The Morning After

by CommanderFuzzy

Summary

A one night stand gone awry. Clarke Griffin awakens in a luxurious penthouse bed. With an unknown bed partner and a fresh mating bite. Her first thoughts are to run, but her gut pulls her not too. Lexa awakens to an empty bed and the sweet smelt of an omega she can't remember. Thus follows a hunt for their nameless New Years one night stand and a curious future.
The first thing Clarke Griffin realised when she woke was how naked she was. Naked, vulnerable and not in her own bed nor apartment.

Then came the throbbing of her head and a mouth as dry as sandpaper. Her entire body felt heavy and not her own as she tried her hardest to sit up, but the bed she laid in was just far too comfortable. The mattress was thick, the duvet and pillows like clouds. And the naked body next to her was so very warm.

The softness of the bed called her back to sleep as her mind began to haze and drift once more, the dull throb from her head slowly drifting down her entire body. With a docile look, the blonde gazed at the naked back of her bed partner with the knowledge that she must have rocked in the new year with sex. Really good sex by the way her entire body ached.

But as she stared at the brunettes back, eyeing the intricate circular tattoos that were etched down their spine, Clarke realised she has no recollection of a name of this person.

The only thing the Omega knew for sure, was that this brunette was definitely an Alpha. The whole bed and room smelt sweetly of those pheromones that belonged only to an Alpha. It was soothing and comforting, making her head light, and her body relax further into the pillows. And momentarily forget that she had no idea where she was. The steady breathing of said alpha helped alot. It fell in time with her own, following a rhythmic pattern of inhale and exhale.

The blonde stretched out, working out the sleepy feeling from her limbs. She'd have to move soon, out of common decency. She'd had a one night stand, and awoke first. Thus she'd have to make the sneaky exit before her alpha lover arose. No need for awkward mornings then. Clarke had become quite good at the crafty exit over the last few months, it was almost a fine art. Some, her friends maybe, would say she was going through a rebellious stage. Sleeping with Alpha's and Beta's alike, but Clarke knew they wouldn't understand, they didn't quite get what Finn had done to her. How low and worthless he'd made her feel.

Being an Omega, Clarke had been disregarded most of her life. Treated like she was the lowest of the low, only good for child bearing. And Finn hadn't helped that feeling. Even after all the years of hard work to get herself into a decent job that had once only been for for those above her status, a good circle of friends, Finn has still broken her down to nothing. So she was rebelling, or being slutty, depending which of her friends you'd ask.

Omegas were already looked down upon if they were unmated, and to be left and rejected by a
Alpha, was even worse. It wasn't like Clarke was looking to find herself an Alpha mate, but trying a few out wouldn't hurt. Especially when they all made her feel so good for once. The attention and care an Alpha would pay to her needs fulfilled a gaping hole her ex had brutally torn within her.

Clarke shook herself awake, carefully prying herself away from the comfort of the Alpha's bed. She had to leave, quickly and quietly. No doubt her phone has rang itself to death and her friends would be starting to get worried. Maybe even her mother. As her bare feet hit the plush carpeted floor. That too like a cloud like substance, the Omega remembered her nakedness.

*Clothes!* She thought urgently, cerulean blue eyes scanning the room quickly. The room was large, but had very little furniture to it. The bed took up the majority of the space, a small desk in the corner with neatly stacked magazines and note book pile upon it, adresser sat close by. The room was so tidy, clean and white walled that Clarke began to wonder if she was in some high end hotel with the mysterious Alpha. Two doors led off the room, one open into what Clarke hoped was an adjoining bathroom as she crept towards it. As she moved, She found her clothes along the way. Scattered across the floor in a crumpled mess.

The midnight blue cocktail dress, her ripped underwear and tights, those fuck-me heels she'd borrowed from Octavia where the only splash of colour in the white room a stark contrast to the near clinical decor. With her clothes now tucked against her naked bosom, the blonde dashed as quietly as she could into the equally white bathroom. The door clicked shut as she let out the breath she held.

“No shame in the walk of shame,” the Omega muttered, bracing herself against the marbled sink of the bathroom, bringing her eyes up to face her own reflection. Her breath caught in shock as she saw herself, the marks of a quite vigourous sex prominent on her pale skin. Her blonde tendrils where mussed from sex and sleep, her makeup smeared badly, lips bruised from heavy kisses. The Omega scanned her body slowly, taking in each mark on her flesh as she did.

But none stood out as much as the clearly fresh bite wound on the top of her right breast. Her hand trembled as she reached up to trace the wound, touching the sensitive skin lightly. The flesh stung as she grazed it, enslaved and raw, still weeping just a little. It was deep enough to bleed, deep enough to scar. A scaring bite wound, from sex with an Alpha. That would only mean one thing.

*Mating.*

Clarke shook her head hard, internally screaming at herself. *No, no. Don't be stupid Griffin!* But try as she might, Clarke couldn't recall the New Year's eve before hand or the events that had clearly led to this bite mark upon her skin.
Especially nothing after the cry of midnight. She knew she'd been drinking heavily, and that all her friends had been there. But none of them had back tattoos, or a smell so sweet like this Alpha had. Like vanilla and fresh rain. She knew other people had been there, it was a public bar after all. But she never usually went home with a completely strange Alpha, she tried to make sure she knew them well enough to remember their name first. But not this time it seemed, something must have pushed her to this Alpha, pushed her so hard she'd allowed them to mark her, to claim her.

As the Omega began to dress herself in last night's clothes, Clarke decided against even trying to put her ripped underwear on, she continued to rack her brain. Anything would be good for her to remember, a face, a name, anything other than the intoxicating Alpha scent that wafted through the bathroom door. It was behind to fog her senses, her brain. The pull to return to the Alphas bed, slip back in besides them was so intense that Clarke felt like screaming.

All through her childhood she'd seen her parents, an Alpha and Omega pair, act like this. Like the pull of the mating bind was so fierce they couldn't be apart for more than minutes, Jake and Abby had always been attached to one another. But never, never did Clarke think this would happen to her. Never did she want it too, she'd seen first hand what happens when an Alpha lost their Omega mate. Her mother had been inconsolable when her father had died. And Clarke had sworn then, even at the tender age of 16, that she'd never, ever be an Alpha's mate.

But here she stood, sky blue eyes transfixed on the perfect teeth marks that marred her flesh. Clarke realised she was trembling when her fingers grazed the wound again. She had to get out of there. Now. With the high, high heels tucked under her arm and underwear balled in her fists, the Omega slipped from the bathroom, one last fleeting glance over her shoulder to the still sleeping Alpha before she fled.

“As much as I appreciate the awful coffee, I'd don't appreciate the wake up. It's a Sunday Anya, and the first day of the year. You've woken me up on the first day of the year, with bad coffee. Of all the things, damn bad coffee,” Lexa Woods grumbled as she pushed out of her bed. It was warm and welcoming, yet her Alpha Age-mate stood with a grin on her face to pull her out of its embrace.

“First day of the year, first work out, then first full moon. No rest for the wicked Lex,” the other Alpha woman grinned wide, throwing in a wink for good measure.

“I don't need you to remind me of my schedule, I have a PA for that,” Lexa growled low, pushing herself to the edge of the almost comically big bed.

“You gave her the day off. Remember?” Anya responded smugly, “So I'm your wake up call,” As
Lexa swung her legs over the edge, the realisation of nudity came to her. Followed quickly by memories of the night before.

_The alcohol was expensive, not as much as Lexa was used to but still, for a little bar downtown, it was high priced. No doubt due to the New Year’s occasion. That was why she was here, mainly, in this little hole in the wall. Away from her usual crowd of black ties and cocktail dresses. To be free for once, no restricting uniform of suit and tie. No collar of M’s Woods, CEO of Trikru Industries. No shackles of Pack Alpha. Right now, in the badly lit Dropship Bar, she was just Lexa._

_Winding her way through the gyrating bodies to the slim bar, just Lexa found herself leaning against the thick wooden bar, elbow to elbow with the most intoxicating smelling Omega._

The blonde omega, the chime of midnight and furious kisses and fucking, it all came flooding back to the Alpha. The tang of blood on her tongue as teeth sank into flesh and a throaty moan that followed from her bed partner.

The scent of the blonde still lingered around Lexa, still so fresh and prominent in her bed.

The Alpha took a quick scan of the room, searching for the blonde, but found only Anya, still in her bedroom, no bother taken to Lexa’s naked form.

“She left already, pretty quickly too Lex,” the other Alpha chimed in then, her steel eyes locking down on her Age-mates greens, “Maybe the rumours of your prowess are false,”

“Shut it before I shut it for you,” Lexa growled, pushing up to her feet. She felt her beast rise within her chest, pushing the rumbling growls forward, the alpha pheromones pouring from her. The anger flowed through Lexa faster than both Alpha’s expected. It wasn’t like the brunette to jump to that emotion so quick. Not over a one night stand. Anya sighed, her shoulders sagging,

“Calm down, alright. I was teasing. You get so angsty near full moons you know;” Anya rolled her eyes as she made a grab for the neatly pressed bathrobe from Lexa’s built in wardrobe, with a simple toss she passed it to the other, turning her eyes briefly, “But so defensive, over one simple pretty blonde;”

Lexa huffed, thrusting her arms into the robe as she stood fully, taking stock of her room. The penthouse bedroom was its usual pristine, no sign of there even being activity within it the previous few hours. But still the omegas scent lay thick everywhere. Lexa rubbed at her temples, trying to fathom just how one, no matter how attractive, blonde omega could pervade into her senses without being there any more.
The alpha huffed low, turning her attention as much as she could away from the thoughts of her mysterious Omega. She set about her normal morning routine; washing, dressing, motivating for the day ahead. But her mind wouldn't rest, each spare moment Lexa found herself having, her thoughts went to the blonde. Flash software naked flesh, hands running down her chest and arms, legs wrapping tightly around her waist.

Distracted was an understatement in Lexa's case. Especially when she had to excuse herself for the third time from her work out with Anya. The tight confines of her gym shorts became too much for Lexa's growing erection. The alpha growled and huffed. Pacing inside the empty locker room as her cock throbbed, no omega could surely posses this much power over her. Especially when they weren't even present.

As another flash of memory crashed through her mind. This time one of the blonde moaning low and long, begging for the bite. Lexa's mind raced, a prominent factor she missed before presenting itself. Like it was happening there and then, the alpha felt her teeth sink into soft flesh, breaking the skin, drawing just enough blood to make the mark permanent. The alpha slammed her fists sharply into the closest locker, denting the blue metal with her fist. It all made sense now, why she could still smell the omega. Couldn't get the blond from her mind. Physically ached to find her, touch her again.

“ANYA!”

“and where have you been all night?” Raven Reyes laughed as Clarke practically fell through the front door to their shared apartment. The Beta woman grinned wide as she reclined further on their battered maroon sofa, sprawled across it with empty packets of snacks dotted around her. A sharp cat call came from the adjoining kitchen as Octavia, the youngest of the trio, emerged grinning, “Someone pulled, clearly,” Octavia laughed, hip checking Clarke quickly. The Omega scowled, tugging her bolero jacket tighter around her chest. She'd found the jacket and her purse in the Alpha's lounge area, tossed onto the floor just like her clothes had been. The hasten exit had nearly gone awry when Clarke had gotten to the front door. And it had swung open in her face.

Another Alpha had stood before her, steel eyes set in a harsh glare as she faced Clarke. The blonde had yelped and shoved passed, exiting what was definitely an expensive hotel penthouse as fast as she could.
“I crashed as Bells, that's all,” Clarke grumbled as she flopped down next to Raven on the sofa. The Latino girl shifted, eyes locked on her friend,

“Strange, since when we called he had no clue of this,” Raven mused, leaning in close to take a quick, hard sniff of her friend, “And you don't smell like anyone we know,”

“Oh oh, let me have a whiff!” Octavia called out, dumping the arm full of junk food onto the other sofa and launching herself at Clarke. Try as she might, the young Omega couldn't fight off the other two. They piled upon her, in an impromptu dog pile, sniffing at her hair, yelling and laughing as the blonde tried to push them away.

Octavia was the first to relent, pulling back from the play assault, eyes wide in shock. Clarke met her gaze, sucking her bottom lip between her teeth and she realised what the look on Octavia's face meant.

*She knows.*

“You..you did it,” Octavia muttered low, Clarke's cheeks burning a deep red. Raven grumbled slightly. Raising her nose from the crook of Clarke's neck, one last inhale of her new scent. Before Clarke could say a word, explain herself, Raven's nimble fingers were brushing against her skin and pushing back the bolero. Exposing the healing bite mark on her breast,

“Fuck Griffin.”

“I..I can explain,” Clarke stumble over her words as her friends pull away from her, their eyes still widened from shock, Raven was the first to speak up, shaking her head slowly,

“Who is he? Was it Finn?” Clarke shears broke a little as the betas voice broke over that boys name. What Finn had done to Clarke had effected Raven just as badly. Being an Alpha and playing two girls as badly as he'd done was a serious thing, especially when he'd been engaged to Raven at the time.

“No! God's no, I swear Raven!” Clarke replied quickly, pushing herself up to sit. She pulled at the bolero again, tugging it over the mating wound, “I, Um, I don't actually know who it was,”

“No! God's no, I swear Raven!” Octavia threw her hands into the air, an irritated huff
following. Clarke bowed her head low, knowing her age-mate was right. Her genetics made it so people like Clarke and Octavia had a higher metabolism that broke down the enzymes in alcohol and any kind of drug. It was common knowledge that in their day and age, the powers that their Omega ancestors had possessed were not theirs.

They couldn't shift forms at the turn of the moon, that ability had washed out over centuries of breeding, they only traits they still carried now was higher metabolism. The same was said for their Alpha counterparts. But some rumours said that older Packs still had Alpha who could shift forms, be one with their inner beast like of old. Even the mating bite was now more of a formality than mystical.

But, as Clarke gingerly reached under the bolero, her fingers brushing against the healing wound, something felt different. The bite felt warm, almost healed, a comforting feeling oozing around her body as her fingertips brushed against the clear teeth indents. A pull in her gut told her to go back our, find the owner of the bite mark, find that Alpha quickly. Clarke's head said other wise, she wanted to crawl into bed, hide away before real working life resumed the next day.

“So, who was it then?” Raven's voice broke through Clarke's thoughts. Jolting the omega back to reality, she rose her sky blue eyes to meet her friends gazes, shaking her head,

“I have no idea.”
"Is early afternoon drinking a new resolution? ‘cos I'm totally down for this," Anya chuckled as Lexa’s car came to a halt on the street. The brunette grunted a response, shooting her friend a side glare as they climbed free from the Pontiac Firebird. Anya sighed softly as Lexa slammed the driver's door shut, stalking towards their destination.

The streets were practically empty and the facade of the bar gave it the look of being closed, but that wasn't going to stop Lexa. They'd left the Trikru owned gym in a flurry, barely enough time to shower and dress in any sort of presentable way. Anya was thankful that she'd already had a change of clothes with her, hunting for an unnamed Omega in gym clothes wouldn't have been ideal.

The bar door squeaked open as they entered, sunlight splashing into the interior. In the mid afternoon light, it looked completely different. The sunlight gave it a whole new feel, welcoming and rustic. Memorabilia from Nasa ranging right up to blockbuster space movies lined the walls, consolations painted in between each photo. Even a few children's toy rockets hung from the ceiling. To Lexa it looked like someone had really put a lot of effort into the decor, even if it was just a hole in the wall bar,

“Sorry, we're not open for another few hours, still cleaning up from last night,” called a voice from behind the bar. Lexa turned her eyes to the owner, a stocky built guy, who supported a currently in fashion mowhawk. She locked him down with a sharp glare,

“Are you the owner?” the alpha asked, striding forward to the same wooden bar that she'd met the blonde at. The guy nodded quickly, fear flashing through his eyes. Lexa took a quick inhale, scenting the man. Another Alpha, but weaker, younger. He was clearly from one of those diluted Packs, he didn't know how to shift, he didn't know what his status could mean. As Lexa lent forward, using her own Alpha pheromones forward, showing her stature, the man whimpered,

“Yes. I'm Lincoln Lake, ma’am. I'm the sole proprietary of this bar, what can I do?” Lexa inhaled slowly through her nose, feeling the rumble of another growl in her chest. She could smell the omega here too, all over the bar. It was almost too much for her inner beast to contain,

“You would have been present last night then. I need to find someone. An Omega. Blonde, blue eyes, wore a midnight blue cocktail dress, ordered budweiser all night,” Lexa grunted, followed by a heavy sigh from Anya. The other woman lounged lazily against the bar, rolling her eyes as Lincoln practically quivered where he stood

“Lincoln, let's put it this way, our beast of a friend here hooked up with a tasty blonde number and
needs to find her pretty sharpish, so if you could maybe rustle up some cocktails you can have a good think about her and remember something,” Anya grin was too easy and laid back for Lexa's liking. The alpha stifled a growl as Lincoln nodded quickly, his hands working fast behind the bar, “There’s no point huffing Lex, we're gonna find her, if this tall glass of chocolate milk doesn’t know, I'm sure that keen nose of yours will find her,” Anya tried to reassure her friend, but it was no use.

Lexa was already pacing again, her mind buried in thought as she moved. Trying to remember any detail, insignificant or not. She needed to know this Omega, find her, have her again. Something deep down inside told her she couldn't live if she didn't,

“So blonde, blue eyes and blue dress? I'm not gonna lie we get quite a few of that description here a lot,” Lincoln spoke up as he slid what looked to be two vodka martinis across the bar,

“She was different. How many blondes come in and drink budweiser?” Lexa practically roared, her hands curling into balls. She could remember the stark contrast of taste from the Omegas sweet kisses. Lexa had been drinking whiskey for the majority of the night, so when they kissed the two flavours had clashed in a way she couldn't forget.

“Budweiser? There's only four people who come in here to drink that. I think I've got one of their numbers. Hang on,” the bar keep disappeared then, off to some hidden back room to panic as he found a possible phone number,

“See, that's something. Maybe one of these mysterious four will be your little Omega. And she was little, super short,” Anya laughed. Lexa huffed, striding back to the bar and taking the martini in one shot. Lexa hoped for the bar keeps sake that he came back with something good.

“So, are you gonna find them, your Alpha? Well you've kinda got to, with a Mark like that,” Octavia asked from the foot of Clarke's bed. The blonde shrugged, shuffling further under her blankets, hiding the mating bite from the brunette,

“Is it because you don't remember who they are? Or because of, you know, the bite?” Octavia eyed
her carefully. The blonde had retreated to her room after the admittance of not knowing who her mate was. She'd showered in her adjoining bathroom and crawled into bed. Octavia had come in to offer her hot chocolate and hugs when she'd found Clarke hidden beneath her blankets,

“"Yes and no. What if they aren't nice? What if they are one of those angry Alpha's? The ones who -”

“"Look down us like breeding machines?” Octavia sighed, flopping back onto the bed. It was hard being an Omega in their day and age. Sure some beta's could conceive, but all Alpha's knew that of they wanted to sire an hire, knock up an Omega. Clarke was terrified now she thought about it, what if this Alpha of hers was like that?

*Her Alpha,* the words ran around the blonde's head like a deafening bell. *Her Alpha.* The hook like feeling in her gut was pulling her to find her Alpha. To be with them, whoever the hell they were. And it scared her. Clarke knew she'd been reckless and carefree the night before, but this was beyond the line she usually toed so carefully. Mated, bitten, claimed by a possible asshole of an Alpha.

Octavia sighed softly, crawling up the bed to move under the blankets besides her friend. They snuggled down against each other, drawing comfort from the skin contact, from Octavia's soothing pheromones.

“You do smell nice though, at least their scent isn't bad,” the younger girl laughed. Clarke smiled meekly, inhaling her own new, unique scent. She could smell how different it was now, a blend of her own scent and the Alpha's. It was pleasant, warming. Surely no bad, self centered Alpha would smell this good?

“are there even any nice Alpha's left?” Clarke muttered softly, burying her nose into the crook of Octavia's neck, inhaling her pure scent. The brunette hummed low, snuggling closer,

“Some, I've heard. From older Packs. Like my boss and her age-mate, they are from an old Pack. They're nice, decent Alpha's. Always polite to me at least,” Clarke pondered for a moment, maybe she stood a chance. Maybe *her* Alpha was nice, kind, civilized. An old Alpha, with old values.

“Ahem,” a soft cough drew the two Omegas attention to the foot of Clarke's bed. Peeking their heads over the edge of the blanket, Clarke and Octavia eyed Raven. She stood with. Smirk on her features, looking freshly showered and concerned,
“So Lincoln just called. Apparently there is some Alpha at the bar looking for us,” Raven eyed Clarke carefully, “Maybe this is your Alpha Griffin,” Octavia couldn't contain the excited squeal as she sat up sharply. Clarke wasn't sure of it was for the idea of possibly meeting her mated Alpha or the barman, Lincoln. They all knew Lincoln and Octavia had something going on, even if it wasn't officially labeled yet, “Are you gonna come? He said this Alpha is looking for Omegas who drink bud,”

“Oh I told you people would notice you drinking beer on New year's eve!” Octavia laughed as she scrambled out of Clarke's bed, dashing for the door. No doubt to shower and make herself presentable for her crush.

“Did he say anything else?” Clarke asked gingerly, the feeling in her gut had begun to intensify. As soon as Raven had spoken about an Alpha, looking for them, Clarke had known. This was her Alpha. There was no doubt,

“Just that she was looking for you.” Raven winked and grinned as she left her friends room, leaving Clarke with that one word.

She.

“Will you please stop pouting, Lincoln said his friends were on there way, so suck it up for another five minutes alright?” Anya whined, pushing the half empty martini glass across the bar towards her friend, they'd taken seats at the end of the long bar, to eagerly await the girls Lincoln had called. Anya had taken the seat with the best view of the door, insisting that Lexa face away, to better the surprise.

Lexa huffed loudly, taking the glass and swishing the liquid inside around. The young Alpha stared at the clear contents as it moved, her mind elsewhere. Firstly she didn't like surprises. Infact she hated them. She remembered when she'd hit her 18th birthday, she was already an impressive Alpha, praised by her elders, wanted by the Pack Omegas, and Anya had tried to throw her a surprise party. That had not ended so well. Anya had limped around with a terribly sore ego for months afterwards.

Lexa had never planned to be mated to an Omega, not so soon anyway. She had greater things on her mind, for the Trikru Company, the Woods family name, for Her Pack. But now she had a mate, now she'd have to think for more than just her own future. She couldn't help but wonder, after all the tales she'd been told about Alpha's mating with selfish Omegas who demanded to be doted upon,
was her Omega like this? Had she willingly given a Omega her mating mark and trapped herself?

No, Lexa told herself, pushing to her feet as the bar door creaked open. Regardless of how or who this Omega was, Lexa was going to be the best Mate she could be. She heard girls talking behind her, approaching the bar. Three voices, one so familiar.

Anya wolf whistled, sitting up straight on her bar stool. With a deep breath, the Alpha steadied her heart rate, brushing her hands down the front of her tailored black blazer as she turned, ready to greet her Mate. Her heart stopped in her chest, her tongue felt heavy and thick in her mouth, her body immobilised.

Before Lexa stood the most beautiful woman she'd ever laid eyes on. Dressed in a clearly worn and loved grey Arkadia Uni sweatshirt that really made her cerulean blue eyes pop, paint splattered jeans and sneakers, the blonde was still stunning. Her hair was pulled into a messy bun, and her cheeks were flushed a deep red beneath sky blue eyes that Lexa remembered so clearly.

For a moment no-one spoke, Lexa and Anya stared at the three girls before them. The girls stared right back. Taking in each other, Lexa had no doubt that Anya was scoping out the two girls who stood either side of the Blonde. Lexa knew she wouldn't look anywhere near the Omega in the middle. The warm sensation in her stomach was growing, flowing through each vein and artery of her body as Lexa stood so close to her Mate. She felt complete, like she'd been missing this blonde for longer than just a few hours.

Lincoln coughed awkwardly, the silent clearly growing uncomfortable for the others present.

“Drinks?”

Lexa didn't hear what anyone else said then, her whole attention was on the blonde. She didn't hear the Omegas brunette friend realise that she, Lexa, was her boss. Or that she had Lexa's coffee order memorised. She didn't hear Anya bark in laughter and hit on their other Latino friend. She heard nothing but the blondes shallow breathing.

Lexa found herself stepping forward, her whole body gravitation being pulled towards the Omega, they breathed one another in, fingers itching to touch, to make contact as they stood, mere inches from one another.

“I'm Lexa, Lexa Woods,” the Alpha spoke, her voice shaking slightly as she stretched out her hand,
“Clarke Griffin,” their hands connected on what should have been a polite greeting, but was something far more. Lexa had never felt what she did then, like fireworks sparking right from the Omegas hand into her own. She had no control over her actions, no realisation of what she was doing till Clarke's body was pulled tight against her own, her nose buried into the nook of her neck.

Clarke purred against her. Her hands gripping against her back through her blazer, head tilted back as the Alpha dragged her face against her neck. Their skin never left connection as they drank one another in.

For the first time in forever, Lexa felt complete.
Clarke couldn't tear her eyes away from the woman across the table from her. She couldn't stop looking at her, her mate, this Lexa Woods. Now they'd finally met, in the harsh light of soberness and daylight, Clarke knew exactly why she'd been drawn to the Alpha in the first place.

It wasn't just the way she dressed, even on a Sunday, the day of relaxation, Lexa Woods wore a sharp black blazer, over the top of a crisp baby blue shirt, the collar popped open, matching pants and oxfords. The shirt really drew a contrast with the Alpha's emerald eyes, making them stand out above anything else.

Compared to Clarke's own attire, she was down right business, like she was on her way to a meeting that very afternoon. Her wavy chocolate coloured hair flowed around her shoulders in a perfect mane, eyes never leaving Clarke's own face. The omega felt her blush rising against as she met Lexa's eyes.

They'd segregated themselves from Clarke's friends and Lexa's escort, Anya. They needed to talk, to bond correctly. The bite mark on her breast was warm under her University sweater, it had been burning since she laid eyes on her Alpha. Making her body ache, telling her that she needed to leave a matching mark on Lexa Woods,

“So, hm, what do you do for a living Miss Griffin?” Lexa spoke up, her voice shaking just a little. Clarke wondered how often this woman had actually interacted with Omegas. Or even other people.

“I'm an artist, freelance usually, but I've been signed to a Gallery to exhibit in the Spring,” Clarke replied, her fingers sliding up the condensation of her glass, tips swirling around the edge of the glass mouth. Lexa shifted in her seat, watching the blonde's fingers move. Clarke had been remembering their escapades the night before more and more clearly throughout the day and she knew that Lexa could too. She knew the alpha remembered her fingertips ghosting up the sides of her throbbing erection. The brunette coughed into her hand, grabbing for her martini and swigging deeply,
“How about you Ms Woods?” Clarke put extra effort into the question, twisting a loose lock of her blonde tendrils around a finger, her eyes fluttering.

“I'm the CEO of Trikru Industries, we specialise in free, clean energy for third world countries. Among other things,” Lexa's chest puffed out as she spoke, proudly announcing her day job. Clarke could feel the waves of Alpha pheromones as she did so. Lexa Woods was clearly someone who had worked hard, and prided what she did. Clarke couldn't help but smirk, bringing her glass up to her lips, if the Alpha wanted to be proud, Clarke wanted to torment her. See the vulnerable side as well.

Lexa watched as her mate drank, her throat exposed, her pale flesh begging to be kissed, claimed, marked by her lips. She felt the shudder run down her body right to her core. A burning sensation that had been growing since they'd first made contact.

“That's certainly impressive Ms Woods,” Clarke spoke low as she set down her drink, Lexa nodded stiffly, straightening her blazer and rubbing her now sweaty palms against her thighs. That's when she felt the Omegas foot brush against her calf, slowly moving upwards she shifted her gaze to the bar, where Anya was talking in an animated fashion to Clarke's friends. They hadn't a care in the world for the mated couple tucked away on the corner.

