The Divinity
by TheEvangelion

Summary

After months of war a treaty is finally agreed between the Grounders and Sky People to bring an end to the bloodshed, the only condition the commander has is that the Omega her people call Wanheda will become her mate, and her second-in-charge, Anya, has the freedom to choose any other Omega from Skaikru's ranks.

Clarke, bound by duty to her people, puts up no fight against the Grounders sent to deliver her to their Heda. But she never could have anticipated the beautiful gentle girl she sets eyes on with all her complexities to be the vicious Alpha warlord she's heard so many rumours about...

Notes

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Chapter I: First Heat

Her scent is intoxicating. It smells like starlight and green grass and the dampness after rain and crackling firewood. Clarke breathes, begs her body not to betray her, but it already has and she hates herself for that. The blankets are soft beneath her hands and bare knees, she let herself relax into them, or at least as much as she could.

It was during the dead of night when the council returned from peace-talks with the Grounders that she heard the news. Their envoy snaked through the armoured gates and Clarke watched from the little circular bay window, resigned to her fate the moment her mom climbed out of the rover, sobbing and bent over herself in grief flanked by the Grounder generals that followed on horseback to deliver what was promised to their Heda.

The commander readily accepted the terms of the ceasefire on few conditions; Skaikru would bow as the thirteenth clan, the Omega her people called Wanheda was to be hers and her second-in-command, Anya, would have her pick from the rest. Of course, the council agreed to all of it, anything to protect their own skins.

Clarke recounted these truths as she waited on the bed to meet her wife, ran through them like a list so she could tie herself down to reality. The commander was close and Clarke felt her body come alive with each inch of proximity shortened between them. She knew to expect that, it was the first thing she remembered learning in Biology with her Beta science teacher, if you stop taking the pills you will come into your heat cycle and that is punishable by death for unmated Omegas.

Violent footsteps marched the length of the hallway outside to chants of her title, the scent grew stronger, Clarke grew weaker, fingers curling into the furs on the bed as she ached and died in anguish pulsing anticipation of the unknown.

Finally, the doors to the Heda's private chambers opened and Clarke nearly died as the weight of the commander's scent punched her in the gut. It was powerful, frightening even, she choked on the stars and wrestled with the damp rain and knelt there perfectly still, pretending to be unaffected by the divinity of it.

She felt the commander's uncertainty sit in the air. The sound of footsteps stopped, and even though she couldn't see it, she heard the Heda lose her breath too. She wondered how often this happened for her, Omegas spread out naked on her bed waiting quietly to be told what to do.

Clarke felt the hope gnaw away in her stomach that this Heda, this warlord girl-king, Alpha of all Alphas who ruled absolute, had plenty of mistresses. Kneeling indignantly with her entire sex exposed wasn't something she was proficient in like other Omegas, nor wanted to be.

"Is this… a tradition of yours?" the commander finally spoke up, indifferently.

Her voice was softer than Clarke expected. It offset her, made her all the more nervous to turn around and lay eyes on the woman she would belong to. Clarke licked her lips, shaking and nervous. "Yes," she admitted.

"You're frightened." the Heda appraised her from behind.

"Nervous, not frightened." Clarke bit and quickly regretted it, sprawled out naked on her knees for a stranger was hardly the spot to get into arguments. "Can we just… start?"

"No, we can't. You're barely in heat." the commander chuckled to herself at the absurdity of the
request.

Clarke listened to her shuffle around the room, there were logs burning away in the fireplace, it settled the commander's quarters with a lasting warmth Clarke wasn't used to and almost helped her relax. But the sounds of metal clanging together and prodding the flames made her jump out of her skin, mind racing, nerves melting into fear, teeth grinding into her lip, she listened to the commander stoke the crackling fire with the unknown object.

“So, are you the Omega who burned three-hundred of my warriors alive?”

Clarke began to sweat bullets listening to the hissing crackle of the fire being relentlessly stoked. Heart punching her chest, hips beginning to shake, she tried desperately to not let her mind wander into the whispered stories of the commander's violent wrath.

"Speak true." the Alpha softly ordered.

"Yes." she whispered.

“Why are you shaking?”

“Just… please.” Clarke chewed her mouth and tried not to beg, “Whatever you're going to torture me with, do it quickly.”

"Torture you?" Lexa repeated, confused.

Slowly, Clarke bit the bullet and peered over her shoulder, eyes slipping across the landscape of the room and settling on its owner. She was beautiful and frightening, just like her scent. Darkness was smeared around her eyes and the accoutrements of her station sat heavy on her body, armoured and dressed in her grand uniform, hair braided more intricately than the other warriors Clarke had seen, she stood there quietly stoking the fire with a poker made of rebar.

"Aren't you… going to…" Clarke broke into a sweat once more and lost her voice at the sight of the white end of the poker buried in the fire.

The commander looked down to where Clarke stared, realisation setting in entirely too late. She snatched the poker out of the fire and buried it's hissing screams into a bucket of water, stepping away from the fireplace as she did. Green eyes buried into Clarke's and didn't breake the locked stare for what felt like an eternity.

"You thought I was going to brand you?" she said, quiet and in shock.

Clarke tried to play it cool, suddenly embarrassed at her mistake, she covered her breasts and shirked the blankets up around herself. "I'm just… not used to this." she admitted and felt the words linger on her tongue reluctantly.

"I thought you might be cold… kneeling on my bed.” the commander cleared her throat and looked off to the balcony awkwardly. “that's why I was tending the fire.” she explained.

This wasn’t right. It wasn’t what she prepared herself for. Beatings and rough sex and serving someone she didn’t love and taking punishment for her people she could handle, but the Alpha of all Alphas, the commander, the woman who sent warriors in their thousands to slaughter them, footing around her bedroom stoking fires and pouring wine, trying to make her feel more at home as if they could ever be domestic creatures? It was more than she could take.

“Can we just get this over with?” Clarke finally blurted.
The commander snapped her head and stared for a moment, displeased and stewing on the indignation of having the pace of these sacrosanct acts dictated by an Omega. Then again, she should have expected as much, she asked for Wanheda specifically after all.

“We don’t have to do anything…. to talk is enough for now.”

“I… I haven’t done this before and if we’re going to be bound then I just want to get business out of the way.”

“Wanheda,”

“Please.” she whispered, “Call me Clarke.”

“Clarke,” the commander softened and stepped forward. “I’m not something you have to be frightened of.”

“You don’t frighten me.” Clarke lied and held her stare.

The Alpha chewed her mouth and appraised her quietly, the girl was beautiful and wild, she liked that, she just didn’t know what to do with it. “Say it.”

“Say what?”

“Tell me you want the bite.” the commander ordered sternly.

“I do.” Clarke lied.

The commander made a long noise, breathing out of her nostrils and flexing her jaw thoughtfully. “Alright.” she acquiesced, “I will do this for you in the hopes that you will do something for me in return, Clarke.”

The sound of her name in the Heda’s mouth sent a shiver down her spine. It was unusual, entirely new, made her vulva grow wetter to hear the way she pronounced the word.

“What should I do?” Clarke said, pressing her legs together, blushing at the sight of the Heda’s flaring nostrils breathing her in.

“Come here and undress me… slowly.” Clarke nodded at the order, gulped in a much needed breath of air and climbed off the bed with the sheets wrapped around her. “Drop the blanket.” the commander ordered softly.

Reluctantly, Clarke did as she was told and let the blanket slip out of her hands. Blushing and naked, the heat between her thighs grew hotter though she tried desperately to wish it away. Eventually, she took slow steps across the cool stone floor until she was nose to nose with the Alpha and god, for all the terrible stories, for all the violence, for all the hatred, the planning, the wishing of her dead, the darkest depths of hating her for trying to hurt her people, she was so, so beautiful.

“Start here.” the commander breathed and moved Clarke’s hands up to the buttons on her coat tenderly. “Lexa.” she added quietly.

“What?”

“My name. It’s Lexa.”

Then it happened again, the warmth in her belly, the heat between her thighs, the aching in her nipples, the twisting in her gut, the air escaping her lungs, the flutter of her eyelids, the acclimation of
it all like a natural disaster that became her body. Clarke recovered, blushing and burning in embarra sworement, desperately avoiding the prideful smirk etched into Lexa’s face.

“Don’t be nervous.” Lexa whispered.

Clarke fumbled on the buttons but calloused hands wrapped around her own, slowed them, nimbly took each finger to the button until they undid with a pop. The coat hung open and Clarke started with the armour next, following the straps around to the clasp under her right-arm whilst she stared ahead indifferently.

“Do you know why I chose you.” Lexa asked after a moment, slipping her coat off.

“To punish my people?” Clarke guessed.

“No,” she smiled briefly, “when they told me the great Wanheda was an Omega I knew you were to be mine.” she shrugged, “No politics or motives, Clarke, our union brings assured protections to your people and I believe we will come to… understand one another well.”

Clarke nodded, her fingers gingerly wrapping into the bottom of her shirt. “Should I…?”

“I will tell you to stop when it’s time for you to stop.”

