.

These Alpha males were stronger, faster and more effective in leadership compared to normal Alphas. Even after consuming suppressants, their instincts still remained strong and animal-like. Though they had a stronger urge to dominate and lead, they didn't argue with normal Alphas in charge unless poor leadership skills demanded a challenge nor demanded any other ABO to submit to them. They effectively saved the last of humanity because of their leadership. They solved conflicts between countries who pointed fingers to blame one another, they reestablished humanity as a whole. These beings with blue blood were dubbed 'Sentinels'.

Sentinels were a huge rarity. Not many existed. Scientists figured Sentinels only presented during or before a time of crisis. If anyone with blue blood appeared unannounced, people took it as a warning of pending destructive disaster. The media only quenched the fear-mongering.

A few hundred years later, missiles all over the globe were launched. It's unknown who or what exactly set them off, but either way, humanity was surely and utterly decimated. This would be known as the second apocalypse.

A massive cluster of space stations called the Ark contains the last of humanity. Since the explosions destroyed most of humanity, only four Sentinels were known. Sentinel Commander Becca of the Polaris station crashed into Earth, never to be seen again.

Caleb Jaha became the first Chancellor of the Ark. Through his Sentinel leadership, the Ark stations prospered well. His son, Wells Jaha, became the second and last Sentinel to lead the Ark. Under his leadership, space for each individual became an issue. Wells issued new laws. Each ABO would be required to consume heavy dosages of suppressants per month. The heavy dosage did not allow anyone to have ruts or heats. Having a second child was strictly forbidden. Disobeying the law would result in 'floating' for the parents while the pups, if underage, would be locked in the Skybox and be floated at the age of eighteen due to space limitations. Thankfully, no one dared to have a second child. Twins would never be a risk because the suppressants lowered the birth rate.

After presenting, each dynamic would be required to wear a skin-deep metal brace on their wrists. The braces deposited chemicals in the blood stream to prevent pregnancy and fertility. The braces also functioned like vital trackers. If a mated pair wanted to have a pup, they would have to petition the Council to receive a child permit. If their petition were to be accepted, doctors would temporarily remove the wrist braces and inject a rut or heat-inducing serum.

Charles Pike, a young Alpha male who was ten years younger than Wells' own son, Thelonious,
presented as a Sentinel during a food shortage crisis. Synthetic food became the new standard diet. The crisis was averted. Charles, always called by his last name, became the Ark's primary teacher due to his natural urges to lead and nurture the new generation.

Sentinels haven't presented since Charles Pike's development. It is assumed that the Ark is prospering well. That is, until now.

Season one: Space
Part one: Unknown Crisis

Mild pains churned within a young seventeen year old's stomach. Clarke Griffin, who was thought to be an Omega in her early life, did not present yet. Bright blue eyes full of fear and confusion observed her own art work of trees full of vibrant, leafy life creased into her class assignment. She loosened her grip on her charcoal pencil until it dropped. Her now free hand gripped her pulsing stomach as the pain slowly worsened.

"Psst," murmured Wells Jaha, best and closest friend of the young blonde, "are you okay? You've been holding your stomach since we got to class."

A subtle pounding sensation began to distract Clarke from her stomach pains. She nodded her head and stretched her lips to form a fake smile. "I'm fine, Wells. Just had too much to drink last night."

Finn Collins lightly smacked the back of Monty Green and Jasper Jordan's heads to get their attention. When Charles Pike, their teacher, resident Sentinel, scanned the classroom for the source of the disruption and turned away once he couldn't find the source, the group let out silent breaths of relief.

If Pike weren't on suppressants, his Sentinel senses surely would have heard the noises and those who created it.

Finn whispered, "Did your moonshine get our princess sick?"

Clarke uttered a soft, agitated groan and buried her head in her hands on her cold desk. The cold temperature momentarily soothed her head. The classroom itself was incredibly warm due to air supply restrictions.

"Please, Finn, if you enjoy life, stop calling me 'princess' before I end yours."

Jasper lifted his goggles from his eyes. "Hey, guys, I think princess is in a grouchy mood." He turned over in his seat to face Clarke.

Clarke lifted her head from her desk and with an internal moan of nauseated regret, she bit her tongue. Monty, the nerdy and nicest Omega aboard the Ark, pressed his forehead against her shoulder. Because of his suppressants, he couldn't purr or produce pheromones to calm her. But his instincts told him he needed to comfort his friend somehow.

This also frustrated Finn because he wasn't able to soothe Clarke with his own pheromones. Jasper and Wells could only stay as close to her as possible instead of calming her mind like their Beta instincts demanded.

Monty's mother once complained that the required heavy dosage of suppressants ultimately 'neutered' the ABOs as a whole. Because of the large amount of hormone blockers pumping within each individual's bloodstream, they didn't act animal-like. They acted and spent their days as if they were as human just like their 'only-human' ancestors.
Jackson, a renounced doctor and a close family friend of Clarke and Wells, opened the classroom door and entered. Pike stood against his desk.

"This is Dr. Jackson from the medical ward. Today's last lesson will be learning about Sentinels. We will continue to learn more during the week, so no need to jot down notes. Consider this as an introduction of the anatomy and history curriculum."

Jackson carried a clipboard with printed histories and facts under his left arm. As he entered the door, he squeezed Clarke's right shoulder and walked to the front of the classroom. "It's common knowledge that Sentinels are always Alpha males, they develop blue blood when they present, and they're a rarity among our typical dynamics. Before I talk about how the genes of wolves were inserted into human DNA, does anyone have questions?"

Monty removed his head from Clarke's shoulder to raise his hand. Jackson nodded towards him. The Omega ran a hand through his black bangs. "How do Sentinels develop? Is it the same way that Alpha males and Beta males come to be?"

"They develop as normal Alpha males do. When they begin to present, their blood turns blue. The blue blood cells swallow the red blood cells. The Alpha goes into rut and, well, they have a few slight differences." Jackson glanced at Pike.

Pike nodded and sat on his large metal desk. "All Alphas are angry, frustrated and confused when they go into rut. It's a bit more intense compared to Beta males. Sentinels are more dangerous compared to your typical new Alphas in rut. They break things, sometimes even break limbs. But their emotions fluctuate because of the intense hormone production. Their anger can subside and turn to sadness within seconds. They need comfort from trusted allies or a mate during this time, but they cannot be near unsuppressed Omegas or Betas. Alphas do not force themselves on the unwilling for the most part, but we can't risk unlicensed pregnancies to occur. Teenagers and young adults often bred as soon as they presented in the past back on our home planet, but we have space limitations now."

Harper Mcentyre raised her hand. Pike pointed at her to speak. "You said Sentinels are dangerous, right? Are they dangerous to their mates?"

Pike scratched the back of his head. "From what I've studied, no. Sentinels are only dangerous during rut or if they're physically battling someone."

"Correct," Jackson tapped his clipboard. "Sentinels have been known to be clear-headed and are excellent with strategy and leadership during times of war. That's the difference between Sentinels and typical Alphas. Alphas demanded others to submit to them and fought over leadership back in the days before Sentinels first presented. The only people who Sentinels demanded submittance from were their enemies and stubborn Alphas who refused to step down despite showing poor leadership skills."

Wells raised his hand. "Um, is it something that can be inherited?"

Clarke squeezed the Beta's hand under their desks. Only Clarke knew of Wells' self-conscious towards himself. He was the child of Chancellor Jaha, and he couldn't lead because only Alphas could lead.

"No," Jackson glanced at his clipboard, "it can't be inherited. Your lineage of Sentinels is only a strange coincidence. Any Alpha male can become a Sentinel. Geneticists came up with a theory that states a dormant gene switches on during or before times of disaster. It's thought to be an
environmental and biological response."

"And we're out of time for the day," Pike glanced at the clock in the back of the classroom. "Class dismissed. Say thanks to Jackson for answering your questions."

The teenagers chanted a noisy 'Thank you, Doctor Jackson' before they stood from their desks, collected their bags and left the room.

The pain in Clarke's stomach spread to her loins. A weird sharp and throbbing feeling pounded towards her waist. She gripped her stomach and groaned.

Finn wrapped an arm around his friend's shoulders. "Let's get you to the medical ward. You've been holding your stomach for nearly two hours now."

"I'm fine, just too much moonshine. Monty and Jasper, I love you guys, but dammit, what did you do to me?" She ran her fingers through the Omega and Beta's hair and pulled them near her for comfort.

Jasper and Wells maintained a typical Beta stance. They stood on opposite sides of each other with Clarke and Monty in the middle while Finn, the only Alpha in their group, stood in the front.

Clarke rolled her eyes. "I haven't even presented yet and you're already treating me like I'm an Omega. Relax, I'm fine, guys."

Jackson walked towards Clarke. Finn stepped aside from the doctor to acknowledge his respect.

"Clarke," the doctor removed a pen light from his right pocket, "you don't look so well." He checked Clarke's pupils.

"Just too much caffeine. I'm alright," Clarke assured the doctor. There was no way in hell she would tell the man who worked alongside her mother about her hangover. Jackson slipped the pen light back into his pocket.

"Get your mother or me from the med ward if you decide otherwise. I think your father's working in the Farm Station engine lab today. You know where to find us." Jackson nodded towards the lone Omega, both Betas and Finn. "I trust you'll watch over her closely?"

Jasper beamed. "Princess will be okay."

Jackson smiled and grabbed his clipboard. He exited the classroom.

As soon as the group walked out the door and closed it, Monty shouted an excited, "Let's go to Clarke's and get wasted!"

"I'll just sleep off this shitty hangover in my room," Clarke sighed. "Just don't drunkenly destroy anything like you did last night."

Finn crossed his arms. "Hey, all I did was rearrange the furniture!"

"I had to explain why the hell I'd think it would be a good idea to block the bathroom with the loveseat while I was still buzzed when my dad came back from work," Clarke retorted.

Monty looked down at his feet. "Well, to be honest, it was kind of funny."

"You're lucky you're adorable," Clarke rolled her eyes and shuffled a hand through the Omega's hair. "Let's go to my place before I vomit or something."
Clarke slumped in her bed while Jasper dug out metal canisters from his bag in the living room. Wells sat on the bed in Clarke's next to the blonde's laying figure.

Wells sipped from his canister. "Finn's really fitting in, huh?"

"Yeah. It's almost kind of hard to believe we just met him a week ago," Clarke turned around to face her favorite Beta. "I'm glad Mom wanted us to meet him after his rut ended. He had so much class work to catch up on."

"I wonder when we'll meet Raven," Wells placed the metal canister on Clarke's nightstand.

"Probably not until she finishes training. My dad says she's the most promising candidate to become a zero gravity engineer. Sinclair and Wicks adore her. Everyone knows her name now."

"She's just a year ahead of us and she already found what she loves," Wells sighed. "It was like, when I presented as a Beta, it felt like I didn't have a purpose. I still feel that way. I can't be the next Chancellor. I don't know what I want to do."

"You can be a guardsman," Clarke suggested. "Or a doctor like Jackson. Or you could volunteer at the trading center."

"Maybe. I don't know." He turned towards his friend. "What about you? What do you want to do?"

"I like volunteering in the medical ward. And sketching. Maybe I'll be a doctor like my mom. The Ark doesn't need artists." Clarke chewed her bottom lip.

"Okay," Wells leaned against the bed post, "that's what you're good at. But what do you want?"

"I like helping people," Clarke drove into her thoughts, "and I like it when Monty needs help with his hair, or when Jasper needs help with seeing the board since his vision isn't that well. Or," her lips curled into a playful grin, "strategy! Like when I beat you at chess."

"Rub it in, why don't you?" Wells rolled his eyes. "And?"

"And when Finn asks me to join him on his nightly runs through the corridor- when we're sober. It's a great feeling. Freeing. Like we're meant to run in dirt and grass, but we're stuck in a giant metal contraption. It's like we have so much potential to be the best we could be, but we're not able to achieve it."

Wells nodded. "Maybe Monty's mom was right. We're practically neutered. We've got wolf genetics, but the suppressants make us act like we don't."

"We're not entirely human. We're pretty wild. We need space to run free," Clarke added.

Wells stood up and collected his canister. "I'll let you rest. See you in a while, princess."

Three hours passed by. Clarke slowly awakened. Her head and sharp pains barely improved. The scent of moonshine violated her nostrils. She walked towards the living room.

A sleeping Monty was sandwiched between Jasper and Wells on the metal floor. Finn's unconscious body lay strewn upside-down on the couch. His shaggy hair nearly hit the floor.
Wells stood from the floor. "My dad just made an announcement. There's a suppressant shortage."

"Really?" Clarke swallowed. "You don't think Sentinels will start showing up, do you?"

Jasper lowered his voice to not disturb Monty. "I hope not. They only come around when something bad happens. The entire Ark would riot if anyone presents with blue blood."

The pounding migraine and throbbing sharp stomach pains returned. The blonde woman pressed a palm to her abdomen in an effort to ease the pain.

"I need some room to breathe," Clarke spoke and exited the apartment.

The throbbing pain reached lower. Her head began to pulsate. While walking to the medical ward, her legs began to tremble. Adrenaline pumped wildly through her body. She felt a gentle tap between her shoulder blades. She released a low growl and turned around.

"Hey, hey, you're okay," A tall tan and freckled guardsmen spoke. The name 'Bellamy Blake' stretched across his nametag in a bold font. "I'm not a threat. I know what's going on from the look on your face. I'll escort you to the medical ward. Are you able to walk?"

Clarke's voice grew rugged and raw from the pain. She swallowed and tried to maintain eye contact with the guardsman. His friendly and soft smile expressed concern and understandment instead of pity.

"I'm sorry, yeah, sure, thanks." She walked forward and lost her balance. She clutched her abdomen and let out a startled growl.

Bellamy grabbed Clarke's left arm. "You're okay, just follow my lead. I won't let you fall."

Self-hatred echoed in Clarke's mind. Though she needed this man's help, it did hurt her pride. But why? She was never one to decline help no matter the circumstance. Bellamy placed Clarke's arm around his own shoulders. When Clarke's growling rumbled in her throat, Bellamy swooped her in his arms and bolted for the medical ward.

"Sorry," he spoke in a quiet tone, "I definitely know what you're going through and you can't be around people right now."

Clarke rasped out an agitated, "Why not?" She rubbed her stomach in slow circles. The pain persisted and burned underneath and inside of muscle tissue.

"You'll see, princess," he mumbled.