“Please, call me Lexa. After all, we are mated now, Clarke,” Lexa clicked the “k” against her tongue, noting how her omega reacted, a not so hidden shudder that matched Lexa's own, “I must apologise for not waking when you did this morning, it was most inappropriate of me,” the Alpha continued as Clarke foot slid further up her leg.

“Oh I wouldn't worry about it, gave you a chase didn't it? Something to hunt, you Alpha's enjoy that, don't you?” Clarke replied, her fingers again lazily tracing the sides of her glass. Lexa swallowed hard as the toes of Clarke's sneaker found her crotch, and her semi-hard cock. The Alpha's eyes were trained on the blonde's fingers, watching, imagining them travelling against her erection,

“A hunt is something of old, many Alpha's used to participate in such traditions. Its not one my Pack has done in a century,” Lexa stammered out as Clarke’s foot began to apply pressure against her crotch.

“But you enjoyed it, didn't you?” the blonde muttered in a husky tone, leaning forward slightly. Lexa pushed up to her feet abruptly,

“Excuse me,” she muttered, turning and practically marching to the bathroom. Her cock ached, straining against her underwear and pants. They'd barely spoken of anything important but her body had betrayed her, her attractive to the Omega was far more intense then Lexa had even begun to
imagine. She knew she was nowhere near her Rut and that Clarke herself wasn't in a Heat. She could tell that much by her sense of smell. But still the Blonde had pulled a full erection from her within minutes.

As she stepped into the bathroom of the bar, selected a cubicle and unzipped her fly, just to reduce the pressure on her member, Lexa's mind whirled. She could quickly get rid of her erection here and now, in this little dark bathroom, or suffer with it for a few more hours. She'd not even calculated what she was going to do when it came to leaving the bar. Or the bathroom. She'd left her mate so abruptly, Clarke must have been insulted by her behaviour.

Should she invite Clarke back to her penthouse? It would be the proper thing to do, they were mated. But they hardly knew one another, it would be inappropriate to assume Clarke would come to live with her. Surely she had her own home, or maybe one with those two friends of hers, one of which just happened to be Lexa's own personal assistant. The Alpha groaned in frustration, casting her eyes back down to her wanton erection. Yet another problem to deal with.

With a sharp sigh the Alpha closed her fist around the base of her cock and gave a long stroke upwards, she stifled a moan as she did. But the feeling was just too good as she began to pump her hand. Bracing herself against the wall of the cubicle, the Alpha started a steady pace of rubbing and squeezing, too lost in her own ministrations to hear the bathroom door open. She grunted low and rough as knuckles rapped sharply against the cubicle,

“Lexa?” the Omegas voice drifted through the wooden door. No doubt she knew exactly what Lexa was doing, no doubt she knew she was the cause.

“Fuck,” the alpha hissed, her hand stilling on her cock, eyes staring wide at the cubicle door, “Clarke? I apologise, I'm slightly indisposed at the moment, I shan't be long,” the Alpha managed to grunt out as her cock throbbed in her hand, reacting to the Omegas presence it seemed. Lexa clenched her eyes shut as she listened to the grinding of the cubicle lock. When she dared to open them again, she found Clarke painfully close to her,

“Let me help,” the blonde hushed, her hand sliding down Lexa's stomach, fingers pushing against the material of her blue shirt to feel her abs beneath. Lexa's body hummed at the touch, her dick bouncing upwards as Clarke's digits slid along the top, moving to the swollen head and leaking tip, “You're so big “ She whispered close to Lexa's ear, her breath hot against the Alpha's skin. Lexa inhaled through her nose, drinking in her Mates scent, basking in the warmth of her breath and hand as it closed around the thickest part of her shaft.

Lexa dropped her hand away as Clarke began to stroke her, soft and slow. Almost too slow. Lexa could feel her beast rumbling in her chest, a growl begging to break free. She wanted, needed more than gentle touches from Clarke.
Clarke couldn't help but revel in the feel of Lexa's dick, it was soft, yet hard. Velvety to the touch, long and slightly curved to the right, with the slightest of vein. She explored the shaft with her hand and finger tips, knowing it was driving the Alpha crazy. The way Lexa clenched her eyes closed and braced her hands against the wall told her that much,

“This..this is highly inappropriate Clarke,” Lexa managed to choke out, a growl to her words,

“Oh no, this isn't highly inappropriate,” the blonde replied, shifting down onto her knees and drawing her tongue against the tip of Lexa's cock, “But this is,” she closed her mouth around the head, sliding her lips and mouth slowly down the shaft as her hand drew upwards. Lips and hand met in the middle as Lexa threw back her head, groaning lowly. She couldn't hold it in anymore, her hands found themselves buried in the blonde locks of the Omegas head, her hips jutted forward, cock burying further into Clarke’s mouth and throat.

Lexa was lost in the sensation of wet warmth, she thrusted as Clarke sucked, jolting forward each time the Omega groaned around her dick. Her fingertips scraped against Clarke's scalp, holding her head still as her hips pumped. The Omegas hands gripped at Lexa's hips. Holding onto the Alpha as her cock skid easily into her mouth, but it wasn't enough, not for Clarke, nor Lexa. The blonde knew her panties were soaked, her arousal had become extremely apparent once she'd seen the Alpha excuse herself to the toilet with a semi. Clarke had known then what effect she had on Lexa and vice versa.

As Lexa groaned again, Clarke dropped a hand to the waist of her jeans, working the buttons undone to slip her hand inside. Her fingers found a pool of warmth, coating her slit completely. Her eyes fluttered shut as she circled her clit in time to Lexa's hip thrusts, taking as much enjoyment as she could from their situation. In the back of her mind Clarke knew they should have probably laid some sort of ground work before this kind of tryst happened, but it felt right, and far too late to stop.

Clarke had never felt this way before, like she craved what The alpha could give her. She couldn't get enough, and needed more. Having Lexa in just her mouth wasn't enough. She needed to be filled, stretched, buried to the base with the Alpha's dick. And by the way that the brunette groaned above her, Clarke knew she wasn't the only one who felt this way. With reluctance, the blonde drew her mouth away from Lexa's dick, her lips smacking together as she sucked the tip one last time. The Alpha growled low. Her eyes dropping down to stare at her Omega, Clarke stared up at the forest Green eyes, more black then emerald now, the pupils blown,

“More,” Clarke whispered, “I need more,”

Lexa's hands were rougher than Clarke expected, dragging her upwards and around till her chest
pressed tightly against the cubicle wall. She gasped, from unexpected enjoyment, her hardened nipple pushed through her sweater and brushing against the rough graffiti wood. Lexa's hands worked deftly to pull down her jeans, baring her ass to the sharp chill of the bathroom. A low rumble of approval came from the Alpha as her hand slipped between Clarke's creamy thighs, digits probing at the damp slip of underwear there, she pushed the panties aside, running a finger through Clarke's folds.

“So eager, so ready,” the alpha growled into her ear, drawing a gluttonous moan from the Omega. Clarke could feel the slick tip of the Alpha's cock pressing between her ass cheeks, sliding through them slowly, “Did you beg last night?” Lexa continued, “Where you this wet then too?” her voice was rough, setting Clarke's skin on fire with each syllable. The omega couldn't manage words, she mewled and whined. Pushing back against the hard length, the Alpha rumbled low in her chest, fingers digging into Clarke's exposed hips as she positioned the Omega just right.

Lexa's cock slipped between those generous thighs, along the wet heat of Clarke's cunt, coating her dick in the juices of her lover. It felt so good, so warm, so inviting. The Alpha guided her tip to Clarke's entrance, slipping in just enough to feel the tight hole that welcomed her cock. The Omega moaned low, her hands scraping against the wooden wall, hips bucking back against Lexa's. The Alpha took that as a sure sign of want and thrust her hips forward, sliding inside her Mate in one smooth action. The groan that followed was a mixed noise, from both women. A noise of completion and pleasure mixed together.

Lexa was lost in the moment, a pace began that was quick and deep, she barely slid out of Clarke before she was back in as deep as she could. Gripping her hips so they were locked in place, a rhythmic slap of flesh against flesh, Clarke's forehead bouncing off the cubicle wall each time. Lexa wound one hand up the material of the blonde's sweater, finding one ample breast and squeezing just enough to feel the hardened nub in her palm. She kneaded and thrusted, grunting low as she felt her Mates inner walls clamp around her cock tightly.

“Lexa? You alright in there buddy? We heard banging?” the couple stilled, eyes wide in shock as a voice interrupted their tryst. It was of course Anya, Lexa's escort.

"Fuck!" The Alpha whispered harshly in Clarke's ear, making the omega shudder and clench around her. Lexa groaned low, jolting forward just slightly, “Fine, everything is fine Anya,” she jolted forward again, pressing Clarke flat to the wall, her free hand leaving the omegas hip to clamp around her mouth. Lexa wasn't done with her yet.

“Are you sure, cos it smells an awful lot like fucking in here,” Lexa could hear the laughter in Anya's playful tone. Lexa was midthrust as her friend spoke, the words stilled her movements. Her mind raced, if Anya could smell it, no doubt the others could. Everything came into sharp focus in the Alpha's mind then.
What are you doing Lexa? Fucking this Omega again? You barely know her! She scolded herself, drawing out of the blond quickly, collapsing back onto the toilet seat,

“Get out, just get out Anya!” Lexa’s voice thundered out, her stronger pheromones pushing forward, engulfing the small room quickly. The bathroom door clicked shut quickly, leaving the two alone again. Lexa huffed low, her beast roaring in her breast as she looked anywhere but Clarke. Foolhardy, letting your instincts rule over you!

The blonde was whimpering, still pressed flat to the wall, feeling empty and frustrated. She was so close to her orgasm, so close to a release she’d actually remember. But Lexa was already standing again, tucking herself away into her pants and straightening her blazer, over the crumpled shirt, “Terribly sorry, truly, this, this shouldn’t have happened. Not so soon, sorry,” the Alpha spluttered awkwardly, sliding free of the cubicle and out of Clarke’s sight. The Omega whined low, gathering her composure quickly.

She tugged her jeans back up, straightened her sweater and took a step towards the badly cleaned bathroom mirror. She gazed at herself in the smeared glass, staring at her mussed hair, rosy cheeks and puffed lips. There was no exterior evidence of their tryst, bar her ruined underwear and a small red mark on her forehead where she’d bumped continuously against the wall. But internally, Clarke longed to be filled again. Lexa was so big, so thick, so powerful as she’d fucked her. Giving into raw instinct as she’d drove deep inside her cunt, over and over, unrelenting in her thrusts. But now there was nothing, not even a speck of evidence that Lexa had once been in that bathroom.

The bathroom door crashed open at that moment, Raven and Octavia falling over one another to get inside,

“Clarke! Clarke what happened? One minute you were at the booth the next gone, and then that Lexa chick, sorry, your Lexa chick was storming out of here like a thunder cloud!” Raven spat out, as Octavia stared wide eyed at Clarke.

“They did it,”

“huh? Did it? Did what….oh my god, you screwed again!”

“Oh shut up Raven!”
Hello!

Firstly Thank-you all so much for the feedback, kudos and bookmarks! It means so much to me that you're all enjoying this!

As always, you can find me at commander-fuzzy-wolf.tumblr.com for any queries or further conversation/feedback you'd like to give!!

The next few days passed by Clarke in a flurry. She barely noticed anything save the continuous stream of gifts that arrived each day for her and the constant feeling of being incomplete. Each bouquets of flowers, or hand picked Belgium chocolate box came with a note simply signed with a carefully calligraphed “L”. Each time Clarke was handed one by Raven or Octavia she couldn't help but roll her eyes. She'd heard nothing from her Alpha mate since their encounter at the Dropship. And it was beginning to become frustrating. She was already angry about being interrupted, but Lexa leaving her there had really been the cherry on top.

Sure with Octavia being Lexa's personal assistant Clarke got plenty of updates on what the CEO of Trikru Industries was up to daily, but the Omega couldn't help but want to know from the Alpha personally. Surely the brunette should have been in contact by now? If she was such a good, upstanding Alpha she'd have at least dropped Clarke an email, or even a text. But nothing came. And Clarke really, really wanted to give her a piece of her mind. Daily gifts weren't going to cut as an apology for abandoning her.

When it came to the first Friday of the new year, as Clarke lay flat out on the battered sofa, awaiting the now familiar knock of a delivery man at her door, she wondered what if Lexa delivered this next gift? What if the Alpha stood behind her front door, dressing in that black blazer and blue shirt again, just waiting for Clarke to open up. The omega laughed to herself, she wasn't much of an attractive sight right then. Her worn out sweatpants and oversized Van Halen t-shirt weren't exactly something to turn a mighty Alpha into a horny mess. Not that it stopped Clarke being one.

Her heat was closing in, she could feel it in the tingle of her skin, the way her belly was warm and her skin was sticky from sweat. Maybe it wasn't sure a bad idea that Lexa was keeping her distance, at the moment at least. Clarke knew betime her heat was in full swing. She'd be clawing down the penthouse door to get to her Alpha mate.
As the Omega pondered, a rap of knuckles came at the door. It was softer and shorter than the usually heavy handed delivery man. Maybe Clarke's wishes had come true? As the blonde scrambled to her feet, she stumbled towards the front door, narrowly beating Octavia there,

“Damn it. I call dibs if it's those caramels again!” the other Omega cried out as she retreated back to her room, Clarke rolled her eyes, pulling the front door open sharply.

It wasn't Lexa, but it also wasn't the delivery man. Instead Anya stood before Clarke, casting a cocky look down her nose at the young Omega. The tall woman was dressed smart, yet casual, hip hugging jeans tucked into knee high combat boots, a leather jacket thrown over a worn Metallica t-shirt. The bride smirked,

“Just the Omega I wanted to see,” her tone was casual and light, but Clarke could hear the tilt of laughter there,

“What can I do for you?” the blonde shot back, eyeing the Alpha. She knew from Octavia that Anya worked with Lexa, but she was also her Age-mate. Much like Octavia was for Clarke, the two were inseparable let. They'd grown up together, learn things together, bonded in a way that was similar to a mating bond, yet not as permanent. What ever Lexa did, Anya knew about and via versa. So Anya knew about the tryst in The Dropship bathroom. In high definition detail,

“Oh just running an errand, can I come in or do you have to stand out here?” the Alpha mused, smirking. Clarke grumbled as she stepped aside, Anya wasn't the Alpha she wanted in her home,

“What errand? Is it for Lexa?” Clarke couldn't stop herself from prying as Anya waltzed into the living room, surveying her surroundings.

“might be. Is your Beta friend here?” Raven, Clarke was curious now. Why would an Alpha of Anya stature be interested on Raven? In the days that had passed, Clarke had taken it upon herself to do a little research about The Woods Pack. Lexa's Pack.

They were old, centuries old. Powerful and prestigious. They had money, and lots of it, many companies and property to their Family name. When Lexa had mentioned what her company did, Clarke had been curious, and that had been satisfied. Trikru Industries put a lot of money into suppressant for Omegas heats research, for Omegas in third world countries. Ones who had no Packs or money to provide and protect themselves. Clarke personally thought that was courageous. Looking out for those who couldn't.
Everyone knew that in those countries Omegas were truly treated like dirt and breeding factories, so knowing that Lexa put a good 75% of her company's work into protecting them had made Clarke's chest swell with pride. She wasn't a selfish Alpha after all. The other 25% went into clean energy for those same countries and technology for others. The Trikru Industries website didn't specify what tech, but Clarke wasn't too interested in that. The property owned was mostly homes and some restaurants, nothing majorly of interest.

Clarke attention snapped back to the present as Anya flopped down onto her sofa, stretching out her long legs with ease,

“Fine piece of work, your friend. Really into her mechanics. I promised I'd show her my Maserati, but if she's not about, I guess it'll have to wait,”

“She's at work, but I'm sure she'll get in touch. Why are you here? There has to be a reason,” Clarke cut to the point, Anya's alpha pheromones were making her skin crawl worse than before. She wasn't her Alpha, but the scent and power that oozed off her was pushing Clarke's composure, which was so little days before her Heat,

“Lex did say you would be straight to the point. Here,” Anya mused with an eye roll, fishing a crisp white envelope from her jacket pocket. She tossed did towards Clarke, laughing low as the Omega failed to catch it, “Are these your works? She said you were an artist,” Anya eyed the half finished sketches and canvases that covered the lounge walls, admiring the attention toon tk detail the artist had paid in each portrait.

But Clarke wasn't listening, she was too busy ripping into the enveloped and pricing free what laid within. She unfolded the crisp paper, reading the elegant handwriting that laid within. The letter was from her mate, an invitation to a dinner date the following evening. Formal attire required,

“Is this how she always does it?” Clarke asked, her tone puzzled,

“Does what?”

“does she always invite her dates like this?”

“Oh Lexa has never dated, this is a privilege. You should be glad it was handwritten not typed.”
Lexa scowled at herself in the full length mirror. Nothing was right, nothing felt right, nothing looked right. For the fourth time that afternoon, the Alpha stripped off her suit and threw it angrily to her bed. She wanted to look good and feel comfortable and on any other day of the week, that wasn't an issue. A simple Armani three piece was her armour, her sheikh and damn they were good fitting suits, but today was different.

Today was date day.

Today was the day that Lexa Woods took her mate Clarke Griffin on an actual date and tried her hardest not to fuck her. Which Lexa already knew was going to be difficult since Anya had informed of a closing in Heat. Just the idea of Clarke being in Heat made Lexa's loins stir.

The Alpha shook her head, grumbling low as she forced the thoughts of the blonde, naked, spread wide and ready from her head. It wasn't the time to think about that, not even she wanted to do a do over of first impressions. Especially when she knew she had to convince Clarke to meet the Pack elders. It hasn't taken them long to realise the prodigious Alpha, Lexa Woods, had become mated. They demanded to meet her Omega and performing a proper ceremony for them.

But Lexa knew that Clarke would be oblivious to what that meant. How was she supposed to explain that her Pack wanted to witness Clarke marking Lexa and then practically marry them on the spot? As much as Lexa loved her family and Pack, she sometimes wished they'd get with the modern times and leave such dusty old rituals to rest. But time would tell, first she had to find a damn suit to wear.

With one last glance at the discarded suits upon her bed, Lexa took another browse through her wardrobe. Italian cut to American cut, each suit within had its purpose. From a funeral black to a crisp white, she had every colour she could possibly want, yet none stood out to her right then. Even the neatly folded pile of casual clothes didn't jump out at the Alpha. Nothing was going to be good enough to impress her Mate.

“Oh stop you're huffing, let me help,” the new voice was one Lexa hadn't expected. As the cocky Brunette Omega strode into her bedroom, Lexa stared with wide eyes. She'd almost forgotten that Octavia Blake, her personal assistant, was present within the penthouse, clearing up some last minute meetings for her to keep the evening free,
“Miss Blake, I don't think it's appropriate-”

“Oh hush. I know exactly which one you need,” Octavia waved her hand in a nonchalant manner towards the Alpha. Showing her backwards as she leant into the wardrobe, “You want to impress my bestie right? Then your gotta make those features pop, you might already be mated, but my mother always told me that love needs to grow. To blossom,” the omega mused as she tugged one of Lexa's older suits free, “Here, this one, with the baby blue shirt again. Clarke liked that shirt,” Octavia grinned wide as she shoved the suit towards her boss.

Lexa took it carefully, she wasn't one to enjoy creases in her clothing. The Alpha examined the chosen suit, internally marveling at the brunettes choices. Steel grey in color, English cut, with thin lapels. Underneath the jacket was the matching waistcoat and pressed suit pants. Lexa remembered exactly when she got this suit, the only British cut she owned. Finely tailored for when she first became CEO of Trikru Industries and became a higher ranking Alpha of the Woods Pack, it had been a gift from her uncle. To show her stature among the younger Alpha's. Lexa smirked as she caressed the material with fondness,

“Good call huh? Seriously, this colour and that blue shirt, it'll really make your eyes stand out and your completion. Clarke if going to love it!”

Clarke wasn't quite sure what to do with herself. Especially not when Lexa stepped from the driver side of her impressive sleek black Aston Martin. She was dressed in the most perfect looking steel grey 3 piece suit the Omega had ever seen. The colour made the Alpha's emerald green eyes stand out perfectly, drawing Clarke in instantly. The shirt was the same baby blue one from their last meet, but not longer crumpled, her hair was pulled back into intricate braids down her head, and her smile, Lexa's smile was phenomenal. Clarke didn't realise she was staring, lost in wonderment, till Lexa was in front of her,

“Good evening Clarke, are you feeling okay? Your cheeks are….flushed,” the Alpha's asked softly, bringing her right hand knuckles up to brush against Clarke's hot cheek. The Omega made a low noise, averting her eyes quickly as she straightened up. The touch was nearly roo much for her to handle. It made her skin burn, sent shivers down her skin, and her stomach churn.

“Absolutely fine, totally. Nice ride? What is it, a DB9?” the Omega changed the subject quickly, stepping around Lexa and towards the sleek black car. She wasn't quite ready to let the Alpha touch her again, Lexa could wait. She could earn the right after what she did last time, besides she got to touch her cheek, that could hold the Alpha over for now. Clarke had no doubt that Lexa could practically taste the coming of her Heat, the omega knew her own pheromones were prominent on
the days and hours that came up to it.

With that in mind, the blonde had planned her outfit for the night to drive the Alpha insane. A knee length halter dress, in the colour of sunsets to set off her blonde curled tendrils and blue eyes, the front cut just short enough to expose part of the healed mating bite on her breast. And Lexa had noticed, her skin was hot, sweaty to the touch, her eyes never leaving the Omegas form as she inspected the Aston Martin before them,

“You look amazing,” the Alpha commented, stepping towards Clarke. Eager to wrap her arms around her mate. But Clarke was already climbing into the passenger seat, a toying smirk on her face. Lexa swallowed back a growl, straightening herself and her blazer before heading to the driver's side. If Clarke wanted to okay it cool, then Lexa decided she'd be the perfect gentlewoman.

How could she not be? Lexa had planned the evening perfectly, right to the very finest of points. They'd go to their reservation at Polis, one of the best restaurants around, before a stroll along Broadway where Lexa would take her mate to the best Art Gallery she knew. Once there she'd planned to ask Clarke to attend the ceremony with her Pack. And maybe, just maybe by the way Clarke was smelling, Lexa would be able to show the Omega she wasn't a selfish lover.

It was all simple and nice, straight forward. Lexa should have known then, that nothing in her life was straightforward anymore.
The car ride had been silent. Not so awkward as Lexa had expected, but still awkward, the scent of her mate and the feel of her in such close confines had made her skin itch and burn, a want that crawled along her flesh, pushing her to touch Clarke, to reach out and distract herself from driving.

But Clarke had held steady, going as far as to sit on her hands to make sure she didn't do something that could have ultimately ended in disaster. Lexa had noticed how the Omega was holding herself, keeping just enough distance between them that Lexa knew she was in trouble. Not that the Alpha hadn't expected it. She did just leave the blonde in a bathroom stall, Lexa knew she was damn lucky to even have Clarke in her car right then. If anyone else knew, if the Elders knew, what Lexa had done, she'd be dishonoured in seconds. It was a terrible thing, and the Alpha knew she needed to make amends. Fast.

The Omega was still mad at the other woman for abandoning her at the Dropship, and she needed to voice this. Sooner rather than later. Clarke knew she probably should have done it in the vehicle before they reached their destination, but her mind was too fogged with images of Lexa's body above hers. Her heat was moving in faster than she'd expected. Messing up her thoughts and feelings, throwing her off with the simplest of things.

Lexa's hand clenching around the gear stick, or the way her arms tensed through her suit jacket as she turned the steering wheel sent Clarke's mind off into a haze of lust. How the Alpha hadn't noticed, she didn't know.

A small, low cough from Clarke's right drew her attention away from thoughts of the naked Alpha’s body as Clarke realised they'd come to a halt,

“We're here,” Lexa spoke softly, her green eyes boring into Clarke's own. They were soft and bright, yet something lay within them that Clarke couldn't quite put her finger on. Something Primal.

Not trusting her voice, the Omega nodded, shifting herself from the passenger's seat before the Alpha could offer her help. Clarke couldn't trust touching the Alpha then, she had no idea what would happen. She was used to her Heats affecting her sex life, even dominating them sometimes,
especially with her past partners.

In years before, Clarke had happily thrown herself into passion with Alpha's and even Beta’s, with all her ex-lovers, just to satisfy the instinctual urge to fuck away the burning in her loins. But she'd never been mated to those, never been tied to them as deeply as she was to Lexa. God only knew what would happen if and when they were to copulate on her Heat. Clarke knew she was lying to herself then, she knew what would happen and she knew deep down that she wanted it.

As she stood awkwardly holding herself, watching the lean Alpha instruct the valet to look after the Aston Martin, and even slipping the young Beta and extra tip to do so, Clarke couldn't help but admire how well fitted the suit was that Lexa wore. The grey material hugged her body in all the right places, her ass was, by far, phenomenal right then. Clarke wondered how often the Alpha worked out to get such a tight looking rear.

“Shall we? Our reservation is ready,” Lexa spoke softly again, curt and polite, offering her arm to Clarke. The Omega looked from the offered arm to Lexa’s face, sucking in a deep breath as she placed her hand gingerly on her Mate. The breath she held came out slowly as Lexa led them into Polis, the reaction wasn't what Clarke had expected, probably down to the clothing between their skin, for that she was thankful.

But the Alpha made her senses foggy, made everything blurry. The walk into the restaurant was a blur, from taking their seats to ordering had been forgotten as Lexa's eyes met Clarke's once more. She felt the blush tinge her cheeks as she saw that Primal look again, just hidden beneath the surface. Lexa smirked, folding her hands before her on the white tablecloth, watching the Omega carefully. She needed to speak, needed to say something, as she cleared her throat, Clarke jumped in.

“It was a dick move,” Clarke stated, looking anywhere but Lexa, “Leaving me there, after we did what we did. Together. It was a dick move,” Lexa nodded, shifting in her seat, “I know I'm just an Omega, but you shouldn't have left me there. In fact, this whole mess is kinda your fault. So, you shouldn't have pulled a vanishing act at all,” Clarke straightened herself up, feeling confident in her words. She hoped the dog of being “only an Omega” would draw a reaction from the Alpha. It certainly made her sit up straighter. Her hands clenching on the table before them.

“Of course. I do apologise deeply for the indiscretion that occurred. It was out of character for me, and I am ashamed of that. I'd like to rectify the hurt I've caused to you Clarke. After all you're not simply just an Omega.”

"It's just shocking behaviour, after all you do for Omegas you've never met, and you have the nerve to abandon one that is supposed to be your own. Is all that work you do just for show? A nice mask to hide what you're really like?” Clarke bit back. Instantly regretting what she'd said, it was harsh and the words clearly cut the Alpha deep as she sat in silence, her eyes down cast. Clarke stared at her
Mate, watching the colour flush her cheeks. Lexa shifted and coughed low, averting her eyes from Clarke's gaze, “But you can work on your social skills for sure,” the Omega muttered, reaching out to play with the silverware before her.

“Understandable. I, I haven't had much interaction with others outside of my Pack. The work we do at Trikru Industries is to better the world, at home and a far. Many Old Packs are stuck in old traditions, and must be broken away from that. For the better of our people as a whole,” Lexa muttered. A long silence fell between the two, far more uncomfortable than that of the one in the Aston Martin. Lexa didn't know what to say, lost for words from Clarke's comments. She'd really hurt the blonde with her actions, really shown her that she was a selfish Alpha. But Lexa knew she wasn't, knew she would never, ever again treat her Mate like she had done. The words screamed doubt and betrayal in the past for Clarke, and Lexa knew she needed to rectify this, for Clarke's sake.