And again, Clarke felt the words move through her like lightning. Lexa was beautiful and terrifying and soft and powerful and warm and stoic. Clarke couldn’t breathe for it, felt her sex melt and slicken at the sternness of her words. She opened her eyes, Lexa was pridefully smirking again.

Clarke pulled the shirt off of her head and busied herself with the rest of the Alpha. Lexa stood there boredly, allowing herself to be undressed and tended to by the Omega that would be hers.

“Do you know why it is my people share this tradition with one another?” Lexa asked, her hand expertly shooting out and grabbing a wrist as Clarke moved to remove her pants.

Clarke blinked and shook her head.

“To remove my armour, to touch my skin, to move around me whilst I’m vulnerable, is to demonstrate my trust for you.” she explained and kept her grip on the wrist. “Please don’t ever give me reason to regret offering you this show of trust.” she breathed and released.

“I won’t.”

Clarke knelt and slipped the trousers down her legs, her fingers following the divets of scars and the soft slip of pulsing muscle beneath her thighs.

Lena looked too, followed the movements of each fingertip down her legs and appraised the sight of Clarke’s naked body completely awestruck that one woman could own so much beauty. It sent her stomach lurching, made the growl in the back of her throat almost audible, but she smoothed herself over, still aroused beneath the reserved.

“Why does this feel… kind of right?” Clarke exhaled and blinked, content on her knees in front of the commander, her fingers dancing down her thighs.

“Well, we’re aligned.”

“What does that mean?” Clarke glanced up.

Lena blinked, slowly realising the Skaikru must have lost such concepts during their time in the stars.
“We are both great leaders with burdens to our people, it’s natural for you to seek out something familiar… we’re aligned with one another.”

Clarke’s fingers hooked inside the rim of her underwear and lingered there waiting for approval, she tried not to stare at the large bump in her underwear but it was an impossible task.

“I didn’t tell you to stop, Clarke.”

Again, Clarke shuddered in arousal at the firmness of her voice as her hands slipped the underwear off her thighs and legs. It was worse this time, it hurt, her clitoris ached and the blood rushed to her core and she found herself gasping, head pressed into the commander’s knee.

“What was that?” she almost whimpered at the burning sensation.

Lexa blinked again, confused by the display. “Surely you know the symptoms of your heat?”

“I’ve never came into season before.” Clarke winced and dug her fingers into the flesh above Lexa’s knee, desperately resisting the urge to touch and explore her body. She glanced and caught a glimpse of the Heda’s penis, it was larger than any she’d seen in Biology books, it hung down beneath a patch of goldish curls with the glands tucked behind her skin.

“That’s impossible.”

“We take medication so we don’t come into heat without a mate.”

Lexa mumbled something in her mother tongue, dipping her hands beneath Clarke’s armpits and effortlessly guiding her back onto her feet. She was thoughtful and gentle, her fingers tucking back wispy bits of blonde hair as she dipped her nose along the ridge of Clarke’s neck and collarbone.

The scent hit her immediately, violent and thick with desperate need and want, it made Lexa pull back and stare in shock. “You’re telling the truth…”

“Is something wrong?” Clarke asked after a moment, her knees week and core slickening with her aching arousal.

“No… it’s just that our Omegas seek out Betas to help them during their first cycles until they find an Alpha but if you’ve never came into heat…” Lexa slowly realised.

“I told you I haven’t done this before.” Clarke groaned and couldn’t stop herself pressing forward, her nose buried into the crook of the commander’s bare neck where stars went home to die and rainstorms brewed.

“Oh.” Lexa reassured and stayed still, allowing Clarke to breathe in against her glands, the Omega’s hands slipped up her sides and wrapped around the sinews of her back, exploring her gently. “Clarke I don’t think this is a good idea…” she sighed reluctantly and arched her neck away.

“Why?” Clarke mumbled and sought out her neck again, dipping and nuzzling there.

“I don’t want to hurt you.”

“Please.” Clarke whimpered and slipped her fingers down her belly towards her penis, unable to resist the urges of her body.

Lexa felt her heat burst inside of her gut as a tentative hand slipped down the length of her penis and explored, finger running around the rim of her foreskin, palm pressing back along her shaft, all of it...
earning a growl and gasp from her chest.

Lexus was rough and immediately felt guilty for it, her hand grabbing Clarke’s wrist and dragging her towards the bed she would sleep in beside the commander. The smell of her wetness invaded Lexa’s nose, drove her wild, made her choke on her arousal as Clarke shuffled backwards onto the mattress for her commander.

“Show me.” Lexa grunted and hissed.

Clarke’s body obliged without thought, entirely existing to serve the Alpha and be taken in turn. She slipped her legs opened, opening herself, spreading herself apart.

“Good girl.” the commander lost her breath, her own hand rubbing and playing with her shaft at the sight of the Omega’s engorged pinkness.

Lexa was attentive, climbed on the bed and instinctively took her mouth to the spread labia that dripped for attention. Tongue jammed into her clit, mouth clinging to her vulva, swirling and sucking and doing things that earned longer sobs from a writhing Clarke, she felt the blood rush to cock and demand she breed the tight slip of her vagina and leave bitemarks along the apex of her throat.

Brief as it was, Lexa clawed back a fleeting moment of clarity, quickly pulling herself away to check Clarke was okay.

She laid there panting, dying, sobbing, aroused and aching and burning and tugging her own nipples roughly. “P… Please.” she begged and watched Lexa rub her stiffening cock.

“Are you sure you want this?” she forced herself to ask the question, already knowing the answer.

“Please Commander.” she begged submissively.

Like a wolf on the hunt, a lion chasing its prey, a predator stalking through the open neck of the valley, a bear climbing through the gorge, Lexa pounced and took what was hers with every dirty word known to man hanging on her tongue.

She fucked like she breathed. Desperate and relentless for the next; burying her long thick shaft deep inside the hot slickness of Clarke’s vagina, fist wrapped into her hair, teeth baring, hand laying red-hot slaps against the smoothest part of her bottom that pressed into her thrusting hips.

She jutted forward again and gave Clarke everything. She couldn’t remember the last time she couldn’t control her heat like this. Lexa exerted control in all matters, all things, all people and yet this needy little wildling made her lose track of herself until she was a thrusting animal hellbent on spilling her seed inside her womb.

She knew Clarke was hurting, saw the wince in her face, the bite in her lip every time she bucked forward with her full weight, it stirred her from wherever it was she was lurked beneath the beast moving through her, until she forced some thin veneer control of and slowed her rutting down.

“Are you okay?” she forced the words out of her gasping mouth.

“Can you…” tears spilled out of the corners of Clarke’s eyes and she bit her mouth again, “Can you go harder… please… I’m so close.” she broke a sob and hooked her thighs into the side of Lexa’s gut.

The commander’s eyes rolled into the back of her head in bliss as she completely let go, hips colliding into Clarke’s with no regard for anything other than her own climax, both hands occupied
with rubbing and squeezing her soft pink nipples, mouth muttering and whispering dirty things about how slick and needy she was for her Heda.

They climaxed together and Lexa shoved Clarke’s thighs back as the first wave hit, emptying her seed into the neck of her womb relentlessly, refusing to let a single drop spill out of her, Lexa mercilessly lurched forward and set her teeth into the front of Clarke’s throat.

Clarke shuddered, her hips snapping in climax against Lexa’s grip on the back of her thighs, she squealed and groaned and jerked in sublime bliss, barely registering the stinging snap against her throat until eventually, the orgasm stilled and she was left sore and satisfied with the commander still on top of her.

Lexa’s teeth stung, that was her first coherent thought as she blinked and realised the Heda hadn’t released her windpipe or pulled out. Her voice came out as barely a whisper, unable to fight against the bite that left her submissive for her Alpha.

“Lexa… you’re hurting me.” she whispered.

The commander released her bite immediately, blinking back to reality as Clarke gulped a mammoth breath and clutched the bitemark on her throat. “I’m sorry.” she whispered and leaned down tentatively.

“It’s okay.” Clarke nodded, it was over and done with now, the part that frightened her out of the way.

Lexa got up off the bed, arching backwards until loud pops ran down her spine. Clarke blinked and suddenly felt vulnerable, her senses dimmed in the wake of her climax, womb full of Lexa, throat bruised with the bite of her Alpha. She watched the commander, her commander, move around the room with a quiet indifference that made her needy.

“What are you doing?” she asked, too defensively.

Lexa’s eyes snapped up from the table draw she busied herself with, and then, there was that prideful smirk. “Were you worried I didn’t want to hold you?” Lexa teased, striding forward with a small tub of ointment in her hand.

“No.” Clarke lied.

“Of course, Wanheda, how silly of me.”

Lexa climbed on the bed and undid the lid whilst Clarke watched her, enthralled and still alight. Fingers dug into the tub, gathering globs of ointment, she caught a glimpse of Clarke and sighed in satisfaction.

“What are you doing?” Clarke spoke up, running the split tender skin on her throat.