Clarke muttered a 'stupid fucking nickname' under her breath. Everyone aboard the Ark seemed to think they had the right to call her a parody-based nickname just because she was the offspring of an Alpha councilor. She was much more than the pup of a famed doctor and councilwoman, right? At least she hoped so.

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Angry shouts and chants echoed in the waiting room of the medical ward. Bellamy placed Clarke on her feet and wrapped a protective arm around her back. He walked through a line of angry shouting people.

A man cried out, "Why does she get to go in first? We need more suppressants! All of us do!"
Numerous shouts of agreement echoed throughout the room. Clarke turned around and walked away from Bellamy's reach. Her pupils grew wolf-like and rapid. She clenched her jaw and growled, barely thinking before she attempted to each the bare edge of the man's tattered brown plaid shirt.

"Come on," Bellamy reached for her arm and dragged her into the main hallway. Jackson stepped out of a room. His eyes lit up when he recognized Clarke.

"Clarke, I knew to expect you. Are you alright?"

Clarke clutched her cramping lower stomach and hissed out, "Never better! Just in a murderous rage and I don't know why, is all."

Jackson clutched his clipboard. "Follow me. Your mom's helping an Omega right now."

Sure enough, the sweet smell hit Clarke hard. She never had the pleasure of smelling an unmedicated Omega in her life. She flared her nostrils to draw in the scent further.

Bellamy gripped Clarke by her arms once more and dragged her into the closest open room.

"Look, I know it's hard for you to figure out because all the hormones are driving you mad-" Bellamy tried to calm the newly presenting girl.

"He's scared," Clarke observed from the scent. Her voice lowered and her eyebrows furrowed into a frown. "He smells scared. Cold and metallic."

Jackson closed the door behind him. "That's because he's an unmated Omega who is just about finished with his heat. He's never come across an Alpha scent."

Clarke swallowed and sat on the prepped medical bed. "I don't want Omegas to be afraid of me."

"Trust me," Bellamy snorted, "if everyone else weren't on suppressants, you'd probably be fighting them over the right to breed. Unmedicated Omegas and female Betas would be fawning over you."

Abby entered the room. "John Murphy's in excellent condition. He's starting his first dosage as we speak. Now, you," Abby sighed. "Clarke, I know how it feels to present first. Why didn't you come to me sooner?"

"I thought it was something else," The Alpha admitted.

"You caused quite a commotion with the angry mob," Abby snorted. "And scaring John to death. You know no one's used to seeing an untamed Alpha."

"We act like we're completely normal. Like the past humans before the plague happened," Clarke hissed. "We're not human. Not entirely."

"This is for the good of our people," Abby assured.

The newly-presenting Alpha clenched her hands on the bottom of the medical bed. The blankets and faux leather material were surely to leave indents on the flesh of her palms.

"No, it can't be for the good of our people to cut us off from our instincts! This isn't right," she turned her head to the side to focus her attention on a plastered poster depicting the images of the first members of the Council standing around the first Chancellor.

"This isn't normal, mom," the agitation in her voice shifted into a tone of quiet sadness. "We have
the DNA of a wild, beautiful species. We can't just walk around in this metal space heap as if we're clueless, domesticated humans."

Bellamy kneeled down in front of the young blonde. His kind dark eyes expressed an all-knowing sympathy. Abby sat next to her pup and nudged her shoulder with her own. Jackson quietly exited, not wanting to disturb the silent moment.

Clarke's behaviors shifted over and over again due to her body's intense hormone production. If Bellamy hadn't quickly gained an ounce of trust from her, surely Clarke would have attacked him. Right now, while she was in a docile state of mind, she needed the comfort of her mother and new friend.

"Clarke, honey," her mother spoke in that calm tone that always calmed her pup, "we aren't exactly normal either. Our existence isn't normal. Hell, maybe the fact that we still exist and our planet's a wasteland isn't normal either. The way we live isn't normal. And now that you're presenting, what does your mind tell you?"

"I want to run. I need space to run," Clarke pondered her thoughts. "Finn takes me on his nightly runs when you stay late in the ward. It opened my eyes to how little space we have in here. The walls are too close together."

Abby looked toward her own feet. "Clarke, honey, we can't run around freely like our ancestors did. This is the life of our people now. You need to accept it."

Bellamy stood from the floor and brushed off his dark pants. "This station can't hold itself in space forever."

Abby swallowed. "That's what I'm afraid of."

Jackson re-entered the room with a syringe. "I need a blood sample from you, just a standard procedure to check for any illnesses," he explained to the presenting Alpha. "And I need to measure your wrist. You'll be receiving the mandatory wrist brace after your rut's over."

Clarke held out her right arm. Bellamy stepped away to give the doctor space. Abby squeezed Clarke's left shoulder.

Jackson ran a small wet cloth over Clarke's arm. He slowly pressed the needle of the syringe into Clarke's skin. The Alpha turned her head around, unwilling to watch the sharp object's insertion beneath her skin.

A nerve-wracking silence washed over the room. Clarke lifted her head towards the room's inhabitants. Why didn't anyone speak? Bellamy's mouth hung open. Abby's widened eyes met Jackson's.

Clarke flinched when her eyes caught sight of the small tube. Red blood cells were slowly consumed by newly formed blue cells.

Abby spoke slowly and carefully to not increase her daughter's stress. "Bellamy, get out the door. I need you to guard it. You are under no circumstances allowed to speak of this. Leave. Now."

Realizing the seriousness of this situation, Bellamy swallowed and sprinted out of the room. Abby and Jackson followed the guardsman with shaking limbs.

"Wait!" Clarke shouted, fear in her eyes. She tried to follow but the magnetic door slammed down to prevent her escape.
Bellamy faced the doctors. "Shouldn't we be talking her through this?"

Abby sighed, "No. It won't help her aggression. She's beyond dangerous at the moment and she's in shock right now. And so am I." She turned around and clenched her hands. Her voice lowered. A tear fought its way through her eye ducts. "My pup. She's..."

Jackson slammed the door shut. Mechanical suction sounds sealed the automatic lock. Growls and confused whines amplified by the scratching of nails on the door echoed through the hall. Thankfully, the passing medical personnel most likely thought the violent outbursts were due to a normal presenting Alpha.

"Jackson, please contact my husband and Chancellor Jaha."

"Of course, Abby."

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Abby anxiously paced around the entrance. The commotion of the shouting mob demanding extra suppressants did nothing to quell her nervousness. She was sure the noises didn't calm her daughter's hormonal overload either.

Jake and the Chancellor pushed through the mob to greet Abby.

Jake pressed his palms over his wife's face. "Abby? Hon, what's wrong? Jackson sounded really nervous over the intercom."

Jaha ignored the mob's angry comments directed towards him. He instead focused on the doctor, the Councilwoman and one of his closest friends.

"Abigail, my son said he was with the usual group in your home, but Clarke walked out and left. It's been an hour. Is she well?"

"She's, she's," Abby struggled for words. Her stress-clouded mind couldn't form a coherent sentence.

Jackson pushed through the double doors leading to the medic hallway. "See for yourselves." He took the now-completely blue-colored syringe vial.

Jake flinched. "No! But how? She's not male."

"This doesn't make sense," Jaha agreed. "Will you allow us to see her?"

Abby gripped Jake's palms. "Only if she's calmed down."

Bellamy burst through the double doors. Panicked wide-eyes and quickly spoken words highlighted his features. "Clarke! She escaped!"

"That's not possible," Jaha countered. "The locks are automatic!"

Jackson entered the doors. "In her rage-induced state, she could have busted the locks. Alphas are strong when they're enraged because of rapid adrenaline production. Sentinels are similar."

Jake swallowed, "And that's the 'S' word I wanted to avoid. Let's find her before she kills someone."

The doctors, the engineer and the Ark Chancellor ran through the halls led by Bellamy, who
carried his electrically-powered stun baton in close range as he navigated the halls.

Jake whispered, "Is that really necessary?"

Jaha murmured back, "Yes. It is very necessary should Clarke attack. I love her as if she was my own, but you cannot be too careful with her dynamic."

A distant room at the left of the hallway's end's door was cracked upon. Abby flinched.

"That's John Murphy's assigned room! He's an Omega! I just gave him his first suppressant dosage before I sought out Clarke."

Bellamy swallowed a gulp. His face reddened. "You don't think they're... well, you know."

Jackson squeezed his eyes shut. "I guess there's only one way to find out."

Abby mumbled, "Space is not ready for another Griffin pup," as she reluctantly followed Bellamy's lead.

The guardsmen slowly opened the door further. Abby and Jake practically shoved themselves inside, preparing themselves for the worst.

There, on the medical bed, lay a sleeping fully-clothed John Murphy unconsciously burrowing his own head against Clarke's neck. The Alpha ran a hand through the bird-like boy's dark hair. She kept her left arm wrapped around the small of the boy's back.

Jaha whispered a shocked 'unbelievable' as he entered the room.

When an unsuppressed newly-presenting Alpha and Omega or Beta meet, normally they would be driven by biological needs to reproduce. But instead, the young Alpha decided to comfort the Omega while the last of his heat pains came to an end.

"He smelled sweet," Clarke spoke softly, "and scared. He was hurting. He was desperate for anyone to comfort and hold him. He wasn't afraid of me. He smelled me and tried to call to me with his pheromones."

Jackson nodded in understanding. "On Earth, the dynamics carried a tendency to care for each other when pain occurred. Or they sought comfort. After Abby tended to him and his pains continued, his inner Omega instincts probably realized Abby's suppressed prevented her from smelling his pheromones, but he smelled Clarke as soon as she came here."

Abby pressed her back against the door. "I feel awful. I never want to ignore my patients. I could have comforted him if my suppressants didn't block me from his scent."

"Suppressants are and always will be necessary to stabilize and control our population," Jaha argued. "I have this discussion several times on a daily basis and I am not about to argue with you over this repeated topic."

Clarke released a low warning growl. Instinctively, she tried to protect her new friend's sleeping form. She would not tolerate disruptions. "He just fell asleep. He's exhausted and cramping. If you're going to argue, do it somewhere else."

Abby exited the room with Jackson hot at her heels. "What are we going to do, Jackson? We can't just leave my daughter with an Omega."
Jackson sighed and pressed his palm against his forehead to squash the life out of an incoming migraine. "I don't know, Abby. I don't know. We need to figure out why she presented as soon as possible."

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Windy, breezy currents swept through the large city of Polis. The laughter of children chasing each other barely outweighed the echoes of tradesmen and farmers negotiating prices of goods with a prospering community.

Green eyes watched from a tower-length's distance above the ground. Everyone acted as if the bloody war with Azgeda didn't happen two years ago. Truthfully, no one could possibly understand the pain she pretended to hide. A dead lover, a brutal, disgusting enemy clan and an alliance she never wanted to forge would be a perfect drama for books that existed long ago.

The green-eyed warrior turned from her balcony, pushed past the curtains and sat upon her ceremonial throne of long, twisted branches and curved mutated antlers.

She opened her mouth to end the dispute between two ambassadors before she was rudely interrupted. Typical Titus.

"Heda! Heda!" A tattooed bald man clad in robes burst into towering doors, heart pounding from running up the stairs due to the elevator being far too occupied. A tall woman with intricate braided hair, whose breath stayed minimal despite running as much as the man, followed him until they reached the throne of the world's first Omega-born Commander.

Confused and fearful expressions covered the faces of seated Kru ambassadors.

The Commander herself clenched her jaw and released a sharp dagger from the grip of her left hand. "This meeting is adjourned until further notice. Please show yourselves out."

Murmurs of 'sha, Heda' (Yes, Commander) echoed through the candle-lit hall. The people with drastically differing clothing stepped away from their assigned chairs and exited the hall, not lacking hushed whispers of course.

The woman on the throne stood rigid with lines of mild anger wrinkling along her naturally pouty lips. "I assume you have a good reason as to why you disrupted the first peaceful negotiation between the Desert Plains and the Ice Nation, Titus and Anya."

The bald man called Titus lifted a white linen cloth from his robe pocket. The Commander quickly reclaimed her seat on the throne without a flinch, but with a soft gasp.

Quietly, she asked, "Which of my Natblidas (Nightbloods) produced this, Fleimkeepa (Keeper of the Flame)?"

Titus lowered the black and blue dappled cloth. "Aden. One of the other Natblidas provoked him during meal time. He did not realize Aden began showing signs of presentation, nor did anyone else. One of our fisas (healers) cleaned the blood from his wounds."

"Aden?" The Omega clenched her jaw. The young boy was no doubt her favorite out of each of her students, however she silently hoped another Omega or Beta would claim the throne after her death. Her voice softened. "This explains why he wasn't in attendance today. Even when he's ill, he never misses combat practice and lessons."

The tall and muscular woman called Anya crossed her arms. "Leksa-"
Titus let out an annoyed soft growl. He did not approve of the General calling the Commander by her original name after she surpassed her own Conclave.

Anya rolled her eyes and continued speaking, "How do we deal with this situation?"

"For now, we must make sure this doesn't reach public ears," Lexa chose her words carefully. "Nia would surely publicly question my leadership if the first Sentinel since Beka Pramheda (First Commander Becca) shows up after all this time."

Titus nodded, "Sha, Heda. If he receives injuries from combat practice, he will be bandaged and hidden as soon as possible."

Titus exited the chambers and discarded the cloth into a wastebin. He disappeared into the elevator.

Lexa stood and walked towards the opening of the tower once more. She watched the passing merchants and farmers in the city. Why couldn't she be born with normal crimson blood and have a normal life? She quietly reminded herself that she was called to lead her people. The spirit chose her, she had no choice in the matter.

Anya walked towards the Commander and watched the city overview with her.

"Lexa, whenever disaster emerges, we will deal with it together like we always do. You will always be my Sekon (apprentice) and clan-sister."

"This is much different than political spats and trade route arguments," Lexa sighed. "And now we must wait for the danger to present itself. I built this Coalition to conquer the Mountain Men and I will not allow anything to destroy it."

Her eyes widened when a grim thought entered her mind. "Anya? Do you think Aden's presenting may involve the Mountain Men in the near future? We need to increase security on all clan borders starting tonight!"

Anya nudged her shoulder against the Omega's pauldron and cape-covered shoulder.

"We'll be alright, pup. We will conquer them soon enough."

Lexa let out a soft annoyed groan. Only her best friend and former mentor could see this exposed side of the stoic and level-headed woman.

"I hope so."