“Do you always talk like this?” the Omega cocked an eyebrow as she met Lexa's gaze. Breaking their silence. For a moment the Alpha stared blankly at the blonde, wondering what she meant as their starters were set down before them.

“Like what exactly?” she questioned,

“Like a dictionary,” Clarke smirked, toying with the food on her plate. Lexa huffed and shifted in her seat,

“My speech is that of one well educated and one who is articulate in the English language, I do apologise if it's seems to be like speaking to a dictionary,”

“Are you saying I'm uneducated?” Clarke shot back quickly, throwing Lexa off, her tone was like, playful. She'd said what she needed to, cut the Alpha deep enough, but Clarke felt bad. Lexa had apologised for her actions, maybe she could repent them too. But first she needed to be teased a little more.

“No! No of course not, never, you've attended Arkadia Uni, I've taken courses there myself. A highly prestigious school,” Lexa stammered, remembering the university jumper Clarke had worn the last time they'd met.

“Oh, so you did notice something other than my mouth and cunt the other day huh?” Clarke laughed low, grinning wide as Lexa blushed hard the Omega was teasing her, poking fun with her words. Lexa knew this was a tactic used to relax people, to lull them into comfort and fun. Not something she was used to. Lexa was used to refined arguments and speeches in boardrooms. Of diagrams and spreadsheets being described in the longest, most boring vocabulary. Not being told she noticed
something other than Clarke’s eager cunt. The alpha righted herself in her chair and smiled softly,

“You know how to make people feel uncomfortable, yet try to relax them at the same time Clarke. A useful skill that a lot of aristocratic clients I know could use,” Clarke chuckled,

“Fat cats will never change, you could give them a seminar on how to treat people. And they’d still look at me, or Octavia, like shit on their heals,” the Omega shrugged and Lexa nodded. She was right, the other Alpha's Lexa dealt with day to day would look down on Clarke and her friends like nothing more than peasants. And it was a tragic thing,

“So, Anya says you don't date, why is this Ms CEO, I've read your profile, you're rich, attractive, a dictionary, why wouldn't you date?” Clarke leant her elbows onto the table, chin rested on her hands. Lexa stared, mouth hanging open at the Omega.

Damn Anya, she thought as she tried to put words together. How was she supposed to explain how her old Pack worked? After everything she'd just said about her company, she was still restricted by the Pack laws herself. Still living with Elders who were stuck in a rut. How the Elders had this bizarre way of categorising Omegas before they were selected for mating with the prime Alpha's. Lexa swallowed hard, took a breath and decided to open up. What other choice did she have?

“My Pack, the Woods Pack, works significantly different to other Packs. We, well the Elders, work in strange, complicated ways. They have traditions that must be adhered to, for the sake of bloodlines, and purity,”

“So, you're telling me your weren't allowed to date?”

“Yes, no, well in a sense I wasn't. But as a younger Alpha I've had my dalliances. Much to the Elders dismay. They select us as children, to be the leaders, you see, they train us, condition us to certain things, ways of life, cut things away, so when it comes to being mated...we are ready in more than just a Primal way,” Lexa paused, raising her eyes to meet Clarke's. The blonde looked thoughtful, her blue eyes never leaving the Alpha's face,

“So, this -” Lexa waved her hand between the two of them, “This is an issue that needs to be rectified,”

“What do you mean exactly by rectify?” Clarke's tone had gone up an octave. Lexa wasn't sure if it was shock or offense, but the Omega clearly wasn't happy with what Lexa had just said. Lexa made
a low hum in her throat, trying to not make it too obvious as she pushed her pheromones forward, hoping they would soothe her mate for what she was about to explain,

“the Elders have requested, your...our presence for an official Mating ceremony. One that would entail the bonding of our bites and souls, to be witnessed by the Pack, as traditions go,” Lexa waited with baited breath as Clarke processed the words she spoke. There was silence between the two, filled with the noise of the busy restaurant around them. Their starter plates were cleared and replaced with the main course, all in silence. Lexa was starting to panic when Clarke huffed,

“So basically, some stuffy old men want me and you to go and get basically married in front of them? And you, you want to follow this old tradition, even though you've just said these things need to end?”

“Yes, I suppose that's what it is,” Lexa muttered, her tone uncomfortable, her posture hunched, eyes averted.

“And you're okay with this?” Clarke snorted, rolling her eyes.

“Things are difficult. Traditions can't just break over night, my hands are tied,”

“Well they clearly aren't. Since you have a whole damn multimillion company working against these same things. Yet their CEO is too much of a submissive pup to stand up to her own people!” She knew Lexa was from an old Pack, but this was almost too much. Some old, wrinkled men demanded something of her and Lexa probably had rolled onto her back and showed her belly in pure submission. Clarke wanted for Lexa to reply, with anything, but it didn't come.

Instead the Alpha played with her food, not looking at Clarke in the slightest. The Omega grumbled low, frowning hard. Of course she knew that at some point she'd have to return the mark that Lexa had given her, that much was a given, but old traditional marriage? Clarke wasn't sure about that, that meant little to no freedom in the old Pack world. She'd be Lexa's Omega, basically her bitch. She'd have to live with her, dote on her, be there for every whim. And as much as Clarke would like to think Lexa wasn't down for that, if tradition called for it, Lexa would probably bow to it.

But not Clarke. She was not going to be the tame omega mate that the Woods Pack wanted for their prestigious Alpha.

In one swift movement, the Omega pushed to her feet, finally drawing Lexa's eyes to her.
“I’m sorry, but that’s too far. In this day and age, with what you’re supposed to be working against, it's too far. I'm sorry Ms Woods,” Clarke practically spat the Alpha's title, turning from the table and towards the entrance of the restaurant. It was all too much, too soon. Maybe if Lexa had eased the proposition into conversation, Clarke would have considered it. But now? She wasn't sure, blame it on her hormones, but Clarke would just have to live with one half of a mating bond.

Lexa watched as Clarke walked away, a swift of gold and red through the crowded restaurant. She stared, unsure of what to do. She didn't know if she should follow her or just let her go. But it didn't take long for her instincts to kick in, right then it didn't matter if Clarke wanted to follow her old traditions or not, the beast within Lexa told her to go after her mate.

Clarke didn't know exactly where her feet were taking her till she found herself in familiar surroundings. She hadn't even noticed the rain as it began to fall, soaking her skin, sticking the dress to her.

The backdrop of The Dropship was a warm welcoming one as she entered the half full bar and headed directly towards Lincoln. He grinned wide as she reached him, slapping her open palms against the wooden counter top, shivering slightly.

“Usual? And a towel?” he asked in his ever comforting, ever soft tone. Clarke shook her head, blonde curls falling around her face,

“No, harder. And yes, please.”

“Bad date huh? Yeah O, told me your Alpha was finally taking you out tonight. ‘bout time really, since your little escapade in my bathroom,” Lincoln laughed as he hit the back of the bar. Grabbing at Clarke's “harder” drink of choice. The amber liquid was Clarke's undoing, and as much as Lincoln knew this, he could tell his friend needed it. Especially as she sighed heavily from her bar stool seat behind him. As he turned, pouring the Rum freely into the tumbler glass, Clarke spoke up again,

“Leave the bottle, no mixer,” she muttered, snagging the glass and downing the drink quickly. Lincoln nodded, making a mental note to keep an eye on the blonde that night. He turned, set on searching out a towel for the wet Omega.
“Fucking marriage. She wants to get old school Pack married. You know what that means Linc? Bending to their will. Breaking your back to old traditions!” Clarke snorted and poured herself another rum. Lincoln sighed softly as he retreated to the back room.

He knew of the Woods Pack, his family being an offshoot of the main bloodline. Somewhere down the line, the Lakes had split away from the Woods and become their own Pack in their own rights and gotten rid of the old traditions. So the young bar man knew exactly what his friend spoke of, and truly felt for her. But something told Lincoln that Lexa was different. Even if she had ditched Clarke the first time, she'd made an effort to find her and then take her out, and he knew all about the Trikru Industries work, so she couldn't be all that bad, could she?

“Heh, see things don't change Princess. Bottles your best friend,” a voice Clarke had never wanted to hear again cut through her thoughts. Sending a cold chill down Clarke's spine, the Omega sucked in a breath, inhaling the deep leather like scent of her ex. Slowly the Blonde turned to face him, her eyes dark with anger. Finn Collins stood before Clarke, in his old battered leather jacket, a crumpled suit beneath it. He grinned easy, his floppy hair damp from the rain.

“Finn, I told you not to come here,” she growled low, puffing her chest up. It would do no good, Finn was an Alpha, and he already had that slimy grin on his face,

“You don't own the bar Clarke, I can do as I please,” he flicked a hand through his dark hair, inching closer to her. His scent filled Clarke's nostrils and made her senses swim. Memories rushed back to her, violent words and actions. Submission pushed upon her from Finn, ideals of old Packs traditions that had seemed so reasonable a few years ago. Things that the Collins Pack wanted were so similar to what the Woods Pack wanted. At one point Clarke had wanted that, she'd wanted to be a docile Omega for him so badly, she had been willing to give up everything for him. All because he'd wormed his way into her thoughts and made her believe she was only good to serve him as a lowly Omega.

Only Finn made two people believe they could both have it. Finn twisted two people against one another for his own gains. He never banked on those two becoming friends and roommates at the end of it all. To this day, Raven never spoke of how broken Finn had made her. And neither did Clarke. Finn Collins was the dark nightmare they both resented.

“Well, looks like you finally got some idiot under your spell Princess,” Finn snorted, his hand reaching out for the Mating mark on her breast. Clarke could feel herself shaking, in fear, anger, so many emotions ran through her then. But all her body could scream for was Lexa. Clarke didn't know why or how, but the thoughts of Lexa where there, calling out. Knowing deep down that regardless of what her Pack wanted, she wouldn't stand for this. Finn's fingers brushed against her skin, tracing the hint of the healed bite mark that peaked out of Clarke's halter dress. He laughed, tracing her warm skin with his rough digits,
“Finally became someone's bitch. Rather them than me!” the Alpha male snorted, shooting a dark withering look at the Omega, “You're worth nothing anymore Clarke, remember that. You've been damaged too long, and that alpha will realise this, like I did,” Finn’s pheromones were heavy enough to make Clarke's mind fog and her senses dull, “Your worth nothing more than a good fuck,” he inhaled deeply, his nostrils flaring close to Clarke's face, “Smells like you're so close, so ripe and ready too,” he could smell her heat. Of course he could, he knew that scent like the back of his hand. So many times Clarke had gone running to him to cure the itch. He'd always known when her Heat was here.

Clarke wanted to run, to kick, to scream but she was rooted to the spot, unable to move as his rough hands began to caress her body. His face dipped closer to Clarke's, close enough that she could smell the orange vodka on his breath,

“Maybe one last good screw for old times sake. Then you can go back to your Alpha, smelling like the whore you are,”

*Lexa. Please Lexa, Lexa find me. Lexa.*

Finn's face grew closer, his hands tugging Clarke's body in ways he wanted but she did not. Lincoln had returned at some point, he was shouting, slamming his fists on the bar, pushing his body over the surface, but Finn paid him no mind. He had his old Omega side piece, her alpha was clearly nowhere to be seen, so Finn was going to take what he could regardless of damages. His fingers dug into her skin through her dress, his nose buried in the crook of her neck, inhaling as his tongue tasted her skin. Clarke whined, shivering from disgust,

“Excuse me, Mr Collins, I'd recommend that you step away from the lady at once,” as if by magic, Lexa's curt tone cut through the thick air. Finn growled against Clarke's skin, turning his head to face Lexa. His arm closed around Clarke's waist, holding her against him,

“And why would I do that? Her Alpha's not here to lay claim, and what exactly are you going to do about it Woods?” at that time, Clarke didn't register that the two Alpha's knew one another. Her brain had shut down, the push of Alpha pheromones, from Lexa and Finn. Finn's overpowering touches had made her limp.

“Back away Collins, you won't like how this will end,” Lexa growled, stepping closer. Clarke could see her mate, just there, just out of reach.
“Lexa…” she mumbled weakly, sagging against Finn.

“See, she wants to be here, why don't you go play with your prissy Pack Omegas,” Finn was laughing. And then he wasn't.

There was a roar of an Alpha, the sound of flesh hitting flesh, and the Finn was gone, groaning and whining on the floor, Lexa standing over him, her chest rising in a angry pant. Her fists were clenched at her sides, knuckles split on the right side, a sneer of crimson against her flesh.

Clarke made a low whimper, her arms hugging her body as she found Lexa's eyes. That buying Primal look was there, but different, darker. Her pupils had blown, Clarke could barely see the emerald green that usually shine there. Lexa's breath shuddered out and then she was there. The Alpha hugging her tightly to her as Lincoln tugged Finn up off the ground. The tall bar keep was growling. His hands twisted in Finn's already crumpled shirt, holding his a good inch off the ground. Clarke whimpered, turning her head to bury into Lexa's chest.

“Come near Clarke again Collins, and you'll be a dead man,” the growled threat was the last thing Clarke remembered hearing that night from Lexa.
Lexa had awoken with the idea of breakfast. She didn't realise how traumatising it would be to move around in their tiny, badly lit shared kitchen to give them some sort of decent meal to start the day. It was difficult since their kitchen seemed to be filled with only pop tarts and doritos.

But thankfully Lexa had come across some bacon and eggs deep into the fridge that were thankfully in date. After locating the pan cupboard, the Alpha had set to work. She'd hunted and was now going to provide, like a good Alpha should. Bacon omelette was what the Alpha set about making, it was the least they could do since the women had let her sleep on their somewhat lumpy couch.

It had taken Lexa along time to fall asleep the night before. She lay there, her suit jacket, waist coat and pants folded as best she could over the back of the other chair in the small lounge. The Alpha lay in just her shirt and boxers under the thin blanket. Staring at the half finished sketches that lined the walls, while she listened to the three other women fall into deep slumbers, thoughts from the night before running through her mind.

In all honesty, Lexa felt content as she lay there, surrounded by omegas and a Beta, who didn't look at her like she was privileged or better then them. Raven had spoken to her like she'd been there for years, Octavia had snuggled Lexa like a teddy when she brought Clarke to them. Both had insisted she stayed, at least to make sure Clarke was alright in the morning.

Lexa was glad of this, since she didn't want to force an intrusion to stay. Because she was exceptionally worried for her mate. After the confrontation with the other Alpha, Finn Collins, Clarke had been severely shaken. She'd been quiet, withdrawn. And scared to be touched. She'd closed in on herself, like a scared lamb before a wolf, which only worried Lexa more. What had this idiot alpha done to her? What had Finn Collins done so badly to her Omega that it made her like this?

Lexa had planned to confront him, and his Pack Elders the next day, Finns behaviour was unruly and disgraceful. Even if his Pack held those values, they should never be taken out into public, to save face. But Lexa was intent on feeding the women first.

Lexa knew the Collins Pack had money, where influential, and have stock in her company. But that didn't change anything, even if Finn's father had invested in helping third world omegas and the needy, his son had no care for it by the way he was smothering Clarke. He clearly had no care for those who weren't Alpha's. Lexa knew there was more to the story, when Raven had asked what had happened and Lexa had mentioned Finn, she too had drawn into herself.
After making sure Octavia and Clarke were snuggled in their makeshift Nest, Raven had retreated to her room at the far end of the apartment. Lexa hadn't pushed, she'd settled into her bed for the night and began to examine the sketches.

The sketches were good, clearly a lot of work had gone into them, even if they were half finished, but each still told a story in the charcoal lines. She knew they were Clarke's, and by staring at them, Lexa could tell that the Omega loved to draw. The way she sketched profiles of strangers in the street told a story that Lexa was intrigued to know. The way she drew land shapes was beautiful enough to truly capture the way the wind had been blowing against the leaves. Lexa could now understand why the Omega was being showcased in a Gallery, and that was enough to truly perk her interest. She'd fallen asleep staring at the profile of an elderly woman. Her mind completely focused on the intricate age lines that Clarke had drawn free hand. And the realisation that she owned Clarke a proper apology and explanation to her absence.

The alpha had taken note of the many bouquets she'd sent scattered around the apartment, the empty boxes of chocolates and the screw up cards. She'd already know she had been cowardly, not interacting with Clarke before the previous night. Lexa had panicked, unsure what to do, she'd never been in this kind of situation before, he'll she'd never even dated anyone properly before. There had been that time wish Costia, but that was all Pack orientated and organised. What she had with Clarke, no matter how strained, was completely different. Lexa didn't know how to handle it like a proper person, her instincts told her to be an almost barbaric Alpha, charge her way into the blonde's life. Make her presence known, but her head told her she need to build on it. Create trust, a relationship, something there more than just a mating bite.

The pushing of the Pack Elders didn't help anything, the way they demanded of Lexa was enough to scare the Alpha away from Clarke and become distant. She didn't want to force the Omega into anything she didn't want. But their situation was already too far gone now. Well, Lexa hoped as much, but she'd have to await the Omega waking to find out what she really wanted Lexa to do. With only half a mating bite, Clarke could break away from her if she chose, Lexa didn't technically belong To Clarke yet. The bond wasn't whole.

As Lexa moved to slide the first omelette onto a mismatched plate, it hit her like Thor's hammer to her gut. If Clarke chose against biting Lexa back, she never know what life would be like without Clarke. In the days that had passed, the Alpha had grown fins of the blonde, thinking about her, wondering what she was doing. Even if she'd been to cowardly too face her. She'd still found herself daydreaming about the Omega most days. Clarke Griffin was a distraction that Lexa didn't want to lose. She didn't even care if they followed her Packs tired traditions. She just wanted Clarke.

It was then that Lexa realised that all she could think about was Clarke. She couldn't even focus on the kitchen utensils in her hands, her entire body screamed for the blonde omega. She could smell Clarke through the walls, through the bedrooms doors, she could her heart beating faster each passing moment. The omega clouded her senses, fogged her mind, made her only what and need Clarke. Lexa could smell the sweat on Clarke's skin, the slick heat between her legs, calling to her. The Alpha's hands shook, the frying pan clattering to the kitchen floor.
The alpha knew then what it all meant. What the growing ache in the out of her gut meant, what the grumble in her chest called for. She knew Clarke had awoken. Lexa had felt it deep down, a foreign feeling within her that she couldn’t quite fathom what it meant logically. But her instincts knew what to do. Seek out her mate and give her what she wanted, what she needed. Lexa moved from the kitchen in swift strides, heading towards the door that excreted the scent of her Mate. Her body shook, her heart pounded in her chest. She needed Clarke.

Now more than ever.

“Is that bacon I smell?” Raven yawned as she stumbled out of her room, stretching her arms upwards. Lexa growled low, she'd reached Clarke's bedroom door, her hands braced against the doorframe. Her knuckles white as she gripped, Raven stopped dead in her tracks, eyes widening as she caught sight of Lexa, “Well, well looks like the big bad Alpha has risen her head,” the beta chuckled, skirting around the Alpha. Lexa growled low, her chest heaving in ragged breaths. Clarke was so close, so ready, she was all Lexa wanted, needed.

“You're not gonna huff and puff that door down. Just knock, they'll answer!” Raven sighed as she continued down the hall to the kitchen. Lexa paid her no mind, her only focus was getting to her Omega.

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Clarke awoke to the naked warmth of Octavia, the smell of bacon and an intense burning in her lowers. The omega knew what that meant, and by the way Octavia clung tighter to her, wrapping her smaller frame around Clarke's body, she knew her Heat had hit.

And hit hard.

The two Omegas had always flocked to one another when their Heats arose, reveling in the comfort of each other's scents, the Nests they built of blankets and pillows before curling up with one another, as naked as the day they were born, the feel of skin on skin comforting one another. Their parents had explained when they were younger that it was a Pack mentality, from days of old, to flock to one another, seek the comfort, and be naked. Clarke and Octavia had never questioned it further. It was just how life was.
They'd never had any suppressants in their life, just rode out the intense needs and wants together where it was safest. It was what they had been taught, and they trusted it. In the Griffin pack they had taken care of their Omegas, let them pather to their natural instincts. Clarke had been wandering to other ways to comfort her Heat of late, much to Octavia's distaste, they'd been together all their lives, and Clarke breaking away had left her out of sorts, she hadn't yet found that first person, and still clung to the ideals of Pack life.

But now it was different for the blonde.

A different kind of burning filled her body, more intense, a larger craving, so different from her usual Heats. Her mating mark ached, like it called for its owner. A silent signal pulsing outwards. She could feel Lexa in their apartment, so close to her, but still so far. Through walls and doors she could feel the Alpha's very presence, just there, a warming beacon calling outwards to her. The blonde pushed herself up, feeling the intense fire travel through her body fully, she was slick already, her thighs sliding against one another easily. She'd never been this wet before, this ready. She whined low, the feeling of Octavia's hands brushing against her skin setting her instincts off, her body betraying her want to resist Lexi's call.

But Clarke wanted, no needed Lexa.

Clarke made a start to move from the bed, prying Octavia off her as she did so. She could smell the Alpha. She was close, she must have brought her home from the Dropship last night. But why wasn't she here, in Clarke's room, with her? The omega needed to know. She needed to find Lexa, to touch her. Kiss her. Be filled by her, the burning in her body called for it, demanded it.

A loud clattering from outside Clarke's bedroom door claimed the omegas attention. She heard a snarl, a low rumble, and Raven's voice,

"You're not gonna huff and puff that door down. Just knock, they'll answer," Clarke knew then who stood at her bedroom door, who was the other side, growling and huffing.

There came a heavy handed knock on her door, one that was strained, urgent. Clarke's body began to quiver, she could smell the Alpha so much more clearly nose, her insides clenched tightly, like they needed to be around something. Something long, hard and belonging to her Mate.

"Cla..rke?" Octavia yawned behind the Omega, the brunette pushed herself up, her hair mussed from sleep, eyes still heavy, "What's going...fuck, is that smell Lexa? Jesus, I can..I can feel it everywhere. Clarke? Clarke are you okay?" the blonde could hardly manage a reply, she made a weak grunt, her feet carrying her to the door of her room. All she could think was Lexa, over and over. Her hand
grasped the doorknob, and tugged it open, revealing the panting woman behind it.

Lexa braced the door frame, the muscles in her arms tensed and twisted, bulging in her shirt. Her head was bowed, curls of chocolate falling over her face. Her chest heaving in heavy pants and her slacks tent poled before Clarke. The Omega whimpered with need at the sight, bringing Lexa's brilliant green eyes to her blues. They met and it was like electricity sparked across Clarke's bare skin.

Within mere moments the Alpha was against Clarke, wrapping her arms tightly around her naked form. Their lips met in a crushing embrace, drinking one another in. Lexa's lips were warm and soft, carefully moving against Clarke's own. The blonde felt like she was always meant to kiss these lips against hers. Like they were made for her. It was like nothing the Omega had ever felt before. Not worth the countless others she'd kissed, not with Finn. Lexa swam through her senses, fogging everything in the room but them.

Lexa's tongue slipped against her bottom lip, begging for entrance to her mouth. And Clarke gladly gave it, her own tongue dancing out to meet the Alpha's. The omega couldn't help but moan into the embrace. Her hands clenching into the skirt material, twisting her digits into it.

Lexa groaned low, dropping her face into the crook of the Omegas neck, inhaling her. Drinking her scent in. The Alpha's erection pressed tight against Clarke's thigh, hard and throbbing through the grey slacks. Lexa gave a low growl and Clarke felt limp in her arms. She forgot that she wanted to resist, that she wanted to make the Alpha wait and beg for her body, she forgot that Octavia was in the room, that Raven was probably close by, all she could think was Lexa.

How Lexa's strong arms slung around her, how her scent filled her nose, how her pheromones made her feel safe, content and wanted. The Omega pushed into her Alpha, her bare breasts tingling with brush of shirt against her already hard nipple, Lexa moaned into her neck, kissing and sucking at her skin. Her hands ghosting down the contours of Clarke's back till she cupped her rump tight. The Alpha gripped Clarke's behind, lifting her in one motion till the omegas legs wrapped around her waist. Clarke whimpered in need, her head thrown back as she felt Lexa's dick press against her wet cunt through the slacks. But it wasn't enough. She needed more.

As Lexa's Face buried against her breasts, kissing, nipping and sucking, Clarke tangled her hands into the deep brown tendrils of hair. Tugging and twisting at the Alpha's mane.

“I'm just gonna...yeah…” Octavia's voice was like a distant echo as the young Omega side stepped around the pair, exiting the room as quickly as she could. The pheromones were almost too much for the unmated girl. They were everywhere, perforating every molecule in the air, each strand of fabric in the apartment, every sense of the younger omega. Her head swam and her body ached. Octavia practically clung to the hallway wall as she made her way to the lounge area.
But the couple were oblivious to anything but themselves, the magic of Clarke's Heat bringing forth something Lexa had never felt before. Something deep, Primal, purely sexual. Her cock had never been so hard, never throbbed so much. In the back of the Alpha's mind she recalled the Elders talking of the Rut. That every Alpha came into their first rut once they found their true Mate. Their soul mate. The beast within Lexa knew this was true, the heart within her breast knew it too. And as the alpha found her omegas mouth in passionate kisses, Lexa just knew.

Lexa moved them slowly to the bed, easing Clarke onto the hastily made nest of pillows and blankets. Briefly staring down at the blonde. Clarke's hair was mussed, her plentiful breasts heaving, her pale skin was smudges with red blemishes where Lexa had kissed, sucked and nipped at her collar bones. The mating mark on her left bosom stood out prominent, calling Lexa into her. The alpha gave a low rumble from within, her skin arching to be against Clarke's. But her eyes still wandered down the Omegas curved form.

She was proportioned so perfectly. The right amount of breast, curves, even the light thatch of hair between her legs was enough. Lexa growled hungrily, dropping to her knees, crawling towards her Mate. Clarke whimpered in need as Lexa's hands slid up her bare legs, spreading them softly. The omega could feel the Alpha wanted to please her, to serve her Heat in vigor, the low rough growls told her that. Yet Lexa's touch was soft, careful. Intimate.

The Alpha maneuvered Clarke's legs to her shoulders, her emerald eyes rolling up to meet Clarke's cerulean before her mouth moved over her slick cunt. Clarke gasped as the Alpha's tongue curled around her clit, followed by those soft lips. The omega mewed low, her body dropping back against the nest she'd made hours ago, her thighs clenching around Lexa's head as the Alpha's hands gripped her skin.

Lexa hungrily lapped at Clarke's cunt, drinking her in bit by bit. She licked, sucked and kissed at the bundle of nerves, sliding her tongue down towards Clarke's eager opening. Lexa had never tasted anything so good, so sweet and moreish. She couldn't get enough. It was like a sweet honey pot, constantly giving what the Alpha wanted. Above her. The Omega moaned low, her hands tangled into Lexa's hair, nails scraping her skull as the Alpha worked at her cunt. Clarke panted and whined, her body bowing in pleasure, the intensity of Lexa's tongue work setting her whole body on fire.

Clarke could feel the waves of orgasm closing in on her, the edge so close. Lexa was relentless between her thighs, giving Clarke something she'd never experienced before. She was truly an expert with her tongue. In the back of her mind, Clarke reasoned that the Alpha's was of speaking was a blessing if her tongue was this magical. Before she could finish the thought, Clarke's orgasm came like a total wave, she screamed loud and proud, the name of her mate on her tongue.
Chapter 7

“I don't think I've ever heard Clarke make that kinda noise before.. “ Octavia muttered, tugging the blankets tighter around her frame

Raven hummed in response. Trying with all her might to concentrate on the TV before them. She'd turned the Xbox on in hopes of a distraction, but no matter how many times she sniped the kid from two streets over, Raven couldn't stop hearing the grunts and slaps of flesh on flesh.