“Cleaning up after myself.” she hummed and smeared the thick ointment over the worst of her bite. Clarke winced and she felt guilty, but tenderly, methodically, she continued and gently massaged it against what was now hers. “I’ll be better. I’ll learn to be more gentle.” she promised her new mate.

It was only by chance she peered down and caught sight of the first drops of her essence run from Clarke’s womb. Carefully, she hooked her arms around the Omega’s knees and jammed her thighs beneath her, tilting her womb and stopping her cum leaking out.

Clarke tried to be reserved in the same ways the Heda was reserved but she couldn’t help but giggle
at being pulled up into her lap, vulva pressed up into her abs, thighs applying pressure to a valley of warm pink handprints along her bottom.

“What was it you wanted me to do for you in return?” Clarke recalled their conversation earlier with curiosity.

“Tell me the story of how you fell from the stars, space girl.” Lexa let a small part of her intrigue slip out past the reservations of her title and station.

Clarke chuckled, then obliged. Lexa listened to every word intently, relaxing and unwinding into it, mindlessly rubbing the very bottom of Clarke’s stomach as the room was painted with talk of space stations and the Earth from above and the way the rivers looked like veins burrowing beneath skin, drunk on all of it, they stared there talking and exchanging stories until the familiar gnawing ache burrowed into Clarke’s vulva and engorged her clitoris again.

“How long will this last for?” Clarke moaned when Lexa dipped between her thighs with an eager mouth once more.

“Your first heat? A fortnight… I hope.”
Chapter II: Anya & Octavia's First Heat

Chapter Summary

If you enjoy this story check out my Tumblr where you can find this, plus many others, ahead of the curve with exclusive other content.

Anya lingered in the hallway outside of her quarters and busied herself with the pretense of business, choking on her merciless guilt every time the scent of the girl she selected drifted beneath the door and clung in her nostrils like tar. The girl, Octavia, she was beautiful and strong, Indra's second too. She didn't come willingly and for that Anya was equal parts anger and guilt, a war brewing in her gut in the knowledge she was brought here like a slave, hogtied over the hind of Anya's horse, instead of carried like a queen.

That was her choice, Anya decided firmly, she shouldn't have put up a losing fight. She was used to wars, was good at them too. This was no different... Octavia was a fight to be conquered.

Anya entered her room as staunch and lofty as she knew how to be. The air was thick with the taste of Octavia, absolutely brimming with it like mayflies over fresh water. Drawing a breath, she hid behind the stilled expression that was her mask. Octavia was there, sitting on the sofa, rubbing her wrists, furious and alive and so different to any Omega Anya had laid eyes on before.

"I'm not cattle you can trade or buy!" she spat at the Alpha venomously.

"No, you're not." Anya agreed and set her hands behind her back. "That's why I chose you."

"You don't get it, do you?" Octavia flew from the torn leather seat to just beneath Anya's nose. It was terrifying, completely unexpected, exhilarating and divine and so different to anything she'd experienced before. Octavia smelled of leaves in spring and the zest from summer limes near the farm Anya grew up on, she clung to those memories and grounded herself within them. "I didn't choose you and I don't want you." Octavia sneered.

"Then what do you want?" Anya raised a brow over her deep set eyes.

"Excuse me?" Octavia baffled, confused at the lack of a fight.

"Go back to Arkadia if that's what you want. Go and be someone's maid and plaything, enjoy your lack of freedoms, bare children until you no longer fulfill your purpose. If that is what you want then you are not worth my claim." Anya growled, eyes alight and expert in this warfare. "I chose you because I don't want a slave. I want an equal, a queen worthy of my name, fit to bare my children." she sneered and stepped forward, forcing Octavia to take a step back.

"I'm no one's slave."

"Then don't be a slave. Be a queen." Anya challenged and drove her chin upward. "The alliance between our nations require alliances between its people. It's our duty to claim one another."

"You expect me to believe you want to claim me just to fulfill your duty?" she sneered.

"I'm the second highest amongst my people!" Anya bit too defensively.
"I don't buy it." Octavia crossed her arms.

Anya stood there, glaring and biting her mouth, impressed and curious by this girl. "Indra told me of you." she conceded the truth, "she spoke highly. Said you weren't like any Omega she'd seen before and I knew if I must take a bride from Skaikru it will be you or none other. I don't wish for a plaything to keep my bed warm."

Octavia stood a little taller, "Indra said that?"

"Amongst other things." Anya rolled her eyes and sighed, recalling the drawn out conversation about the girl's lack of patience or ability to bite her tongue.

"You could have said this to me back at the Ark before you dragged me all the way here!" Octavia snapped, seething and shuddering beneath the weight of her fury.

"Would you have listened?"

"No." she admitted and exhaled.

Octavia's scent was thick with the start of her heat. Anya's eyes slipped over her, watched her itch with it, felt herself pulled into her gravitational orbit by the smell of her alone. Animalistic and guttural as it was, she fought down the beast that so desperately wanted to see the girl on all fours filled and dripping with her seed.

"What kind of woman could you be for me?" Octavia held her stare, unwilling to be bent or broken by Anya's will.

"The only one you would ever need."

"And you wouldn't try and control me?" Octavia's resistance started to wane.

"Of course I will." Anya smirked. "But I enjoy the thought of a challenge and I won't take you away from your training and duties."

Octavia nodded at that and exhaled, tugging the collar of her top away as it attacked her itching skin with its proximity. There was a nervousness that clung to her scent and Anya tasted it in the air.

"I don't know much about being an Omega." Octavia shrugged. The conversation would happen eventually. It would be sad and pitiful and she would have to bare the weight of sympathy like a cross blistering her back, but today wasn't the day for talks about the floorboards she hid beneath to save her life.

"I don't want a woman who know how to be an Omega. I want a woman who knows how to be herself." Anya said, stepping forward and slipping her thumb down the cut of the girl's jaw. "I'm not good at these things." she sighed. "But I can learn."

Octavia nodded at that.

"I won't give you the bite." Anya conceded, still stern, still prideful and lofty, but willing to make these small concessions as a show of her willingness to listen.

"Wait, what?"

"Until you decide you're ready." she added, "I won't put my bite on you."

Octavia's eyes became glassy pearls, formidable and silent as her emotions were like quiet storms
rolling over the cusp of mountains, she staved off their attack and exerted control over her body. "Thank you." she swallowed and nodded.

"Your heat is coming in." Anya drew a breath through her nose.

"I'm aware." she rolled her eyes at the obvious assessment.

"Then why do you look so nervous?"

"I haven't… I've never came into heat before. I don't know what will happen."

"Oh." Anya blinked, taken back. "You've never…"

"Nope."

"Oh." Anya said again, licking her dry mouth. "I can stay in other quarters." she nodded and looked away, embarrassed and eager to seem attentive.

"I don't think I want you to." Octavia's brows quirked into a surprised realisation. "Could you-" she stopped and hesitated, "Would you stay here?"

Like a fire that licked up the cavity of her lungs Anya lost her voice to smoke of it. She reclaimed herself quickly, built up her veneer of apathetic dominance as if it were a comforter to hide behind.

"I will." she nodded, feet padding the floor towards the balcony doors to allow some fresh air to dilute the stench of Octavia's growing arousal.

"Indra told me once you people have traditions." she cleared her throat, talking away whilst Anya gulped in fresh air. "She said if ever I took a mate from the grounders I would have to learn."

"I'll teach you."

Octavia snuck behind her just slightly and Anya listened to her breathe, stood there rooted in her spot and heard the deep inhales of her curiosity. It felt a little violating, made her swallow and temper her expression in the knowledge the Omega was breathing in her scent.

"I, er, I should go and find Indra. Let her know I'm staying."

"They'll be time for that." Anya span on her heels. "You're not to leave this room without my escort."

Octavia wrinkled her nose into a sneer. "I do what I please-"

"No, you don't." Anya growled back. She enjoyed this more than she wanted to admit, the way the Omega wasn't afraid to rear up and challenge her. She wouldn't budge this time, not now, she knew the ways of the world. "You're coming into heat and you're unclaimed." she tailed off with a sigh.

"And?"

"And I would preferably not have to kill an Alpha today."

"Oh," Octavia swallowed, "It's… it's that obvious I'm starting my heat?"

Anya exhaled and pinched the bridge of her nose. "Painfully."

As if her words commanded the fabrics of reality, Octavia doubled over and gulped in a desperate
breath of air, eyes wincing, teeth gnashing, hands claspings her gut. She whimpered a long drawn out sound and Anya was by her side, choking on the fumes of her heat.

"What was that?" Octavia whispered with a little noise.

Anya smoothed a hand down the small of her back, pulled it away as soon as she realised what she was doing. "The start." she cleared her throat.

Octavia stood hunched over herself, wincing, gripping and digging her fingers into the inferno catching flame in her gut. It was horrific, like a natural disaster or an act of god. "There's pills we take… if you send your fastest rider-"

"They won't be fast enough. It's already begun."

It happened again, a stroke of Anya's calloused hand slipping down the small of her back like an instinct. Octavia breathed a sigh of relief, for a moment it felt like ice slipping over her burning skin. "Can you do that again?" she groaned.