That night, over twenty people disappeared from each clan. Anya hasn't been seen since the ordeal. The Azgeda were suspected until they reported one of their own, a messenger called Echo, disappeared while hunting. A Trikru-based popular trading hub's founding member, the mother of a former warrior named Niylah, also disappeared.
Chapter Summary

Clarke struggles through her first rut. Bellamy becomes her assigned bodyguard. Murphy and Raven join the makeshift pack. Jake makes a horrifying discovery. Clarke meets Octavia.

Chapter Notes

I'm so sorry for the long wait! My laptop no longer works and using a smartphone is very different compared to being used to a larger keyboard and screen. But thanks to the temporary hiatus, I edited and expanded many details over this chapter for the past few months to improve the dialogue and characterization. This chapter is so much longer than I originally intended it to be.

Murphy and Octavia might seem a bit out of character, but this is how I envisioned them before they were arrested in the series. There's so much fluff from Clarke's protectiveness over her Omega friends. I'm weak for protective Clarke.

Season One

Part Two

Two full weeks and three days of seemingly never-ending pain and sexual frustration molded a raging beast out of the normally calm and bubbly Clarke Griffin.

The young Alpha was born with a different set of anatomy compared to cis Alpha males. The painful transformation, the forming of rearranging organs paired with insatiable and confusing feelings of sexual urgency, made the horrified girl, now a woman, cry, scream, and growl over and over again. The mixing of estrogen and testosterone ravaged her already tilted hormonal imbalance. Was she angry, terrified, or thirsting for an Omega or Beta to plunge herself into? She was all in one.

She tore her left shoe off her foot just to have something to gnaw on and ease the shooting pains in her gums. The contents of her mouth were also reshaping- her normal canine teeth, the only ‘baby’ teeth in a dynamic’s mouth that remain until presentation, fell out during the third night of her rut. Developing large canine teeth replaced them. These teeth would appear to have a normal length until ruts, heats, battles or emotional outbursts, then they would unsheathe completely. Alphas had large canines, Betas medium, and Omegas had cute, smaller fangs in comparison to all the dynamics. But Sentinels had enormous canines. These teeth were another feature from spliced wolf DNA with uses such as tearing into food, battling, intimidating opponents into submission, impressing potential mates and initiating the mating bite.

The medical staff were lucky to have found Clarke in a calm state when she had to be pried away
from John Murphy for all their sakes. Clarke’s newly found sexual awakening would have surely convinced her inner Alpha to take Murphy, and the young boy in question’s inner Omega would have accepted the Alpha during his fading heated state. Despite the lack of attraction, despite barely knowing each other, the instinct to breed, knot, and conceive surely would have created a union between the Councilor’s daughter and common custodian’s son.

Clarke did not previously experience sexual urgency in her life. Sure, she found the Beta girl Harper McIntyre’s smile bubbly and cute, and she adored the way Monty practically begged for her attention when he curled up beside her, but she never wanted to sleep with anyone. Sure, she heard the stories of dynamics who screwed around after receiving their pills and metal wrist brace to prevent the conception of illegal pups, despite lacking a sex drive from said pills, but Clarke herself never wanted to take and knot anyone, up until now. She didn't have a person in mind, she would take anyone, given the chance.

She didn't even know she could be capable of knotting anyone. She glanced down at herself, towards her new strained length. She refused to touch it or let herself see it, out of fear of being repulsed or making the pain worse. She's seen the pictures in the textbooks belonging to her sire's private office for educational purposes and her own curiosity, and she had plenty of sex education thanks to growing up in Pike’s courses, but now, staring at her clothed cock with furrowed eyebrows, the only thing she wanted was a willing Beta or Omega to ravage, to make them breed, to submit. She saw plenty of anatomy images, she heard plenty of stories from her classmates, but picturing herself tearing into someone was next to impossible.

And unfortunately, as a developing Sentinel, these urges were much more primal than normal Alphas, which was already a terrifying thing to observe and feel.

During her rare cooldown moments, she pondered how socially the new development could affect her. Omegas were always seen as feminine, Betas could be a mixture, and Alphas typically acted masculine. Clarke herself wasn't exactly one or the other, she was a pretty solid mixture. The influx of hormones could change her, or she could stay the way she's always been. But the pressure to act masculine still persisted, thanks to societal pressures and stereotypes. Her mother wasn't exactly masculine, despite being an important Alpha. She could follow her mother's example.

The Council ordered the top mechanics, Wicks, and Sinclair, to secure the automatic locks, but that didn't stop the rutting Alpha from repeatedly slamming herself into the door in hopes of escape. Her quiet side knew she had to be locked away for obvious reasons, but the Alpha within could only think about finding a willing Beta or Omega to end the torturous pain. The medical staff remained constantly on alert to the growls.

The urge to tackle anyone to the floor, to battle them and assert strength, and the urge to take someone, anyone willing to ease the foreign tightness in her body to release intense tension from within drove the young Alpha into bouts of enraged growling.

Over time, Bellamy grew less fearful of the growls when he stood on guard duty. He would talk to the young blonde to ease her ravenous body's pains, telling her stories of weird arrests and charges during his experience as a guardsman. Clarke would lean her back against the door and listen to the older Alpha's tales while her hormones temporarily ceased. He would ask her if she needed to use the bathroom or needed food and water. Jackson unlocked the frustrating mechanism over the door and escort Clarke to the restrooms or provide trays of food and bottles of recycled water.

The synthetic food tasted even more artificial and fake on the taste buds of an unmedicated dynamic. At least a few leaves gathered from the last remaining plants on the clustered station actually tasted natural.
Jackson tapped his own chin and observed the sudden diminishing of noises from Clarke’s temporary room. He couldn't quite make out the quiet, soothing words from the guardsman's usual deep voice, but as long as he kept the presenting Alpha calm as to not disturb incoming patients, he would allow it.

The Beta murmured in a gentle tone, "I take it back, Abby. She's a lot less docile than you were back in the day."

Abby stretched out her fingers across the main desk. Hearing the constant growls from her own daughter, day after day, night after night both worried and scared her. Abby remembered her own agonizing days of presentation, but Clarke’s rut should have ended a few days ago. Normally the dynamics’ presentation, first heats or ruts lasted no more than two weeks.

Abby had no choice. She needed to ask the Chancellor's permission to reveal Clarke’s true nature to the only other Sentinel in existence.

“Jackson, please call Thelonious over an established com link. I think we all know there's only one person who can mentor Clarke over this.”

After speaking with Chancellor Jaha, the doctor gained permission to speak to Charles Pike. Hopefully the Sentinel teacher would have the answers she needed to help Clarke. Bellamy excused himself to head down to the trading center right after Abby hung up on the intercom. He stepped out of the medical wing, desperately avoiding the Sentinel.

When Pike entered the wing, Abby and Jackson scampered towards him with firm faces and furrowed eyebrows.

Pike took note of the panicked yet relieved features on the doctors' faces. "What's going on? Is Clarke well? She hasn't been in class for too long. I assume she presented. Her classmates and I are worried sick."

Abby squeezed her clipboard. "Yes, you're right about that, but there's more to it. I consulted Chancellor Jaha for this situation. Please come with us in a more private setting." The Alpha doctor led the Sentinel teacher and Beta doctor to Abby's personal office in the very back of the wing.

Once the automatic office door shut itself, Abby pointed to a metal chair in front of her desk. Pike took the hint and sat down. Jackson sat in the free seat next to the Sentinel while Abby sat in the slightly more comfortable metal office chair in the back of her desk.

Abby clasped her hands together. "Clarke is an Alpha."

Pike nodded in acknowledgement. "She can qualify to be a Councilor in the future, then." When the soft and concerned faces of the doctors grimly glanced at each other and back to the teacher, the Sentinel crossed his arms. "And it's been quite some time. Is she alright?" he paused and added, "Mine lasted for three weeks. But I'm not exactly a common dynamic."

Abby's voice carried a tone of firmness rather than the previous concern. "The Chancellor and I agreed that this must be kept secret for the well being of the Ark. Only the Council, Jackson, Clarke's bodyguard and my husband know about this. You cannot tell anyone under any circumstances about this."

Pike's calming eyes widened. "Why would she need a bodyguard?" Realization sparked a flame in his eyes. "Councilor, are you telling me Clarke's a-"

"Yes," Abby interrupted. "When she fell into rut, Guardsman Blake carried her here. From what he
told me, he stopped her from attacking someone from the mob."

"And," Jackson added, "when I pricked her blood, blue cells consumed red cells while I examined it in the syringe. Yes, she's a female and there have never been any female Sentinels in recorded history, we have gone over the question several times without any possible explanation."

Pike tapped his chin in thought. "A mutation, perhaps?"

Jackson paused and noddy. "A likely scenario. I don't think we have the proper equipment to perform research."

Abby spoke up, "Jaha wants to keep this a secret. You know better than anyone how Sentinels are treated."

"Yes, the cycle of praise and fear," Pike sighed. "I guess there isn't a threat yet. I was lucky to have presented during a crisis. At least I knew what was happening. But for Clarke? We have to wait until the crisis presents itself."

Abby anxiously played with her own fingers. "She's my pup, Pike. My baby." She swallowed bile-like fear from her throat and combed through her hair with shaking fingers. "What if the threat is something we can't handle? What if she has to lead? She's just a child!"

"Actually," Jackson attempted to reassure, "according to documents, the first presenting Sentinel was seventeen years of age when he took over half the country to start the rebuilding efforts properly. Sentinels take over for a reason, Abby. Clarke could very well become Chancellor someday."

Pike chimed in, "tell her about the document, Jackson. I'm sure she'll feel at ease if she can relate to someone her own age."

Abby nodded, "I agree. But what if she does have to lead? She hasn't even started a proper hierarchy with her main group of friends yet."

"She'll lead the pack in time," the teacher reassured. "Let's hope she won't have the stress of political leadership on her shoulders for the time being. Or have a quarrel with Mr. Finn Collins over the pack's leadership. Such is the way of Alphas, even Sentinels, unfortunately. Clarke and Finn formed a strong bond. I'd hate to see it break."

A gentle knock echoed in the office. A nurse dressed in a light blue gown cautiously entered when the door automatically opened.

"Councilor Griffin," he spoke timidly, "Wells Jaha, Finn Collins and John Murphy would like to see you and Mr. Pike."

Amusement highlighted the Alpha doctor's face. "Please let them in."

Wells, Finn, and Murphy entered the room.

Wells began speaking, "Is Clarke okay? We want to help her catch up on coursework."

Finn spoke up, "I kind of owe her a favor for helping me catch up after I presented. And she's one of ours. Monty's been staring at the class door like a lost puppy looking for it's owner, Jasper can't even draw pie charts or bar graphs without her help with lines. The pack's lost without her."

Wells bit the inner side of his left cheek. "And she helps me practice chess whenever my father's
conducting business. This fish arm—" he lowered his eyebrows and directed a playful glare towards Finn: "can't tell the difference between a queen and a bishop!"

Wells nudged Murphy’s left shoulder with his own. “Tell them what's up with you. Don't worry, you don't have to be scared around any of us.”

Murphy shuffled his feet. Pike knew the young Omega wasn't much of a talker. He patiently waited for him to speak.

"I want to thank her for helping me calm down," the boy talked quietly, “and I haven't slept well since I started attending class again. I promise there was no biting and marking involved, but it feels wrong to be away from her after she helped me sleep.”

The doctors and the teacher exchanged uncertain glances. Clearly Clarke unintentionally imprinted on Murphy, but imprinting isn't a serious issue. All the dynamics tended to seek comfort from one or more people who helped them in the past. Even pills couldn’t prevent imprinting. Clarke imprinted on Monty when he entered his first heat when they were only thirteen years old, thanks to her soothing voice and gentle touches. Now he couldn't picture life without her, and Murphy began to feel the effects of being imprinted as well.

Imprinting typically occurred between close friends and mates, and Murphy's earlier pained state combined with Clarke’s tendency to care for wounded strangers caused an imprint. Sentinels and Alphas led social groups, so naturally they imprinted on everyone in the pack, and if the bond was strong enough, Alphas would imprint on other Alphas.

Pike gazed at the three young men who pondered the certainty of their close friend’s health. Maybe they already established a pack formation once Finn recovered from his own rut.

"Clarke is alright. Her rut's taking a little longer than usual, that's all," he reassured the boys, "and I'm sure she'll appreciate assistance for classwork when she comes back to class."

Abby added softly, "you're invited to our home if you want to help my daughter after class hours, John. The extension also goes to the rest of my pup’s friends."

Finn ran his fingers through the Omega's hair. "Hear that, Murphy? You're part of the pack now! You can help our princess."

Wells called out victoriously, "one of us! One of us!"

Finn and Wells slung their arms around the annoyed Omega as they stepped out of the office.

A smile tugged at the teacher's lips. "I'm glad your daughter and the Chancellor's son took John in. He is a very quiet boy and my most studious student."

He stood up from his chair. "I will come here once every day to check on Clarke's progress. When her rut ends, I'll help her if she has any questions. I will also take her to the gymnasium and show her how to burn out her inner aggression, if you will grant me permission."

"Granted," Abby confirmed. "I'm sure the Chancellor will want Jackson and I to observe her demonstrations of strength. The rest of the Council might also want to watch her. We'll see you tomorrow, Mr. Pike. Have a good day."

The next day, Bellamy arrived. He tapped Clarke’s door with cautious fingertips. A gentle knock on the opposite side of the door answered the hard tap. Bellamy leaned against the door and sat cross-legged.
Unaware if Clarke recently awakened, Bellamy spoke in a soft tone, “how are you feeling today?”

The raspy voice of the sleepy Alpha spoke after a thump indicated she also sat cross-legged on the opposite side of the door.

“A little better. I still have these bursts of anger, though. Could you tell me another weird story so I don’t have to think about my pain?”

The innocent sentence would have made Bellamy purr if he were able to. Despite the Alpha girl’s presentation marking her out to be a loud and raging animal, she was still a young person who needed any comfort she could take. And Bellamy, the guardsman who harbored his own inner pains and secrets, would do anything in his power to comfort his new young friend.

“I have this friend. Let’s call her ‘O’. A few years ago, she wandered off into Farm Station. Our mo-superior ordered me to find out where she was. So I searched for her all over the place, from the room with the last living plants, to the gym, the food processing room, the designated meeting room. I thought I lost her.” He clenched his jaw and swallowed from the memory.

Clarke remained silent. Clearly whoever this O person was, she was important to her new friend.

“Low and behold, I enter the library and find her. She was reading books about ancient tribes and their customs for the whole time, for the entirety of the six hours I spent searching for her. I thought she was in danger or someone tried to hurt her, but nope, she was so preoccupied with the books that she barely noticed me walk to her.”