Raven had turned the volume up way past a decent level minutes ago, when Clarke had begun howling in pleasure, but it was no use. Even if she couldn't hear them, the sheer amount of mating pheromones that surrounded them was like a fog. Raven could feel it creeping up her skin, tingling its way to intimate parts. She shuddered feeling exceptionally sorry for the unmated Omega besides her. Octavia was huddled in a number of blankets, her attempt to remake a nest and be comfortable. And to hide from the waves of Alpha pheromones that still flooded their apartment.

“When will they stop?” the Omega asked, her voice small and slightly muffled. Raven sighed, flopping back on the sofa,

“Hopefully in the next few hours. But I doubt it. Did you see Lexa? I've never seen an Alpha react like that, not even with Finn,” Raven sighed, her heart heavy.

The remainder of her ex-fiance and almost mate was a hard hitting one. The floppy haired Alpha had been a bad patch, not just for Raven. For Clarke too. Their intertwined past had somehow brought them both together, even if they both still dealt with the actions of Finn Collins. He'd screwed up their lives, maybe Clarke more than Raven. With the things he'd said and done to the blonde, Raven could understand why Clarke had run from Lexa after that one night stand, why she freaked at the fresh making mark on her chest. After all, it mirrored the healed scar on her back. Raven remembered the promise she'd made Clarke, and herself, years ago. And sighed heavily. No matter how uncomfortable she felt right then, floating in a sea of Sex, Raven would be Clarke's lifeboat if she needed it.

Raven couldn't help but look to the faded mark on her wrist, the near perfect circle of an Alpha's bite,
pale against her tanned skin. She sheepishly touched it and flinched at ghostly pain of memories. Finn had been so good, so kind years ago. But he'd changed, molded into a monster before Raven's very eyes. For a time she'd tried to blame Clarke, but she knew that Finn had been the cause of the damage to them both. He was a manipulative Alpha, twisted by his Packs and fathers ideals for him. And he'd used his superior status against them both.

“Will they always be like that?”

“Maybe. But not here, go's never again! SHUT UP WILL YAH!” Raven yelled, grabbing the nearest couch cushion and tossing it over her shoulder towards the wall of Clarke's bedroom.

The soft thud of the pilot against the wall did nothing to stop the gluttonous groans coming from behind it. Raven sighed, turning her attention back to the game in front of her. But it did nothing to stop her mind from working. From remembering.

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Two years ago

Raven knew something was off before she even entered her apartment. As she turned the key in the front door, noticing how out of place the doormat was. Slightly at an angle, not it's usual square on angle to the door. Finn was so anal about things like that, it mustn't of been him. Raven reasoned inside, stopping to reach into her bag for the wrench she carried for protection.

Who needed pepper spray, when you could use tools from the garage?

She crept into the apartment she shared with her fiance slowly, carefully. She didn't even bother to close the door behind her, just incase escape was necessary. Slowly the beta woman moved through her home, eyeing things that were out of place. The scuffed rug, pictures titled on the walls, clothing thrown over the white couch, panties, a bra, suit pants... Raven hesitated for a moment, eyeing the clearly female underwear on the hallway floor.

“Oh God. FINN!” a feminine moan of pleasure drew her eyes slowly up to the half closed bedroom door. Her bedroom door. Raven's heart pounded in her chest as she stared, wide eyed. She could make out movement within the room. She could hear the slaps of flesh against flesh. The guards of effort. The moans and groans of sex.
Raven didn’t go forward, she didn’t investigate. She turned on her heel and exited the apartment with a loud slam of the front door.

She didn’t return to the shared home for two weeks. She went to Lincoln and slept in the tiny flat above the Dropship, collecting herself and her own bravery before she returned. It took a lot for her to do so. A lot of vodka and late night take aways. A lot of self loathing and hatred for her to realise that Finn would never change. How many side lovers had he taken before this? 3 or 4 maybe. But Raven had never caught them before. And even though her fiance had not seen her that day. He’d surely heard her slam the front door. But he was afraid, she could tell by the voice mails and text messages he sent. Grovelling long messages of love and asking for forgiveness.

But that’s not why she’d return. She wasn’t going to give forgiveness. Oh no, Raven Reyes was going to dump his sorry cheating ass and move on. The bite mark on her wrist would fade in time, and she’d move on. Happily.

As she crossed the threshold of her apartment, empty duffle bag in hand, ready to collect all her things, Raven came across something she hadn’t expected.

“Worthless, that’s what you’ll always be. Who would want an Omega like you anyway? Damaged, broken and needy. What Alpha needs that in their life?” Finn’s tone was harsh, cutting through the air like a knife, Raven stopped in her tracks, listening carefully as someone sniffed hard, “You can’t even -” Finn sighed, “You’re just a waste of space Clarke. No One wants an Omega who can’t think for themselves,”

“You can’t even -” Finn sighed, “You’re just a waste of space Clarke. No One wants an Omega who can’t think for themselves,”

“If..if you’d just let me bite you back, then it will be okay Finn. We’d be one, we’d be complete!” the omega was begging, between sniffs and gulps of air. Raven peered carefully around the corner into the lounge area. Finn was pacing in front of a blonde who knelt in front of him. She looked tired, worn out, tars stained her cheeks. Raven eyed a fresh mating bite on her left shoulder, flaming red against her pale skin. Finn rolled his eyes, flicking a hand through his hair, "I’ve told you, a hundred times, biting you was a mistake. You wormed your way into my head like the omega slut you are, you made me do this to you. And you made everything wrong.” the Alpha male had reached forward, grabbing the blonde, Clarke, by her hair. Wrenching her head back. She whimpered in pain but her body was slack, she wasn’t fighting back as Finn ragged her around like a doll, “You’re a pathetic, Worthless piece of shit Clarke. Just using me for your own gain in the world. Why would I want to mate with you? It's your fault Raven left me. What could you possibly have to offer me? A useless Omega from a useless Pack!” Finn tugged her up to her feet by her hair as he snarled his words. His knuckles white from the grip he held, face twisted in an ugly way,
inches away from the blonde omega, “Just a useless Omega bitch. Only good for one thing,” as Finn forced Clarke back down onto her knees, his free hand going to his belt, unbuckling it easily, Raven found her courage, realising what the Alpha male was about to force onto his omega lover.

He was used his superior stature against Clarke. Pushing his pheromones forward, knowing full well what his bite upon the blonde would make her do. Twist and bend the Omega to his will without facing any consequences himself. Raven knew this because she too had felt the same pull, and even now, with her own bite from Finn faded and old, she could still feel the strength of his pheromones. The pull of want and need to please the Alpha coursing through her. But she’d found her courage, found her strength against him. Years of torment and promises to be mated once they wed had throw her into a pit of despair, one she’d crawled free of. One she wouldn’t let Clarke slip into. No-one deserved that fate.

“Finn!” she yelled, stepping around the corner, her wrench in hand, “You utter pig!” she continued to yell as her fiance met her eyes

“Raven! My god. I’ve been so worried about you,” the Alpha male said sweetly, his entire aura changing before Raven. He stopped undoing his pants, instantly ignored the whimpering omega knelt before him, his attention on Raven. She growled low, swinging her wench around till it connected with his face. The alpha cried out in pain, clutching at his cheek as blood spilled between his fingers.

“Don't come near me. Don't come near Clarke, ever. Ever again Finn. Alpha mutt!” she roared, grabbing for the Omegas arms to haul her up. The blonde made a low pathetic noise, her eyes wide and scared as Raven collected her together. She knew this girl, her soft blonde features and brilliant blue eyes. Raven had seen her at the Dropship before, at Arkadia Uni, she was a Griffin, Raven knew then that Finn has twisted her mind because of her stature. Of her small pack, probably promised her the world on a platter and then taken what he wanted.

Raven growled low, hugging the blonde to her. She inhaled her sweet Omega scent, tinged with Finns Alpha aroma. Slowly she got them out of the apartment. Away from Finns roars of anger, his curses and angry promises of revenge. It didn't matter what Clarke had done woth Finn, or if she’d begun the affair or he had. It didn't matter. All that matters was being away from Finn Collins.

Raven made a promise to herself and Clarke that day. Never again would an Alpha hurt them, either of them.
Present day.

Raven jumped back to reality as the sound of Kelly Rowlands Commander began to blare through the lounge area. She looked to Octavia, or better described, the slither of brown eyes she could see through the pile of blankets. They too looked confused,

“Not mine,” Octavia's voice came muffled, the blanket pile shifting with a shrug. With a huff, Raven began to search out the source of the song. Pillows flew through the air, blankets followed till the Beta came across the neatly folded grey suit jacket hanging lonely from the clothes hook besides the front door. Raven stares at it puzzlement for a moment, trying to figure out why the coat rack was actually in use. None of the trio used the rack, their jackets and hoodies always ended up throw across the sofas and chairs present in the lounge.

But there was only one difference today, the grey jacket was clearly one of high expendage. Lexa's. And still it rang that damn song. For a moment the brunette hesitated, thinking about interrupting the Alpha to inform her of her ringing phone. But the low moan that met her eyes made Raven think better of that idea. She wasn't about to interrupt a rut and see either Clarke or Lexa naked. Not a chance.

Raven sucked in a breath as she began to root through the pockets, till a sleek black cell found its way into her hand. She examined the small cell for a moment, eyeing the name that flashed across the shiny flat surface.

**Anya G.**

Lexa's Alpha friend, the one Raven had met at the Dropship. She'd seemed nice enough, flirty and funny.

“Hello?” Raven spoke softly as she hit the little green answer button, pressing the device to her ear. The pile of blankets shuffled slightly, Octavia's mussed hair poking free,

“This isn't Lexa. Lex never says hello. Who's this?” the voice of Anya Grove came from the other end, along with the sounds of street life. Cars honking, the wind whistling around her,

“It's Raven, we met, at the Dropship,”
“Heh, I guess Lexa took Clarke home then. Is she there? She missed rugby,” Anya replied, a heavy sigh following,

“No, she's, Um, occupied,” Raven replied sheepishly. She'd avoided Alpha's since Finn, other than Lincoln who was so soft spoken and kind that Raven often forgot he was an Alpha. But now there seemed to be two back in her life. Just there, like magic, like she couldn't quite rid herself of Alphas so easily.

“Oh wow. Alright, well is there any chance I can drop around? I have the address and I'm sure Lex wouldn't mind some fresh clothes is she's...indisposed,” Anya laughed and Raven felt her skin tingle. Ever down the phone, this Alpha had some unnamed effect on Raven that she'd never expected. In the back of her mind she recognised the feeling, but she refused to acknowledge it. Raven blamed it on the wall to wall alpha pheromones in the apartment,

“Um, yeah sure. You can help prize them apart then,”

“I'll bring bagels,” Anya laugh softly, the phone clicking off at her end. Another wanton moan came from Clarke's room, Raven rolled her eyes as she turned back to Octavia, who was now visible from her shoulders upwards,

“Who was that?”

“Anya, she's bringing bagels and clothes for Lexa. Probably be some help too,” Octavia scrunched her nose up, “She won't be in a rut O, you'll be okay. Promise,” Raven smiled softly, edging her way back to her friend. She flopped down next to Octavia, welcoming her into her arms. The young Omega rumbled softly in her chest, snuggling in as tight as she could, regardless of the pile of blankets she still held as a forcefield.

Lexa groaned low as she flopped onto her back, her chest heaving in short pants. Clarke couldn't suppress a small giggle and smile as she trailed kisses up the Alpha's flat abdomen, her fingers ghosting up Lexa's aides, tracing her skin lightly,

“Done so soon Mighty one?Mighty sure there isn't another one in their Ms Woods?” Clarke practically purred, her mouth nuzzling against Lexa's warm flesh. The alpha gave a low rumble. Her naked body shifting as Clarke moved to straddle her waist. Lexa could instantly feel how wet and
warm between Clarke's legs was. Pressing against her soft length, coating her cock in even more of her juice,

“Are you not adequately satisfied yet Clarke?” Lexa murmured, stretching her arms and shoulders out before locking her eyes upon the blonde omega. Clarke grinned wildly, rolling her hips down onto Lexa's groin. *Clearly not,* the Alpha thought as Clarke's eyes shone brightly. The omega began a quick movement of her hips. Rolling and grinding down against her dick, which Lexa knew would betray her quickly.

The undeniable scent of Clarke's Heat still burnt in her nose, still flowed through her veins. Lexa couldn't deny Clarke is she wanted to, she needed the Omega, wanted her so badly, that even the sex they'd had previous wasn't enough. More was needed, wanted, craved. As Lexa found her hands gravitating to Clarke's bare, pale thighs, her fingers gripping the soft flesh, she rose uowarea. Her mouth meeting Clarke's in the softest of kisses, their noses brushing against one another's,

“You can make it a matching set, compete the bond,” Lexa murmured to Clarke's lips. As the omegas hips and lips stilled against Lexa's, the alpha knew something was wrong. She knew she'd said the wrong thing instantly, “Clarke?” she questioned as the omega climbed off her body, she searching the clothes strewn floor for something to wear,

“I'm sorry - just - I - I - sorry, just sorry Lexa. Please, just, just go -” the omega wouldn't meet Lexa's eyes, wouldn't look up as she began pulling on clothing. Battered grey sweat pants and her Arkadia Uni hooded jumper. Lexa's heart sank, she didn't know what else to do but bow to the Omegas wishes. The Alpha found her clothes quickly, dressing in silence as Clarke crawled back to the centre of her bed, hiding beneath the blankets and pillows once more.

At the bedroom door, Lexa hesitated, unsure what outcome she would face if she walked away. Her inner beast wanted to stay and protect her Mate, but Lexa's logical mind didn't want to push her too far, didn't want to ruin what fragile relationship they had begun. Lexa gave the curled pile of blankets a longing look before she slipped from the bedroom.

She took a breath, inhaling the lingering scent of the blonde before making her way to the exit. Her leaving was interrupted by a far too familiar voice whooping loudly,

“Yes! Yes that's how you quick snipe with skill!” Anya cheered herself, tossing the xbox controller into the air, catching it with ease Raven grumbled lowly while Octavia chuckled besides her. The three felt silent as Lexa entered the room,

“Hey there love dog! How's it going?” Anya laughed, the easy grin of hers there. Lexa grunted,
curious to how and why her Age-mate was present,

“Where are you going?” Raven chimed in, her eyes dark as she studied Lexa, “Where is Clarke?” the beta woman demanded, pushing to her feet. Her eyes narrowed, chest puffed, Raven's entire stature changed to that of a predator protecting it's Pack. Lexa stared, wide eyed, unsure of what to do or what was happening, “What did you do to her!” Raven crier, pushing forward towards Lexa.

But Anya was faster. She caught the beta female before she reached Lexa, snarling and kicking in anger. Her arms slung around Raven's waist, lifting her from the ground, protecting her age-mate with ease. Anya growled low into Raven's ear but it didn't stop her from struggling against her captor's grasp.

“Woah. Woah, calm down firecracker! What the hell is going on exactly?” Anya asked, her face puzzled. She looked from Lexa to Raven, frowning hard as Raven kicked out with a roar, “Lex?”

The alpha didn't know, she was confused and lost, unsure of what exactly she'd done to have Raven react in such a way.

“Raven. Stop. She hasn't done anything,” Clarke voice was small, distant. Like a scared child almost. Afraid of what she'd seen, of what she'd done in the past. Of why she'd told Lexa to leave. Lexa rounded on Clarke, her eyes searching the blonde omegas sky blues. Clarke met Lexa's eyes, her gaze shy, closed off, “We need to talk.”
Chapter 8

Raven grumbled low as a knock came from the front door, she wasn't expecting any company that day. She had the apartment to herself, stretched out in her favourite comfy pajamas. The Fast and The Furious all ready and set to play in the dvd player, butter popcorn freshly made and a mini fridge filled with Budweiser. Raven had been all set, until the door knocked.

With a loud, low disgruntled sigh she shifted herself to her feet, shuffling slowly to the front door. It wa store then likely Lexa, again. Dropping by to see Clarke, again. Just to check in, bring her some pastries from their closest bakery, or a box of overly expensive charcoals. Or something else ridiculous because those two idiot where so clearly into each that they were blind to it. The door knocked again, this time a little more urgently,

“All right, all right!” Raven grumbled, tugging the front door open abruptly. And much to Raven's lack of luck, it wasn’t Lexa who stood behind it, who would have been used to the sight of Raven in her pajamas bow, but instead it was the other Alpha.

Anya Grove. Leaning against the door frame in all her suave glory, perfectly made up for the bad girl aesthetic. All long legs encased in black jeans, biker boots and leather jacket, an easy smirk on her face, steel eyes glinting with something hidden,

“All right, all right!” she drawled, and Raven's heart missed a beat.

“Lexa's not here. She came by this morning,” Raven replied, an eyebrow cocked. Why else would Anya turn up at her door step? Clarke wasn't there, nor Lexa, so why was this mischievous Alpha lurking in the hallway of her building?

“Oh, Um, yeah. I told Lex I'd meet her here before practice, so we could check in,” Anya stumbled over her words, Raven picked up on it instantly.

“And why would you do that exactly?” Raven smirked, arms crossed over her chest, suspicious in her tone. The Beta woman wasn’t stupid, she could almost smell the deceit in the air. Anya was up to something,

“Well there's beers here,” the Alpha grinned wide, those steel eyes twinkling,
There's beers at the Dropship,

But not your pleasant company.” Anya laughed, side stepping Raven as she gaped at her. The alpha was fast enough to evade Raven's grab for her jacket, skidding into the apartment and taking claim of the brunettes original seat. In one swift motion Anya had kicked off her boots and propped her feet on the coffee table. Raven couldn't help but notice the odd socks as she shut the front door,

Make yourself at home why don't you,” the snark was thick in Raven's tone as she headed towards the opposite side of the sofa,

So, what we watching?” Anya grinned as she grabbed a handful of popcorn, stuffing her mouth full as Raven rolled her eyes once more. She chose not to reply, simply hitting the play button and ignoring Anya as she picked her way through the popcorn. After a good 20 minutes, the Alpha shifted next to Raven, passing the half eaten bag of buttery goodness to her,

This is, by far, the best one,” Anya murmured softly, her eyes fixed on the screen l. Raven couldn't have agreed more, the first of a series of films was always the best, but she couldn't find her words to say so. She found herself transfixed on Anya's face, the sharp angles that made her a masterpiece, the way her hair tucked behind her ears perfectly, how her eyes lit up every time a vehicle came on screen.

She watched the Alpha for longer than she should have. Long enough for a feeling of warmth and favour to grow within her chest. Anya was nice. She was kind. Quick to defend her age-mate and their new found friends. Raven had witnessed that first hand when Clarke had shed light upon her past. Raven had watched Anya twist in anger and rage when she learn of how Finn had been, how he'd acted in their past.

“I know there's no practise today, Lexa said it had been canceled when she came by earlier,” Raven managed to find her voice quietly. Besides her she felt Anya stiffen, her entire body tense up, her eyes fixated on the movie on the TV. To Anya's saving grace, before Raven could question why, the distinct tones of a lightsabre activating sounded from the taller girl's pocket.

“Saved by the nerdiness Grove,” Raven sighed as Anya fished the phone free,

Lex ;;

I've made a decision. We are going to war, I'm blowing the horn of Ravendale and signalling Gondor.
Lex ;;

Clarke is a beautiful, fine woman, who should be the pride of an Alpha's life. Sadly, she does not seem to believe me. And why would she boo, she's not a ghost Anya. Also, Lord of the Rings is fine reading that can help with real life issue. When will you understand this?

"I take it your Gondor then?" Raven laughed, shuffling closer to Anya, she wasn't ashamed to read over her shoulder as Anya tapped back her replies. Raven was beginning to realise that Lexa Woods wasn't exactly the stuffy aristocrat that the magazine portrayed her as. She played rugby, she clearly liked Lord of the Rings, and she could cook, even if they'd has to scrape the remains of the omelette from the pan when she had cooked. Anya woman sighed, rolling her eyes.

"Lord of the Rings has been essential reading for Lexa since she was a child. The Fellowship was a bedtime story," Anya explained, her thumbs flying across the touch screen of her phone as she replied to her age-mate, "It's just a silly joke between us,"

Anya G. ;;

Well with what that dick Collins did, can you blame her? You're just gonna have to be the best you can be Lex! Also, boo is a term of endearment. You dolt. When does the war council converge? X

"a war council? For Finn?! What the hell?" Raven growled, slapping the Alpha's arm sharply,

"What? It's not my idea! Besides, he deserves his just desserts," Anya shrugged, but she was grinning. Wide and beautifully. And Raven knew she was right, as much as she wished to leave Finn be, ignore his existence, something should be done about him and his whole attitude.

"It's just -" Raven trailed off, wondering to herself why she'd go to his defense. He didn't deserve it, he'd never deserved it, with his blasé attitude towards her, and Clarke, that man was scum and she knew it. Absently Raven found herself touching the healed and faded bite scar on her left wrist, remembering when Finn had done it. Much to her surprise, she found Anya's fingers joining hers, her tone soft as she spoke,

"You didn't deserve to be treated like that, neither did Clarke. But he hurt you, used you and still
tried to tame you with this marks. You didn't deserve that,” Anya's fingers found themselves winding in with Raven's, they were a lot softer than she'd expected. But her gaze was crushing as Raven met her eyes. Soft and caring, shining through those light eyes like nothing Raven had ever seen before. No One had looked at her like that, ever. Anya's gaze was full of something the Beta was unaware of. And the way it made her feel was terrifying.

Her heart pounded in her chest, her breath caught, and she couldn't feel anything but how always stand gripped hers, or how close the Alpha was. How hot her breath was on her cheek as Anya's face grew closer, everything blurred, all Raven could heart was the pounding of her heart, all she could feel was the softness of Anya's lips brushing hers.

Then the slamming of the front door,

“shit,” the curse word was spoken soft and fast, a harsh whisper as Clarke stood transfixed on the spot. Raven glared darkly as Anya flopped back, “I'm so, so sorry. I just, I need some stuff,” Clarke ushered herself past the lounge area disappearing into her room as Raven grumbled. She could still feel the ghost of Anya's lips on hers.

“So, Um, how about I take your number and drop you a call? Maybe we can gave beers somewhere else? Catch the new one of these movies?”

“Are you asking me on a date?”

“Looks like it Reyes,” Anya grinned wide as her phone sounded off again, another urgent text from Lexa.

Lex ;;

And how exactly do you propose I do that? Furthermore, is dolt also a term of endearment?

War council will begin urgently.

Anya G. ;;

Ever heard of wooing? Or shutting up? Or not interrupting me for once?

Anya rolled her eyes, directing her attention back to Raven,
“So, what you reckon?” but Raven was already grabbing the Alpha's phone, typing in her phone digits like a teenager,

“Raven?” Clarke called out as she reappeared, a stuffed duffel bag by her feet and a downcast look on her eyes, “I'm heading to my mother's. Gotta go, Um, work on some stuff. I'll be gone a few days,” the sky blues briefly flicked up to meet Raven's browns, before the blonde was heading out the door, a whirlwind of emotions behind her,

“Is she -” Anya started,

“I'm not quite sure, honestly. A Lot of stuff has happened in the last few days, stuff none of us expected.”

Lexa found herself lost in the image of the flickering flame as she unwound for the day. She'd returned home less than an hour ago from her stuffy office and already had a tumbler of her prefered scotch of choice in hand. Her most loved novel, The Fellowship of the Ring, sat on the coffee table, face down on the page Lexa knew she needed to continue on. The Alpha sat in her favourite leather chair, the one that faced the largest window in her penthouse suite, yet still faced the electronic fireplace nicely. It was her prefered place to sit at the end of the day.

A single malt from her heritage country, a twelve year aged Glen Moray caught the light of the setting sun, an amber glow splashing over Lexa's white shirt. The Alpha had enjoyed the taste for many years, since first sipping the fine spirit on her 16th birthday. A family tradition to drink the Woods Packs preferred scotch on an Alpha's presenting. A Mark of coming of age.

And to this day, Lexa would return from the office, from the Pack owned company, sip the Glenn and reflect on her working hours. But today was different, today her mind mulled on her Omega mate. Of things that had come to light in the past 48 hours.

48 hours previous.

“Finn...Finn was a bad Alpha, he used his status against me. Against Raven too. Against anyone really. He twisted people to his will, made them do what he wanted. He was a bad man,” Clarke murmured softly, sinking further into the sofa. Around her, Raven and Octavia hummed low, their
combined soothing pheromones washing over the apartment, their bodies twisted together for warmth and comfort. Lexa listened intently, her eyes fixated on her mate.

She could still taste the edges of Clarke's Heat, still feel it coursing through her veins, but somehow she pushed past that, and focused on what Clarke needed. Someone to listen. Someone to care, someone to be her true Alpha. A real Alpha. Not that Lexa thought Clarke needed an Alpha in her life, she was clearly a strong as hell woman in her own right, but the way her blue eyes met Lexa's, told the Alpha that Clarke was missing something. Something deep and Primal.

“Clarke, Alpha's like that need to be punished,” this came from Anya, in a small, angry voice. Her grey eyes were narrowed, hands clenched in tight, furious fists. Lexa could feel her Alpha Age-mate's furiosity pulsing around her. Like a forcefield of rage. Anya had always been one to fight against their instincts, to fight against the Elders rules and laws. Lexa knew the Collins Pack was old, and probably held the same ideas about Omegas that the Woods Pack did. Ones that were archaic and fossilised.

But it didn't make it right. Lexa knew that, and tried as hard as she could to fight against it. Baby steps first, she'd started with her company, using the rich and powerful Alpha's who believed in these old twisted rules of Omegas being good for only breeding to fund Lexa's third world omega poverty protection projects. But it all starts at home, the Alpha reminded herself as Clarke drew in a breath,

“He wanted a mate and a lover, but couldn't see difference between them couldn't see the line. He bit both Raven and I, assuming he could have us both. Since Raven had a stronger will than me, being a Beta, he twisted me faster. I was like a puppet in his hands. He tugged one string and I was on my knees, another and on my back,” the Omegas breath shuddered, “I couldn't say no. He convinced me that he was what I wanted. Nothing else,”

“But he pushed you too far. He pushed us both too far. By the time I realised how bad it was, Clarke was so far under his thumb she was willing to do anything, take the blame for anything. Finn fucked her up so bad Lexa,” Raven interjected, pulling the blonde close to her side. Clarke sniffles slightly, her eyes on her knees,

“He told me that I'm not worthy of a biting mark. That I'm good enough for a toy, a plaything, but not to be complete, that no one wants my bite in return,”

Lexa pushed to her feet, the anger and rage was too much. She'd pushed past the scents and feeling of heats and ruts, and fell right into Primal rage. Finn Collins deserved nothing more than death. By Lexa's hands. As the Alpha made a start for the door, Clarke cried out,
“No, no don't go. Not to him, please. Lexa, please, he's not worth the fury!” Clarke pleaded, pushing to her feet quickly, reaching for Lexa. Their skin connected, that white spark of electricity flowing between them again.

Making Lexa stop in her tracks.

The Alpha hummed low to herself, her brows furrowed in thought. Absently she popped open the top button of her shirt, letting the work day stress fall away as she reclined in her favourite leather chair. As she sipped the scotch, her eyes fluttered closed, falling deeper into her own mind.

Clarke believed she was damaged goods, thanks to another Alpha's convincing. She believed she was nothing more than a lowly Omega, not even worth giving her bite to anyone else. Not even Lexa, who truly did not wish to treat her in such a way. The alpha wondered, what could she possibly do to convince Clarke that she was different? That she was not just another Finn?

She'd left Clarke's apartment with Anya that Saturday night, with a promise to see Clarke the next day. And so she had, that Sunday, the Monday and the Tuesday mornings Lexa had dropped by, baked goods in hand. The pastries had been a good idea, well received by all, especially Raven. Clarke had been quiet and almost shy around her. Not quite meeting her eye since she'd shared her past heartache. But kxa knew she wasn't to push. Clarke would grow used to her and open up in time. That's all she needed, time.