Anya swallowed her resistance, uncertain on how to tend to these little problems. She'd never taken an Omega before, not like this, not the way she wanted to. "What?" she said.

"Put your hand on my back."

Anya obliged and Octavia let out a little satisfied noise. "Better?"

"Rub it."

She rolled her eyes, bit her tongue from quipping something short and pithy, but nonetheless she did as the Omega requested. "Now?" she asked disinterested, or at least tried to appear so, frightened to be seen otherwise.

"Can I touch your skin?" Octavia blurted with instinct alone.

She glanced at Anya, hair sticking to her forehead, eyes settling into curious things. Anya was beautiful, she lacked scars and tattoos on her face like the other warriors. Instead she was golden and clean, hair braided into long tresses and eyes green as envy. She was a little older, Octavia knew as much from the callouses on her hands and apathetic disinterest she masqueraded behind. She was intrigued by the grounder, more so by the minute.

Octavia reached out, feverish and wanting, her fingers barely grazing the back of the Alpha's hand. Anya snatched hand away and blinked, swallowing the unease of how easy this felt. "You shouldn't do that." she softly murmured.

"I want to."

"To want is not enough."

"I need to." Octavia blurted and took her hand again, thumb running over the back of her palm. She shuddered in relief, gasped as if oxygen was a new concept. The touch of the Alpha's skin cooled the boiling frothing agony within her into a simmering ache.

It was with the single brush of that thumb that Anya knew her fate was sealed. She gasped too, hid it behind a growl, tried desperately to seem reserved and controlled but... it was done. She stood there rooted in her spot and knew she would love this strange star-spun girl. It was as if there bodies fit like
puzzle pieces, as if with the graze of skin, both of their hearts whispered hello.

Octavia lunged first and Anya was impressed with her ability. The Omega nearly knocked the wind out of her chest, collided with her as if that one kiss could save her entire life… maybe it did just that. Anya heard the stories about the people of the stars, how their unmated Omegas were left stranded in the vast coldness of the never-ending dark. Not this Omega though, never Octavia, Anya would die protecting what was assured to be hers.

The kiss was violent and electric like a summer storm and Anya did well to hold herself back, though she wanted to take Octavia by the hair and feel the thickness of her hind slap against her hips, she forced herself as still as the battered valley mountains and took Octavia's onslaught against her mouth with patience unbecoming of her station.

Octavia was eager, teeth nipping at the Alpha's bottom lip, tongue slipping and trying for entrance, fingers clinging to the chest of Anya's coat. "Kiss me back." she begged, browbeaten and dying from the start of her heat.

"I am." Anya tempered a smirk and murmured it against her mouth.

"Like you mean it." Octavia demanded.

Something snapped within the general. It was guttural and carnal, necessary and desperate, she slammed the Omega into the back of the oak table and attacked her mouth with a slow onslaught of kisses. Octavia tasted like the first sip of wine and god… Anya was unquenchable. She followed a path from her mouth to the slip of her neck, kissed every bit of it like it was her property.

Hands slipping over the leather straps around her thighs beneath the worn material of her coat, Octavia canvassed the terrain, felt out the smooth as slate muscle beneath the warrior's skin and climbed the valley and dips of each group of tissue like the summit might fix the insatiable ache in her stomach.

"If we started dating…" Octavia moaned against the Alpha's neck.

"Dating?" Anya flashed an eye.

"Seeing each other, courting, dating, you know?" she tried to find a mutual word they understood but Anya's blank remained. "It means taking things slow."

"I said I would wait until you wanted the bite."

"I'm not deaf." Octavia pulled back and glared sternly. "Whilst we… wait to see how things go." she murmured and slipped her hands along the sides of Anya's hips. "We can still try this right?"

"Try what?"

"This." Octavia buried herself in Anya's chest out of need for the physicality, she tilted up and swept the bottom of the Alpha's chin with kisses.

Anya smirked and settled into the realisation of what the Omega wanted. It wasn't a surprise, if anything it was to be expected, someone would have to tend to Octavia's first heat and if it was not her then it would be no one. Anya didn't share.

"What do you want, Octavia?"

The Omega melted on the sound of her name in Anya's stern mouth. The puddle she dissolved into
quickly evaporated into steam the second expert fingers slipped along the waist of her trousers.

"I want you." she almost begged and hated herself for it. "You feel… unavoidable." she explained as best she knew how.

There was a low grow that emanated from Anya's throat like a warning siren. Her scent grew thicker and clung to Octavia's airways like honeysuckle, breathing it in, burying her nose into the Alpha's neck, she whimpered quietly in need.

Anya's resolve shattered into dust and helplessly, she watched herself snatch Octavia off her feet and pin her to the mattress beneath herself. "You are more woman than I know what to do with." she growled against her ear and locked her fingers into the Omega's above her head.

"Aren't there traditions?" Octavia reminded through a moan, eyes slipping into the back of her closed eyes as the Alpha above moved over her with a quiet majestic reverence like a god.

"Not until you're ready to be claimed... permanently." Anya explained between gasps, pushing her knee between the Omega's thighs.

Octavia watched awestruck by the beast of a woman that moved so reverently above her, gold braids fell down and tickled her cheek and her hips ached beneath the Alpha's grip. She felt herselfslicken, felt her core melt into a puddle of desire as the heady mingling smell of their scents tainted the air.

"It hurts." she whimpered needily against the Alpha's skin and jutted her hips up into her crotch. There was a bulge that rubbed against her through their clothes and Octavia needed more.

"Tell me what you want, Sky Girl."

"You."

"What do you want of me?"

Octavia groaned and winced, "I want you to fuck me."

Anya moved with precise animalistic movement like a wolf or maybe a lion. Her own clothes came off first, she ridded herself of them with a thin manicure of control, removing the accoutrements of her station first and then her clothes until she was caught between Octavia's thighs in just her underwear, kissing each knee cap and wrapping her fingers into the material of her pants.

"These come off." she growled and tugged them down her legs, her pants were probably the only thing to survive Anya's wrath. The shirt and panties and everything else were torn tatters of material strewn across the floor by the time Octavia was naked and gasping beneath her.

The scent was intoxicating.

"Can I touch you?" Octavia begged and reached out for the thick bulge of cock in her underwear.

Anya's nostrils flared and her body responsively grinded against the Omega's touch. "Is this what you want?"

"No," Octavia shook her head and slipped her hand inside her underwear, stroking her cock. "It's what I need."

She took a nipple in her mouth first, Octavia threw her head backwards and sobbed in relief, groaning little noises that made Anya's cock strain against her underwear. Octavia's skin was sweet
and Anya couldn't get enough, swirling and sucking each nipple into her mouth, kissing the valley between them, the mounds of breast, the underside of her ribs, all of it satiating her in the knowledge that she was the only one to ever kiss and claim these little monuments.

"Spread your legs for me." Anya demanded and pulled her cock out. Octavia obliged with a needy groan and the Alpha nearly choked on the sight of her; legs spread and dripping like melting ice. "Good girl." she murmured and knelt before her lover, rubbing all eight inches with as much of her hand as she could wrap around the shaft.

Octavia was awestruck as if the divine had revealed itself. Browbeaten and aching from her heat, she fixated on all the little details of Anya's appearance that tied her into knots; the long blonde hair tied back with two braids, the smooth golden skin, the deep set eyes that moved along the dips of her body and finally settled locked onto her own.

"You're beautiful." Octavia blurted nervously.

Anya said nothing, just kissed her again and again in the possessive kind of way that the Omega needed. She growled when desperate fingers dug into the ridges of her shoulders, tried to exert control over herself, but it wasn't an easy feat with the most beautiful girl in the world naked and beneath her.

"Will it hurt?"

"At first." Anya murmured and gathered her slick arousal on the head of her cock.

Octavia slipped her hand along Anya's shaft. "I want you inside." she pleaded with eyes so big her soul nearly escaped.

Anya licked her lips and couldn't contain herself any longer, like the final prowl, the big leap towards her waiting prey, she pushed her cock inside of the Omega with one long stroke and felt the tight ring just inside of her sweet core give way under her girth.

It hurt Octavia and she saw it in every flutter of her eyes and quiet sobbing whimper, so she hissed and swallowed the desire to rut her like a wolf during a blood moon. Impossible as it was, she steadied herself and lied down gently on top of the girl and kissed her nose, then her jaw, then her chin, then her neck, she did it all gentler than she knew how to be until the muscles inside of Octavia that clamped around her penis nervously, finally relaxed their grip.

All of it was an acclimation of small kindnesses that Anya wasn't proficient in, she sighed gruffly the entire time but still, nonetheless, gave Octavia all the necessary minutes she needed to breathe through the entirety of her pain.

"Tell me to stop." Anya breathed, alight with jagged breath. She was in her heat too now, furiously so, she was a wave hurtling towards the breakers, but this young girl was hers now and it tied her gut into knots. "Tell me to get off of you." she repeated, frightened to hurt her.