Another few days passed before Clarke’s rut finally settled. The howling growls diminished into silence. Jackson unlocked the door and entered the secluded room with a plastic bag in hand.

Blonde hair plastered by weeks’ worth of sweat wildly strung across the Alpha's face. Her eyes, no longer wolf-like and predatory, regained their human-like hue.

Jackson carefully examined the young Alpha.

"How are you feeling, Clarke?"

The Alpha shivered when the doctor planted the cold metal of a stethoscope against her chest. "I've been trapped here for three weeks. How do you think I feel?"

Clarke focused her eyes away from the kind Beta. Truthfully she understood having to be restrained. If she were to engage in a fight during her angry growling bouts, the unnatural coloration of her blood would have been exposed.

Jackson guiltily gazed up in the Alpha's eyes. "I'm sorry. Your rut lasted longer than expected. Pike said he was as wild as you were."

"Yeah, well I'm sure Pike didn't have to go through having his insides churning because of rearranging organs!" Clarke hissed.

Jackson swallowed the empathy from his throat. "No, I suppose not. Speaking of which, your mother told me to teach you how to care for your, well, new development. She's speaking with Pike right now."

Clarke rolled her eyes. She knew this conversation was coming. "I won't screw around with anyone, if that's what you're worried about. I don't even know how to use this thing. But it hurt so bad. Like it needed to be squeezed or something. I'm too scared to touch it."
Jackson removed the stethoscope from the Alpha's chest. "Heart rate's normal," he muttered. He pat Clarke's shoulder affectionately. "It's okay, you'll be able to figure that stuff out on your own. I'm sure you know about knots and mating. Do you know how to clean yourself properly? I'll get the anatomy textbook-"

Clarke clenched her jaw from childhood memories. "My mom showed me the textbook pictures to educate me as a pup. And I accidentally skimmed across a few images from the med data files out of curiosity. Can we please change the subject?"

"I thought you would never ask," Jackson stood from the chair and released a relieved sigh. The Beta removed a wrist brace and a case of round white pills from the plastic bag he entered the room with.

The Alpha squeezed her eyes closed. She knew this moment was coming. The wrist brace will pump her blood with birth preventatives and the suppressants will cut her off from her strengthened senses.

Jackson washed his hands in the sink and returned with blue latex gloves. Clarke swallowed. This was it, she would never feel truly wild and wolf-like again.

"You know," she held her right wrist outwards from her body. Jackson unraveled the brace and spread numbing cream over her wrist, "I'm really starting to think this whole Sentinel thing is a curse."

"What makes you think that?" Jackson asked as he rubbed the cream into her skin.

"Sentinels only come around during or before danger," Clarke explained. The chill of the cream calmed her nerves, "so people are afraid whenever a new Sentinel presents."

"Look at it this way," Jackson attempted to reassure the young blonde, "maybe you have something important ahead of you. Maybe you're supposed to lead like the past Sentinels. Or," he tossed the gloves into a wastebin and gripped a fresh pair, "you could be a fluke like Pike. Something potentially awful but solvable could happen."

Clarke pondered Jackson's statements. The Beta doctor could be right. Honestly, the thought of being a leader both intrigued and frightened her.

"To be someone like Jaha would mean I'd have to enforce laws. I don't think I have the proper inborn guidance to be that way. Or the patience for paper work or dealing with absurd complaints," she chewed the left side of her bottom lip, "and I just turned seventeen a few months ago. I'm too young to lead."

"Don't underestimate yourself," Jackson chided, "you'll get there if you have to. And you're actually the same age as the first Sentinel when he took over half the country from a corrupt Alpha. Sounds impossible, right? Earth's population was significantly lowered from the first apocalypse. The plague wiped out the last of non-ABO people and you can only imagine how bad the power struggles were. I'm sure you read about them." The Beta opened the metallic cuff of the brace.

Clarke flinched when her eyes caught sight of the thin, long and pointy needles protruding from the cuff's opening. She knew Jackson rambled just to distract her from the sensation that her wrist was about to endure. He did something similar when she was ten and tripped over a box in the engineering wing. She needed stitches to help heal a rather painful cheek wound and Jackson spoke of old Earthen legends to calm her. But the past distraction and the current distraction were fully welcomed.
"Seventeen and leading half a nation? How?" Her eyes flitted to Jackson's. She denied herself to look back at the inner brace.

"Xavier Rodriguez was his name. The first Alpha with blue blood. In his day, suppressant doses weren't nearly high as they are now. Suppressants were only needed to slightly lower the risk of your typical dynamic mating rages." The doctor ran gentle fingers over softened skin to massage the last of the cream.

"Xavier still retained his heightened senses, including built-in leadership instincts. This Alpha named Harris Spencer tried to lead half the country after rebuilding first started. Harris had poor skills. The states tried to govern themselves and he wouldn't allow it. He wanted to act as a president with more power than your typical president. Xavier challenged and fought him, and gained the public's approval. Let that be a lesson to you," Jackson hovered the brace over the Alpha's wrist. "Are you ready?"

"Let's just get this over with," Clarke grumbled. She squeezed her eyes shut. Once the needles penetrated the soft flesh beneath the skin of her wrist, she released a blood-curdling growl. The numbing cream calmed the pain, but the sensation of tiny needles prodding at her insides made her stomach churn.

When the Alpha reopened her eyes, her pupils retained the wild and wolf-like pupils. She looked downwards. Small droplets of her own blood spread around the brace. Jackson wrapped the brace in tight gauze.

"You're okay," Jackson assured. He removed four pills from the plastic bag and displayed them across his hand. "These are suppressants. You're required to take four each month. If you miss your pills, you'll induce a rut in two weeks' time. Go on, take them."

Clarke rolled her eyes. "It's amazing how four little pills can take away your senses, isn't it?" She grabbed the pills and snorted in disgust at the size of the life-altering objects. She fought and conquered the urge to crush them. She would get in trouble with the authorities of the Ark if she downright refused to swallow the pills.

"Yes," Jackson murmured under his breath, "it really is."

Clarke's anger dissolved into concern. "I take it you're not a fan of these things either?" She glanced at the pills and swallowed them one by one. Her lips twisted in disgust from the chalky taste.

"I'm not. I'm a Beta and a doctor. I should be using my instincts and pheromones to comfort my patients," Jackson confessed. "When we caught you with Murphy, you said you released pheromones. What's it like?"

"It just hits you as an urge." Clarke attempted to explain. "Murphy was afraid. He smelled like cold fear." The blonde closed her eyes to retrace the memory. "He used his own scent to call to me, and I don't even think he realized it. It can be a subconscious or fully conscious thing, from what I experienced so far. I needed to help him. I didn't realize I was pumping out pheromones until he fell asleep on me. He purred, Jackson. He purred because I made him feel safe," remembering the small moment made her inner Alpha puff out with pride. Her wolf-like eyes turned to their human-like form.

A soft smile plastered over the kind Beta's lips. The thought of purring from the safety and security of a dynamic's embrace was something he thought he would never experience.
The loud banging of the door echoed in the room. Clarke focused her nose on the scent. Another Alpha.

"Come in, she's alright," Jackson called.

Bellamy entered the door. Clarke's eyes narrowed. Only Betas could be guards. Another scent caught Clarke's attention. The smell of an Omega lightly dusted the older Alpha's uniform.

"I'll leave you to talk," Jackson removed the latex gloves from his hands and tossed them into the wastebin.

"Remember," he turned to give Clarke one last friendly gaze, "if something doesn't feel right, come to me, alright?"

"Aye aye," the blonde lifted her braced wrist to her forehead in mock salute.

Once Jackson exited the room, Clarke focused her attention on the guardsman. Bellamy's kind smile was absent from his face. The younger Alpha caught the slow rise of a bob in his throat. Clearly he knew she could smell him.

"Please don't tell anyone," he spoke calmly to not risk alarming her, "I'll explain another time, I promise."

Clarke stood from the medical bed and stepped towards the guardsman. To the Alpha male's surprise, the blonde appeared in control and not threatening. The image of a vicious and growling presenting Alpha blocked his mind from seeing the real side of her.

"Bell," she spoke rather calmly, "I'm hoping there's a good reason for this. You could get floated or you could be terminated from your position."

"I knew the risks when I was recruited," Bellamy defended himself. "This isn't for me. It's for someone else." He met Clarke's eyes with his own gentle gaze. "It's for someone important. I need you to trust me, at least until I show you."

Clarke nudged the older man's shoulder with her own. "You saved my ass when I presented. I could have attacked someone, and as much as I wanted to attack that guy back there, you stopped me from doing something dangerous. I trust you, Bell."

Bellamy released a deep breath, "Thanks, princess."

"Uh, no. Just for that, you lost your trust privileges," Clarke rolled her eyes. She snorted and smiled at the older Alpha to show she was kidding.

Bellamy returned the smile with a toothy grin of his own. Maybe trusting the Councilor's daughter, the only mock-'royal' pup besides the Chancellor's son, could prove to be a wise choice.

"Clarke, honey?" Abby's voice called from outside the door. Clarke's eyes lit up. She hasn't seen her own mother since the day she first presented.

Clarke walked away from the guardsman to open the door. A tight embrace from her sire nearly squeezed the life out of her.

"Mom," she groaned, "I'm fine." But she held onto the embrace despite the annoyance in her voice. She needed comfort from an understanding Alpha female.
Abby pulled away from the grasp to lift Clarke's braced wrist. "Good," she lowered the wrist upon inspection, "it's covered. I want you to change the gauze twice every day, until after your small wounds heal. Your blood can't be exposed to anyone."

The sight of Pike speaking with John Murphy and Wells Jaha caught Bellamy's attention.

"Excuse me," the guardsman murmured, "I need to check the status of the morning patrols." He stepped out the door and exited the medical wing.

Clarke observed Pike with curious eyes. Her guardsman friend didn't want the only other known Sentinel to smell his dynamic, but he trusted Clarke. She chose to take it as a strange compliment, at least until Bellamy would decide to tell her the reason why he was recruited despite not being a Beta.

Abby squeezed her daughter's shoulders. "Why don't you come home and take a shower before you head to class?"

"Shit," Clarke flinched. "How much work did I miss?" The words escaped her lips before her mind could process them.

"Language," Abby gave her daughter a stern glare from narrowed light brown eyes. "You'll be fine. Finn, Murphy, and Wells came down here to help you catch up. Finn already offered to help to return the favor from when you and Wells helped him after his own rut. Be gentle with Murphy, he had an asthma attack this morning."

Clarke looked down at herself. A damp light blue shirt clung to her body as if it's very existence depended on her and her blue jeans desperately needed to be changed. She cringed when she felt her fully developed sex organ practically pulse in pain from tight and drenched underwear. Had her underwear felt this tight before? Clarke took a step forward and clenched her teeth. Nope, definitely something new.

Abby wrapped a gentle soothing arm across her daughter's shoulders. "I bought you new underwear from the trading center. I know what it's like, trust me."

Clarke gestured to Pike, Murphy and Wells, who were immersed in their own conversation. "What about them?"

Abby squeezed the younger Alpha's shoulder affectionately. "They'll wait for you by the classroom. They just came to talk to me about you. Murphy and Wells were worried because you spent a week longer in rut than usual Alphas."

"So, the Chancellor didn't tell Wells," Clarke murmured. "I don't want to keep secrets from my best friend."

"Sometimes secrets are necessary, honey."

Once Clarke finished showering, she ran a white towel over her damp blonde hair and slipped on new clothes. The dark blue boxer briefs from the trading center felt much less constricted and much more 'breathable'. A light blue shirt with a few obvious tears and stretched out cotton material slid over her hips to cover the waistline of overused faded dark blue jeggings.

After ninety-six years in space, clothing on the Ark often ripped apart and required constant repairs, as well as the mechanical and lighting aspects of the clustered stations.
A gentle knock on the door caught Clarke's attention. The young blonde tied her light blonde hair into a tight high-rise ponytail. The scent of a familiar Alpha caught her attention. She smiled and jogged towards the door to greet the guardsman.

When she tapped a button on the control panel, the door automatically opened. Bellamy stood in front with a long-sleeved white shirt and light blue jeans. His hair was gelled back, as usual.

"I'm off duty today. The Council decided to assign me as your personal bodyguard."

"Not that I mind, but," the younger Alpha rose an eyebrow, "why do I need a bodyguard?"

Bellamy shrugged his muscled shoulders. "I guess it's a precaution. Just in case you bleed in some public area of the station, it's my job to escort you away from the public eye. Or in case you growl and fight someone."

"I'm a Sentinel," Clarke groaned, "I'm not some undisciplined mutt, Bell! So what, now I have to hide my instincts too?"

"Unfortunately, yes. They even gave me an extensive list to remember," the older Alpha nodded in sympathy. "No growling, no attempts to assert dominance if it involves a physical quarrel, no purring- basically pretend you never presented in the first place."

"So act like a heavily suppressed normal Alpha. Got it," the blonde rolled her eyes.

"And your mother told me Pike would like to have a word with you after class. I'll walk you down Farm Station, but as soon as you're able to smell him, I need to leave."

"He can't know you're not a Beta," Clarke slightly understood. "When are you giving me the reason why?"

"Tonight, I promise," the guardsman swore. "Now, come on, get your bookbag and show me where your class is so I know where to meet you later."

"You should meet the group," Clarke offered. "I guess we're a forming pack at this point. My friend Finn's supposed to introduce us to his friend Raven Reyes later. You won't be the only old person."

"Old?" Bellamy snorted. "I'm only a few years older than you, princess."

Clarke poked the middle of the older Alpha's chest with an index finger. "Oh really, grandpa?" A mischievous glint lit her light blue eyes. "Prove it. Race you to Farm Station!" She took off in the left direction of the hallway.

"Wait!" Bellamy shouted. He spotted a black backpack slung across the couch. "Shit!" He ran into the small apartment, tossed the backpack over his left shoulder, pressed a button on the control panel and bolted out of the room as the door automatically closed.

A worn-out Bellamy bent down to his knees to catch his breath. Clarke leaned against the wall of the narrow hall and slid downwards.

Bellamy's voice came out in ragged breaths. "You win. Never-," he coughed into his elbow, "racing you again."
From afar, Harper McEntyre and Nathan Miller caught the worn out and breathless Alphas catching their breath. The two Betas shouted a loud 'ooh' from across the hall. Clarke stretched out her braced wrist to show them her rising middle finger. The Betas laughed and entered the class.