When Lexa had arrived for her now usual morning check in on the Wednesday, she found only Raven, in blaring Harry Potter pajamas present at the apartment. The beta had happily taken the apple turnovers and promised to get Clarke to text her later. Oexa knew it would not do any good to turn into a stalker, Clarke would return soon, and Lexa would be there, waiting for her.

It took a lot of effort for the Alpha not to call or text her mate the whole day, but Anya finally called Lexa that afternoon, the alpha learnt that Clarke had left the city. Headed home to her mother's house. In the whirlwind of the last week of her life, Lexa realised that Clarke's new found presence in her life had thrown her out of sorts. Lexa's dolly just gathered the Omegas mobile number and email, but she had no clue of where her pack grounds were or her mother's house. Lexa reasoned to herself that she could just have Octavia tell her the location, travel to see her, knock on the front door of the apartment and Clarke would have been there, but it wasn't going to always be the case, Anya had argued back. She couldn't push like she wanted to, not with Clarke past.

As Lexa opened her eyes, eyeing the sleek mobile device on the arm of her chair, she wondered if Clarke would reply to a text. With a curious wonder, Lexa unlocked her phone and set to work. It wasn't the first text Lexa had sent Clarke, she'd checked in with her the previous day, it was becoming a habit now, even reading the Omegas shorthand messages was becoming easier.
Lexa

Good evening Clarke. How are you today?

Clarke G.

Fine thx.

Lexa

Anya has informed me that you have traveled to your mother home, I hope you are well and are aware that I am available to help with anything you need.

Clarke G.

Thnx but jst need Sme RnR. U clrly r diffnt 2 evry1 els. U ddnt run awy

Lexa

I have nothing to run away from Clarke, my dearest. Simply someone to run towards. I hope you’re well and safe.

Clarke G.

No1 wnts damgd gds

Lexa

My dearest Clarke, you are special. I personally do not believe for a moment that you are “damaged goods” Clarke. I believe we all have a past, and we choose to embrace that and it makes us stronger. You are a goddess. I hope to see you soon, I think of you daily.

Lexa knew what the Collins Alpha had done to Clarke, the way he’d manipulated her feelings, her very instincts was wrong. Beyond wrong, in fact it was a forbidden practise in her own Pack in all old traditional Packs, but clearly the heir to the Collins family did not follow old laws, nor care for them, he twisted them to his own uses, like he did the people around him.

The damage he’d left had been enough to draw Clarke from her heat, to stop her own inset Omega
instincts from ruling. Lexa Woods was one to follow her instincts, and right now her beast within was calling for a kill.

“So, what's the plan then mighty Elf Lord?” Anya grinned as she entered the office of Lexa Woods, CEO. Behind the finely polished desk, Lexa flicked her emerald eyes up, a twinkle of mischief within.

“I'm glad you asked, I'm in need of your connections within the Police Department,” the brunette Alpha replied, leaning back in her chair, “Shut the door,” she nodded towards the door Anya had entered through, waiting patiently for her age-mate to close off the rest of the building before continuing.

“Police? Really, what exactly are you planning Lexa?”

“Total embarrassment and honesty of how the same issues are in even in more privileged society as they are in lesser countries. Mr Collins will be outed for his actions and crimes, and everyone will be aware of it,”

“Hmm, well Gondor is here to aid, ask of me what you will and I shall provide,” Anya grinned, seating herself opposite Lexa as she began to explain what her elaborate actions where.

“and lastly, we invite the ladies, to bare witness to this?” Anya commented, eyeing the typed email that sat on Lexa's computer screen. The younger alpha made a low noise, her eyes flicking towards the screen,

“Would it please her? I mean, them, Raven and Clarke, to see this?”

“Most likely Lex. Its just desserts that that dick deserves,“
Chapter 9

Clarke growled low in frustration, flicking the red paint at the canvas. It wasn't right. It just wasn't coming out how she wanted it. With a low huff, Clarke spun around on her twisty stool, turning her back to the half finished work.

Nothing was coming out right.

As the young artist cast her sky blue eyes around the garage of her mother's house, looking at all the half finished paintings from the last few days, her mind began to put everything into focus. Each work was of her, each half finished sketch, painting, charcoal mess, was her.

They were all Lexa.

From her eyes, her ears, the way her hair twisted together in curls and braids. How her back had looked that first morning Clarke had awoken, with the circles of black ink on her skin, drawn from memory, a perfect memory. Clarke sighed hard, rubbing at her tired eyes harshly.

Her mother hadn't bothered to ask why she was home. She'd barely noticed in fact as Clarke let herself into her old bedroom, then out to her makeshift studio in the garage a few days prior. Abby Griffin, was too preoccupied with her work, being head Surgeon of the Arkadia General Hospital, her mind was always away with the scrubs and interns. Clarke didn't mind, Abby being too distracted to talk was better then Abby hounding her for why she was home.

But then again, the daily check ins from her friends, and the two Alpha's now in her life was beginning to be just as bad. Clarke didn't dare check her phone, just incase there was another eloquently worded message from the Alpha. Or an email. Or possibly a voice mail.

She knew Lexa was just trying to show her that not all Alpha's where like Finn, and Clarke knew this. She truly did, she'd had many an Alpha lover now, and she knew the kind touch of Alphas who appreciated and respected an Omega, but none had bit her like Lexa and Finn had done. Regardless of how faded and healed Finn's mark was now. And how fresh Lexa's still was, Clarke didn't know quite what to do.

Her inner instincts called out once more. To beg Lexa to let Clarke bite her back, to complete the mark, to be hers. But her head told her no, remember what happened last time. Remember that rejection. No matter how much Lexa acted like she wouldn't run mile or throw a bad word at her,
Clarke was scared. What if she bit Lexa in return and then it all went sour, what if she turned out to truly believe in the old traditions and only saw Clarke as a means to gain an heir, a Pup. What if all the work Lexa did with her company was just a front?

The omega relented, turning to grab her phone from its propped up position against the canvas behind her.

Griffster ;;

I h8 my head. Xox

Clarke chewed at her nails as she waited impatiently for Raven to reply.

Reyes ;;

Why? It's not that bad, your ears are wonky, but it's okay. Ps. USE REAL WORDS. Xox

Clarke scoffed, rolling her eyes as she tapped back a reply.

Griffster ;;

I am using rl wrds. Jst smlr ls. Cnt stp thnkin bout stff. Lexa an Finn. Wat 2 do .Xox

Reyes ;;

Accept what happened with Finn, remember that Lexa has been back everyday since you talked is something better than every other Alpha we've ever met Clarke. Maybe don't think too much, just feel? Xox

Clarke groaned, rolling her eyes. That was no help to her. Raven was just telling her what she already knew. But it was so hard, everything was so fast, so intense. Lexa was just there now, even when she wasn't at her apartment, Clarke felt like she could feel her, smell her, hear her everywhere. The omega knew it was because of the bite she wore on her chest, the brand of Lexa's bite.

She'd felt like this with Finn after he'd marked her back, but she knew there was one difference. With Finn the feeling has been cold, detached, medial almost. But Lexa's was warm, soft, caring. Like the fluffiest of blankets wrapped around Clarke at all times.
Part of her wanted to call the Alpha, invite her to her mother's home, let Abby know what was happening. Open up to her distant mother about Finn, Lexa, everything. But it would be too late, Abby had never known about Finn, about Clarke's troubles there, telling her about him would open the can of worms about what Clarke did at university and now in the city. Telling her that Lexa had bitten her too would just enrage her mother, she'd be called careless and reckless, a child who needed to return home and be cared for. But it didn't stop Clarke from wanting Lexa around, she'd grown used to it. Plus the daily apple turnovers were always a nice touch.

Clarke found herself staring at the texts from Lexa again. It was the fourth time that day that she'd done so, memorising the words, the way Lexa typed was just like how she spoke. So eloquent, formal, perfect.

*My dearest.*

The two words stick out the most. *Dearest.* A perfectly fine term of endearment, that made the omega's heart flutter. She shook herself every time, scolding the reaction from a typed word. Reminding herself that Raven could say it and it wouldn't mean anything. It was just a word. Just a word from her. From Lexa.

The last four words were even worse, *I think of you daily.*

They ran around Clarke's head like a fair ground round about, repeating over and over. Reminding her that they weren't words, no, they were actual feelings from another person. From an Alpha, an Alpha who had made it very clear that she wanted to be Clarke's. The blonde groaned, rubbing harshly at her face and pushing to her feet she began to pace around the small space of her studio. Ignoring the ever watching eyes of the multiple canvases around her, the eyes of that Alpha.

It would be alright if she could get Lexa out of her head, if the lithe brunette was just another meaningless conquest. Like she was supposed to be. But ever since New Year's eve, Lexa Woods was unavoidable. She was always there, maybe not in person, but in thoughts, texts, emails. Just, there, in the forefront of Clarke's brain, with her perfect chocolate curls, forest green eyes and gorgeous body. A body only gods should be able to craft.

The image and feel of Lexa's flat, toned abs was burnt into Clarke's memory, the way her arms tensed when she held herself above Clarke, her hips rotating upwards, grinding the thick, long length of her Alpha cock deep into the Omega. Clarke whined again, tossing the paint brush she clutched against the closest painting, splattering red paint across a grey portrait of Lexa's eyes.

She gave a frustrated snarl, dropping to a pile in the middle of the room. Her heat had been and gone,
but the unsatisfied after effects still ran through her blood. Everytime she closed her eyes to sleep, she could see the Alpha's naked body, feel it, taste it. Yearned for it.

Clarke whimpered, her hands clawing at her pockets till she located her mobile device. She tugged it free from her jean shorts and inhaled deeply as she found the name she searched for. It was desperate, pushing boundaries she herself had tried to put up for her own benefits, but her skin itched and burnt with want and need, the thoughts of Lexa's quick thrusts and the way her cock filled Clarke's centre was too much.

The way she held onto Clarke's hips as she drove into her from behind, the way her hands ghosted down the Omegas naked flesh, tracing each contour of her body when she was nude beneath the Alpha, her Alpha. How her mouth had tormented each nipple before moving lower, so much lower on Clarke's form, till it sat perfectly against her sopping cunt.

Her mobile was ringing before Clarke realised it, the slim device pressed to her ear as she waited for the other end to pick up. Her breath was ragged, her chest heaving, her memories flooding her mind and cunt with sordid thoughts. She wanted to feel Lexa's mouth on her sex again, wanted to feel her hands knead her breasts, grip her hips. The other end picked up as her hand slid beneath her panties.

“In summary gentlemen, the aid we are providing for other countries and Packs is proving to be more beneficial to their ecosystem and hierarchy than we originally expected. There has been a mass growth in livestock, water supplies and general happiness. The fates of the Omega lives we have intervened in have changed for the better, all because of your donations and caring for others,” Lexa smiled tightly, she truly did mean every word she spoke, but the looks on the business men's faces around her weren't exactly what she wanted. They were stiff and hard, grunts and murmurs following between them, not the overjoyed emotions she had wanted, “Now, if we begin to press these matters forward on our own lands -”

“Just to cut in here Ms Woods, are you trying to imply that we don't treat our lands and Omegas correctly? That we too need to follow this programme you've put together for lesser countries?”

“Eugene, that is exactly what I am saying. We need to practise what we preach to the fullest, show the world that we are not a ‘better’ country, but in fact we are all equals,” Lexa shot Mr Collins, Finn's father, a dark look, her hands leaning down against the large conference table before her. She knew using the man's first name would draw a disgruntled look from him, a powerboat that she'd win.

“Alpha's and Omega's have the same ground to stand on.” Lexa pushed out her dominant aura, let
the other Alpha’s present feel her power flow around them.

“Maybe this is becoming more of a personal issue Ms Woods?” Collins continued, his eyes dark and testing, the flares of his Alpha aura pushing against Lexa’s. He wanted her to snap back, wanted her to lose her cool. But Lexa simply smirked, pushed all her will into her dominance against Collins. Her eyes met his, brilliant emerald green against his murky brown. Her power shone through her eyes, her wolf eyes.

“I will not twist your arms to sign this contract of agreement, but I know you all will. Because it’s the right thing to do, for every person alive today,” the men shuffled in their seats, that low murmur returning, “My assistant will sort out your contracts as you leave Gentlemen, a deadline of this Friday seems to be appropriate don’t you agree?”

As Octavia came forward from behind Lexa, a stack of freshly printed contracts in hand, Lexa felt the inner pocket of her suit jacket begin to vibrate. Her personal phone, it never usually went off during the day, unless Anya or Clarke messaged her. And she knew where Anya was, sat front and centre before her. The other Alpha eyed Lexa as she began rifling in her pocket for the cellular device, it was unlike Lexa to go for her phone in front of board members. Unless it was Clarke calling.

“Clarke? Is everything okay?” Lexa answered quickly, pressing the slim mobile to her ear. She was greeted by a low moan that shot right down to her groin. It was no ordinary groan, but a groan of pure pleasure, “Clarke?” Lexa questioned as the omega whined low.

“Do you remember New Years eve?” Clarke's voice was thick and heavy, even down the phone Lexa could tell it was fogged with lust.

“Yes, vividly,” the Alpha replied, moving away from the rest if the Alpha’s present. She tried to keep her breathing steady, her pulse normal. But each breath Clarke took was laced thick with sex.

“I remember you filling me, I was so so full. Stuffed right to the brim. You're so big, so, fucking big Lexa,” Clarke moaned low and Lexa couldn't help but inhale sharply. Her cock began to throb, her heart pounding, blood boiled. She could remember it so well, gripping the blonde omegas hips tightly as she drove into her. No care was given to speed or force that night, they were two intoxicated people, fucking away any feelings they had.

They'd changed positions so many times, Clarke below her, Clarke kneaded in front, Clarke on top, Clarke kneeling with Lexa's dick in her mouth. All Lexa could think now and that night was Clarke she fogged her mind, clouded her judgement. Clarke Griffin was simply intoxicating. The Alpha
knew standing there, in the far corner of a board room, while other Alphas hung around, listening to her estranged Mate touch herself was risky. Getting turned on by it was dangerous, and the way her boxers began to strain and her pulse speed up was going to be noticeable.

“I remember your knot stretching me, pushing into me, how you held onto me as you did it. I remember when you bit me Lexa, I remember begging for it,” Clarke continued, her voice even huskier than before. Lexa physically shuddered, her eyes closing as she flashed back in her mind. She remembered how soft Clarke's skin had been, how delectable she'd looked beneath her as Lexa had knotted the omega then claimed her as her own. She hadn't thought about it she just did it. She'd never knotted anyone before, never even formed one till that night. Lexa knew it was a sign of finding your true mate, of being completely connected, but she'd never dreamed she'd have that. Never mind find her in a packed bar on New Year's Eve.

“it felt so fucking good, so right, so -” Clarke voice broke in a gluttonous cry, and Lexa realised that hearing the Omega cuss turned her on beyond belief. Her hardened dick twitched, straining tight against her boxers and pants, the clear definition of her showing through her grey slacks. The alpha had forgotten herself and her body as she stood huddle in the corner of the board room, she'd forgotten that there were at least 8 other Alphas present in the room and that they could all smell her pheromones and most likely hear her mate down the phone.

Never had anyone been able to crawl under her skin like Clarke did. Never had anyone affected her so badly that even the breathless moans down a crackling mobile line could make her dick stand to perfect attention. Lexa inhaled sharply through her nose, exhaling slowly through her mouth as she listened to the blonde's ragged breathing,

“Clarke, are you okay?” for a moment there was no sound, then the Omega cleared her throat,

“I'm going to text you my mother's address. I think you should come up. I think we should talk and stuff, you know?”

“Yes, of course. I believe that would be an adequate plan of action Clarke,” Lexa replied, her throat tightening as she did. Talk and stuff, that screamed sex to the Alpha, but she remained professional, clearing her throat loudly,

“I agree, best course of action, I'll see you soon,” the omega had already clicked the phone dead, leaving Lexa speaking to nothing.

“Lex? Tell me that was Clarke, cos I've got a wicked feeling that if it wasn't you'd be in some serious shit,” it was Anya who broke Lexa out of her trance, holding her phone against her ear still, trying to
calm her raging hard on down.

“Yes, yes of course it was Clarke. My schedule needs clearing, for the rest of the week. I'll leave you in control of course Anya,” Lexa spoke quickly, scared to turn from the corner she stood in. Anya grinned wide, her eyes flicking down to her age mate’s crotch.

“Looks like you've got some pretty serious business to attend to.”
Chapter 10

The Fellowship runs out the chamber into a hall of pillars. The Fellowship is closely pursued by an army of Orcs. Other Orcs spring out from the floor or crawl, like spiders, from the ceiling and down the pillars. They surround the Fellowship, who have drawn their weapons outward in a circle. The Orcs snarl and leer.

Gimli lets out a yell. A fiery light appears at the end of a hall followed by a thunderous rumble. The Orcs flee in all directions. Gimli laughs, thinking he has scared off the Orcs. The Fellowship are left alone. The weary wizard stares down the hall.

"What is this new devilry?" spoke Boromir,

Gandalf does not respond for a moment. He closes his eyes, concentrating. The rumble is heard again. Gandalf opens his eyes.

"A Balrog. A demon of the ancient world." a very tired looking Gandalf replies,

The thing growls, still hidden around a corner of the vast hall, throwing fiery light on the pillars. Legolas's eyes show fear.

"This foe is beyond any of you… Run!" the Wizard yells!

The Fellowship runs to a small dooreway. Gandalf shepherds them through. He takes a last glance behind him, and follows. The Fellowship enters a passageway and goes down a flight of steps. The flight ends in a missing segment, and Boromir nearly falls but Legolas pulls him back. His torch whirls away into the vast underworld beneath.

“Gandalf!” The Ranger, Strider, no Aragorn, cries out.

"Lead them on, Aragorn! The bridge is near!" Gandalf urges,

They look across a wide space to a long bridge spanning the gap between a hall and a cliff face. Away behind them, the Balrog roars again. Aragorn moves towards Gandalf, but Gandalf pushes Aragorn roughly away from him.

"Do as I say!" Hurt and confusion register on Aragorn’s face. Gandalf continues "Swords are no more use here!" The Balrog roars again. The Fellowship descend a flight of massive stairs. The Fellowship encounters a gap in the stairs. Legolas leaps and lands on the other side. The Balrog rumbles again. Foundations splinter and crumble, sending huge rocks tumbling into the depths.

“Gandalf," the Elf, Legolas speaks up, as Gandalf leaps to him. Arrows whistle into the air from a far ledge, striking the stone steps. Legolas shoots back. His arrow rises through the air and pierces the skull of an Orc. The Orc tumbles down from his ledge.

Boromir grabs the two Hobbies, "Merry! Pippin! Hoo-ahh!" He leaps across the gap. An exchange of arrows follow from the stairs to the ledge.

Aragorn grabs the gardener Hobbit, tossing him to Boromir, "Sam." Aragorn reaches to pick up Gimli.
Lexa immediately jumped in with the next lines, speaking over the dwarven character on screen. She turned to Clarke, grinning wildly as she spoke.

“Nobody tosses a Dwarf!” the Alpha exclaimed before turning back to the screen, crossing her legs like a school child upon Clarke's bed. The omega laughed low, watching her Alpha rather than the screen, “Did you know they added that in? After the scene in Two Towers when Legolas actually tosses him, they thought it would be funnier.”

Clarke nodded along, she didn't know that, and she would have never of known it if Lexa hadn't of informed her of such. Just like how The blonde Elf was actually a brunette and wore a wig, or the majority of his arrows where CGI effects. The blonde Omega was pretty certain she could have lived quite happily without knowing such information, but the excited Alpha besides her didn't think so.

_Gimli holds up his hand, "Nobody tosses a dwarf." He leaps forward but nearly falls back into the chasm. Legolas grabs his beard and pulls him up, "Not the beard!”_

_Some of the stone steps crumble and fall. Aragorn pushes Frodo to safety. They climb to their feet and look at the now widened gap that separates them from the rest of the Fellowship._

_Aragorn urges to Frodo, "Steady. Hold on!”_

_The Balrog can be heard approaching from the other hall. Stone structures around the mine collapse as it draws near. A huge rock falls from the ceiling and smashes through the steps behind Aragorn and Frodo, creating another gap behind them. The stairs begin to wobble._

_Aragorn’s voice wobbles as he speaks, "Hang on! Lean forward!”_

_Legolas cries out, "Come on!"

_They shift their weight forward, tipping the stairs across the divide and slamming them onto the steps where their companions are._

Clarke rolled her eyes as the two characters made their way across the steps, she flopped back onto her pillows, stretching out her entire body as Lexa continued to stare at the small television screen. The Alpha was completely enthralled by the movie that played, lost in a world she'd loved since she was a mere pup.

And Clarke didn't mind one bit.

The blonde found it adorable, cute and somehow very attractive. Watching this usually uptight Alpha lose herself into the Lord of the Rings, quoting each scene word for word as it played out before them, explaining tidbits of trivia that Clarke could have lived without knowing. It gave Lexa a depth Clarke would have never seen before.

Over the last few days Clarke had begun to see a different side to her mate, a deeper, softer side that she was pretty sure no one but Anya had seen before. When Lexa had arrived at her mother's house, near midnight with a small duffle bag, Clarke had been nervous.

She'd shuffled side to side as she let the Alpha into her childhood home, quietly showing her around the cottage that her mother barely lived in any more. Lexa had taken it all in with a silent nod of approval before carefully laying a breathtaking kiss upon Clarke's wanting lips. It had been slow,
sensual, and left Clarke wanting more. But that had been as far as they'd gotten where intimacy was marked out.

Lexa had taken it upon herself to sit down her Omega mate and apologise profusely for her actions and attitudes towards her during their first few tender days. The alpha had explained about her Pack life, a brief look into how Lexa had been raised. Clarke knew little about larger Packs, ones that stuck to old ways and traditions, but she knew well enough to know that Lexa hadn't enjoyed her childhood. Lexa had continued to speak of how she intended to combat the old ways of thinking and treating Omegas like dirt piece by piece, she'd started out of country, where it was worse and then had begun moving the ideals back home.

Lexa had outlined her business plan to Clarke, of making each Pack Alpha male from each Pack attached to her company, sign a contract to follow her plans of an equal world, join together in a shared idea, like a coalition. All working together for the same goal. Clarke couldn't help but think maybe, just maybe this had something to do with Lexa's so secretive childhood. But each time she pushed on that subject, Lexa closed down once more.

"But won't there be uproar?" Clarke had asked quietly, eyeing the well laid out paperwork before her. She knew her father, an Omega male who had been treated like nothing before her Alpha mother had mated with him, would have been impressed if he was around. She knew the entire Griffin Pack would have gotten behind it, if there had been more of them left. But now only Clarke and her mother held the Griffin name, a long line lost.

"Oh there will be. But as my company and Pack are the longest living, highest standing and my company is worth triple of anyone else's, they'll comply." Lexa had smirked, her eyes dark with power. Clarke couldn't help but stare at her, but she didn't feel fear, she felt a swell of pride. Old Packs had always been neglectful of their Omegas, but here Lexa was, a high ranking Alpha in society, from an older than old Pack, changing the ways of the world.

Clarke had begun to let her walls drop down then for Lexa, who was gentle with her kisses, soft with her touches and apologetic for her entire Alpha status. Clarke began to let her in. Bit by bit, each activity a step forward. Clarke showed the Alpha the forest she ran around in as a child, the tree trunk she and her father carved their names into. Where she first met Octavia and her brother, at the tiny, weather beaten Park down the street from her home. They'd taken long, comfortably silent walks down the river, their hands creeping together, they'd watched the sun set and rise, sat side by side in Clarke's childhood garden, wrapped tightly in thick blankets to battle the crisp January air. Watched movie after movie, learning what each liked and disliked, Favourite colours and books, how Clarke could barely strum a guitar, yet Lexa could memorise a sheet of music in a minute. With noone around, the two became closer by each moment passing.

By now they were well into their third day alone, the sun setting behind Clarke's old purple curtains. Clarke's mother was yet to appear, spending most of her time in the city for work and staying at her boyfriend’s home. Which Clarke was damn thankful for, sure she and Lexa had yet to consummate the lust they had for one another yet, but when the time came, Clarke was glad to have the house to themselves. She couldn't wait for that, Lexa had been the one to call a ceasefire on their lustful ways.

"You cannot pass!" Lexa roared along with the movie, drawing Clarke's attention back to the Alpha. She sat at the edge of her double bed, dressed in what Clarke could only describe as ‘lazy day clothes’. Old, battered grey sweatpants and a once black now faded grey baseball tee, the Alpha was a stark contrast to the suits she usually wore. Like the one that hung at the back of Clarke's bedroom door.

Staring at it now gave the omega flashbacks to the time they briefly had in the toilets of The
Of how Lexa tasted in her mouth, firm and thick, filling her right to the back of her throat. It sent a sudden shudder through the omegas body, making her squeeze her thighs together, her inner muscles clenching tightly. Oh how she wanted to feel that again, to taste it, be consumed by it. The denying of anything but kisses and hand holding was taking its toll on the young Omega, she couldn't imagine how the Alpha herself was feeling or if she was feeling anything at all.

Through all the walls they'd broken down within Clarke, with the blonde opening up to Lexa, the alpha was still held within herself, quiet about her past, her family, how she'd grown up. Other than Anya, Clarke knew little about her one-sided mate. Everyone knew where the Woods Pack compound kay, outside the city, deep in forest lands, hidden away. Everytime Clarke tried to touch on her upbringing, or even a childhood event that would occur in anyone's life, Lexa would close up again. She'd share just enough to let Clarke know she was trying, but then nothing. Clarke knew her favourite movie, books, time of day and food, anything from Lexa's adult life was out in the open, plain to see, but before that, Clarke knew little.

But still, even with the lack of that kind of knowledge, Clarke craved Lexa's touch. And as she watched the Alpha get excited over elves and dwarves, Clarke made a decision in her head.

"Lexa," she crowned, sliding her favourite Van Halen t-shirt up over her head, "Lexa…" she continued, slipping the jeans shorts down her waists off her legs. Still the alpha didn't move. Too lost in her fantasy world. Clarke sighed, she'd have to try harder, much harder. She sat up, unclasping her pale blue bra, letting it fall away, "Lexa Woods, your attention is in dire need," the omega stated loudly, shoving her foot into the small of Lexa's back.

The alpha grunted, turning with a frown creasing her features. For a moment she only stared at Clarke's half undress, propped up against her pillows, her golden crown of hair mussed, eyes fogged with lust. Lexa fell weak then, crawling up the bed, the thoughts of her movie lost as she became the Alpha predator. Her eyes grew dark, her mind clouded with the scent of Clarke's arousal.

The alpha thought of nothing more then slipping the baby blue boy shorts down Clarke's pale thighs, spreading her legs and indulging on the treat that lay between them. As she moved, kicking off her restraining jogging bottoms the Alpha did just that, her mouth trailing hotly up Clarke's inner thighs, hands ghosting over her flesh as the omegas body began to tremble. Lexa's name was a whisper on Clarke's lips as her underwear was slipped away, a moan as Lexa's tongue flicked against her clit and a gasp as the Alpha's mouth encased the bundle of nerves in Heat.

The omegas hips bucked upwards as Lexa began to suck softly, her tongue toying with the pearl. Stroking, licking, twisting against the nub, pulling breathless noises from the blonde as her hands tangled into Lexa's hair. The alpha picked up her pace as Clarke's legs hook over her shoulders, the alpha rolled her blazing green eyes up to meet her mates, her tongue and mouth furiously working at the omegas soaked cunt, drinking in her pleasure and orgasm as Clarke came hard.