"It hurts." Octavia whimpered after a moment with tears in her eyes, she nuzzled her nose into the vast plain of the general's neck and wrapped her arms around the back of the Alpha's shoulders, tangling her fingers in the golden pony tail that swayed behind her. "Don't stop... just... be gentle with me." she whispered against her Alpha's ear.

Anya instinctively growled over what belonged to her now and ignored the urge to tenderly move trestles of dark hair behind the girl's ear and kiss her gently until the tears in the corners of her eyes dried away. Nonetheless, she obliged and didn't rut her. Instead she slowly pressed shallow dips
inside of her hot slickness, tentative and careful as she could be, allowing the Omega to acclimate to her.

This was still a powerplay, a reminder of her place, a slow fucking that left Octavia stinging and trembling in equal parts as the thick girth explored her untouched slick heat. Anya made sure of her dominance with a light hand around her Omega's throat holding her to the bed, staring at her the entire time with deep set eyes, basking in the submission Octavia gave to her inch-by-inch with her spreading thighs and stiffening nipples.

"Tell me who you belong to." Anya ordered her.

"You."

"Say it again." she briefly squeezed around her neck and growled.

"I belong to you." Octavia groaned in satisfaction with the words.

"And you'll give me and this life a chance?"

Octavia looked up and appraised the warrior that slipped inside her aching heat. "Tell me you won't... be like this every time?" Octavia whispered, eyes searching the Alpha's.

It stalled Anya, completely cracked the veneer of her pretense, softened her until she was a blinking mess stumbling over her words. "I will learn to make you happy."

"Say it again?" Octavia begged, nervously lifting her thighs up and wrapping them into the small of Anya's back.

"You are mine." Anya gnashed and rolled her eyes into the sensation of Octavia's vulva pressing against her pubic bone as she slid all the way in. "You belong to me and I will spend my life making you happy."

Anya's girth stung the innermost private part of her vagina as she adjusted to the size of her mate, but endowed as she was, it started to feel amazing. Anya's chest brushed against her chest, her tight stomach against her stomach, her pelvis pressed hard into her pelvis, and all of these things in their combination served to soothe the sting around her stretched vagina.

"Can I try and... you know."

"What?"

"Try and please you."

Anya blinked at that, taken aback and unsure on where it came from. She'd heard stories of how quickly Omega's could change their minds once an Alpha took them. How the heat and hormones and satiation of their heat softened their heart for their mate, it gave Anya a little hope yet.

"And what does my girl want to do to please me?" Anya raised her brow.

"Let me put my mouth around you." Octavia slipped her hand down the bottom of Anya's shaft and watched spirits move through her soul at the sensation, nails softly dragging down her penis.

Careful to still be the dominant partner, Anya paused for a moment before she conceded, flopping on her back and roughly bringing the girl with her. Octavia grinned at that, liked the way it felt to have strong calloused hands slip around her waist and pick her up effortlessly. She settled between Anya's
thighs and knelt there submissively, it was instinct more than anything, and she knew she was doing something right the moment she heard the guttural groan escape the Alpha's lungs with every little kiss up and along her thighs.

"I can smell how wet you are." Anya growled, her nose twitching proudly.

Octavia melted in shame but never stopped kissing and nipping the insides of her thighs until her hand finally slipped around the base of her balls and over the blonde patch of curls her thick shaft flopped against painfully erect.

She moved to press her hot wet kisses against Anya's cock but a hand sharply yanked her head back by the hair. Octavia relented and arched her neck until she was staring at her Alpha, eyes fixated on hers, entranced by how unavoidable she felt.

"Give me your heat." her eyes flared.

"But I want to-"

"Give me your heat!" Anya snapped. "Please." she tried to soften but failed miserably, her cock throbbing in pain now they were both in their cycle.

The air was electric and Anya's skin already prickled in concession to it and her eyes dilated into darkness. Octavia heard about these things in Earth Studies… how Alpha's couldn't control themselves and needed their partner's heat, apparently some would take it by force if the urge grew too much.

Nothing and no one scared Octavia, no Alpha too frightening or warrior too big, but Anya was different. She owned a quiet viciousness beneath her kindness and Octavia knew without a doubt if it came to a fight Anya would win. These little games would have to wait until both of their heats were satiated.

"Fuck me in your lap." Octavia conceded and rolled her eyes, the ache in her own stomach building back up again. She clambered on top of Anya as she sat up from the bed, her legs slipping around her spine and locking in place, moaning into the Alpha's mouth as her cock slipped inside her with less resistance this time.

"You want to be taken like this?" Anya growled into the Omega's throat as she threw her head back and gasped, forcing every last inch into her willing prey.

"Yes." Octavia whimpered and bottomed out on her cock.

"How about like this?" Anya gloated in the knowledge of her allure and climbed off the bed with Octavia still clinging to her, arms over her shoulders and legs round the small of her back. Anya just stood there for a moment, rooted to the ground, cock buried inside of Octavia.

"Like what?"

Anya pried the legs from around her spine and slipped her forearms beneath the elbow of her knees, spreading the vulva open around her cock shaft. She slammed the girl once, pulled out and buried herself back inside and nearly cried herself in pleasure. It sent Octavia over the edge too, pushed her into the territory of her heat where the ache in her stomach became a violent inferno of need and desire, left her screaming and begging for more, nails clawing away at Anya's back, dying to feel the sensation of being penetrated like that again.

"Like that." Anya smirked pridefully.
"Please," Octavia gasped and wept, "More."

Anya fucked her like she cared for nothing but her own climax. Slammed her again and again, satiating the fire in her stomach with every well-timed thrust that earned a sobbing howling whimpering guttural cry of pleasure from her Omega. Octavia rode Anya, arms around her shoulders, legs held apart like she was a ragdoll, and loved every second it.

"Who do you belong to?" Anya demanded with a growl as the beast started to take over again.

"You." Octavia wailed and felt her cunt slip so easily around Anya as if she were made for this purpose. "I belong to you."

"Good girl." Anya hummed and groaned and basked in the words.

Octavia came first. Anya made sure of that, went so far as to take her over the bed and fuck her from behind, nipples caught in her fingers, teeth dragging the length of spin, all to ensure Octavia's orgasm.

It was powerful and frightening when it struck, arched over the bed with Anya fucking her spread pussy from behind, Octavia sobbed into the pillow in sheer pleasure and begged for more, begged for every last inch and every last snap of power Anya's hips could give her, until eventually her walls tightened around Anya and clamped around her cock.

Anya followed off the praecipe too, ramming herself against Octavia's cervix to fill her with a gift. She'd force it in if she had to, would hold Octavia's legs apart and keep her cock and growing knot inside until it was too late for her to do anything about it but lie there and accept her fate. Wait, no, Anya shook her head and fought against the beast in her loins that was determined to breed the girl. She wouldn't take Octavia like that, would rather suffer the agony of her popped out knot for a few hours than hurt her beautiful girl.

The Alpha allowed herself to start squirting her ejaculate deep inside the hot wet folds of Octavia's heat before she pulled out a few inches and finished, allowing her knot to slip out before it tied them together.

"Something's missing." Octavia gasped nervously, instinctively trying to move.

"Relax." Anya commanded her body and frowned at the growing knot around the base of her cock that had nothing to nestle against. "Stay there." she kept Octavia belly down on the sheets. "Good girl." she softly murmured and wanted to tear the room apart, furious that she couldn't bite or knot her. Somehow she hid her repulsion and rage and only allowed Octavia to see the attentiveness she needed to see.

"Something's missing. Something's not right." Octavia groaned instinctively against her pillow and Anya watched her vagina quiver in insatiable need.

"It's okay. You're okay." Anya hummed and watched the Omega come undone, hips trembling and flushed heat pulsing in need for the knot.

Octavia's body knew Anya was in her full heat too, instinctively aware that she was capable of producing her knot, of ensuring her womb was satiated and filled and bred. Anya couldn't do it in good conscious, even if it meant they would both suffer for a few hours.

"I will protect you." Anya blurted and climbed up her back, settling on top of her. "I'll stay here and keep you safe, always." she repeated and wasn't quite sure why those words felt so vital and important but looking at the naked constellation of a woman spread out before her, exhausted and
dripping seed, still insatiated, it rolled off the tongue so easily.

"I want you to bite me," Octavia moaned out and flexed her hind up into Anya's sore and swollen knot, willing to do anything to earn it. "Please... I need you back inside." she tried not to cry.

"I know." Anya allowed herself to show a little tenderness and tucked a piece of hair out of her ear from her position on top of her back. "But it wouldn't be right."
Chapter III: The Throne Room

Lexa stretched tall and long in the sunshine that crept over the outer ruins of Polis. Knuckles brushing along the stone balcony, teeth between her lip, existing in the sounds of the people celebrating the news of her mating. The throbbing between her thighs was constant and unwelcome, but, she could handle these things.

"Aleksa," Titus appeared, bird mouthed, nibbling, entirely at war with himself. "The ambassadors are talking about your… appendage."

"Let them talk."