"Ditto," the younger Alpha choked out. "I guess it's tie." She stood and stretched out her arms after regaining her breath. "I smell Pike."

"And that's my cue to leave," Bellamy rose from his crouching position and took off the black backpack. He slung the lightweight pack over the blonde's shoulders.

"I'll meet you after class."

A toothy smile pulled across Clarke's lips. "You'll meet the pack, then?"

Bellamy faked an annoyed tone. "Yes, I'll meet the pack."

Clarke pulled the guardsman into a tight embrace. Bellamy grunted, clearly not expecting the affectionate gesture. She reminded him more of someone close to him. She reminded him of family.

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"So, princess," Finn beamed, "who's the new guy? Wells and I saw you two hugging in the hall. We've seen him hang around your assigned med room. What gives?"

Wells chimed in, "Guardsman Blake, right?"

Jasper's jaw dropped low. "Guardsman?! Clarke, you're seeing a guardsman? Holy shit!"

Monty gasped. "A guardsman? He's definitely older, then! An older guy, Clarke? So scandalous."

"What? No!" Clarke grumbled and rolled her eyes. She should have known her friends would be more than curious. "He's a friend. A good friend. He contained the 'angry as hell' side of my rut when I first presented. I asked him to meet with us after class."

Finn puffed his chest out in a mocking motion. "I want to meet him! He better not break our princess's heart."

"Dammit," Clarke groaned, "don't scare him off. I assure you, no hearts will be broken."

Jasper snorted. "If we can scare him off, that means he's not strong enough for you."

Murphy shrugged. "Every princess needs a strong king."

Zoey Monroe overheard the conversation. She turned in her seat and spoke, "or a queen." She turned back around to catch the wide eyes of a blushing Harper.

"Or a queen," Clarke repeated. She glared at her friends. "Bellamy's just a friend. An older friend who happens to be a great guard. Be nice, guys."

"Alright, alright," Finn laughed, "consider this conversation over. We'll meet him. And then I'll introduce you guys to Raven."

Jasper muttered a 'fucking finally'.

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Pike called Clarke to his desk when class was dismissed. Finn, Jasper, Wells, Monty, and Murphy huddled together in the hallway.

Pike stood up. "Clarke, your mother has informed me of your unexpected development. First of all, I'd like to say congratulations. You could be Chancellor one day. And second of all, the Council has allowed me to take you to the gym and teach you how to kill your aggression."

"Aggression?" the blonde Alpha crossed her arms.

"We are a rare kind," Pike explained, "and the suppressants may be strong, but they don't block all of our instincts and abilities, such as being able to smell anyone's dynamic, or having more energy to burn. Our adrenaline supply was quite useful in the days of our kind's first appearance, so I've read. You are no doubt going to experience bursts of seemingly uncontrollable energy. The bursts can be triggered by strong emotional responses or when your senses tell you danger is near."

"Like a strange flight or fight reflex?" Clarke guessed. "Only it's fight, or well, fight."

"Yes, correct," the teacher nodded. "I will lead you to the gym after class tomorrow. Bring extra clothes. Dr. Jackson will provide extra water rations."

Clarke nodded towards the older Sentinel. At least she would have someone to relate to. Who could be better than the kind and caring teacher to lead her through the odd circumstances of being a Sentinel?

"I will guide you," Pike lowered his voice, "and I accept this opportunity to help a fellow Sentinel with pride. You could be a powerful Sentinel one day, Clarke. Maybe you'll become a leader."

"Or," the younger Alpha shrugged her shoulders, "I could just be a fluke like you were. We'll probably be fine. After this impending 'crisis' is over with and solved, I'll reveal myself, fear won't be an issue and everything will be just like it was before."

"The possibilities are infinite. You may be right, or," Pike stepped closer to Clarke, "you could be wrong. Either way, your role is to watch closely, assess the situation, lead when the opportunity arises, be a proper guide, and nurture."

Clarke bit the left side of her bottom lip in thought. Her pupils widened from the overwhelming nature of the conversation. "There's no way I'll remember that, Pike."

The teacher's eyes darted towards the tattered remains of an overused dictionary. Pike stepped towards the book and clutched it with a gentle grasp. "Maybe this will help. You see," he flipped through several pages until the tip of his index finger underlined 'Sentinel'. Clarke watched him with curious eyes. The man always found a way to ensure his students would memorize anything quickly.

"The very definition of a Sentinel, or Sentry, is one who watches, guides, and protects," the teacher placed the book down to its resting spot, "and the very biological duty of a Sentinel is to-"

"watch, guide, protect," Clarke released her lower lip from the grip of her teeth and smiled. "I think I get it. But there's something I don't understand," her smile faded into neutrality, "how can I watch, guide, protect, lead, and nurture? That sounds pretty overwhelming."

"You don't even realize that you and your friends formed a pack, do you?" An amused smile pulled at the teacher's lips. "Wells and Jasper, your two Beta friends, always stand on the sides. Monty, an Omega, is always in the middle, where he can be protected, along with John Murphy, the Ark's most recently presented Omega. Before you presented, you always stood next to Monty. Finn, an
Alpha, always stands in the front. Subconsciously, heavily suppressed or not, that's the typical formation assumed by a pack of mixed dynamics. I've seen the way you listen to your friends and waited for an opportunity to offer advice or assist. To guide and nurture. You practically hovered over Monty before he first presented. You nurtured him as much as you could."

"Of course I did, that's just common human decency," Clarke insisted.

"No, you are smart enough to know our basic primal instincts overrule our apparent domestication," Pike argued. "Most people would have given the kid a simple pat on the back and tell him he would be fine after two weeks. But you?" He focused attention on the younger Alpha's eyes. The blonde girl chewed her bottom lip, awaiting her teacher's explanation.

"Clarke, you held him during his first cramps. You made Jasper and Wells make hand-crafted 'get well' cards from recycled parchment paper. You were only thirteen years old and you were hellbent on making sure he felt loved and cared for. And here we are, two months after your seventeenth birthday, three weeks after you finished your first rut as the first female Sentinel in existence. You're unique and your biology agrees, otherwise we wouldn't be having this conversation."

"Can I ask you something?"

"Of course. My job is to educate," the teacher assured.

Clarke carefully worded the question in her mind. "You don't have a leadership role. If our biological function is to watch and guide, how do you carry out your functions if you're restricted as an educator?"

"Leadership isn't all about large titles and power," Pike walked back towards his chair and sat in it. He crossed his legs and clasped his hands together, "I'm a teacher. I watch my students for signs of misunderstanding the content they're required to learn, for signs of distress and presenting. I guide all of you to become knowledgeable and productive members of our society. I am a teacher and I'm proud to be one."

"There's one thing I disagree with," Clarke spoke calmly, "you said you guide all of us to become productive members of all society. What about people who can't? A person's inability to be productive shouldn't diminish their worth as a person."

Pike's eyes widened. His fingers sprung close together. "An interesting notion, Clarke." He stood from his seat. "I think your friends are waiting for you. Remember to bring extra clothing in your backpack tomorrow. We're going to the gym right after class."

"Alright, Pike. Thanks for taking the time to help me figure this out," the blonde Alpha lifted her backpack by the straps.

Pike forced his facial muscles to form a smile. "Any time, Clarke. Have a good day and try to catch up on the work you missed. I'll be here if you need assistance."

"Thanks again," Clarke smiled that soft bright grin of hers as she exited the room to meet her eagerly awaiting friends.

After being left alone, Pike asked aloud, "Did she just challenge me?"

Finn pointed his head to the left side of the hall. "To the engineering bay! To Raven!" The pack called out enthusiastic cheers.
Once the group turned the corner, Clarke already smelled her favorite guardsman approach. Bellamy stuck his hands in his jean pockets.

"Guys," the blonde Alpha stepped between Bellamy and her pack, "this is Bellamy."

Finn practically stuck his nose in the guard's face. Clarke held back the urge to growl at her classmate and friend to warn him to back off. She clenched her jaw and squeezed her eyes shut to filter out her inner turmoil. What's so great about being a Sentinel if you have to pretend you're as heavily suppressed as everyone else?

Finn crossed his arms over his chest. "I don't trust men with slicked-back hair."

Bellamy crossed his own arms over his chest. His calm eyes flit across the younger Alpha male's frame, and to his hair. "I don't trust men with long and loose hair."

Finn's eyes gradually softened. "It's actually not hard to maintain if you're patient enough."

A smile tugged at Bellamy's lips. "If I ever decide to step down from my position, I'll be sure to find you since I won't need to keep looking professional and kempt."

"Alright!" Finn backed away, turned towards the pack and threw an arm around Bellamy's shoulders. "I can respect this guy."

Murphy curiously watched the interaction, then spoke shyly, "one of us?"

The rest of the pack turned towards Bellamy with equally curious eyes. After a few long seconds, Bellamy laughed and nodded. "One of you."

A large exhale escaped through Clarke's lungs and lips. As a bodyguard, Bellamy would need to be around her as often as possible. And as a friend, his presence will be welcomed among the makeshift pack.

The blonde Alpha's eyes hovered over Murphy. The Omega's skin still appeared pale and his body actively shook, possibly because of his recent asthma attack. While the rest of the pack welcomed Bellamy with cheers and open arms, Clarke nudged the bird-like boy with her right shoulder.

"Murphy, you okay?" She lowered her voice so as to not attract attention. Judging from the way he seemed to hold himself together with two arms stretching over his chest, and the way he slightly shivered due to an anxious tick, she knew this was a conversation meant for privacy.

"Um, yeah," the Omega murmured in the lowest voice he could muster.

Clarke lifted her braced hand to run her fingers through his hair. The Omega flinched. Clarke quickly withdrew her hand.

"I'm sorry," her eyebrows furrowed and pinched near the middle, "it's a habit I developed from calming Monty down."

Murphy wrapped gentle fingers around the Alpha's braced wrist. "It's okay, I just didn't expect it."

Clarke prevented her facial muscles from allowing her lower jaw to hang open. Did this boy never experience the gentle touch of a friend, or a parent? She learned the gentle hand through hair motions from her parents as a pup.
"I won't do it again," she promised. Her blue eyes bore into Murphy's darker irises to make herself clear.

The Omega dropped the blonde Alpha's wrist and sputtered out, "N-no, it's okay, really. I appreciate it." He paused, then darted his eyes to Clarke's fingers. "Could you-?"

Clarke lifted her wrist to pull Murphy's arm into the softest of hugs. She stretched out her right palm around the back of his head to knead through his hair. A soft huff of relief puffed from the Omega's lips. Clarke clenched her teeth, refusing to allow herself any noises to escape from her own mouth. She couldn't purr, not that she knew how yet, nor could she growl, and honestly the urge to growl was something she grew too accustomed to during her time in the medical room. She resisted the urge to growl, to instinctively warn others to leave this Omega alone.

Although she felt no attraction to the lanky boy, she mentally vowed to keep him safe. She slowly developed a better understanding of the dynamics through her quickly-growing instincts. Omegas needed to be protected at all costs, especially the skittish John Murphy. She pressed her nose against the column of his throat and found herself gripping the boy much more tightly against herself. A sugary and mouth-watering smell pumped through his scent gland. Now, the Alpha understood why biting was such an important factor during mating, besides the teeth marks signifying partnership with another dynamic.

Oddly enough, many of the married dynamics of the Ark didn't carry bites. Supposedly the heavy suppressant dosages were so strong, the married couples did not feel the urge to bite when they attempted to have a child.

But, as expected, the young Sentinel's primal instincts outweighed her domestication, just like Pike explained earlier. To urge to bite, to mark, to claim and forever protect her friend from any hostile situation surged through her body.

Back in the days before the Ark, dynamics in their late teenage years frequently mated during or after presenting. The urge to claim often outruled any sort of attraction, even when there was none. Chancellor Jaha and the rest of the Ark stations may choose to deny the animals inside themselves and pretend they're as human as their non-dynamic ancestors, but Clarke knew her inner Alpha could only play the wolf in sheep's clothing for so long.

Murphy grunted after the odd sensation of a solid object slapped against his inner thigh. "The hell is that?"

Clarke bit her bottom lip. 'Shit.', "My change purse for the trading center," she managed to lie. She hadn't felt her sex organ perk up since the horrid days spent locked in a room.

"That's a shit load of change," the Omega commented, amused. "Are you trying to save up for something?"

Clarke positioned her nose away from the natural sweetness of her friend's scent gland. She opted to pull herself away from his body entirely, until only an arm rested over his shoulders and her torso slightly touched his own. She flit her eyes to his own, encouraging eye contact while she attempted to discreetly tuck the unwelcomed intrusion away.

"Uh, more charcoal and the allowance to borrow more colored pencils. And whatever's left of the parchment paper quantity since I'm the only person using it."

Luckily, Finn chose this moment to speak up, right after Clarke tucked herself against her thigh. Finn pointed at the nearest intersection between corridors. "And now, we meet Raven! Onwards!"
Finn's descriptions of a playful brunette with intense focus didn't do justice for her blunt and sarcastic demeanor.

"Everyone," the shaggy-haired Alpha nodded towards the athletically-built Omega woman, "this is little bird."

The woman in question rolled her dark eyes. "I'm Raven Reyes. As you can tell," she gestured towards the muscle tone straining beneath her grey shirt with a chin tilt, "I am not," she lightly smacked the Alpha male's chest with a playful laugh, "little!"

A friendly Beta engineer, whom Clarke already knew to be her father's friend Sinclair, checked off the inventory of utility components over laminated paper, then turned his friendly smile to the Omega mechanic. "But you do want to fly like one."

"You can't fly through space," Raven snorted, "the laws of physics don't bend that way."

Another Beta, who was named Wicks, stepped out of a small custodial closet with a suit in his arms. An excited Jake Griffin stood beside him with a helmet.

Jake approached Raven. "Go on, Reyes," he smiled like an overexcited child, "stick your hand through here." He tapped the opening of the helmet with his left index finger. Just like his daughter, the Omega engineer was also left-handed.

Jasper leaned his right elbow over Monty's right shoulder. The goggle-clad Beta glanced down at the helmet. "No offense, Mr. Griffin, but that sounds pretty suspicious."

Raven crossed her arms. "That's a really shitty pick-up line," she grinned and turned towards Clarke, "hey, looks like I'll be your new sire or some shit, princess!"

Clarke pressed her left palm against her own forehead. "No comment."