"God, don't stop, fuck Lexa!" Clarke groaned as she flopped against her pillows, her chest heaving upwards. And the alpha no intention to, as her boxers strained from her erection. Lexa climbed up the omega’s body, her tongue finding its way around Clarke's hardened pink nipple. Like cherries atop iced bun, the alpha thought as she sucked quickly at the nub. Clarke reacted exactly how Lexa had wanted, her chest pushing upwards, filling her mouth with her bosom. With her limited vision, Lexa could just make out the healed mating bite mark by her nose, but the noises that Clarke was making distracted the Alpha to no end.

She had no time to think about begging Clarke to return the bite mark, or to whisper sweet nothings before she entered the woman below her. This was due to Clarke's hands finding their way beneath the material of her boxers, nails scraping against the flesh of her butt before they found her solid
cock. Lexa grunted and clenched her eyes closed as Clarke's hand fisted around her, sliding up from base to tip, the omega thumbed her tip, sliding the thick precum down Lexa's shaft slowly. The Alpha's attention to the nipple between her teeth faltered enough for Clarke to take control.

She shifted their positions with her legs, clamping them tight around the Alpha's hips as she moved. Lexa ended up on her back, Clarke straddling her thighs as she slipped her cock free.

“So hard, so ready, fuck Lexa, you're so damn big,” Clarke murmured softly, her hand still stroking Lexa from base to tip. The alpha writhed in pleasure, she'd never been touched so intensely like this before, with hands varying from twisting hard, to stroking softly, tugging upwards, the occasional lick to her tip. Her body convulsed and throbbed, her balls tightened and her cock twitched. Hands balled into the sheets below her as Lexa found her load emptying upwards, splattering against Clarke's naked breasts thickly.

The omega gasped, one hand reaching up to touch the thick liquid that coated her chest. Lexa stared upwards, wide eyed as Clarke's cum soaked finger slipped between her lips slowly. Her blue eyes stared with an intense fire, boring into Lexa's as the hand that still grasped the Alpha's cock began to pump again.

“I'm not quite done yet Lexa,” the omega spoke in a hushed tone, determination and lust in her eyes. Lexa couldn't find words to reply, her breath was caught as Clarke brought her back to erection, it didn't take that long for the Alpha to recover. Lexa stood to attention as Clarke tugged the boxers down just enough to be able to mount her properly. The blonde guided Lexa's hardened length inside her with ease, sliding Lexa inside till she was fully seated on her.

The blonde groaned, head thrown back as her hips began to rotate downwards. Lexa groaned, eyes rolling back into her head, her hands finding Clarke's hips, fingers gripping her bare flesh tightly. Her skin was hot, sticky with sweat as her mate rode her, Lexa couldn't tear her eyes away from the site above her. Clarke moved with a purpose, her hair bouncing as her body moved. Her hands braced against Lexa's chest, fingers twisting into the thin material of her baseball shirt.

The omega moaned low, her inner walls clenching around Lexa's dick as she bounced upon her. Her eyes found Lexa's in an instant, an intense, hard look, she panted low, her movements becoming faster.

“I'm going to cum, Lexa, I'm so, so close,” Clarke mewed, and Lexa could only nod, gripping her mates hips tightly as her own orgasm came again, slipping deep inside Clarke as the omegas squeezed her cock tightly, milking Lexa for all her worth as her orgasm rocked through her. Clarke cried out in pure blissful pleasure as she came, soaking Lexa's crotch. Within second the blonde flopped forward onto Lexa check, sighing heavily. Lexa hummed in agreement, wrapping her arms around Clarke's naked back, hugging her close as her eyes fluttered close.

“Fuck,” the omega whimpered softly as she nuzzled against the Alpha, inhaling the comforting pheromones that swirled around her.

“indeed,” Lexa murmured into her ear, kissing the soft flesh below.

“CLARKE ELIZABETH GRIFFIN!” the scream of an unfamiliar voice to Lexa, echoed around the blonde's bedroom, shattering the post-sex comedown. Clarke shot upwards, rolling off Lexa and onto the floor, leaving the alpha to cup her groin quickly.

An imposing figure stood in the doorway, angry alpha pheromones stormed through Lexa's relaxed ones. Smashing down the walls of lust and sex in an instant.
“Mom!” Clarke cried out, grabbing her discarded clothing quickly.

Chapter 11

Abby Griffin was an imposing Alpha.

Powerful and aware of her skills in life. In the time she'd ascended to the Griffin Pack Alpha, led them through tough times only to be kicked out because of her choice of mate and still been able to provide a stable home life for her Pup. She had a steady, well paying job as Chief Surgeon of Arkadia General, pushed Clarke through university and managed to cope with the loss of her husband and Mate, Jake. She'd put up with Clarke's defiance, dropping out of school and attempting her pursuit in the art world. She stood before Lexa and her daughter, elegant and powerful like a powerhouse of Fury, her brows knitted together, hands on hips and pheromones filling every available space possible. Clarke had her head down, staring at her bare feet, while Lexa stared directly ahead, not exactly meeting Abby's eyes, more looking intensely at her shoulders.

It made the younger Alpha feel like a Pup again, sat before the council of Elders, being scolded for her young, adventurous ways. She was an unruly child, one who would run around the forest lands without a care, making friends with anyone who crossed her path, Alpha, Beta or Omega. Lexa hadn't cared then, she didn't care much now. People where people, no matter their blood status.

“So, Clarke, are you going to introduce me to your friend?” Abby growled the last word, a harsh noise to their ears. The blonde muttered low under her breath, her head low, “Let's try that again Clarke, so we can all hear,” Abby grumbled low.

“Lexa Woods. She's, Um, she's my -”

“I'm her mate Mrs Griffin,” Lexa jumped in, locking gazes with Abby. The elder Griffin woman made a low noise in her throat, a mixture of shock and anger as she stared down the younger Alpha,

“What? she scoffed, rolling her eyes, “You're too young! Both of you! How did this happen? When?” Abby quizzed quickly,

“New Years Eve. And i'm not too young, you and dad were in your teens when you mated, and that was just fine!” Clarke found her voice and feet, as she shot back her reply. Her hands balled into fists of anger at her sides as Abby glowered at her,

“What your father and I did was not an example for you to follow Clarke. Do you realise who this is? What the Woods family are? They've old, oppressive, and rusty. Getting stuck within this Pack is a bad idea!” Abby shot back, completely ignoring Lexa's presence. Though the younger Alpha couldn't agree more. The Woods Pack was so old, so oppressive and so rusty in all the ways it approached life. Stuck in their ways, but Lexa was changing that, she was forcing the Woods Pack into the modern times, kicking and screaming. They had no choice. She and Clarke together could only be the beginning of good things for the Woods Pack.

“Lexa isn't like that! She doesn't play by their rules and traditions! She's making a change, you know this! Last time we had dinner you were ranting and raving about how Ms Woods was making the biggest changes in history and it was so amazing!” Lexa chest swelled with pride, puffing forward as the young blonde spoke with determination. Lexa had begun to think that maybe Clarke too, thought that she was just like her Elders. Stuffy and stuck up, but the blonde was clearly more insightful than Lexa had originally assumed. Teach her to assume without knowing.
“That wasn’t me telling you to go mate with her for Christ's sake Clarke!” Abby huffed, arms thrown in the air. The Omega grumbled and whined, frustrated at her mother's words,

“We aren't, well, technically not, um, all the way mated?” the blonde murmured, her voice dropping to almost a whisper. Abby eyed them carefully, and Lexa realised then that Clarke would have to admit to promiscuity to her own sire and mother. Not something anyone would want to go through, Lexa presumed.

“Ah, Mrs Griffin, there's more details to New Year's eve,” Lexa tried to keep her voice confident, but it was hard. As she spoke Clarke flopped down onto the sofa besides her, shoulders sagged, a meek air engulfing the blonde quickly. Lexa swallowed hard, feeling her gaze on Abby, “What I suppose was intended as a one night stand, has resulted in this situation we find ourselves in Mrs Griffin. I was the one to bite Clarke first, to pass my Alpha mark onto her flesh. But as you can see from my neck, I do not support the return mark. So Clarke is free to do as she wishes. As you are aware, the mating bite can fade in a few years, but since the bond hasn't been completed in Clarke's part, she is essentially a free agent. The whole thing is entirely my fault,” Abby eyed Lexa darkly, her arms crossed over her chest, frown burrowed across her forehead, “So my daughter hasn't marked you back? And you're not forcing anything upon her?”

“Not at all. Clarke is an independent, strong willed Omega female, she has every right to send me away and banish me from her life. I do not wish this, of course, I find myself exceptionally attracted to your daughter, but it is her choice to do as she wishes. I'd be honoured to carry her mark on my skin, when the right time comes of course,” as she spoke, Lexa felt the weight of Clarke lean against her. A soft vibration running over her skin as the Omega began to purr in her chest. A comforting sound and feeling.

“And what of your Pack? How do they feel about such a thing?”

“That is another issue entirely. You're clearly aware of their neanderthal like traditions and views on the hierarchy of our social order. I do not believe that is the way to push forward to a brighter future Mrs Griffin. All women and men, are equals in their own rights. Regardless of Alpha, Beta or Omega blood status. Clarke could very well be a high profile CEO and run a company just as well as I could,” there was silence for a moment, Abby's eyes darting between the two sat before her. Lexa took the moment to wind an arm around Clarke's waist, inhale her comforting scent, lose herself in the bubble of Clarke Griffin. The Alpha’s mind wandered to what seemed like hours ago. To their bodies pressed tightly, naked flesh against flesh, and the feel of orgasm coursing through her body. Lexa shuddered visibly and felt the jab of Clarke sharp elbow in her ribs.

“so you plan on presenting Clarke to the Woods Pack?” Abby was pacing her arms folded tightly around her body. Lexa looked from the elder Alpha to Clarke, the blonde’s crystal eyes were back on the floor. Lexa sighed, no time like the present, the Alpha mused her herself.

Lexa knew that this question was eventually going to come up, and by anyone, not just Clarke's sire and mother. She knew at some point someone was going to realise that Clarke was yet to be introduced to the Woods pack and all their stuck up ideals of Pack life.

“Honestly, Mrs Griffin, I plan on keeping Clarke as far away from my pack for as long as possible. The Woods are obviously renowned for their stiff backs and silver spoons, their thirst for a pure blood line is unbearable. They are of the stone age, and I personally, am not.”

“Well, that's certainly something I hoped to hear. You must be aware of what the Griffin pack once
was, Ms Woods. And what we are now of course,”

“I’m aware. The history of the Griffin pack is not one that is spoken of aloud, but the Elders made sure that myself and my age-mates were aware of every Pack’s status. I assure you, there is no political move, no power move, no trickery involved here Mrs Griffin. Clarke and I met by mistake, grateful though, I truly am.”

“Mom, what are you trying to get at? That Lexa purposefully had a one night stand with me? That this whole, this whole thing we have is planned?” Clarke scoffed and rolled her eyes, “Trust me mom, after everything with Finn, I’m not that stupid. Lexa is literally the first genuine, kind, real Alpha I’ve ever met,” the blonde Omega pushed to her feet, squaring up to her mother in one swift movement. Lexa watched with wide eyes, sure Clarke was Abby's pup, but she was still an Omega, and the two Alphas basic instincts scream to put her back in her place.

For a second Lexa met Abby’s gaze, a silent moment passed between them. One that only an Alpha could share. Pheromones pushed around the small lounge, a medley of Alpha and Omega, opposing one another. Fighting and pushing, making the air tight and thick. Lexa pushed to her feet, sucking in a hard breath, calming her racing pulse,

“Ladies, please, let me take you both to dinner, surely, Mrs Griffin, you know as well as I do, that good food calms the nerves and is definitely something easier to talk over.”

“Seriously? Your mom walked in on you guys!” Raven’s mouth gaped wide as Clarke’s cheeks flushed a deep red,

“Wait, wait, that’s what you’re taking away from this? Abby walking in on them? Not Lexa practically declaring her love for Clarke or saying she’ll keep her away from the Woods pack? Raven do you even understand how much of a big deal that is?” Octavia shoved Raven hard, while staring wide eyed at Clarke, “What did your mom say?”

Clarke shrugged. Honestly, it had all happened in such a blur. One moment her mother was giving both Clarke and Lexa the biggest lecture of their lives, even bigger then the “moving to the city and doing fine art at university” lecture, the next they were eating food in her mother local Chinese restaurant. And discussing how Lexa had no interest in taking any shred of power the Griffin Pack had left. By Clarke’s understanding, Lexa had no interest in what the Woods Elders did. She simply wanted everyone to be equal in the world.

“I guess she was okay with it all. I mean she did take Lexa's number, I assume for emergencies but knowing my mom it was to keep an eye on us both. She calmed down a lot after Lex said she wasn't going to let me near her family,” Clarke shrugged as she spoke, staring at her knees as she drew them close to her chest. After they’d eaten dinner with her mother, they’d returned to her childhood home and spent one more night together. One more very innocent night together, since her mother was home. She and Lexa had cuddled, clothes on, throughout the night.

The Omega wasn't willing to share the extended version of the tale, especially since Lexa had woke with a monumental Alpha morning wood and the blonde had taken great pleasure dealing with it. With her mouth. Again. Then again.

“Lex huh?” Raven bounced on Clarke’s bed, laughing low, “Pet names now and everything!”
“Oh come on Raven, you can't tease. Especially when I heard the name 'Rey-Rey' being thrown around the other night from a certain leather jacket clad Alpha,” Octavia smirked smugly as she spoke, chortling as Clarke's cerulean eyes flew to Raven’s now flush face.

“Anya? Well well Miss Reyes, looks like I'm not the only one being courted by the Woods Pack,” Raven scoffed and rolled her eyes. Swinging herself up off Clarke’s bed,

“it's nothing. We're just hanging out. Killing boredom,” Raven muttered. Truth be told, Raven didn't want to admit the truth to herself. Sure it had originally just been about killing boredom, hanging out with someone who wasn't a complete knucklehead or falling in love with someone else, moving on from their pasts. Anya was sweet. She was cute, easy and had no strings attached. Except for the rope the other night…Raven shook herself. Pushing the memory of pure, unadulterated pleasure from mind, as she feinted interest in the brown paper wrapped parcel that lent against Clarke’s wardrobe door, “Presents from Woods?” Raven made a quick attempt to shift the attention back to her blonde friend,

“Oh, no, yeah. Hmm kinda I guess. It's some canvases from my mom's, Lexa paid for the shipping over here. I'm not putting these ones up at the show,"

“Oh no, whys that? Something to hide Princess?” Raven teased, reaching down for the closest parceled canvas. Clarke set about protesting, pushing up to her feet and towards her room mate, but Raven was already tearing the paper open. She found it exceptionally odd that Clarke wasn't telling them what was on the canvases, and the word ‘No’ wasn’t one Raven was fond of listening too.

The first of many paintings of Lexa fell free, the splash of bright colours bringing everyone's attention in. Octavia gasped, hand to her mouth as she stared, wide eyed. Raven made a small, impressed noise. The canvas, was of course, of Lexa Woods, CEO. A rainbow splatter of colour and emotion spread across the once blank canvas, Clarke knew it was one of her favourites.

Clarke remembered painting this one, well she remembered painting all of them and even starting by the clay bust that still sat in her mother's garage. It had started as a simple sketch of Lexa napping, but now was a map of everything Clarke was well and truly falling in love with. She swallowed hard, her eyes locked on the image she'd created,

“You have to show this at the gallery, you'd be stupid not to,” Octavia mumbled softly, creeping towards the canvas, “Lexa would let you, right?! I mean, why wouldn't she? She's used to her face in the papers, but they are nothing like this!” the younger Omega’s hand outstretched, fingers brushing against the bumps of the paint softly. Clarke watched as Octavia traced the thin black outline that formed Lexa’s facial features, remembering vividly that she too had traced the Alpha’s jawline before she began to sketch that very painting out.

“Clarke?” Raven's voice was soft as it cut through the blonde Omega’s memories.

“You've got it bad.”
“So what's your plan? Buy every piece of her work and pretend you didn't?” Anya called out as she shuffled through the pictures that littered Lexa Woods home desk. She could hear her age-mate huffing low and rhythmic as she went through her workout routine. More then likely doing those ridiculous pull ups. Anya would have loved to join her, but she wasn't quite over her hangover yet. Having spent the previous night with Raven Reyes, again, learning how exactly the new age of university kids played beer pong. Needless to say, Anya had lost terribly to the brunette Beta.

Anya eyed the photos once more, noting that many of them look familiar to the sketches that plastered the walls of Raven's shared apartment. Anya knew all these images of omitting belonged to Clarke Griffin, and knowing her lifelong friend, would shortly belong to Lexa,

“Maybe, well, yes,” Lexa appeared around the doorway of her master bedroom, clad in sweat, tiny shorts and a sports bra, towel around her neck for accessories. As the brunette Alpha mopped her brow with the corner of the towel, Anya sighed,

“Do you not think she'll get annoyed at this? I mean, I get it, I'd probably buy anything Raven suped up in that garage, but this is Clarke’s hard work,”

“I was thinking that this one -” Lexa reaches over Anya and plucked an image of a mountain side watercolour from the table, “could hang in the lobby, and maybe this one -” another watercolour of the university campus pond, “Could go in the main boardroom,” lexia was clearly ignoring her, and Anya knew it. As she rubbed her temples, sighing softly, Anya turned her eyes to meet Lexa’s,

“Did you stop and think that maybe, just maybe, Clarke had an art show to sell to other people but you? What's your plan, anonymously buy the whole gallery?” Lexa simply grinned wide, tugging the towel free from her neck and whipping Anya's thigh,

“This is why you're not going my dear friend, you know my credit card details, help me out here.” Anya took a moment to glare. She wasn't keen on this idea at all. It felt like it was undermining Clarke’s clear talent as an artist, yet in the same breath she understood why Lexa wanted to purchase each item that her Omega had painted. Lexa wanted to support Clarke, she wanted to provide and care for her. And at this moment, this was the only way the Alpha CEO could figure to do it without dropping wads of cash into the blonde's lap.

But if Raven were to discover Anya’s part in this play, she wasn't quite sure how the Beta female would react. Maybe she’d understand, maybe she wouldn't, Anya was conflicted. She genuinely liked Reyes. She was sarcastic, sassy and sexy as hell, a stark contrast from the Pack girls that Anya was used to.

“Anya? Come on, you know I never ask you for anything -”

“Except my undying loyalty,” Anya laughed and shrugged, “One condition, we don't buy all the paintings. And I get to keep one for me, yeah?”
Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

Firstly, so so sorry about the current delays. Hopefully I should have that issue sorted now!

Anyway. Please take this chapters contents as an apology, and forgive me!!

As always, find me on tumblr for any queries or questions;;

Commander-fuzzy-wolf.tumblr.com

“So, how long do I get you for today?” Raven Reyes teased as Anya flopped heavily down onto the Beta woman's bed. The blonde Alpha groaned and rolled her eyes, arms moving up to cover her face. She felt the mechanics rough finger tips working up her exposed sides slowly, hitching her black t-shirt up more with each movement, “Because last time you left in the middle of something…” Raven’s voice trailed off as her lips began tracing the edge of Anya’s jeans. It was true, the last time Anya had managed to get inside Raven's bedroom they'd been loudly interrupted by Octavia, mid-strip tease from Raven. It had been a long and difficult week for Anya to keep her alpha-hood and lust in check.

The Alpha shuddered noticeably, drawing a snigger from the woman besides her. It was true though, each time they found a moment or hour for their tryst, Anya was called away, usually by Lexa or interrupted by Raven's roommates. And more often to do the other Alpha’s dirty work. Not that Anya minded, she knew she was the muscle over Lexa’s brains. Especially when it came to Collins. Anya longed to tell Raven what plans had been set in motion regarding her ex-mate, the man who'd hurt her, physically and mentally scaring the young Latino Beta. But she knew she couldn't, she'd sworn to Lexa she'd keep her mouth shut around Raven and Clarke.

“Hmm,” Anya sighed as Raven’s fingers began to work at the buttons of her jeans. “I suppose you're right there Reyes,” the Aloha sighed, face still covered by her arms as Raven worked the jeans over her hips. In the recent weeks their relationship had developed from meeting for beer to something far more physical, animal, raw. Something that Anya personally wished to move forward, faster. But Anya was also fully aware that Raven Reyes wasn't exactly ready to be mated, again, not yet at least. So it was a primal relationship, the two women giving into their inner most animal urges.

Without penetration.

Yet.

“I hate jeans,” Raven muttered angrily as she tugged the tight black material over Anya’s hips, drawing a chuckle from the Alpha,

“Struggling there Reyes?” Anya replied, sarcasm thick. The mechanic glared and gave one last harsh
tug, snagging the Alphas underwear down with her pants. Leaving Anya's bottom half naked to the ankles. Raven couldn't help but stare, she knew most Alphas were impressive in the mating area, but compared to Finn, Anya was a God. Her cock, even when flaccid, was large, thick and long, sat nestled in a patch of dark, trimmed hair. It looked soft, like velvet, practically begging to be touched. Nothing like Raven's ex-mate.

Raven swallowed hard, eager to reach out and touch the vein that ran the length of Anya's cock, but it was a step forward, maybe too fast. Maybe Anya didn't want that. As Raven's mind began to run at hyperspeed, sending guessing everything she might do, Anya sat up, concern in her eyes. Like she knew what was frantically going through her lover's mind,

“Hey, hey now Reyes, take a breath. Let me just -” the Alpha moved quickly, tugging her boxers back up her hips and tucking away her almost intimidating Alpha-hood. Anya sat up, gathering Raven in her arms and pulling her close. She would have pulled the younger girl into her lap, but due to their similar heights it would have been difficult, instead Anya settled for holding Raven close to her side, nuzzling her neck, inhaling her intoxicating scent.

“I'm..I'm sorry, Anya, I just, it's just -” Ravens mumbled, arms wrapping around herself. Anya sighed and hushed the young beta female, nuzzling her cheek,

“Hush now, little one. No need to rush too fast, or too far, or anywhere at all. I can just sit here and sniff you all day,” Anya probed her nose along Raven's neck and hairline, purposefully inhaling deep and loudly. The Alpha kept going, purposefully nuzzling and sniffing at Raven's body, trying to find the right spot that would make the Beta laugh.

She found it around Raven's navel. Just to the right of her belly button. With a yelp and a giggle from Raven, Anya began to grin wide. Moving her body till she had Raven's lower half pinned down against the bed below them and her face buried against the Beta’s stomach. Raven giggled loudly, her hands slapping at Anya’s shoulders as the Alpha muzzled her stomach through her clothing.

Raven couldn't ignore the sense of comfort and security she was feeling then. It was overwhelming, intoxicating, never had Raven felt like this before. Never with Finn had Raven felt any sort of security, especially after what had happened with Clarke. But there was something about Anya, something that oozed safety and comfort. Even when the Alpha was blowing raspberries on her stomach.

Raven sighed happily, her eyes fluttering closed as Anya’s face moved up her body. The Alpha was careful, soft as she hovered above Raven, there was a distinct press of Anya’s groin to Raven’s thigh. Yet the Alpha did nothing to quench the thirst her inner animal must have felt, she simply captured Raven’s lips in a soft kiss. So gentle, so easy, so natural.

But of course, the shrill ring of the Alpha’s phone cut through the air.

“Anya? Anya I've been trying to contact you for over two hours, have the papers been served? Has Collins been informed of his son’s actions?” Raven shot Anya a look as Lexa’s voice came loudly from the mobile device. Oh no, Anya thought, climbing off her lover slowly,

“Lexa, can you just stop. For a minute. And think why you couldn't get hold of me,” Anya breathed into the speaker, trying not to look at Raven. If the Beta had heard what Lexa had just said, then Anya knew she was most likely in for a very intense quiz. Especially with the name Collins mentioned.

Lexa and Anya had decided between them that keeping their plans for Finn, his father and their Pack a secret from their lovers. That it would cause them more pain knowing what would be happening if
they shared. Anya was starting to regret that decision with each sharp look the young mechanic gave her,

“Ah. Oh. I did not consider the possibility that you'd be entertaining,” Lexa’s voice came through curt and awkward. Anya loved her closest friend and age-mate greatly, but right now she really, really, wanted to strangle her.

“Well it's too late now. The papers have been delivered, Collins senior has been made aware of what will be happening through Trikru Industrial’s influence and power. Now I have to go and explain things,” Anya hung up without another word, turning to Raven with an awkward smile, “so, um .”

“What exactly is going on Anya?”

“You're not wearing the dress I got for you?” Lexa asked with a slight frown as Clarke opened her apartment door dressed in paint stained jeans and a loose Guns and Roses t-shirt. Lexa had purposefully found and sent over an elegant evening gown for her would-be-mate, chosen specifically for her opening night. It was a beautiful dress, a deep midnight blue, much like the one from New Year’s eve, when Lexa had first been captivated by Clarke. She'd even gone as far to have herself a new suit tailored in the same colour to match. One which she wore now.

The dress was also a form of apology from Lexa. If Anya had done what Lexa assumed she had, informing Raven of the freezing of Finn Collins and his Pack’s assets within the stock markets and all companies they were related to, along with the iron tight restraining order for both Raven and Clarke against Finn, Lexa knew she was going to need to grovel, especially to Clarke. Hiding something of that velocity would be a big deal to her Omega. The Omega huffed loudly, her eyes sharp and stormy, turning away instantly,

“I'm not going,” the blonde shot over her shoulder in a defiant tone, as she stalked into the small kitchen, clearly irritated. Lexa sighed, stepping into the threshold of the apartment, closing the door softly behind her. The Alpha stepped over scattered shoes, taking note of the dress box she'd sent over, thrown hazardously on the battered sofa, she paused to set the lid straight and hang her suit jacket over the back of said sofa, inhaling sharply through her nose, calming herself for the storm ahead. The Alpha eased her way into the kitchen after the woman she'd fallen in love with, sheepishly eyeing the blonde.

“Why not?” the Alpha asked softly, watching Clarke with keen eyes as she clattered around the kitchen. She didn't seem to know what she was looking for, leaving open drawers and cupboards in her wake. Lexa knew what was happening, the young Omega was angry, and nervous. Scared. Terrified of her work, her very soul on canvas, being shown to the public. But the fact that Lexa had held secrets from her wouldn't of been helping anything. And Lexa knew it was her duty to quell the fear and anger that Clarke was feeling. She just wasn't sure how.

“I don't want to, I don't see the point when I clearly have no-one to trust to escort me there,” Clarke sniped back at the Alpha. Lexa inhaled sharply through her nose, assessing the way Clarke felt from the pheromones that the young Omega was pumping out. Anger. Betrayal. Hurt. The Alpha took a moment to compose herself then spoke, clearly and truthfully,

“I'm sorry that I, we, Anya and myself didn't speak to you and Raven about our plans. But it is in our nature to protect that which we care deeply for. And so we acted, foolhardy, to do what we deemed
best for yourself and Raven. Placing an ironclad restraining order against an Alpha who physically and mentally abused you both seemed the correct action in personal lives. Freezing all assets belonging to the Collins Pack within the Trikru Industrial company was logical from a business point of view,” Clarke had frozen as she reached into another cupboard. Not quite turning to face Lexa, but her ears were perksed as she listened to her Alpha ramble on, “As a keen Alpha intent on illuminating how Omega’s are poorly treated in other countries, it was in my best interest to illuminate threats close to home and make the world aware that it is a worldwide issue. Not just a third world one. Finn Collins and his Pack should all be punished for the way they treat Omegas, especially ones that I love,” Lexa stopped. Her eyes wide, mouth gaping as she realised what words had tumbled free from her mouth. She swallowed hard, her throat suddenly very dry. Her palms sweaty and her heart racing, Lexa waiting in silence as Clarke turned to face her,

“You love me?” Clarke alike clearly, her eyes wide as Lexa’s confession. The Alpha swallowed roughly and nodded curtly,

“Yes, yes I do believe so. I am, in fact, in love with you Clarke Griffin,” Lexa’s tone was clear, strong. Clarke cheeks flushed a brilliant red, her hands wringing together, eyes downcast suddenly. Lexa couldn't imagine what the Omega suddenly felt, what turmoil ran inside her, “It's not the bite, the mark I have given you Clarke. Since I don't have one in return, my feelings and intentions are true. I love you Clarke,” Clarke started for a moment, the woman before her wasn't that corporate, uptight Alpha, no, she was the Lord of the Rings loving, absolute nerd Alpha. The one who'd sat in sweatpants and baggy t-shirt In Clarke's childhood bedroom, the one who'd hummed Clarke to sleep, held her close, and now professed her love to her.