"Commander!"

"Titus." Lexa turned from the balcony and stared at him coldly. "She is coming out of her first heat as I enter my rut, we are not yet synchronised. I will not breed her whilst she’s not slick. Don’t ask it of me."

"The ambassadors-"

"The ambassadors answer to me." Lexa flared in the violence of her heat with gnashed teeth, "I dare the strongest amongst them to rise if he think me weak for not knotting my Omega whilst she is dry."

"This was a mistake." he shook his head, tempering himself before once again, the venom of his hatred for Skaikru bubbled to the surface. "You never should have taken a Skaikru girl as your mate! Everything you do now emboldens and legitimises them!" he snapped.

"I will not be denied what is my right and it is my right to choose any mate I see fit. I chose. Now leave me before I think of other ways to relieve my frustrations." Lexa snarls and bares her teeth.

Titus quickly leaves, arms behind his back and too proud to flinch in the face of his sixth commander. Lexa felt guilty for that — to snarl in the face of a man who has served the five who came before with the sole intention of keeping them on the throne for many long years. But nonetheless she bites her tongue and spins on her feet, proudly peering out over the balcony at the sea of people, packed together like thickets, all chanting for their Heda.

She stood there for a few minutes and smelled Clarke's scent drift down the hallway. It was pleasant, not as strong this time but delicately fragrant. She smirked on it and kept her position until the doors to the throne room clicked open.

"Lexa—"

"Please," Lexa lifted her hand and turned on her feet. "We must show some decorum at court. As I call you Wanheda, please, address me by my title when we are in the presence of others." Lexa nodded towards her attendants at the door. "You may leave us in private."

Clarke stood there and bit away the indignation at such a proposition as the doors were closed, but, the bite on her throat reminded her quite clearly who her duties lied to first and so she reluctantly backtracked. "Commander," Clarke cleared her throat. "I've come to discuss the nomination for the Skaikru ambassadorship. You cannot accept Jaha as the ambassador. He…" Clarke simmered on her words for a moment, "he is self-serving and doesn't hold any interest in an alliance—"

Lexa held her look of indifference and blinked often, sitting down on the throne as she did with one
thigh slung over the other to hear out her new mate.

"Am I boring you, Commander?" Clarke bit back her frustration and glared.

"No, on the contrary." Lexa smiled and beckoned her closer. It was peculiar. They were still strangers to one another, still feeling out one another and what all of this was. But perhaps they deserved a soft epilogue, perhaps a gentle happy ending was just. Lexa dared to hope as much. "I'd like you to be the ambassador, Clarke."

"But I'm an Omega." Clarke blinked.

"You're also Wanheda."

"The two aren't mutually exclusive." Clarke added, "But this? My people will never allow it, Lexa. They will want an Alpha as the clan ambassador."

"Your people bow before me and they will do as they must if they wish to remain a part of this coalition. Soon, you will be the Queen and I suspect no throne, no matter how big, will be enough to keep you still. I want for you to be happy here and the ambassadorship will give you opportunity to lead."

"You made that assessment in the whole five days we've been… acquainted?" Clarke's eyes fluttered uncertainly and she took a step closer to her Alpha.

Lexa swallowed, embarrassed to seem over-attentive. "Poor judgement would be unbecoming of my station, do you not think?"

Clarke took another step closer and Lexa had to look away for it. She was beautiful, so beautiful and insular and veneered with the strength of mountains. Monolithic as one too. It sent the bulge in her trousers throbbing against her very skin and made her ache painfully.

"There are many celebrations to welcome you by our people." Lexa said, skin blistering beneath her resolve. "You should go, explore the citadel. I will send attendants for you when I'm finished this evening and we can share dinner." Lexa forced a little smile.

There would be surely enough time during the day to slip away for ten minutes and seek out the herbal remedy again that she slipped this morning, a concoction of berries from the glowing woods and white vinegar, awful tasting but potent enough to keep her rut manageable. It was all the kept her manacled enough to fulfill her duties.

"Lexa…" Clarke whispered and took another step, finally close enough to lay her palm flat against the commander's kneecap. "You're avoiding me." she quirked her brow, more statement than question.

"I'm protecting you." Lexa countered, her own brow raised.

"I'm not a child."

"No, you're definitely not." Lexa sighed and looked away, trying not to breathe her delicate fragrant scent. "Your heat is coming to its end and my full-rut is beginning and I will not take you like that."

Lexa watches the reality of her words settle the naive contours of Clarke's face. "You mean, you won't knot me?" she says bluntly, nodding into her own understanding.

"One day." Lexa smirks and dares to lean forward, barely brushing their lips against one another.
"But," she pulled back sharply, "I'd rather bare it alone than hurt you. Until our natures are in sync with one another." she slips a calloused palm across her hand, squeezing it gently.

"Does it hurt?" Clarke peers down at the lump in her trousers.

"No," Lexa lies quickly, leaning back in her chair. "It's just distracting."

Clarke stays rooted in her footing for a moment, glancing between the seated Heda and the closed doors of the throne room and Lexa discreetly rolled her eyes, because she knew well what proposition would follow next.

"Your ambassadors will ask questions." Clarke cleared her throat, trying to sound at least a little uninterested as she glanced back at her Alpha's swollen penis.

"No." Lexa shut her down.

"I could help—"

"No."

"They will think something is wrong—"

"No, Clarke." Lexa barked and brought her fists down either side of the throne.

"Please!" Clarke finally snapped and took the air inside her fists. Tentatively, she breathed, avoided the Heda's furious stare. She took a step closer until their personal space was unified.

Lexa's jaw thrashed against itself with the urge to snap at such a disrespectful tongue but she held back the need to put her Omega back in her place, purely for fear of what it might lead to in her desperate arousal.

Gently, Clarke loosened her fists and took the commander's reluctant face between her palms. "Please," she whispered softly, taming her until the Alpha finally stared back of her own volition. "I don't want you to hurt. You're no good to me or my people if another Alpha sees your tenderness for weakness and challenges the throne. So please, Lexa," she tucks a braid behind her Alpha's ear. "Let me take care of you." she pleads, brushing the bridge of their noses together.

From high atop of their tower they played these quiet games, Clarke pushing the boundary, Lexa enforcing it. Lasting as long as she could until it became clear it was in neither of their best interests. Together they traced fingers around the edges of their union until the sharpness of it was smoothed and all they were left with, was this. A forceful introduction clashed with a soft epilogue.

"You will make a fine ambassador." Lexa relented and took her Omega in her lap. "Persuasive as you are formidable."

"Yeah, you're kinda hot too." Clarke chuckled and slipped her arms around Lexa's neck. "I thought I would hate how normal this feels but… it feels like I've known you my whole life." she whispered, hot breath against her Alpha's ear.

"I told you."

"We're aligned." Clarke parroted and grinned. "Does this mean I can please my Heda now?" she leaned back and asked, locking eyes with the Alpha. Clarke knew exactly how to titillate and tantalise the warlord she belonged to now, almost too well.
Lexa buries a growl in her chest, swallowing the saliva in her mouth and the urge to fuck and take and conquer every inch of her Omega. The words alight something inside of her, something primal and carnal. All she can do is gruffly nod.

Clarke sets to work, and god, Lexa is glad for her persuasive tongue. She spread her thighs out against the arms of her throne as her girl climbed off of her lap and felt her cock ache into the rough material of her trousers. Listening and watching, aware and unphased, she cared nothing for the sound of guards and courtiers outside the double doors to her throne.

Unpredictable surges of arousal would flare up during her rut, each one worse than the last, usually it was a long gnawing stretch of painful arousal that left Lexa aching. But this morning, browbeaten and sweating, she managed to climb out of bed and gulp down the concoction left by her chief physician just before she gave in and rutted her sleeping Omega and gave her a baby.

It was beyond anything she'd experienced in months and with Clarke slipping between her thighs, kneeling between them like property to the throne, slim fingers softly pulling themselves down the Heda's gut towards her cock, she couldn't function anymore for the acclimation of it.

"Faster." Lexa growled, gagging on the need to take her cunt, slick or not.

Clarke undid the clasp on her belt, the buttons to the trousers followed next. The entire time her ears prickled at every sound of passing footsteps but she soon relaxed into her duty, giving herself over to her Alpha. The first grunt she earned came the moment she freed the long thick cock from the material of the Heda's trousers.

"Good girl." Lexa muttered and leaned back.

She was darker like this. Closer to the image of the brooding genocidal warlord Clarke thought her to be; leaning back in her throne, eyes black, jaw flexing, nose twitching, mouth scowling, cock big and hard like she was more animal than woman. It was as thick as her arm. Clarke was certain, and she couldn't stop staring for it.

"What do you want Omega?" Lexa growled.

"To please you." Clarke assured her, aware it was the rut talking now. "To take your knot." she whispered as an afterthought of sorts and wrapped her hands around Lexa's base, pulling the head of the penis into her mouth.