Raven uncrossed her arms and reached through the opening of the helmet with her braced wrist. She pulled out a short half of laminated paper. Her eyes skimmed the contents of the paper. "This is my test," she realized. When her eyes followed a red ink mark in the shape of a check with the number ‘one hundred’, she jerked the paper on the table and shouted, "I passed! I fucking did it!"

A proud grin stretched across Jake’s face. “You’re now the youngest spacewalking mechanic in fifty years.”

The group cheered, even the newcomers to the Omega spacewalker. Raven smacked the helmet out of Jake’s arms and pulled him into a tight hug.

A wide grin stretched across Wicks’ face. “You did it, little bird! Sinclair and I will give you your official gear tomorrow.”

When Raven pulled away from Jake’s arms, she whispered towards the pack, “I heard Goggles and Techboy-” she nodded towards Jasper and Monty, “-make their own moonshine. Care to let an official spacewalker in on your celebrations?”

Wicks and Sinclair exited the room to repair a busted intercom. Jake remained in the back of the room to check off the rest of the inventory.

Finn nodded excitedly, “hell yeah! But that depends on Clarke. We usually drink at her place.” The
pack, including Raven, glanced at Clarke, waiting for her input.

The entire pack now asked Clarke if the drinking would occur or not. The small weight and the small sense of power pleased the young Sentinel. “My parents are working all night. Let's go to my place.”

Clarke didn't consider how the guardsman felt about the illegal drinking. She flinched in realization and turned to face the tall Alpha.

Bellamy smiled wholeheartedly. “Relax, princess. I won't tell if you won't.”

Finn wrapped an arm around Bellamy’s right shoulder. “That's it, we're keeping him.”

Raven burrowed into the guardsman's left side. “I'll feed him, I'll walk him and I'll pick up after him!”

Bellamy laughed so hard, he snorted and clutched his chest. The group burst out laughing.

Jake called from the back of room, “Clarke, honey! I want to talk to you. I could use the help of your guard friend to lift this pipe piece.”

Clarke turned towards Finn. “Take the group to my place. I'll be there soon.” She paused to run her hands through Monty and Murphy’s hair. The Omegas released quiet sighs from the gesture. Clarke loved making Omegas feel safe. She could practically smell their relief.

Raven watched with amusement in her eyes. “Princess is an Alpha. Definitely.” The timing was too soon for her own inner Omega to accept Clarke as a pack leader, but she would watch for now.

The blonde Alpha struggled to hide a wide grin at the sight of Finn listening to her orders and leading the pack to her home. This felt right.

She turned around towards her father. “There was no pipe piece, was there?”

“Nope,” Jake stepped towards his daughter and her bodyguard, “I just needed an excuse to have you both here so your friends don't get more suspicious than they probably already are.”

Bellamy nodded and schooled his features. His face didn't contain any signs of his previous laughter and he straightened out his back.

“Relax, Guardsman,” Jake pat the Alpha male’s shoulder, “just because I'm married to a Councilor doesn't mean you have to act like one of Shumway’s dogs. Um, no offense.”

Bellamy released the tension from his back and face. “None taken, sir.”

“Trust me, boy, I know he's a hardass. I'm good friends with Lieutenant Miller and Captain Green. I heard all the stories,” Jake smiled sympathetically.

“Now, anyway, I wanted to check up on you two. Clarke, honey, how do you feel?”

“Very overwhelmed,” Clarke admitted, “and I feel like I’ve been cut off from most of senses. I mean, sure, I'm still able to smell what dynamic a person is, but it's not as strong now.”

“We live in strange times,” Jake signed. “We’re wolves and humans. We hide the wolf, control it, tame it until it doesn't exist anymore. I suppose it's much more frustrating for Sentinels. You have some senses, but not all of them.”
“It's just not right,” Clarke sat herself on the metal table, “it's wrong that we pretend we're not what we really are. This method of population control is really extreme.”

Jake leaned against the table and pat his daughter’s thigh. “We're wolves in space. That doesn't seem right, does it?”

Bellamy nudged Clarke’s left side. “I don't know how much longer we can last up here. This station isn't exactly meant for eternal use. I hope a few people in your class won't mind become maintenance workers.”

Jake’s sad smile turned into a frown. He turned away from his daughter and her friend and walked towards the closest.

“Dad?” Clarke hopped off the table. Her eyebrows rose and she watched her father with concerned eyes. “Are you okay? What's wrong?”

“Nothing that you need to worry about,” Jake attempted to form a smile, the famous Griffin grin, but Clarke could tell his eyes and smile contradicted each other. “You should go to your friends.”

Clarke and Bellamy walked towards the door and exited the room. Clarke glanced back to face her father. She smiled back at him and reluctantly followed Bellamy through the corridors.

As soon as the automatic door closed, Jake’s fake smile dissolved into worriness. Thin coverage of glaze covered his eyes. He ran his hands through his hair and bent down to reach for a concealed oxygen reader hidden beneath an oil-slicked rag.

“I should have told her,” he murmured to himself, “she has a right to know. They all do.” He stood up and clutched the reader, staring at it as if it would suddenly read positive and produce a green line. A menacing thin neon red line remained on the tablet-like technology.

“Maybe if I tell Abby about this and convince Clarke to expose herself as a Sentinel, we could figure something out. No,” he grit his teeth and threw the oxygen reader across the room, “I’m not endangering my family. I can’t let anyone get floated. Jaha’s our closest friend, he’ll understand that we need to do something.”

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A loud burp erupted from Jasper's mouth. Wells released a louder burp of his own. Jasper gave the Chancellor’s son a challenging glare and opened his mouth to release an even louder burp, but a new sound caught their attention. Both Betas whipped their heads around as Murphy released an incredibly loud belch.

“I, um, excuse me,” the bird-like Omega mumbled.

“We are not worthy,” Jasper whispered drunkenly.

“That's it,” Clarke crossed her arms over her chest, “I think we've all had enough for the night.”

“But it's only,” Jasper turned his brown eyes towards the clock, “five in the afternoon!”

“Yeah, well, I don’t want vomit all over the floors and noise complaints,” Clarke retorted. “Come on, let's clean up.”

The blonde bent down to grab a few of her own empty beer canisters. Raven nudged her side and tossed the Alpha’s cans into a bag.
“I'll disintegrate them and blow the leftover metal bits out the airlock when I go spacewalking tomorrow, princess,” the Omega offered.

“Alright, little bird, they're all yours,” Clarke’s lips tilted into a playful grin.

“I recognize that sly smirk,” Raven snorted. “The famous Griffin smile. You really are your father’s pup, you know.”

Clarke smiled at the Omega. “Thanks.”

“So,” Finn appeared on Clarke’s opposite side, “are we going running tonight? I bet you've got a shit ton of pent up energy since it's been weeks after we last ran.”

Clarke grit her teeth and faced the other side of the room. She bent down to collect Monty’s two canisters and mumbled, “you have no idea.”

“I hope you don't mind me coming along,” Raven spoke as she poked a drunken Wells and gestured towards his own canisters, “I'm going on my first spacewalking tour of the outside of the station with Wicks and Sinclair tomorrow. I gotta be prepared.”

“What?” Finn feigned shock and poked Raven’s abs, “you're never unprepared. You've been working out non stop since we were pups and you studied your ass off!”

“My ass is still attached, thank you,” Raven rolled her eyes.

Clarke glanced at Wells and Jasper. Thankfully, Thelonious was rarely at home these days and Wells would be able to sleep off his drunken stupor without incident. Jasper’s parents were most likely performing maintenance until graveyard shift.

Monty only had a small buzz and he didn't drink that much. Murphy kept one can for the past few hours.

“Monty?” She ran a hand through the Omega’s hair. “Do you think you're alright enough to make sure Wells and Jasper get home safely?”

Finn’s left hand joined Clarke’s. The Omega smiled contently from the gentle affection. Murphy glanced at them, struggling to keep a straight face, but pained yearning and sad jealousy overtook him.

Clarke could practically smell his sadness, thanks to her advanced Sentinel senses. She motioned with her free hand and beckoned the boy with a wave of her two fingers. Murphy didn't hesitate in running into her embrace.

Clarke was the first person in his life who showed him affection. He refused to oppose Clarke’s commands. Monty gave his fellow Omega a knowing smile, recognizing the effects of imprinting.

Monty murmured in a gentle tone, “welcome to the pack.”

Murphy wanted to say thanks, to thank his new friends for accepting him, but a knot rose in his throat and he swallowed tears away. Clarke nuzzled into his shoulder and leaned on Finn’s shoulder, all while stroking Monty’s hair.

Jasper and Wells huddled on the opposite sides of Clarke and Finn, while Raven and Bellamy curiously watched.
Raven nodded towards Bellamy, “I take it you're new to the group, too?”

“Yeah, Clarke’s mom thought it would be a good idea for us to remain friends,” Bellamy replied. Honestly, the statement wasn't a lie.

Finn pat Murphy’s head with his free hand. “Raven and I will accompany you, Wells, Monty and Jasper to home.” He turned to face Clarke when the blonde Alpha lifted her head from his shoulder, “Raven and I will be back two hours from curfew so we can run. Sound good?”

Clarke grinned at her Alpha friend. The more the day passed, she developed more realizations about their little pack. The bond they shared would navigate them through life. An imprint was as unbreakable as the bond between a living mated pair.

“Sounds good.”

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Clarke hugged each of her friends, then awkwardly faced Raven. The blonde only recently met the Omega.

Raven held her arms out and rose her left eyebrow expectantly. “Come on, princess! Where's my hug?”

Clarke grinned and charged towards the Omega. They practically squeezed the life out of each other. Clarke nestled her head near Raven’s scent gland. She inhaled, resisting the sudden urge to purr and bit her tongue to prevent satisfied noises from leaving her throat.

The sweetness of an Omega was common knowledge, and each Omega had their own particular scent, but the young Sentinel wasn't nearly prepared for how gentle and soothing the scents were. Sure, she loved the calm and neutral scents of her Beta friends, and she even grew to love the protective scents of Finn and Bellamy, but she already had a feeling her future mate would be an Omega just based on her attraction to their scents.

Bellamy waited by the door. Raven gave Clarke a friendly shoulder squeeze before she left to follow Finn and the rest of the pack.

“So,” Bellamy began.

Clarke watched the guardsman with a hopeful grin on her face. “So..?”

“I promised you I would explain why I'm an Alpha and a guard earlier,” Bellamy brushed away from the door, “as long as you keep your promise to not tell anyone, including Wells. I know he's your best friend, but this is really important and risky.”

“I can't even tell him I'm the first woman of my dynamic,” Clarke snorted, “trust me, I can handle keeping another secret.”

“Okay, come on,” Bellamy tapped the blonde’s shoulder and began walking on the right side of the corridor. Clarke eagerly followed.

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A sweet scent permeated through Clarke’s nostrils. She inhaled deeply. The scent smelled oddly familiar.
“I’ve smelled this Omega on your guardsman clothes,” the Sentinel pointed out.

Bellamy sighed, “another reason why I avoid Pike. I can't let him smell her. I need to keep my position in order to protect my family. Guards get extra food rations because of all the patrols we’re assigned to, and my new bodyguard status means I get higher rations. Desperately needed rations, Clarke.”

“Bell, I don't understand. Do you have a poor extended family? I could ask Mom to petition the Council for assistance—”

“No, it's not like that,” Bellamy scratched the back of his head. “Just, follow me a little longer, okay? Please? We're almost there.”

“Alright, lead the way,” the younger Alpha nodded, though she bit her bottom lip in uncertainty.

After passing three more corridors, Bellamy passed by one final apartment door. He pressed a few keys into the built-in terminal. Once the automatic door lifted, a hit of medicated Omega wafted through the air.

Bellamy peered inside the tight space and used his braced wrist to gesture Clarke inside. The blonde crept after him with careful footsteps.

“Hey,” Bellamy cooed. He pulled a table and matted rug away from a crack in the floor and bent down on his knees, “you can come out now.”

Clarke chewed her inner cheek. Why was a person underneath the floorboards?

A lean figure pushed the weak floorboard and pulled herself out of the dark, empty space. Once the figure stood on her legs, two sets of bright eyes stared at each other, unsure how to respond.

“Clarke,” Bellamy announced, “this is Octavia. My sister.”

Clarke whispered softly, “holy shit, you’re O, aren't you?”

The Omega, who had to be approximately one year younger than Clarke, smiled as bright as her eyes. Trimmed bangs covered her forehead and tattered blue jeans covered her legs. She wore her brown hair in a low-rise ponytail and covered her torso with a green T-shirt.

“And you're the Sentinel, right? It's so cool to meet you!” Her timidness long since passed. “Aren't you supposed to save us from some sort of horrible shit in the incoming future?”

“O,” Bellamy gasped, “I'm sure she doesn't want to talk about it.”

“Actually, I don't mind,” Clarke grinned, then shot a glare at Bellamy, “but it seems like some people can't keep a secret. How ironic.”

“It's not like I have anyone to tell,” Octavia snorted. “But it really is so cool to meet you! I read so much about Sentinels. Bell says you can smell dynamics even though you're medicated. How do I smell?”

“Sweet,” Clarke answered. “You're the second Omega I smelled. Your scent lingered on Bell’s clothes.” She paused and turned to the Alpha in question. “So this is why you're a guardsman? You need to protect your sister?”

“I need to feed her and clothe her,” Bellamy confirmed. “Our mother can't work, she's physically
disabled. So I provide income.”

“What about your father?” Clarke pressed. After seeing the saddened faces of the siblings, she quickly spoke, “I'm sorry, I shouldn't have asked.”

“My father was floated for reasons I can't say. O’s father kind of faded and doesn't talk to us. Not that he can, he could get floated because of the one child policy,” the guardsman replied rather solemnly.

Octavia gripped Clarke’s left wrist and dragged her towards the table. “Did you know the first presenting Sentinel in history led the entire half of the US when he was around our age during the first apocalypse? And look at this, “ she opened a dusty brown hardcover book, “this is a map of what Washington DC looked like during the second apocalypse, “ she tapped her finger and traced inked lines over damaged building structures.


“Relax! I'll return them,” Octavia rolled her eyes. She quietly murmured to Clarke, “eventually.”

Bellamy grumbled and sat at the table. “I heard that.”

Octavia flipped the page. The next image depicted foliage and woodlands growing near the statue of Abraham Lincoln. Clarke’s mouth hung open. She pressed her left index finger against the photographed outlines of medium-sized tree bark.

The smell of rain-covered wood, the calls of birds during chick hatchling season and the beauty of the brown and green landscape pulled Clarke into a strong yearning of visiting the ground.