Clarke knew it was fast, knew everything was so fast, no. Everything was changing. She also knew that what Lexa had done had pure intentions, that it was meant for good, for their future. Clarke believed Lexa with all her heart as the Alpha professed her love. She felt it deep in her own self. She'd felt it for days, since Lexa had been to her childhood home. Rooted deep in her core.

Love.

Lexa was stepping forward before Clarke could think anymore, catching her around the waist, pulling the blonde girl away from the cupboards and towards her. Boldness boiling through her blood.

In one swift motion the Alpha pressed her lips softly to the shorter girl's lips, her arms around her waist, and soothing pheromones circling around them both. The kiss was gentle and innocent, unlike the fire that blazed inside the Alpha's core.

Seeing Clarke’s cheeks flush red, raising up to her ears and down her neck, knowing that she, Lexa, was the cause of such a thing, made her chest puff and swell. Seeing her accept her statement, smelling the change in her scent, feeling the shift in pheromones set the Alpha into a frenzy of emotions and sexual frustration. Of course the blonde Omega usually had that effect on Lexa, regardless of what she wore, how she smelt or felt, but today was something far more intense.

Whether it was her profession of true, honest love, or how Clarke had been so defiant, so angry. Standing her ground unlike any other omega Lexa had ever met. Since they’d met, even with alcohol in their bellies. Clarke had challenged Lexa, defied her, rivaled her. She elevated herself, she was special. So special to Lexa. She infected the Alpha, swam through her very blood stream, fogged her mind and thoughts. Clarke was becoming everything to the Alpha.

Clarke had pushed into the Alpha as they kissed, his hands wrapping tightly into the crisp white shirt, breasts against breasts, crotch against crotch. They were so tightly pressed to one another that Lexa feared her Alpha hood would rear it's formidable head in an unannounced erection. Again.
“Darling, tonight is all for you, you must attend. See how the public adores your work,” Lexa spoke softly against Clarke’s lips, her hands sliding down the Omega’s sides, creeping towards the blonde's luscious rump. Clarke purred at the touch, pressing tighter against Lexa,

“I don't have to go. Raven and Octavia can go, fill me in later. While you, hmm, fill me in now,” as she spoke, Clarke right hand had crept around to Lexas crotch, cupping and rubbing at the Alpha’s groin, “I think, I really do think, that would be a much, much better idea,” the blonde continued, a wicked playful grin on her face. Lexa swallowed hard, trying her hardest to focus on the other woman's face rather than the pleasure she felt from her hand,

“Clarke…” Lexa managed to speak, but it came out as a rough moan, running along Clarke’s skin like electricity. Lexa’s groin was beginning to strain, her cock twitching to life as Clarke rubbed and cupped her through the expensive blue pants. In seconds the Omega’s hands where unclasping Lexis belt, releasing the zipper and pushing her pants down to her knees. By this point her alpha-hood was halfway there, Lexa knew her cock bulge was always noticeable in her pants, an envy to many Alphas, but now, clad in just her black Calvin Kleins, her dick was the only thing Clarke saw.

“Well hello,” the Omega purred, sliding her hand under the waistband of Lexa’s boxers, fingertips trailing softly through the short dark curls, sliding against the straining shaft, “Looks to me like you may agree with staying here Ms Woods,” Clarke spoke low and soft, sending a shiver across Lexa’s skin and buck of hips into Clarke hand.

The Alpha reveled in the feel of Clarke’s touch to her cock, the way her fingers enclosed around her shaft and began to stroke slowly, up and down. Lexa’s eyes fluttered closed, her head tilted back as her Omega, her one love, began to trail kisses against her exposed throat, a scrape of teeth here and there as her cock hardened fully, “You're so big Lexa, so thick. I don't know how you fit inside me,” the Omega whispered to Lexa’s skin, drawing a low moan from the Alpha, “Let's stay here, let's see how well you stretch me out,” Clarke murmured and it was enough to push Lexa over the edge.

The Alpha took charge then, grabbing at Clarke’s wrists, pulling the Omega’s hand from her boxers and clasping both wrists together before Clarke. The Omega gasped, her eyes a blazing blue fire as they locked onto Lexa’s deep greens. She felt the lust burn through her, felt the arousal pooling in her belly, and knew that was wet enough now for Lexa’s thick cock to slide right inside her.

Lexa growled low in frustration, spinning Clarke around and up against the kitchen side. Lexa let her instincts kick in, let them rule her actions for the moment. She pushed Clarke to bend further over the kitchen counter, tugged the paint stained jeans down hard enough to rip the seams, a sharp gasp coming from the blonde Omega, shed away the pale blue panties from the Omegas pale, pert ass and kicked her legs apart. Clarke mewed low, casting a look over her shoulder, meeting Lexa's ravenous gaze. The Alpha’s chest was heaving, her eyes dilated, her pheromones pulsing with lust and need. Clarke could have melted there on the spot from the lust filled look Lexa's gave her.

Lexa could smell Clarke's arousal, filling her nose like the most perfect smelling flower. She didn't even bother to see if Clarke was wet enough to take her, the animal deep within just knew. As Clarke moaned low against the counter, Lexa growled in response, pushing her boxers down one handed as the other gripped Clarke's naked hip, Lexa aligned the head of her cock with the Omega’s sopping entrance and thrust forward, sheathing her Alpha-hood deep within the Omega in one swift motion. They cried out together, a release of tension as Lexa filled Clarke to the brim.

“Fuck,” Clarke whimpered, her hands scraping at the kitchen counter top as Lexa began to pump into her. The alpha said nothing, she was lost in her rut, lost in the feeling of Clarke's cunt squeezing and fluttering around her shaft, “So...fucking...big...God Lexa ,” Clarke moaned, her head hanging low, hands grasping the edge of the kitchen counter as Lexa’s pace picked up.
She growled and grunted, gripping Clarke's hips hard enough to leave fingertip shaped bruises against the Omegas pale skin.

“Oh God, oh fuck, so big, Lexa, Lexa! Fuck me Lexa!” Every dirty word that left Clarke's lips surged Lexa to pound her cunt harder, faster, to fill her would be mate, the woman she loved, right up till she came. Hearing such foul language, such crass words being thrown around while deep inside Clarke was something Lexa had never expected to enjoy, but when the cuss words fell from Clarke's lips in such a known fashion, it drove the Alpha wild.

Lexa was already so close, every time she bumped Clarke against the kitchen cupboards, the Omegas cunt tightened, her words grew filthier and the Alpha moaned louder. If she had a choice, Lexa knew in that moment, that if she could, she'd stay inside Clarke all the time. Everything made sense when she was with the Omega, everything was crystal clear when she was inside Clarke. Everything was right like this. It was just them, only then in that moment. Nothing but her and Clarke.

“Fuck, Lexa, fuck you're splitting me in two! You're so fucking big, so fucking , urgh, I'm going to come!” Clarke cried out and it was all Lexa needed to relentlessly slam into her Omega till the blonde cried out again, arched her back, her cunt practically sucking Lexa’s own orgasm from her cock.

“If that's a persuasion tactic, I'm going, definitely going,” Clarke panted with a grin.

Clarke couldn't help but giggle as Lexa straightened her tie and brushed her hand down the front of her pressed jacket. Knowing that underneath the Alphas cool, calm, business exterior was come stained boxers and a simply put, horny teenager. The Omega had relented on attending the, no, her gallery opening, purely because of how she'd managed to manipulate the powerful Alpha besides her into a powerful quickie. That and her stomach fluttered every time she looked at Lexa now. It did before, after the bite had happened, but now, after what Lexa had admitted, it was so much more intense.

“Doing okay there Ms Woods?” Clarke asked quietly, leaning up to Lexa's ear to whisper the words, making sure they were low enough to entice a reaction from the Alpha. Lexa grunted low, a visible shudder running through her body as they approached the main doors to the Gallery,

“Impeccable Ms Griffin,” Lexa replied, offering her arm to Clarke. The Omega hesitated, realising in that moment that walking through the doors, attached to Lexa’s arm, would be the first public occurrence of them appearing together.

As a couple.

Fuck.
Chapter 13

A Gallery opening wasn’t a huge event, there were no visible signs of press or newspaper reporters that usually appeared when Lexa Woods was about. For which the Alpha was grateful for. She wasn't quite sure how Clarke would react to the press, especially on this first outing as an actual couple.

The press couldn't find out, not yet at least. Lexa couldn't imagine the storm of articles if the press caught wind of her and Clarke’s “relationship”. The discovery that Clarke Griffin supported the Alpha mating bite, from none other than Lexa Woods, a high profile figure in society, but Lexa didn't carry hers would be a story to run for weeks, especially with Lexa’s past.

The tension would aside, would push on what fragile connections the two had, never mind Lexa admitting her love for Clarke, the news would put forward any and every story and rumour that had surrounded Lexa’s life till the point they’d met. It would strain their relationship, threaten Clarke’s sanity once they started digging around her life and on top of that, the work Lexa was doing for her charities, and her business would be in jeopardy. Beside Lexa, Clarke stilled for a moment, her cerulean eyes scanning the large crowds, her fingers digging into her Alphas arms,

“Clarke? Are you feeling alright my dear?” Lexa spoke softly, as always, her voice a comforting blanket wrapping around Clarke. The Omega nodded and let a small per loose, rubbing her cheek against Lexas upper arm, naming the comforting scent,

“Just, over thinking. I'll be okay,” Clarke murmured as they began to move forward, threading their way through the crowds towards the small bar area. Thankfully no-one stopped them, heads turned and eyes lingers on the couple, but no-one stopped to ask questions.

It was packed, full of people Clarke didn't know. All eyeing her paintings, sculptures and sketches. And they were all generally interested, discussing the works of art before them, laughing, joking and talking about the displays. As Lexa took control, with an arm slung around the blonde's waist, getting her safely to bar area, where Octavia and Raven stood waiting patiently.
“Clarke! Oh my God, you’re finally here!!” Octavia cried out happily, tugging her fellow Omega into a tight hug as Raven and Lexa shared a curt nod of greeting.

“Didn't think you were going to make it Princess! I dropped home about an hour ago and heard some, hm, interesting noises coming from inside,” Raven smirked, winking noticeably at Clarke. The blonde flushed pink, her hand searching out Lexa's quickly.

“It took some persuasion, but Lexa got me here. Eventually,” Clarke spoke softly, her eyes hooded as she gazed up at her Alpha. Whose cheeks had also turned a rosy colour. Lexa coughed slightly, tearing her eyes away from Raven's gaze, searching the crowds that filled the prestige white gallery. The only colour came from Clarke’s art work which hung on the walls.

“Yeah, I bet,” Raven muttered, snagging the neck of her Budweiser bottle and drinking with a roll of her eyes. The Beta could smell the stink of sex and love all over them. Thick and heavy, just settling over the couple, even if they didn't say it out loud. Clarke had clearly forgiven Lexa about the Finn issue, the restraining order, the invasion into their lives that in Raven’s eyes, Lexa hadn't quite earned yet.

Lexa continued to scan the crowd, pleased that there were so many people there. That Clarke's work had brought such an excited group of people. Young, old, middle aged milled around the gallery, all chatting, oohing and ahhing at the artwork around them. Lexa hoped that the invitation to come tonight had reached Clarke's mother.

But Lexa truly sought out one person who she knew was lurking, ear attached to her mobile phone, ignoring everything but who ever she spoke to. Which to Raven, Lexa suspected, was exceptionally annoying. But Lexa knew that she needed Anya to be distracted so she could finally own some of Clarke's exquisite artwork. Without outright buying the paintings in front of Clarke. Which the Alpha imagined would embarrass her greatly.

As Anya finally appeared around one particular canvas that depicted an elderly man feeding birds in the town center, Lexa waved to catch her age-mate's attention. Much to Raven's annoyance, since Anya instantly waved back, approaching quickly.

“Clarke, this is amazing, seriously, well done. You've sold at least 75% of your works already!” Anya gushed, grabbing the blonde's hand and shaking furiously as she tucked away her mobile phone. Clarke flushed red again, her eyes dropping to the floor, realising the magnitude of this show. Besides her Raven huffed, glaring sharply at Anya who sheepishly grinned and edged towards the Beta female,

“Hey, hey now Reyes, I've found a wonderfully shadowy corner that you've just gotta check out with me,” the tall Alpha smirked and winked pointedly to Lexa as she wound her arms around Raven’s slim waist, leading her away from the group. Clarke eyed the retreating pair, curious to who these nameless, unknown buyers where and why Anya had winked so obviously at Lexa. As the silence hung around them Octavia cleared her throat and declared she was going to stop Raven from doing elicit actions in a dark corner.

Lexa couldn't help but smirk as she watched her Alpha age-mate turn a corner, her chosen beloved, a Beta female, wrapped around her body, disappear into the depth of her own Would-be-mates art show.

“So, would you like to take a look around?” Lexa spoke softly into Clarke ear, sending a small shiver down the Omegas spine. As Lexa began to lead her would be mate around the gallery, introductions were made to people Clarke was sure she'd never meet again in her life. Yet she couldn't help but wonder who was buying her work, were these people that Lexa clearly knew, her
new patrons? Or was the mysterious person on the other end of Anya's phone buying up her work. Clarke's mind whirled, she never expected to even have an art show, never mind have people buying the work. Nor an Alpha mate, who genuinely cared and loved her.

Not after Finn.

Initially Clarke had been angry about Lexa interfering with her life, especially the Finn Collins matter. But the more she thought about it, the more the young Omega realised that Lexa was trying to do the right thing for her. For them. In the time before Lexa, when Clarke and Raven had gotten away from the cruel Alpha who'd broken them both, Finn had still managed to reappear in their lives one way or another. Just popping up, setting off old feelings of pain, misery, and the lies of love. But now, now he couldn't do that, for Clarke nor Raven. He had no way to, save being arrested publicly. Lexa had done it for their best interests, Clarke knew and understood this, Raven, however, may take a few days to come around to it.

Clarke knew her friend hated people looking after her now, after Finn, especially Alphas. It would be a foreign concept to the mechanic, people who cared, who weren't doing something for repayment. Genuinely caring about her well being and safety. A strange concept for her to say the least. But Clarke found herself settling into it, after fears and trepidation, Lexa was proving to the Omega that she was different, that she did want the world they lived in to change. It was nice.

It was even nice snuggling close to her Alpha’s arm, inhaling her calm scent, her comforting pheromones that swam around Clarke like a protective barrier. She wasn't even bothered about all the faces that swam into view, introducing themselves, admiring her work, asking her for commissions for office buildings and homes. These people here, in the Gallery, these Alphas and Betas, were seeing Clarke as an equal, as just another person with an extraordinary set of skills. Not a low Omega who doodled. And as Lexa turned to her, cupping her cheeks softly and placing a light kiss to her lips, Clarke sighed with content. It was nice.

“Clarke!” a shrill cry out of her name drew the Omega out of the bubble of Lexa. The blonde searched out the owner of the familiar voice and found her mother grinning at her, forcing her way through the crowd that had gathered before a painting, “This, wow, I don't know what to say. These were all in my garage? All along? I'm so proud of you Clarke!” the elder Alpha woman beamed at her pup. Pulling Clarke into a tight embrace in front of everyone. Clarke choked back the tears she suddenly had welling, her mother had never, ever been this affectionate.

“Thanks Mom,” the young Omega managed to mumble as Abby finally let go, her hands smoothing down Clarke’s arms, her smile still in place,

“I heard half of the paintings have sold already, and some of your sculptures too!” Abby whispered excitedly as she slipped an arm through Clarke's, joining them, “I'm so sorry I doubted your skills here Clarke, your father was always right about you,” Abby began steering Clarke away from Lexa, pulling her into the crowds, clinging onto her arm, “Come come, some of the head surgeons and board members from the hospital want to meet you, something about jazzing up the waiting rooms,” as Abby lead Clarke away, the blonde managed to get one last look at her chosen Alpha as she began to speak to some men in dark cloaks.

“Titus, care to explain why you're here?” Lexa practically growled as the bald man scowled at her,
“Watch your tone Pup, remember who you are addressing,” the Pack Elder shot back, “Come, we have much to discuss, and this is not the place.” Titus dipped his head, turning with the intention of leading Lexa away from the Gallery,

“You'll have to speak to Octavia to arrange an appointment I’m afraid Titus, tonight I'm booked,” Lexa replied with a firm tone, not moving from her spot. The Pack Elder turned, his dark robes swishing around his legs, a dark scowl set in place,

“Lexa, we have many things to talk about, especially your avoidance of my calls. You have a duty that you're simply not upholding, and matters to deal with on Pack lands,” Lexa had never missed the tone of voice Titus was using. One as if he were speaking to a small child. But Lexa was no longer a small child, she was a fully grown woman and Alpha, a powerful Alpha at that. But Titus clearly wasn't going anywhere,

“You can have 10 minutes of my time Titus, but not here, there are some back viewing rooms,” Lexa sighed, eyeing the back of the Griffin women as they disappeared into the crowds. Lexa turned on her heal then, leading Titus through the crowds to one of the back three viewing rooms, where Clarke larger pieces of works hung. What Lexa hadn't expected was to come face to face with a painting of herself.

Lexa’s own eyes met herself as she stepped into the segregated room, a fine oil painting of herself hung suspended on the wall. It was a dark profile, painted as if she was partially in shadows, her eyes covered by a splash of black, like war paint, dripping down her cheeks to meet the crisp lines of her shirt collar. It was an interesting and intense portrait that the Alpha hadn't expected to see. When had Clarke even painted this? It was so detailed and precise, the eyes so vibrant. The only colour in the paint was in Lexa’s eyes, a brilliant emerald colour shining out at the muse of the painting. Lexa logged a mental note to ask her Omega about it later.

First she had to deal with Titus.

“Hmm. It does appear that this Omega pet you've taken is quite fond of you,” Titus remarked from behind Lexa, earning him a sharp growl,

“She's not a pet Titus. You know full well that on this day and age, Omega’s are not deemed as pets or cattle,” the Alpha turned, her look dark and angry, “What exactly do you want Elder? You're clearly aware that I am busy this evening.”

“We are concerned. The council and myself, with your recent actions. We can live with your decisions to run charities and help the laser countries of this world, even helping promote Omega lifestyles as equal to our own, it gives the Woods Pack a greater name, a better standing among others, but this Omega, this woman. We heard rumours that she bares your mark, that you are, ah, how do they say, under the thumb?”

“Titus, you should full well know that my personal life is no longer your business. I made that clear after Costia -”

“That is part of the matter at hand Lexa,”

“What?"

“Costia. She still bears your mark as well. But she is the first to wear it. You are bound to her still, she is your Omega, I'm aware other Packs will allow their Alphas to have more than one concubine, but the Woods do not. You're to finish the mating bond with Costia and be done with this Packless Omega you're traipsing around with. You and Costia are to be fully mated by the next full moon.”
“Enough!” Lexa growled, her brow furrowed, eyes blazing green fires at Titus as the full power and intensity of her Alpha pheromones washed over the man before her. Titus gasped a little, taken back by the sudden wave of power that flushed over him. The Elder stepped back slightly, taking a moment to compose himself before he opened his mouth to speak, the stern expression that haunted Lexa’s childhood appearing.

“Ms Woods?” a familiar gruff voice cut through the conversation, altering both Titus and Lexa to Gustus who stood awkwardly in the doorway to the separate room, “there’s been a disturbance at the main doors. Anya said I should fetch you,” the well built man nodded slightly and Lexa knew in the pit of her stomach what the disturbance was.

Collins.

“Titus, I won't be disturbed further. Leave me be.” the Alpha commanded, waving her hand in the air, dismissing the Pack Elder as she walked away. As she moved toward Gustus, the young Alpha let out a sigh of relief, giving Gustus a subtle nod as she moved passed him.

Instantly she knew where the trouble lay, by the way crowds gathered around the front entrance. Lexa cut her way through easily, Gustus following in silence. Once they reached the center of the mass, Lexa felt her anger from Titus rising tenfold.

Finn Collins was there, swaying side to side, her face contorted in intoxication, a vile glare in his eyes aimed directly where Clarke, Raven and Anya stood,

“Just a bunch of whores. Good for nothing but a fuck! Can't be left alone for longer than a minute before you're clawing your ways back to Alphas!” Finn yelled, waving his hands erratically in the air. The crowds gasped and Anya loudly growled, taking a step forward towards him. Only Raven's hand on her arm stopped her. Lexa inhaled deeply, took a second to compose herself before surging toward Finn,

“Mr Collins, I do believe it's time you left,” she spoke clearly and loudly, making sure everyone heard,

“No, not a chance, you can't make me leave. You, you who does what she wants, think you rule the world, all high and mighty!” Finn wobbled to the left, pointing a finger directly at Lexa. The Alpha eyed the waving digit and made a snap decision, which she would most likely regret later.

The Alpha female stepped forward, grasped Finn’s finger in her hand. Snapping it upwards in a quick motion, her ears perking in delight at the sound of bones crunching. Finn cried out instantly, falling to his knees as Lexa kept hold of his now broken finger. The male Alpha sobbed shallowly, his floppy hair falling over his face,

“Mr Collins, my associate, Mr Gustus is going to escort you from the building, and to the nearest police station. During this walk he’s going to remind you of the terms of a restraining order and stay with you while you explain to the police why you now have a broken finger. Feel free to try and press charges against me.” Lexa dropped her grip on Finn's finger, watching as the deflated Alpha male cradled his arm. Gustus stepped forward, hauling Finn to his feet and practically carrying him from the Gallery.

A gentle hand on her arm drew Lexa back to reality, bringing her back to the ground as she turned and found Clarke’s crystal eyes gazing at her. Lexa stared for a moment. Taken back by the blonde Omega's beauty, then focused back in on her face, remembering how to form soft words to her beloved,
“Let’s go,” Lexa murmured, barely a whisper. Clarke nodded, finding her Alpha’s hand before leaving her own art show abruptly.
Clarke hummed in content as she snuggled further down into the thick goose feather pillows below her, she decided then and there it was like sleeping on clouds. The pillows, along with the ridiculously soft duvet and fur blankets of Lexa’s king sized bed made everything feel like clouds. Or marshmallows, Clarke couldn’t decide which right then, other than she was exceptionally comfortable and didn’t want to move ever again. The blonde Omega was pretty sure that her bed partner felt the same, since Lexa was softly snoring besides her, head buried in the pillows, her dark hair plastered over her face.

Clarke couldn’t help but smirk, eyeing the sleeping Alpha, who currently looked younger and more vulnerable than Clarke had ever seen her before. It was adorable, especially how that strand of hair fluttered upwards above her nose every time the Alpha exhaled.

She felt it then. That feeling again. The one that made her heart dance in tandem with sound of rippling waves every time she allowed herself to look at Lexa or thought of her in lost moments. No matter what her head may have warned her in the past, her heart continued to tether itself to this alpha who came from out of nowhere and into her life.

Clarke shifted slightly, propping herself up on her elbow as she eyed her lover, reaching out gingerly to trace the black lines of the tattoo on Lexa’s exposed right arm. She traced the intricate tribal lines, there were so many, twisting, curling and deadly straight. Three tiers of the same design, taking up the majority of her upper arm.

Years ago, when her father still lived and the Griffin Pack was still intact, Clarke had learnt that the great Alpha’s who led the biggest Packs had marks, tattoos, that singled them out among the others. Branded them as leaders. She’d seen such tattoos on Jaha, on her Mother, on Kane. Great Alpha’s from her past, but they were never as young as Lexa, Clarke couldn’t help but wonder when the Alpha first received these tattoos and how long she’d been forced into a position of power.

She couldn’t help the smile that was borne once she heard light purring coming from her sleeping lover. She seemed so innocent now. Nothing like the intimidating force that ran a billion dollar company. To see such a thing was rare, Clarke guessed. But not for her. For the Alpha was always so kind and gentle in Clarke’s presence. Her powerful, yet soft Alpha.

“If the wind changes, your face will stay like that,” the sleep ridden voice of Lexa wafted upwards and Clarke realised she was frowning in concentration,

“My mother used to say that,” Clarke smiled softly, meeting the other girls so green eyes. Lexa smiled sleepily in return, shifting on the bed till she could tug Clarke into a gentle hug,
“Good morning my Love,” the Alpha murmured as she buried her face into the crook of Clarke's neck. The Omega hummed in content,

“I like the sound of that,” she replied quietly, her hands stroking down the Alpha’s back, inhaling the scent of her hair, the comforting pheromones and the asleep aura. Everything was so serene then, everything peaceful, content. Clarke wasn't sure she'd ever felt this happy before,

“Do you want to talk about last night?” Lexa murmured into Clarke’s collar bone, her breath warm against her skin. The Omega grumbled, remembering the intrusion of Finn Collins to her art show, how he'd turned up in a drunken stupor, screaming obscenities at her and Raven, practically declaring that they were both his property since they bore the faded scars of his Alpha bite. Then Lexa had turned up, broken his finger in a single move and embarrassed him in front of what Clarke assumed was every high class Alpha and Beta in the city.

“Not massively. Finn got what was coming to him,” Clarke sighed, rolling away from Lexa and onto her back. Staring up at the ceiling she felt the bed shift and the blankets move as Lexa sat up, those emerald eyes traveling down Clarke's now exposed chest and Lexas own bite mark,

“I meant what I said to you in your kitchen Clarke,” the blonde sheepishly looked to Lexa. Her mind replaying the memory of the Alpha admitting her love to her. Before they fucked in the kitchen.

“Ah. Yeah. Okay, sure. What do you wanna say about it?” Clarke purposefully stretched her arms up and above her head, knowing full well her breasts bounced slightly. Her pink nipples already tight and hard from the chill of the bedroom air. Lexa took a moment to watch, transfixed, before realising she was ogling,

“Well, how do you feel about it? Was it too much? I don't want to overstep boundaries,” the Alpha shifted slightly, pulling her share of the blankets up under her armpits as she moved to sit facing Clarke. The blonde hummed for a moment, her face twisting in thought.

No-one had ever admitted their love to her before, not properly anyway. Raven and Octavia said it when they were drunk, so had Finn. There was Bellamy, Octavia’s older brother, who'd admitted he did once, long ago, but Clarke knew, that Lexa meant it. Even without baring Clarke's bite, Lexa meant it. The omega knew that feelings intensified with the bite marks, especially if both parties carried them, made the heats and ruts more intense, the emotions deeper, tied the two lives together in a binding way. If both parties had bitten one another. But only Clarke had Lexas mark, and still the Alpha loved her,

“It's alright, I guess,” Clarke waited a whole heartbeat of Lexa starring, wide mouthed, before she cracked up laughing, slapping Lexa playfully against the arm. The Alpha huffed and pouted, which in all honesty made Clarke’s heart melt. There was no tough Alpha there, no fearsome leader, no terrifying, 27 year old, dominant beast who ran a huge company. No, there was just a Lord of The Rings loving dork, who only had eyes for Clarke, “It was nice, honestly. Hearing it from someone who clearly meant it. I just -”

“I don't expect you to say it back Clarke. Not until you're ready and sure. It's a bold statement, I'll admit, but one I truly meant,” Lexa smiled softly, inching towards Clarke, brushing her lips softly against the Omega’s in a chaste kiss. Clarke’s heart did a double flip.