She tasted good, indescribably so. If she had to describe it, she'd compare the intoxicating headiness of her skin to the way grass smells after rain. The sharp sweetness of her rut to the first peaches of the season. The absolute dire need for more like water in August. Desperately, she took as much as could in her mouth, working her lips down her Alpha's shaft mindlessly until calloused hands took both her cheeks.

She looked up for a moment, smiling on the cock given to her, locking eyes with the Heda in her throne. She was beautiful. Terrifying, all dark eyes and grunting noises, teeth baring, hair standing up on her skin like an animal, and yet so beautiful it nearly killed the Omega.

Lexa slide her length between her lips, gently at first, her mouth opening every time the hot stiffness of her tongue enveloped her sensitive head. Clarke tightened her lips and sucked, her mouth coming undone with a little pop, hand still gently ruining Lexa's life with soft strokes to her cock shaft.

"Do you like it?" Clarke asked quietly, slipping into her submission and desperate for approval. The choking heaviness of Lexa's Alpha scent was approval enough, but nonetheless, she waited for
"Keep going." Lexa's patience snapped, her hands roughly bringing Clarke's plump lips back to her twitching cock. "I like this… tradition." she breathed, unfamiliar with the concept of this carnal pleasure.

Clarke obliged with a stomach full of violent, merciless hot need for her Alpha's orgasm. She took her lips back to Lexa's shaft and took as much of her thickness into her throat as possible. It burned and left no room for breath, but if it meant another moment of watching Lexa's hips buck and shake into her open mouth, her fingers digging the arms of the throne, she would die happy.

Clarke bobs and sucks and breathes when she can, barely taking half of her Alpha's length in her mouth but if the dark eyes above that rolled into their sockets were anything to go by — half was just fine.

The commander is surprisingly quiet lest for the occasionally growl and hiss, entirely beast than woman. The scent of her rut radiates off of her and the only thing that stops her picking her mate up off the floor and fucking her potent cum inside her womb is the ingrained importance of patience and the hot tight mouth sucking her veins dry until all she can do is roar beneath the pending natural disaster of her orgasm.

Lexa cums too quickly. Fingers locked into her Omega's hair, growling and furious in her immense arousal, she forced more of herself into Clarke's hot wet mouth and buried her seed inside the warmth of it, imagining her swollen womb and round belly, her water breaking, her thighs wet, her body busy with its most essential purpose.

Clarke is entirely dissatisfied as she relaxes into the thickness that blocks her airway, wanting and needing Lexa's essence in the most intimate way possible. It leaves her wet and slick for her beautiful Heda, but not wet and slick enough.

"Sorry." Lexa whispers and unsheathes her Omega's mouth with a small smile, panting and guilty for the bloodshot eyes that were determined to hold her length down until the Heda saw fit.

Clarke is in her lap before she can say another word. The warmth between her thighs pressing against the length of her cock and threatening to disturb the tiny satiation she'd been rationed for the rest of the day. Lexa shifts uncomfortably, unsure on how to relax into the affection and warmth of her Omega's embrace.

"Was it okay?" Clarke whispered and wrapped herself into the warmth of her Alpha.

"Perfect." Lexa softly murmured with the smoke in her voice that was addictive to Clarke.

There's footsteps outside. All Lexa can picture is the entirety of her coalition marching in early for the meeting, she can taste the humiliation of it, them catching an eyeful of their bodies wound together on the throne, desecrating this holy seat.

"I must prepare for meetings now. Leave me." Lexa softly orders, smoothing a piece of hair out of Clarke's face before shuffling her out of her lap.

"Please let me stay with you." Clarke blurts and hates herself for being needy. She was never like this before last week. "I just, I, I don't want to be away from you. I like watching you. I like learning about you."

Lexa smiles at that. "I can't bare to look at you right now because if I do… well… we will re-ignite a familiar problem." she nods down to her crotch, slipping her trousers back up her thighs and tucking
her mercifully softened erection back inside. It wouldn't last for long, but it would help get her through the day. "You're very tempting, Clarke kom Skaikru."

"Are you sure we don't have time just for a quick—"

"No." Lexa earns a pout. "It's different, Clarke. When you were in the worst of your heat I could satiate you. I'm an Alpha and when we are in the worst of our rut we cannot be satiated and we can barely be controlled. I'm well for now but I will have to sleep in other quarters for the next few nights during the worst of it, for your benefit, not for mine. So please, try not to incapacitate me any earlier than necessary." she gently smirks and buckles her belt, blowing a piece of hair out of her face. "Polis thanks you for the sacrifice."

"Polis can kiss my ass." Clarke mumbled.

She moves to give her dark and brooding warlord a kiss, but the doors swing open and ambassadors walk in shoulder to shoulder with one bustling figure pushing past to stalk in front. She cuts a furious figure, shoulders puffed out, blade drawn, teeth gnashing, brow sweating. If it wasn't for the Trikru allegiance colours brandishing her coat, Clarke is sure Lexa would waste no time cutting this potential threat down.

"Heda!" the chief warrior growls, dropping to one of her knees and averting her eyes from Lexa's steely gaze. "I wasn't made aware of the fleimkepa's absence from his post or I would never have allowed you to be disturbed like this. I will kill whoever is responsible!"

"Enough, Anya." Lexa simmers and stares at the assembly of ambassadors who tentatively wait inside the lip of the room. "You may rise and take your station."

"Thank you, Heda." Anya gnashes abruptly and dusts herself off, the lump in her trousers nearly enough to match Lexa's own.

Clarke tries not to look at the painful bulge as the general moves to her rightful seat from the semi-circle of ambassador chairs that fill the room. Hers is different from the others, just set apart and closer towards the Heda's throne with the emblazoned seal resting above the headrest the same one on the commander's cape; the symbol of the coalition to which their stations serve.

"I think Anya might have the same problem..." Clarke barely whispers the words to her Alpha and earns flaring nostrils at the reminder.

"Wanheda," she offers an apologetic look so tiny that Clarke isn't sure whether even she saw it. "thank you for your counsel but you may leave me. Now." Lexa says indifferently and stares ahead at her congregation. Clarke smiles and wants to roll her eyes, because of course the strongest Alpha amongst all Alphas would have to put on a big show in front of her delegation.

"Thank you for sharing your… troubles with me, Heda." Clarke bows submissively with a little smirk and without looking, she is assured in the knowledge that Lexa is blushing.

Clarke disappears among the sea of ambassadors who are ordered before their infuriated Heda. A few glance at her, curious and impressed by the show of united strength the couple display. A few intrigued by the rumours of the new soon-to-be queen consort and her strength.

"Clarke!" a hushed voice beckons her closer.

Clarke turns and locks eyes on Octavia. Surprised to see her here, especially looking so pent-up and worried. She was bent out of shape and huffing, shaking her head and grinding her teeth. She'd seen the younger Blake around Polis over the last week, they spoke frequent and often, but Octavia rarely
accompanied the Alpha she precariously courted in public for fear of drawing attention to her lack of bite mark.

"What are you doing here?" Clarke snapped her head around to make sure none of the delegation inside the throne room could hear them. "I thought you weren't allowed up here."

"I'm not — Anya's rule. To be fair she doesn't have many so I don't have much of an excuse for breaking this one but God, she can be so impossible." Octavia seethed.

"Trouble in paradise?"

"She has been in her rut for days and she won't let me touch her. She's been sleeping in the room next door most nights. I keep telling her, I'm ready, and she keeps telling me I'm not. Since when did Omegas insist on this kind of stuff?" Octavia puzzles, leaning against the wall and pushing her hair off her face.

"And so you're here because…?"

"Is she okay in there? Did you hear her say anything to Lexa?" Octavia stressed and together they walked the far end of the hallway towards the elevator shaft.

"No." Clarke admitted and nodded at the guards who passed them, "But I think I might know why she's concerned to take things further."

"Oh, so you and my Alpha are best friends now?"

"I haven't spoken to Anya alone since she kidnapped me from Mount Weather." Clarke rolls her eyes. "Lexa doesn't want to let me help her rut because I'm not in full-heat and she's worried she might hurt me. Maybe it's the same?"

"Convenient." Octavia mumbles in annoyance and climbs inside the elevator box. "Did you… you know… did the thing happen?"

"What thing?" Clarke quirked her brow, watching the floors between the tower pass them by slowly.

"When Lexa touched you, and you, well, you know." Octavia blinked quickly and swallowed her embarrassment. "Did you feel like you needed the bite?"

"For a split-second it was the only thing I could think about. Yeah, why?"

"Because I haven't stopped thinking about it for four days." Octavia's brow wrinkled and she wrapped her fingers into fists. "This is torture."

"Talk to her!"

"She won't listen!" Octavia countered. "She says it's for my own good."

It was a slow journey down the tower towards the ground floor. Stomachs rumbling, mouths salivating, ready for the market stalls, that is where they would inevitably be strolling too over this conversation. Perhaps there would be other useful things in the market, Clarke mused. She'd heard rumours from the trading outposts she visited that there were herbs to bring Omegas into heat.

"Have you ever seen the tree sap from the glowing forest? Did Indra ever mention anything about that to you?" Clarke mused aloud, glancing at her friend curiously.