“It’s so beautiful,” Clarke lowered her voice. Her blue eyes skimmed the image rapidly.

“I know. It really just captures what I think ‘home’ should be like,” Octavia mumbled in awe. “Imagine living where our pure human and first hybrid ancestors lived. Too bad the entire planet’s said to be a radiation-covered wasteland. Stupid war. What caused it anyway?”

“From what Pike taught me,” Clarke pulled herself a chair and sat in it, all while still staring at the image, “there are a number of possibilities. The entire world used nuclear weapons in a very short war, one country pissed off a very powerful enemy, or,” she turned back to Octavia and wiggled her eyebrows, “aliens.”

Octavia laughed, “now that’s an interesting theory!”

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Three seemingly short hours passed by. Just like with Bellamy, Clarke developed a fast friendship with Octavia. They discussed cultures of the past and studied numerous theories about how civilizations prospered under the great first Sentinel Xavier Rodriguez’s rule.

Bellamy watched his sister and friend converse with a content smile over his lips.

“I'm not supposed to exist,” Octavia shuffled her feet and glanced back at Clarke, “and according to Sentinel history, neither are you.”

“So, secret sibling,” Clarke playfully grinned, “want to be friends with a secret Sentinel?”
She didn't expect to be embraced by the Omega. Cold, wet tears ran across Clarke’s neck. The Sentinel flinched and held the sobbing girl in her arms. Bellamy stood from his chair.

“Thank you,” the girl’s voice was muffled by Clarke’s shirt, “thank you for being the first person I've interacted with besides my family. Thank you, Clarke.”

The Alpha ran soothing circles across the Omega’s back and reflexively ran her braced wrist through her hair.

“You're welcome, O.”

The Omega pulled away from the embrace, though she kept her hands over her first friend’s shoulders.

“Bell? Can she come again? Maybe tomorrow? Please?”

Bellamy’s face softened. “Why don't you ask her?”

Octavia faced Clarke with a hopeful glint in her eyes.

“Yes, hell yes,” the blonde Alpha assured. Octavia once again pulled her into a firm embrace.

“I hate to break this up, but Clarke, you should really head back to your place so you can run with Finn and Raven,” Bellamy warned.

“Shit, I almost forgot. Thanks for reminding me,” Clarke gave Octavia one final squeeze and pulled away.

“One final thing,” Bellamy grabbed Clarke's shoulders, “take a shower.”

“Um, excuse me?” Clarke furrowed her eyebrows.

“So you don't smell like an unfamiliar Omega. Pike must know every Omega scent. Before you see him, make sure you're completely thorough with showering, okay?”

“On it, thanks for telling me,” the younger Alpha smiled appreciatively. “Thanks for having me over. You took a huge risk and you trusted me.”

The guardsman pulled her into a soft hug. “Thanks for understanding,” he murmured.

Clarke left the room in a hurry.

“Bell?” Octavia watched the door close itself.

“Yeah?” Bellamy caught his sister's gaze.

“She smells like family, doesn't she?”

“Yeah. She really does.”

Two angry voices shouted loudly. Clarke cautiously walked towards her apartment. The voices belonged to her parents, but they never argued, at least not that she could remember.

She pressed numbers into the residing keypad. Once the little machine clicked and whirred, Abby...
and Jake stopped yelling. Clarke stepped inside and glanced at reddened faces and tense facial muscles.

“Is everything okay?”

Abby spoke quickly, as if the previous ordeal didn't happen. “Yes, honey. Just a minor disagreement, that's all.”

Clarke eyed her parents suspiciously. “Alright, if you say so. I’m running with Finn and Raven tonight.”

Jake smiled at his pup. He knew she would befriend his co-worker. “Make sure to be back before curfew.”

“That’s the plan.” Clarke entered her room, then reemerged with a white stained tank top and patched up light blue sweat pants. She hated the way the tank top was battered from so much reusing and recycling, but at least it provided a temporary service.

Jake and Abby sat on the couch together. Abby burrowed her head into the Beta engineer’s shoulder and squeezed his hand. Their faces were still reddened, through their muscle strain decreased.

A knock echoed through the tiny apartment.

“That’s them,” Clarke spoke as she pulled her hair into a ponytail. “Can you leave the living room light on, please?”

Abby smiled at her pup with barely concealed sad eyes. “Yes, hon. Have a nice jog.”

Once Clarke left the apartment, Jake and Abby sat in silence. Abby burrowed closer into her husband’s neck and scent gland, seeking comfort from his natural Beta scent.

“She'll be a great leader someday,” Jake whispered.

“She will,” Abby agreed. “Her presentation before the oxygen crisis can't be a fluke.”

“Which is why we need to expose the crisis to everyone and show them her blue brace scabs,” Jake insisted.

“We already talked about that,” Abby rolled her eyes. “Jaha doesn't want to risk a terrified population to panic and I'm not risking you dying over this!”

“He's our closest friend. His son’s practically our son. He wouldn't float me or you, or Clarke.”

“We're not risking it. End of discussion.”

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! The next chapter will pick up on the plot significantly. Feel free to suggest, ask and critique!
Author's Note

Hey, loves! As of right now, I have a beta. We're working on paragraph restructuring and editing of the current chapters while I write the next one. It's been a while, hasn't it? Life gets in the way! After two failed laptops, well, it's been rough. Remember to reread the first couple chapters when 3 comes out!
Clarke trains with Sentinel Pike while trying to decipher the reason why she presented. Running with Finn is no longer enough to burn her superhuman energy.

Angry gusts of wind rudely invaded Roan kom Azgeda's need for warmth. He wheezed when icy shards hit his eyes, finally accepting that he had to make camp for the night.

He finally came across a familiar trading hut. A burly middle aged man whirred at the sound of footsteps and reached for an old rusty sword attached to a worn leather belt. His fingers released his grasp when he read the intruder's eyes. He mumbled something about 'Azgeda skrish' and entered the hut, leaving the door open for Roan and walked up the stairs.

A blonde young woman stood behind the counter with her lips wide and mischievous. "I knew who you were the moment I heard him swear. What brings you here, former prince?"

Roan laughed and approached the counter. His laughter faded and his smile turned to concern. He pulled a note from his left pocket.

"A lot of our people gave gone missing, no doubt to the Mounaun. They are going as far as to the snowy mountains of my old lands. But that's not all," he pressed the note on the counter. "Tell no one. Not your father, not your kru, no one. Our best spy has gone missing. I know you think of her quite fondly. Echo carried this note, probably intended for the queen. Nia must not know of this."

Niylah's eyes widened and she grabbed the note with nimble fingers. "A Sentinel was discovered amongst Heda's apprentices? This can't be true!"

"But it is. And we both know Nia would surely demand his capture and demand he become our heir or personal tool, like Ontari," Roan grimaced, "she forced our sweet Echo to murder Heda's love, all in the name of power! Echo still has horrible nightmares each day and she cannot be in the same room as Heda."

Niylah's shortened, jagged fingernails gripped the counter top. "I remember that night so clearly. That's when you first brought her to me. You were exiled the following day to begin the treaty and allow your Kru to join the Coalition. She looked as if she didn't know how to cry. Her eyes were so red and dark at the same time."

She met Roan's soft, heartbroken eyes. "And," she continued, strain in her voice, clogging her throat, "you think the Maunon captured her? That's how my mother was captured, all those years ago."

"She is far from the only victim, Niylah. General Anya kom Trikru was captured. Chief Indra kom Trikru of Ton DC's brother was captured. The rumors you must have heard are true. This has to be why a Sentinel has presented. They must combat this. They," he closed his eyes firmly. To show emotions in the company of others was unbecoming of an Azgeda prince, let alone an exiled one, "they must pay. They cannot get away with this."
Three nights later, the exiled prince entered allied borders between The Ice Nation and mountains of what was once called Canada.

An adult Nightblood forced her horse to trudge towards the Beta, shaking with excitement. She leaped off her white stallion and ran into Roan's arms, her hands moving past the layers of furs for the skin behind his shoulders.

"No," the regal man whispered, "this is not time for celebration, though it has been long, love. I come baring bad news."

The queen's personal guardswoman took a small step backwards with hints of concern in her eyes, her mouth agape to speak, until Roan gathered the courage to speak.

"I found a piece of our traditional furs in a damp clearing and traces of blood, and a broken suit with a blistered corpse inside. The Maunon have captured Echo while she hunted," he dug within his coat pockets to present a rusting arrowhead coated in dark red blood.

"I see," Ontari murmured, swallowing a lump in her throat. "She will be missed."

"No, my future Qwin, we will not mourn until we know of her state," Roan insisted, "we do not mourn until we see a body."

That quiet night, Roan rested sleeplessly at Ontari's bedside. He didn't have the heart to tell her about the note. He loved Ontari dearly, but her loyalty to the Ice Nation was stronger than any love. He couldn't risk allowing Queen Nia to know of the existence of a Sentinel in the Commander's tutelage, not when an alliance formed from the ashes of a murder victim.

Bruised fists repeatedly slammed into a black punching bag affixed to the ceiling. The sound of knuckles colliding against thick plastic covering a fiber base echoed throughout the fake gym.

Pike, with nostalgic eyes and a small pang of jealousy within his chest, watched from a shaded window afar with curious Council members. After ten more minutes, he stepped away to spar with his apprentice.

Marcus Kane, who had been holding his tongue since the beginning of the session, finally spoke.

"Clarke's presentation and her father's discovery of depleting oxygen cannot be a coincidence." The corners of his mouth upturned slightly, "The Griffin legacy can't catch a break, can it, Abby?"

"I suppose not, Marcus." Abby couldn't smile back, not when her daughter's fate is still unknown. Not when the entire rest of the Council threatened to float her husband if he revealed Clarke's true dynamic and the oxygen levels to the public.

Jaha stood in the middle of the other Councilors. He observed Clarke and Pike's boxing match, noting that Clarke had fierce power but untrained limbs.

"If we can find the solution to the oxygen crisis, we will allow Clarke to tell the Ark what she really is. We can discuss her future as well. If the oxygen depletion doesn't have a solution, I found notes from my great grandfather Caleb. We must discuss this at the next meeting."

A fist slammed into the older Sentinel's face. The Council grew silent in anticipation. Blue blood
spewed out of Pike's mouth. The teacher growled and wiped the blood away with his left hand. Clarke could not throw a punch or a kick in his direction three days ago, he was so sure she could never overpower him. Hormones surged through his body and he felt a strong, red fury pulse through him, but her lips turned upwards, and it angered him more. How dare she smile while he bled?

Clarke's eyes grew wide. Maybe she went too far? But this training was meant to hone and develop her hidden talents, why was he angry? Shouldn't he be proud? She stepped back, Pike took another step forward.

Pike was the only Sentinel for most of his life. No one had ever bested him. Not even Commander Shumway, the Beta guardsman he grew up with. And now this young girl somehow defies her genetics and lands a punch? The audacity! The disrespect to his authority.

His left leg darted out while Clarke walked backwards slowly and she tripped, landing on her back. The hell was that? Pike was quick to tackle her. With fury and hatred in his eyes, he raised his bloody fist to her forehead, until a leg pressed into his sternum and knocked him down.

An intercom echoed throughout the makeshift gym, "I think that's enough training for today, Clarke and Charles. Thank you for allowing us to observe you today."

Clarke slowly stood up and stretched her arms out. She walked to Pike and offered a hand. The man simply rolled his eyes and painfully rose himself up. "I don't need your help, Griffin."

Realization hit Clarke's chest. Her own teacher attempted to hurt her for damaging his pride in front of the whole Council. But they were Sentinels, not a pair of untrained, unmedicated Alphas.

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"Something weird happened today," Clarke spoke as she walked the corridors with Bellamy. "I think he tried to hurt me, not for training purposes but to actually, physically hurt me."

Bellamy's eyebrows furrowed once they passed Farm Station. "What did you do?"

"I managed to punch him. I was really proud of myself, I thought he would be proud of me. But he bled and that look in his eyes," she shivered at the thought, "I don't think I'll ever get that out of my head. He looked beyond pissed, his veins were popping and everything."

"Did they ever tell you why he was forced to step down from the Council?" Bellamy asked.

"He was part of the Council?"

"Yes, he was admitted around when your mom was voted in. He was really close with Commander Shumway up until that point. Well, he," he grimaced from what his Commander told him, "they had different opinions on food supply. No one challenged him for his entire life, if you haven't heard. And I guess he's still arrogant after all these years. He strangled Shumway to near death. And he was forced to step down. After some therapy, he became a teacher, with some supervision of course. Everyone thought he calmed down. He became a respected member of the Ark."

"I hurt his pride," Clarke interjected. It was the only motive she could think of.

Bellamy outreached an arm to wrap around Clarke's shoulders. "Just do yourself a favor. Train harder. If he gets mad, that's his own fault for being a crappy teacher, alright? Don't let it get to you."
The young Sentinel wished she could smile but after today, she couldn't muster it. All she could do was stay in her guard's embrace.

The guardsman guided Clarke to his family's apartment. He laughed to himself and murmured softly so passing Arkers wouldn't hear, "sometimes I wish we lived back on Earth. It's still impossible now. But just imagine having more opportunities, doing whatever the hell we want."

"Doing whatever the hell we want," Clarke whispered and finally smiled, "that's a life I would want. No food rations, water rations. Not having to stay in your assigned family apartment until the day we die. No career pressure."

Bellamy swallowed at the thought. His sister could be free to do whatever she aspired to be. Her father might be less ashamed of her existence. Maybe his own father wouldn't have been floated, maybe his mother wouldn't have seduced Shumway's lieutenant to give Bellamy guardsmanship.

When he entered the Blake apartment and Octavia sprang out the the floorboards to practically tackle Clarke, he decided against lecturing her over the importance of staying hidden until he called her name. She needed a better life than this. They all needed a better life than this.

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Octavia picked through scribbles and doodles from Clarke's algebra notes. Clarke attempted to teach Octavia what she learned from class, but she couldn't even figure her own math notes out.

"I think I get it now," Octavia mumbled, "you need to get the five from this variable," she scribbled on a dry-erase board to show her solution.

Clarke scrunched her eyes to look more closely. "I still don't understand," she laughed, "still not sure how you did this. Why are you trying to learn from my school work anyway?"

"Well," Octavia drew her eyes back to the dry erase board and erased her work, "if they find me and arrest me, maybe I can show my worth to the Council. I need to be good at something, right?"