“Okay, thanks, it's not like it's too soon to say, I'm just wary, you know? Like, with everything that happened with Finn, and then meeting you and getting your bite. Trust me though, I'm really, really, into you,” Clarke's hands trailed up Lexa’s bare arms slowly, “Really into you,” the blonde purred,
putting her all into a seductive tone, her eyes fluttering. Clarke watched as Lexa swallowed hard, knowing exactly what effect she had on the Alpha’s body and all the chemicals inside, “Now, what are we going to do? ‘cos I have a few ideas about how to start a morning properly,” Clarke winked and before she knew it, Lexa was diving beneath the blankets, her mouth finding the soft skin of Clarke’s stomach.

The Alpha kissed and nipped down Clarke’s pale flesh, sending shivers of delight through her. Any other time it would have sent Clarke into a fit of giggles, but as Lexa’s skilled hands ghosted down her legs, parting them softly so her mouth could find the proper destination, Clarke could think of nothing else but the Alpha’s tongue.

“why have I never noticed this before?” Lexa’s voice came from beneath the blankets, her breath hot on Clarke’s inner thigh. The blonde wriggled, feeling the Alpha’s fingers tracing the four tiny paw prints that were inked on the inside of her left thigh. The Omega remembered getting it, at the sweet age of 17, simply to piss off her mother. But then never actually told Abby about it. Even now. 6 years later.

“Um, because you're usual busy when you're down there!”

Over the next few days Clarke found herself becoming more and more settled within Lexa’s penthouse apartment.

She found herself barely venturing outside, preferring to chill out on one of several large plush sofa's in Lexa’s lounge, flicking through the hundreds upon hundreds of television channels. Or raid the fridge, which was taller than her, for anything junk food related (she never had much luck there). Clarke had made an offhand comment about having no art supplies or junk food at the penthouse one night while she and Lexa had lounged in their underwear across the huge bed, the next afternoon, when Clarke had finally rolled out of bed, she'd found that Lexa had left her a large box filled with enough art supplies to fill a small shop. And several boxes of twinkies

It was at that point Clarke started to realise that she hadn't left the penthouse in over four days. The Omega had gathered herself together, and left the building in the last thing she'd been wearing to get to Lexa’s place, the midnight blue dress, and headed home.

If she was going to return she needed clothes, because right then, Clarke looked like she was doing a four day old walk of shame. Something Raven and Octavia took great pleasure in taunting her for when she stumbled through their front door. Clarke had turned a deep shade of red as soon as her friends started laughing, their remarks playful yet truthful. She hadn't been home for four days, she'd hardly been dressed for four days nor contacted anyone. She and her Alpha lover had practically made a love nest and refused to leave it.

Till that morning when Lexa had kissed the top her head, told her she loved her and gone to work with a bounce in her step. It was then that Clarke realised she’d started living with Lexa, purely by accident. Honestly.

“So you live there now?” Raven asked with a sharp frown, Clarke gave a shrug, she wasn't quite sure.

“I guess, I don't know. She hasn't said anything and I've just kinda realised that I do, in a way,” the
blonde replied, her fingertips trailing up the bottle neck of her beer. Octavia had insisted they go to The Dropship for a drink, since Lexa was working late that night. And a certain shy Alpha male was working.

Clarke had found that she'd been waiting in for her lover most nights, cooking the Alpha dinner, well what Clarke called dinner (it was usually take-out emptied out of the containers), being there in the penthouse, waiting for Lexa in nothing but one of her fancy shirts. The Alpha seemed to enjoy that kind of welcome, especially now that Clarke was nearing her Heat. Which would only result in Lexa’s rut swiftly after.

But being there, in The Dropship, their usual bar, Clarke realised something. She’d missed her friends, without realising, and now, sitting across from Raven, as Octavia giggled hopelessly at the bar with Lincoln, it felt nice. Like an old routine. She loved spending time with Lexa, craved it, but Raven and Octavia had been there long before.

“Well I'm glad she's let you out to play for a night,” Raven muttered with sarcasm, rolling her eyes as Clarke huffed, shooting her friend a scowl.

“I'm not a prisoner Rae. I'm just, I dunno, comfortable? It's a nice place, seriously, come round,” Clarke reasoned, sadness welling her chest at Raven’s tone. Clarke knew her friend was worried about her. After all they'd both been through with Finn, the older girl's defences were up, even with her own Alpha suitor. Even more so with Lexa and Clarke, since the Omega already bore the Alpha's mark, “Please Rae, come round tonight. We'll pick up some beer on the way there and you can watch whatever you want on the huge TV,” Clarke begged, watching Ravens eyes light up,

“Anything?”

“Anything of what?” Octavia chimed in as she slid back into her seat, waving not so slyly at Lincoln who'd stood behind the bar. The mohawked barman blushed red and waved back,

“If we go to Lexa’s pad tonight, Clarke has agreed to watch any movie I want,”

“Fuck sake Clarke, I'm sick of Transformers now!” Octavia whined.

Anya was tired, her body ached and her mind was numb. She'd spent practically all day running errands and threatening the odd person. But that was her job, the errant girl, the muscle. But all the Alpha wanted to do now was hit the gym with her age-mate and burn off some steam.

Thus why she found herself riding the elevator up to Lexa’s penthouse, humming softly to herself as her phone beeped loudly. The Alpha fished it from her jacket pocket, Raven's name flashing across the screen. One swipe and Anya had answered the call,

“I need your help!” Raven instantly cried out,

“Well hello to you too!”

“Urgh, God you're so old fashioned. Hi, hello! I need your help!” Anya sighed, rolling her eyes as she smirked. She wasn't old fashioned, just had manners drilled into her since she could say her first
“What with exactly, ‘cos I’m about to get to Lexa’s and hit the gym,”

“Oh. Oh, um, shit, fuck.” Raven grumbled, before cutting the line dead on her end, bringing a frown to Anya’s features. She'd reached Lexa’s front door now, finding the spare key she had for the penthouse and letting herself in.

As she did the blonde Alpha found exactly why Raven was cussing. Anya stared into the Penthouse, wided eyed, as she took in what was happening. Something that was clearly right out of a slapstick comedy by the looks of it. Anya edged into the main room of the apartment, closing the door softly behind her as she continued to stare into the apartment.

Within the penthouse where several people who probably shouldn't have been in there. Anya wasn't sure about Clarke, but the additions of Raven, Octavia and Lincoln, all stood very, very still, surrounding what looked to be a face down television, with a large amount of smashed glass in between them,

“I can explain!” Clarke cried out quickly, arms thrown in the air as Anaya cracked into laughter.

“Im sure you can to me, but what about Lexa? You know that TV cost over 1000 bucks?” Anya chuckled as she stepped closer to the chaos that was before her. It clearly looked like the quartet had been drinking, by the sheer amount of empty beer bottles scattered around the lounging area. Along with the empty cardboard pizza boxes. Anya inhaled sharply, the stench of greasy food and alcohol was not going to sit well with her age-mate, regardless of it being Clarke, “I suppose this is what you needed help with Raven? Cleaning up your mess?” The Alpha eyed her Beta lover, who had gone a dark shade of red. The Latino girl shrugged, looking anywhere but at Anya then, muttering angrily under her breath.

“Maybe, probably. Yeah, yeah okay it was. We figured that if you could stall Lexa long enough, we could maybe clear this up,”

“Sadly, Miss Reyes, that is not the case,” every person in the room jumped as the calm tone of Lexa floated in. The front door shut with a sharp snap as the Alpha approached. Anya turned and met her friends eye, shrugging slightly as her arms gestured to the mess before them, “Well, I can guess what happened here, but it's quite obvious really,”

“We just got, I mean, I got excited. We found Mario Cart, and started playing, and then drinking, then, um, yeah. I may have hit the TV out of anger, maybe. But that was Lincoln's fault. He cheated,” Clarke began to ramble, her baby blues locked on Lexa. Anya couldn't help but roll her eyes, she already knew her friend was going to roll over and expose her belly, the girl was far too in love with Clarke. Though, Anya reasoned to herself that if it was her TV and it was Raven who’d accidentally broken it (or was taking the blame for it) she'd roll over and forgive her within an instant.

“Hmm, well, I don't honestly use the TV that much, I believe it was you that was watching it the most, Clarke, so I see no major issue here,” Lexa sighed softly, eyeing the pile of plastic and glass that lay in the middle of the lounge.

“We’ll pay for a new one!” Octavia interjected then, peering out from around Lincoln's broad body. Anya couldn't help but laugh, especially when Lexa began to chuckle,

“That won't be necessary Miss Blake. Like I said, I barely watch the television, that was Clarke, and since it's her fault that it's broken, she'll be suffering more than myself. But the gesture is appreciated,
genuinely,” Anya watched as Lexa smiled softly, her once hard and cold demeanour now soft and friendly. All because of one blonde Omega. Anya couldn't help but wonder if Raven was having this effect on her too. And if it was noticeable. But truth be told, Anya wouldn’t have been bothered, she’d never felt the way she did about Raven about anyone else, she just wished she knew how to tell and show Raven without the Beta becoming scared and defensive.

Over the years that she and Lexa had spent together, the two had their fair share of suitors and interested parties. After all they were two Alphas from the Woods Pack, a momentous thing within the Pack life they’d been brought up within. They’d been through so many lessons and training to be the best that they could be, both had the tutelage of Titus, but it was Lexa who had been chosen to be so much more, Anya wasn’t jealous, she still managed to be involved with it. And she was glad when her age-mate had decided that the archaic way of life the Woods Pack lived and tried to force upon them was too much. Anya knew that she’d always follow Lexa wherever, no matter what. And now, Anya found herself following Lexa into what seem to be the most unlikely pairing possible.

But if her friend could make it work with what should have been a one night stand, then why couldn't Anya make it work with a grumpy, stubborn Beta female?

As the older Alpha watched Lexa interact with each member of the group, she found Raven snuggling into her side, nuzzling at her shoulder till Anya wrapped an arm around her. They stood there, watching as Clarke tried to start tidying up the mess that was possibly not her fault, only to be ushered away by Lexa. they spoke in hushed words in the corner, while Octavia and Lincoln began to play fight over what was left of the greasy pizza.

“I was gonna hit the gym with Lex, but it looks like she and Clarke are going to be pretty occupied,” Anya murmured into Raven's ear, inclining her head towards the half mated pair who were now passionately kissing against one of the large penthouse windows,

“Ewww!” Raven whined, burying her head into the crook of Anya’s neck,

“So I was thinking maybe we could go back to yours? Chill out or something?"

“Ah hell no. I wanna go to the gym, I can't miss a chance to see you in your gym gear!”
Chapter 15

By the age of 12, Lexa Woods found herself without a family. An Orphan. Lost in the world without adult hands to hold. She became an adult then, in her own eyes. She had to assert herself, grow up and find a way to survive by herself. Even surrounded by the great Woods Pack, Lexa felt alone. And completely lost without her caring parents.

What the Pack Elders told her about her parents deaths was contrary to popular belief. The rumours ran that the Elders had done away with Hector and Sorcha Woods, because of their difficult attitudes and lude ideals of life. Of Alpha, Beta and Omega all being equal in life and love, and how lesser Packs should be treated with the same kindness and high ranking as the Woods Pack.

Even the Griffins.

Talk was that Elder Titus has constructed a plan to assassinate them, then stage a car crash to cover his moves. Take their young daughter, the last of the pure blood Woods under his wing and mold young Lexa into what Titus desired.

But at the tender, naive age of twelve, Lexa had no choice but to believe what Elder Titus told her. Hector and Sorcha Woods lost their lives in a horrific car accident, one so terrible that their caskets were closed and Lexa never got to see their faces one last time.

After the funeral, which Lexa barely remembered, a mix of blurred of tears, condolences and black suits, she found herself before Elder Titus. Dressed in his flowing dark robes and a scowl that the young girl would find was a permanent fixture on his bald head over the years. Titus looked her up and down in silence, his brows only furrowing deeper.

“Gustus and Indra have volunteered to adopt you into their family Lexa. Their daughter, Anya, will be your age-mate. Your will continue with your tutelage of their grand Pack and rise to the top. As planned by your parents and I. You will be the greatest Alpha we have ever seen and lead the Woods family line into a new age with the proud traditions we uphold!”
Lexa stretched her legs out underneath her desk, rolling her shoulders, willing the stiff joints to pop and crack. She was tired, exhausted from sitting around in Board meetings hour after hours, listening to old men go on and on about their companies and wishing for support from Trikru Industrial. Of course, LExa gave them the support, but she didn't need to hear a two hour long speech about it when a simple email would have sufficed.

But it seem, like all things within Lexa’s life, the only way about things was the long winded way around. With her company, her subjects, her Pack life and even her relationship. Though the Alpha had begun to notice that with Clarke, things where a lot easier. Especially since the blonde Omega appeared to have moved in with her. Though they hadn't spoken about it, that morning Lexa had noticed the purple toothbrush in her bathroom, the hairbrush on the side of the sink and the pile of dirty tshirts and jeans next to the laundry shoot.

When shed noticed these new additions to her apartment, the Omega had laid sleeping, spread eagle across the large bed that dominated Lexa's bedroom. Ther Alpha had felt her chest swell with pride and honor as she regarded the sleeping woman. The feeling was unlike anything lexia had ever felt before, it was warm and fuzzy and everything shed never felt with Costia.

The Alpha knew it was happiness, but she dare not admit it to herself, not after the last time she swore she felt that feeling. Not after Costia.

 Damn Titus, the Alpha angrily thought as she rubbed the balls of her hands against her face. The Pack Elder was the cause of all her worries right then, reminding her of her previous lover, of her duty, of old, old ways of the Woods Pack. just more things that she needed to tell Clarke but was too scared too. What if she admitted everything that had happened in her life before that New Year's Eve? What would clarke do? Run for the hills, Lexa supposed, afraid of what she was diving into, since it was so similar to what Clarke had already overcome with Finn.

“Lexa, you've been avoiding my calls. Again,” It was Titus who interrupted her thoughts, followed quickly by an exasperated cry out from Octavia, who stood besides Titus,

“I tried to stop him M’s Woods, but he barged past. He’s really quite fast!” Octavia looked frazzled, her dark hair falling free from the tidy bun that had been there this morning. LExa eyed her carefully, before her eyes found Titus. Stood in his usual dark robes, his face set in a hard frown,

“We need to discuss somethings Lexa, you can not keep avoiding your duty,” Lexa huffed out loud, slapping her hands palm down on her large desk. She was tired of Titus hounding her, tired of his constant harassment of Octavia and other members of the Trikru Industrial. She was going to have to face him, it had been a week since the Art show, and LExa knew she simply couldn't put it off any
“Octavia, please fetch us some refreshments. Tea would be wonderful, something, hm, calming i think?” Lexa gave the young Omega girl an out, she could tell from the way that her assistant shifted uncomfortably at her office door that she was eager to run away. And away she ran, disappearing out of the office as Titus sharply shut the door.

“Your presentation day draws near Lexa, you will be 28, i believe, this year turn. It is customary for you to have had taken a mate by now, not running a company,”

“If i wasn't running this company, the Pack would have gone bankrupt years ago Titus. You know this as well as i do. I am paying my duty to the Pack by keeping it alive and afloat,”

“But not by following the traditions of old,”

“We’ve discussed this many time Titus. The traditions of Old are exactly that, old. You where present when i present to the other Alpha the idea of moving into the 21st century, to support and back my ideas to push Trikru Industrial into a modern age. You voted alongside the others to do so. Yet you stand here, trying to lecture me on my duty and honor, and all you’re accomplishing is pissing me off,” Lexa growled her words, pushing up to her feet, her shoulders tense, hands balling into angry fists, her nails pinching the skin of her palms. Titus stared at her, his face free from his usual frown for the first time Lexa could ever recall. She sighed hard, closing her eyes briefly, “Titus, i honor the old and the dead, i recall every teaching you ever gave me, and i know all the traditions of our mighty Pack, but they are old, dusty and done with. The dead are gone, and the living are hungry Titus, it's time to move forward.”

“Very well Lexa. You are correct, i did vote for this company to move forward, with your guidance and leadership, that is very well. The work you are doing here is clearly coming over favourably with the public and the other countries and Packs. But we still have another issue that is yet to be dealt with,”

“Costia.”
Lexa Woods couldn't remember the last time she had a birthday party. Fact she wasn't quite sure what the concept of one was anymore. All she knew was today she turned 18, would receive her second tattoo and met her soon to be Mate.

Of course she was nervous, not about the ink to be injected into her skin, but meeting your would-be spouse and mate for the first time was slightly more daunting than several old, boring men of the Company Board. Or willing bed partners who just happened to fling themselves Lexa’s way most days of the week. It wasn't quite dignified, but Lexa knew what was expected of her, Titus made sure she knew that much.

They were easy to deal with, boring old farts who huffed and puffed but always agreed with everything Lexa said. And even the young agile bodies of Omegas and Betas alike. Eager for a taste of Lexa’s Alpha cock. They too huffed and puffed and did whatever she asked of them, as long as her hard shaft was buried within their cunts. Lexa made sure she never knotted a single of them though. She knew what that would mean, even without the mating bite, the chance of her seed being spread was not something the Alpha intended on happening quite so soon.

Lexa knew when she had to be assertive, when she needed to push her Alpha pheromones forward and be domineering. With the board members, or her string of lovers. And it all came easy now, one good thing Titus had taught her. How to be the Alpha she was, how to own it and place herself above the other Alphas. What she didn't like was how Titus had tried to teach her to be cruel and overbearing to Betas and Omegas.

Especially Omegas.

The bald Beta Elder saw Omegas as nothing more than breeding grounds for Alphas to spread their seed. To bare and look after children, care for the Alpha mates and simply be seen but not heard. Something Lexa's completely disagreed with. And if all went to plan, Lexa hoped to squash this way of seeing things completely. Starting with her supposed mate to be.

At this point in time, the eighteen year old was the CEO of her family company. She had started several charities to help third world countries and was beginning to get the ball rolling to declare equal rights between all blood types. Alpha, Beta and Omega.

Of course Elder Titus wasn't quite aware of that just yet, but Lexa hoped, with the acquisition of an Omega Mate, she may pair up with someone who shared her beliefs of equality for all. She hoped at least. If that wasn't the case, this arranged mating and marriage was not going to happen.

But as she stood awkwardly side by side with Anya, her best friend and closest confident, Lexa somehow knew that wasn't going to be the case. Especially when her would-be-mate was led into the grand Hall by collar and leash. The woman who held the tanned Omega girls leash was pale as
snow, with stark white hair that flowed into a just as white pelt of a Wolf thrown around her like a cloak. Her eyes were silver, striking yet terrifying, and her walk was pure predator.

Lexa knew some Packs, especially the Woods and Azgeda, upheld long forgot traditions of when they could change their shapes to that of wolves, but she yet to encounter the Azgeda and how they truly stuck to these old ways. The white haired woman, Lexa knew to be Nia Frost, the Elder Alpha and leader of Azgeda, just as Lexa was for the Woods Pack. She moved like a Wolf, and treated the leashed Omega as nothing. Tugging at the collar till the tanned girl hit the floor with her knees,

“Lexa Woods, Alpha, I present to you, your mate. Costia Green. An offering to you for our truce between Packs,” Nia spoke with her head tilted forward, a show of submission. But Lexa wasn't quite buying it. The way Nia’s hand grasped and tugged the Omegas leash, the way her words dripped in sarcasm, it didn't sit right, the young Alphas instincts screamed inside. And as Lexa opened her mouth to speak in return, Costia Green was already darting forward, dropping to her knees before Lexa, her cheek rubbing hard against the young Alphas groin. Lexa stumbled back, her hands going to the strange Omegas shoulders for balance.

The move was bold, submissive and exactly what Lexa didn’t want. She knew what was happening, this Omega, Costia, was making a play to show that Lexa was her Alpha. But it was wrong. All of it. Lexa could smell it, the scent of a plot. Titus knew of Lexis distaste towards old traditions, her disgust of displays like the one she was forced into right then. Everything was orchestrated. The young growled low, pushing the Omega at her crotch back away from her,

“No, no this isn't how I do things. This isn't how any of us should do things,” Lexa spoke softly, her grassy green eyes meeting Costia’s, “You don't have to do this. Please, stand,” Lexa offered her hand to the girl, pulling her gently to her feet. In silence Lexa set about removing the collar from Costia’s neck. Tossing it aside like it was nothing,

“Lexa, what are you doing?” Titus hissed from behind the Alpha. She growl low, pushing her pheromones forward, out around her and the room.

“I graciously accept your offer of Costia Green, Nia Frost. But I decline her as my mate. I dismiss these old traditions of our packs. We should not be acting like animals trading flesh for a truce. This is the 21st century, not the stone age.” there was a chorus of gasps around the grand hall as Woods and Azgeda alike were shocked by the young Alphas words, “We need to work together, to move forward in these times. We are all the same, the only thing that divides us is our blood, but that is just life, and there is so much more to life that could define us. Without that we are nothing.”
Lexa hesitated at the door to her own home, her hand grasped her keys tightly, the metal sharply biting into her skin. The Alpha inhaled slowly, carefully, calming her nerves before she let herself in, ready to face her love,

“Clarke?” she called out, but LExa was met with silence. So much silence. Unlike the last week when shed been met by the sounds of almost deafening music, or the clang of pots being dropped and even finding Clarke and her friends surrounding a very, very broken television. But now it was quiet. LExa pushed the front door shut as she eased into her home, peering around corners as she walked.

The Alpha Had been fully prepared to sit clarke down and inform her of what Titus had so nicely told her only a few hours beforehand. Shed been ready to face the consequences of what was to come, but instead she found no one to be home. There was still evidence of Clarke being within the penthouse that day, mostly a stack of plates and empty cans of pop, but her dirty clothes remained by the laundry shoot and her toothbrush still sat on the sink. Yet there was no blonde Omega flitting around in one of her shirts.

As the Alpha set down her suit jacket and work satchel, she fished her phone free from her bag, checking the messages shed most likely missed. Her discussion with Titus had ran over several hours, in which shed ignored her phone ringing, Octavia and her mobile. Her mobile, which was now lit up with several missed calls and texts, mostly from Clarke.

Clarke G. ;;
Lexa? Trd callin. O sai you hd meetin wth Tithead. Call me whn u can X

Clarke G. ;;
Hpe ur ok X

Clarke G. ;;
Gne 2 mt Raven. Will b bk l8r X

Clarke G. ;;
i miss u XX
Lexa couldn't help but smile when she read the last message, her chest warming as she read the 3 words, over and over. Clarke was one of a kind, even if her text speech was still atrocious to read. She was amazing, kind and so creative, and she'd definitely rooted herself deep within LExa’s very being. Her soul. Everything about Lexa seemed to revolve around the Omega now, something that puzzled LExa deep into the night. Clarke wore her bite, not the other way around, yet she still managed to maintain her freedom and control of her life, LExa had seen things this way before, recently within her life. But the Omega had been so devoted and wrapped up in their Alpha it was so unbreatheable and controlling in sense. Yet Clarke defied everything, always. With a soft sigh, lexa found herself wandering into her bedroom, stripping out of her work attire as she typed Clarke a message back.

Lexa ;;

*Good Evening Clarke, I am exceptionally sorry for missing your calls and messages, i have been stuck in meetings for the majority of the day. I hope your evening fares well with Raven*

The Alpha reclined back on her bed, enjoying the silence for a moment. Knowing that when Clarke returned there would be noise and life once again within the penthouse. The Alpha did miss it, but after years of being on her own, in silence that was thick and heavy, she couldn't help but recline back into it, eyes closed.

Even when Costia had been present in her life, the silence had reigned around Lexa. The other Omega woman wasn't much for staying the night, or making chit chat. Their whole relationship had been strict and by the book. For the most part. There had been the wild nights of passion and youth, lost in one another for hours on end, but some the harsh light of day, Lexa was back to business. With Clarke it was different, Lexa knew this and truly believed it. With Clarke she could finally be who she was.

The Alpha had stripped down to her underwear and her shirt, just revealing in the fact that she could do such a thing. Though she missed the teasing hands that would usually creep up her bare legs and exposed stomach if Clarke had been there, the nozzles and soft kisses from her plump lips. The way her blonde locks felt as they tickled against any part of Lexa’s exposed flesh. With a frustrated sigh, Lexa felt her mobile vibrate against her stomach as Clarke replied to her text.

Clarke G. ;;

*Alwys so formal. Evn whn we r fckin. Trns me on Lex X*

The Alpha stared for a moment, rereading the words several times before sucking in a sharp breath. The simple act of sending such a text like that had sent shivers down Lexa’s spine, pooling in the base of her gut, the kindling to a greater fire.
Clarke G. ;;

*Im so wet right now X*

Lexa’s heart jumped, her pulse rose and her crotch began to burn. Just the idea of Clarke being wet set the Alpha’s blood boiling.

Lexa. ;;

*That’s so hot…*

Clarke G. ;;

*I want to show you.*

Lexa. ;;

*Yeah?*

Lexa wasn't exactly sure what to expect next. Was Clarke going to appear at the front door? Was she simply hiding under the bed? The Alpha wasn't used to Clarke sending message of this caliber, she must have had some sort of alcohol in her system to give her that dutch courage. Or the Omega had hit her heat. Minutes passed with Lexa staring at her mobile phone, grasped tightly in her hand, awaiting what move Clarke would do next.

The blonde Omega didn't disappoint as the photo message began to download. The photograph was not something Lexa had expected, and the direct cause of it was something she actually welcomed. As the Alpha reached into her Calvin Kleins, her cock already starting to stand to attention, her phone held aloft in her hand, the full colour photo of Clarkes dripping pussy filling the screen.

“*Fuck,*** Lexa breathed as she stared at her phone screen.

Clarke g. ;;

*You like? ;)*

Lexa didn't have much time to reply, her hardened cock was already in hand, her palm stroking up quickly with each pant she gave. She couldn't tear her eyes away from the image on the screen of her
phone that now lay on the bed besides her. The Alpha could only imagine burying her cock deep inside the slick lips that Clarke presented to her. Thrusting in and out, in and out, over and over till she reached orgasm. The details and vivid images in the Alphas mind where nearly too much, she could feel her balls tightening, her orgasm looming quickly, when Clarke sent another message.

Clarke G. ;;

*Im touching myself. Show me you.*

Lexa didn’t need to be told twice, just knowing that her Omega was touching herself while she did was enough for her to comply to the command. She snatched up her phone, flicking to the camera app and taking a rough, hazardous photo of her leaking cock. The Alpha didn't even hesitate in hitting the send button, something she would have done weeks ago if asked by anyone else to do such a thing. But Lexa was too wrapped up in clarke, too enthralled by the Blonde goddess not to comply to any whim she asked for.

Clarke G. ;;

*Your so big. So thick. And so close. Im so close. Fuck Lexa. I want you in me.*

Lexa didn’t even bother to text back, she knew Clarke would somehow know that the Alpha was pumping her cock as she came, rereading the texts and ogling the picture message. It was too late be time she was coming, droplets of her seed shooting forth over the bed spread and her stomach, a gluttonous grunt coming from the Alpha as she thought only of Clarke Griffin riding her cock to completion.

Chapter End Notes

Yup, that last bit was inspired by OmegaWanheda on tumblr
Hello from the Author

Firstly an apology to you all for my lack of writing. I have had some tough RL times and had to cut back on some things to make life easily, sadly writing was one of them.

But fear not! For I have returned and plan to revisit this fic for I do love it so.

Plans as follows for The Morning After are; to revisit written chapters for editing and changes, fleshing out and corrections. I belive it has more potential then already established.

To continue onwards with it and finish what I began a long, long time ago.

If you do have any pressing questions or wish to submit ideas etc, please feel free to contact me via tumblr at commander-fuzzy-wolf

Have a fantastic day!!

Fuzzy

Please [drop by the archive and comment](http://example.com) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!