Bellamy could feel his heart sink. The thought from his previous conversation echoed in his mind. 'Whatever the hell we want'.

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Laughter and the clanking footwear against metal flooring echoed through the corridors. Raven, Finn and Clarke jogged passed several passing Arkers. Some congratulated Raven on becoming the first zero gravity mechanic in several years and others greeted Clarke.

Once the trio ventured into another station of the Ark, Raven nudged her way in-between the Alphas.

"You're both in your last year of school, right? Do you guys know what field you're going into?"

"Actually," Finn beamed slightly, "I've been thinking about becoming a mechanic. I want to be a Zero G mechanic too! Or you know, a spacewalker. I think I helped you study enough to get a good grasp on things."

"Hell yeah!" Raven yelped in support of her best friend. She turned her head, "what about you, princess? The rest of us lowly common folk are wondering if you're going to be a master surgeon
like you're mom. Or maybe you'll get admitted into the Council."

"Well, peasant, I'm actually not sure," Clarke admitted. The group stopped jogging temporarily. After regaining a steady breathing pattern, she pursed her lips in thought. "I definitely love medical science. And art. But I guess art isn't really an important thing anymore," she crossed her arms, "I still have a year to think about it, right?"

"Well, hey," Finn chipped in, "I heard the lieutenant of the guards is retiring soon. If you train hard enough, maybe you can take up the mantle."

Raven raised her eyebrows at Clarke, "Ooh, you could be Bellamy's boss! Sure, you'd be Shumway's dog, but maybe maybe you could change things around. Make the laws less harsh, even."

"That's not a bad suggestion," Clarke agreed.

A knot formed numerous loops in her stomach. Adrenaline peaked, her heart began to beat marathons. Something wasn't right. She wasn't sure how she felt this way, but something felt wrong.

"Hey, guys? I think I need to check something out," the Alpha told her friends. "I'll see you guys tomorrow, alright?"

Finn squeezed her left shoulder. "No problem, princess! It's almost Saturday. We have plenty of time to hang out."

"Yeah!" Raven squeezed Clarke's right shoulder. "We gotta get you conditioned if you're going to be a leader someday, Griff."

"Thanks, guys!" Clarke nodded her thanks, squeezed her friends and ran off to find the source. The pounding wouldn't stop. If anything, it increased with each step she took. Sentinel instinct led her to danger naturally. She kept walking corridor after corridor, station after station until she stood in front of the Council chambers. Through a glass window, she could see her parents and the Council in a heavy debate.

Beads of sweat dripped from Jaha's forehead. Jake stood in the center as if he was trying to convince them of something. Why was her father there? Abby clasped her hands together. Marcus Kane and Councilor Cole leaned back in their seats while taking notes on dry erase boards. Kaplan, Fuji and Muir continuously shook their heads and argued.

Clarke heard footsteps approaching. Pike appeared by her side with the same amount of concern on his face. He acknowledged her presence with a nod and turned to look through the window.

Finally, the arguments ended, although Jake's lowered eyes and Abby's obvious breathing suggested something wasn't right.

Jaha met Pike's eyes. "It seems the Sentinels' instincts alerted them," he paused to think, "I believe this must be why Clarke presented. There's no other explanation."

Abby's glassy eyes met the Chancellor's. "But what about Project Exodus? Do you think Earth might be safe again for us?"

"New research from Cole suggests it's possible," Jaha stood from his seat, "due to exposure to solar
radiation, we may actually be adapted to the radiation left on Earth. Our bone marrow has already changed significantly compared to that of our more human and wolf ancestors. However," he paced around the chamber, "we still have several odds against us. We don't know what survived in terms of life and food. We would need livestock to herd and farm, gardens of non-poisonous plants to consume, and we may have to create a new way to filter natural mineral water."

Jake added, "you said the first Chancellor has notes and he had another project in mind. Can that help us in any way?"

"Yes. But for now, that information is only mine to know until the day we need it," the Chancellor declared. "Jake and Abby, you are not to tell anyone about this information."

Jake rolled his eyes. "My daughter's a Sentinel because the oxygen levels are going to decrease and kill us all! And I can't tell anyone? She's not some fluke like Pike! She can guide us!"

Jaha slammed his fist into his desk. "No! We can't risk it! And I can't let you get floated for telling anyone! This is for the good of the Ark, Jacob. You know this." The pitch of his voice grew lower, "you and Abby are my best friends. But leadership and friendship are two different things. I love your daughter as much as I love my son. It pains me to know what she has become. She's going to have pressure on her shoulders in the coming years."

"One year and two months," Jake murmured. "I respect you, old friend. I trust you to know what's right. But this isn't a mere minor crisis with an easy solution. This is permanent. Oxygen filtration was supposed to last for two hundred years. This is only year ninety six. We're only in the third generation."

Cole chimed in, "I'm sure it has something to do with the population increase. We need to be more strict on the one child rule. What else can we do?"

Fuji stood from her desk. "More strict punishments. Even minor crimes need to be punished."

Muir nodded, "minors get locked up and reviewed on the exact day they turn eighteen. Anyone eighteen and older get floated instead of life behind bars."

Abby and Jake exchanged horrified glances.

Clarke whispered, "did you catch any of that?"

"No, but, your instincts scream to you," Pike focused on the window, "you know something is wrong and it's not just what's at hand. We need to study the air pressure, the food rations, anything. Ask your guard about recent crimes. Remember to observe and watch. Don't act until you have all the facts."

"Understood, Mr. Pike," Clarke whispered back.

Pike quietly bristled. He was more commonly referred to as Sentinel Pike until he was forced to step down from the Council. And now, this inexperienced teenager would probably get the title of Sentinel whenever she's allowed to tell everyone.

The door opened, revealing exiting Council members. They nodded their greetings to the Sentinels and walked away.

Pike kept eye contact with Clarke and exited.

Abby and Jake approached Clarke with fake smiles to cover solemn frowns.
Clarke stood rigid and still. "What's going on?"

Jaha followed the Griffins. "Council business, strictly classified. I'm sorry, Clarke. Maybe you'll get in if you're voted in someday," he smiled and brushed through the young girl's hair, "you have one year left before you can show us what you're skilled in, after all."

He nodded to Abby and Jake, "Abigail, Jacob. I'll see you both tomorrow," he walked away.

Clarke's inner wolf still pulsed and raged on. She kept her confused gaze on her parents.

"Let's go home," Abby murmured. "There's nothing to worry about."

Jacob kept his teeth clenched and his mouth silent.

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Though the pulsing stopped screaming in Clarke's blood, she didn't sleep well. Instead, she rolled around for hours on her uncomfortable, old mattress, and finally she rolled out and slipped torn, blue sweatpants and a white tank top on. All at once, her blood began to yell, to howl, to simmer. She ran to the living room.

Abby left a dry-erase board with a reminder about the dishes in the sink. She did mention having to leave early to monitor a patient with heart problems. But Jake was supposed to be off until the afternoon hours and he was nowhere in sight. Normally he lounged around and tried to stay warm because cold metal made his arthritis feel so much worse.

Something told the Sentinel she needed to find him. She pulled her identification card into her pocket, grabbed old tennis shoes and ran out.

She bumped into Pike. "Sorry, sir," she apologized.

Pike grunted slightly, "always be aware of your surroundings. I take it you feel it too, then? I was told to tutor a few prisoners in the Skyblock," he smelled the air. "Go on, then."

Clarke ran until she found the library. She entered the doors and found her father sitting at a table with shaking hands and several books.

She took a seat in front of his tower of literature. With narrowed eyes and lowered eyebrows, she whispered away from the other Ark citizens, "Dad? What's actually going on?"

"Council business," Jake's sleepy voice mumbled. His soft blue eyes, the same eyes Clarke no doubt inherited, remained glued to the decaying book spread across the metal table.

Clarke gripped the book from his hands and found his bookmarked page. "Oxygen pipes," she repeated the title, then looked to match her father's eyes. "Why were you with the Council last night? Why are you looking at published works from the Ark's construction?"

Jake whispered sleepily and rubbed his reddening eyes, "I just need to fix it before it happens."

Clarke persisted. She needed to know. Her eyes remained firm, she pressed her hands on the table and leaned closer. She loves her dad dearly but she felt she needed to know this. Her inner wolf was unfortunately aggravatingly inquisitive, a classic Griffin family trait. "Before what happens?"
"You can't know. No one can, don't you understand? If you know, we'll face a hefty criminal sentence. Please," he swallowed and met his daughter's eyes finally showing an ounce of emotion, away from his sleepy studies, "I love you and your mother. And the Ark. This is our home. I don't want that to change. Don't ask me again."

"You have no idea what this is doing to me," Clarke whispered back. "I feel like I'm supposed to fix this. Whatever this is. I followed you because my blood's been stirring since last night. It won't stop! I tried running with Finn and playing chess with Wells. My blood won't stop ringing and my head won't stop yelling!"

"Your body must have sensed it already. That has to be why you presented," Jake tapped his left cheek with a dry-erase marker. "Shit- don't repeat that. Just need to find a solution, maybe a maintenance recheck twice a day. Clarke, go with your friends."

Clarke eyed her father suspiciously, but she relented. She couldn't risk her family's deaths. She couldn't uselessly slack around while her instincts drove her mad either. She pushed herself up from her stance and reluctantly gave up.

--------

Abby and her crew of doctors wandered around a medical table.

Mary Murphy's yellowing skin covered each part of her body. Jackson dialed Jaha over a wired phone. The medic crew yelled orders at each other while Abby assessed her closely. Liver malfunction. Definitely caused by excessive drinking.

Abby swallowed a hard lump. "Her son can't handle this. He's just a young boy. Not barely a year after his father was floated."

Jackson redialed the same number again, and again. "The Chancellor won't answer," he hissed anxiously. "John can't lose another parent! Answer, dammit!"

Finally, a voice came from the phone. "I'm sorry for the delay. What's wrong?"

"Mary Murphy needs more blood for an emergency transfusion. Can you authorize that, sir?"

"I, I can't. I'm sorry."

Abby ripped the phone from Jackson's hands. "What do you mean, you can't? She's going to die! Murphy can't lose her!"

"Abby, we need to extend resources as much as we can. That means we need to let people die to treat others. Everything counts. We must think with logic and less of emotion."

Abby's face paled. Without another word, she pressed the phone into the desk. She exchanged a glance with Jackson. Both swallowed. The minutes ticked on.

Abby squeezed her eyes shut for three seconds, then reopened. "Tell everyone to leave. She should be at peace for her last few hours. Call Marcus Kane's mother."

Thirty minutes or so passed. Vera Kane entered the darkened room with a leave from the Eden tree. Abby and Jackson stood a few feet apart with Mary's slightly conscious body laying upon her hospital bed in the middle.

Murphy ran into the room with bewildered eyes and whiplashed hair. His eyes darted around
frantically until they landed on his mother's yellowed body. He gasped with clenching hands.

"It's okay," Vera whispered softly with a kind smile, "she will part with us, but only temporarily. We will see her on our final journey to the ground."

Wet pools formed in the young boy's eyes. "My dad," he stammered, "was floated for stealing medicine for me. She started drinking so much after he died, blamed me for his death because I was just so damn sick at the time," he squeezed his hands, but still spoke. He walked closer to his mother's bed side.

Now Mary's eyes were wet and teary.

"But," Murphy's voice grew hoarse, "I forgive you."

Mary attempted to reach out to hug her son, but she became too weak. Murphy reached downwards to collect her in his arms.

"I forgive you," he whispered again. Tears ran down his face to Mary's hospital gown.

Vera wrapped an arm around Murphy once he stood up. She dropped the plant leaf on Mary's chest.

Abby and Jackson grew teary-eyed. Abby silently cursed Jaha for allowing this to happen.

Vera spoke of the prayer in a hushed tone, "in peace, may you leave the shore. In love, may you find the next."

She joined hands with Abby. Jackson ripped Abby's left hand while Murphy gripped Vera's and his mother's.

"Safe passage on your travels until our final journey to the ground."

Everyone spoke in unison, "may we meet again."

Quietly, Abby and Jackson murmured soft grievances and exited the room to speak with Vera about a ceremony.

Mary closed her eyes and drifted away to her permanent slumber. Murphy's glassy eyes slowly shifted to anger. His muscles tensed, his hands grasped the bed sheets.

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Betas shouted while pushing each other out of the way. A loud siren screamed in such small corridors until the entire guard section of the Ark echoed and pierced every Betas' ears.

Commander Shumway attempted to study the cameras, but was pulled away from his desk by Guardsman Miller, Nathan Miller's father.

Shumway made out the figure in the playback feed just before he was pulled away.

"John Murphy," he sighed.

Guardsman Miller paused and stared at his commander. "What? Murphy? He's a shy boy, are you sure?"

"Unfortunately. Issue the warrant, tell Guardswoman Green to call maintenance. I have to talk to
Murphy didn't join the pack's weekend shenanigans. Clarke observed Bellamy. The guardsman wrapped a strained fist around his recycled tin full of water. He barely uttered a word since he joined in.

Wells finally broke the silence. "Where the hell is John? Usually he would be here by now."

Clarke shrugged her shoulders. "My mom treated his mom. She didn't make it. He probably needs time alone."

Bellamy slammed his tin against the metal coffee table. His arms strained with each muscle and his hands shook and clenched.

Finn stood up quickly and gripped the guard's wrist. "You know something, don't you?"

Raven crossed her arms. "Spill it, bell boy."

"He was locked up in the Skybox," he finally admitted. "I saw a couple Betas drag him in cuffs. Did you know his father was floated for stealing medicine when Murphy was really sick as a kid? From what Ms. Kane said," he looked downwards and swallowed, "he lost it after she said the Travelers' prayer. He found out who floated his father and set fire to the Guardsmans' office."

Monty gasped, "that's why the entire guard section of the Ark was closed off? That's why the fire alarm went off? Because of Murphy? No way!"

Jasper quirked an eyebrow, "isn't your mom a guard? Shouldn't you know?"

"No, guards aren't supposed to tell us anything until information is made public. Same with the Council, they can't tell anyone about the decisions the Chancellor makes or new laws, right?" The Omega added, turning to Clarke and Wells.

Wells nodded and he spoke of never being allowed in Council meetings, even as a young child who couldn't understand a word being said. Clarke glanced away. Her thoughts lingered on her parents.

John Murphy will have to wait until his eighteenth birthday to be reviewed, and even then, he might be floated for committing a violent act against a guard.

John Murphy, the boy who would never dare to harm anyone in his life, who already lost so much, became a prisoner.
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