"Once, I don't know. She said not to mess around with it. Why?"
"Because I think I just found the solution to both of our problems."
Chapter IV: Anya Finds Octavia

[AN: Hey guys, fixed this chapter! Someone has definitely fucked with me and changed the words around -- I have no idea how but this was copy and pasted which makes it even weirder!]

There was no space in Octavia's head to feel the tiniest iota of guilt. Not even a brief moment or a fleeting second to process anything other than the inferno in her guts and the agony in the flushed pinkness of her core. Curled and collapsed on the floor, clothes ripped off long ago, she had already given up tending to the problem herself after the first painful orgasm brought her nothing but more of that horrific burning ache.

The effects of the sap were violent and immediate. It moved through her like a vengeful spirit, and any prediction of how she would be affected by the syrupy tea were quickly left in the dust by the reality of the situation. All she needed was something to just bring her back into heat, or at least close enough to tempt the dour general back into the battlefield of their newly-baptised bed.

Instead she collapsed like a blade of grass, unable to even make it halfway back to the the tower before the pain hit. That was when alphas began to circle over her, enamored with her scent and unaware of who she belonged to, prowling around and watching each other to see whom among them would make the first move for the seemingly unclaimed omega.

Rotting in her aching pain, Octavia slashed the first one behind his Achilles tendon with the short blade from her thigh. The second one collapsed from the swiftly kicked boot to his knot. It riled the others, brought out the violence of their rut. If the great Wanheda was there to help maybe that would go halfway towards them backing down but she was collapsed somewhere too. Octavia gritted her teeth and used the best of her training, grappling with the alpha on her right with the clinch of her legs and slashing the one on her left until the second wave hit… that was when she started to pass out.

Like a half-remembered dream there were wisps of memories that came to her. Anya and the Heda were there, blades drawn and snarling like hunting predators. There were probably fine details too like the tension in Anya’s shoulders or the darkness smeared around her eyes and a whole collection of other essential things that made Anya so impossibly and disastrously Anya, but Octavia was incapable of processing anything other than the weight of her presence. The safety of her arms came next. Eyes closed and stuck in the pain of her heat, Octavia felt hot breath against her cheek and rough fingertips draw over her face, checking to make sure none of the smeared blood was in fact Octavia’s own.

In the beginning, when Anya promised she wouldn't bite her until she was ready, there was such a relief that she was seemingly in control. In retrospect, it was stupid and pointless; because even when they first met, standing there furiously, beneath the nose of that arrogant brooding Alpha, Octavia knew none other would ever measure up to that one.

Piled on the coldness of the floor, shuddering like a dying animal, sweating and whimpering into the rapture of her induced heat, there was no relief to be found. Anya wasn't there in the room with her when she came back around, and she couldn't be sure whether that was minutes or days ago, but somewhere in the deepest depths of herself where a tiny iota of cognisance remained, she wondered whether this was some kind of power-play.

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"And what of the market seller?" Lexa gnashed, storming from one side of the throne room to the other whilst Anya sat on the arm of her own chair.

It had all happened so suddenly, one moment they were in the proceedings of an ambassador's meeting and the next both of them were flawed by the stench of their consorts' heat — that was when the meeting was abandoned and both of them tore through the tower with half of the Polis' guard waging war behind them in search of the girls.

"Apprehended, Heda." Indra promises them both. "Wanheda and Octavia remain in each of your quarters whilst the healers look for an anti-dote." she glances between them.

"Spit it out." Anya demands, recognising the hesitant look in the Trikru general's face.

"The sap was more potent than usual because of the rains last spring. The healers doubt an anti-dote will be found to help lessen their pain." she emphasises the word, because even if a cure could be created it would do nothing to entirely eradicate the blistering violence of their artificial heat.

Anya stiffens and draws a breath, nostrils flaring and lips between her teeth. The urge to go to her is almost too much to bare, but there is a weakness in caring like that, one that she isn't accustomed too and the thought of somehow being the root cause of this is almost too much to stomach. She should have knotted Octavia and gave her the bite, the thought plagues her with the headiness of guilt and regret, this could have all been avoided so simply.

"Go to her." the commander sighs, wrapping a hand around the space between her shoulder and collarbone. "Do what you must."

Anya nods, and feels guilty for wishing the commander had ordered her to stay. If she was here, busy and brimming with strategy and politics, she'd have at least half a reason to hide behind for avoiding her quarters… but now she has no excuse and the walk to her apartments is long and drawn-out.

She finds herself stuck in the hallway, pacing backwards and forwards outside of her rooms whilst the intoxicating smell of slickness and despair seeps beneath the door and makes her rut exponentially worse. She doesn't want to hurt the girl, she can't bare the thought of it, and yet she's too stern and manacled to ever say that aloud. Instead it came out as a terse dismissal, brushing Octavia off every time she tried to say she was ready for the bite.

She can sense the little fool grow needy and desperate in the knowledge that the alpha was outside mere metres away. And it shouldn't make Anya smile, but it does, brief and fleeting and rare as it may be.

The minute Anya enters her quarters she feels guilty for that smile. It's the kind of guilt that isn't easily remedied, it's a particular thick and bottomless type of remorse that she could have thought for a second that leaving her girl in this state all alone was the lesser of two evils.

"Anya…" her voice is a tiny a whisper.

"I'm here." she said, guilty.

She bent down beside her, she was collapsed on the floor with a thin layer of sweat clinging to her shaking body. Every part of her ached, and Anya knew that to be true from the little whimpering noises that left her mouth as she lay in a naked heap on the exposed tiles beneath her — desperate for the chill of the porcelain.

Anya scooped her into her arms, she’s so light and yet the burden is so heavy, she is to blame for
this. She should have given her the bite. She shouldn’t have brushed her away. She shouldn’t have
left her with no other choice than the sap to earn this attention. All of these things swirl in her gut and
slip into her lungs and render the need for breath twice as urgent.

“I’m sorry.” Octavia’s voice is a hoarse little noise, her nose slipping along the ridge of the alpha’s
collar bone. “I… I know it was a bad idea but—”

“Stop.” the tension in Anya’s voice becomes a growl. “Not now. They’ll be time for apologies
afterwards.” she promises her foolish girl, setting her down on the bed.

“Please make it stop?” Octavia winces into the rapture of her pain, begging like a helpless trapped
wild thing.

She can’t make it stop, not fully. All she can do is ride through the worst of it with her and hope her
bite and scent and brewing knot is enough to stop the onslaught of a vicious artificial kind of heat.
The sap was used as a method of torture, a brutal way to render high-ranking omegas, prisoners of
war, unable to keep their secrets in the desperation of their heat. She doesn’t tell Octavia that though,
instead she softens herself, or at least as much as Anya ever could. “I’m going to make it better.” she
wishes it wasn’t a lie, slipping her hand through her long blonde braids and tying them off her sharp
face.

She steadies herself in the knowledge that this has to be about Octavia. She forces that truth through
her veins like it’s the oxygen her organs need to keep working away, because without it, the scent of
her foolish little omega leaves the urge to fuck and conquer and split her body open with the knot
suffocating her.

Her trousers come off first, and then her shirt, she quietly mourns for each item of clothing that
comes off at her own hand because it isn’t the way this is supposed to be. Octavia is supposed to
undress her, move around her whilst she stands there, her fingers nervously wrapping into each
article of dress and pulling them away one by one until Octavia knew, undeniably, that she had
Anya’s trust. Instead Anya performs the task until she is naked at the bottom of the bed, barely
holding on to her own restraints.

Octavia lied there, spread open, still as a mountain and weeping softly. Sorrowful as it was, all Anya
could breathe was the thickness of her pumping scent — the headiness of magnolia fields and warm
citrus and all the other things Octavia smelled of was twice as intense, fading for the briefest of
moments, before her pulse pushed out more of the choking smell like a heartbeat, or maybe, a call to
war.

“Anya,” she rasped with pink eyes and swallowed, exhausted and crippled by the sap in her blood.
“I want to be yours… I need to be yours. Please. Please don’t leave me like this,” she hiccuped and
wept, clawing at her skin to make the fire stop.

She moves like a wolf, crawling up the bed, growling, snapping her hands around Octavia’s wrists
and forcing them to the pillows above where she couldn’t draw blood from her skin. The pain of her
own rut was visceral and the ache of her cock became sorer and sorer in its need for release. She
stops being Anya. Stops thinking and feeling and worrying. Instead, she transfigures into the beast,
giving way to the predator that constantly lurks in her belly. She has no control over herself… not
anymore.

Her hands move for Octavia’s thighs, roughly spreading them and forcing them backwards to
towards the rest of her body whilst the desperate little omega beneath her whimpers at the relief of
her touch.
“Mine!” she hisses beside her ear and forces all of her length inside, pushing relentlessly until her hips come to settle against her girl’s skin. “You and your heart belong to me.” she gloats into Octavia’s choked moan against her shoulder, relishes every millisecond of it. Slowly, she draws out and slides inside again, settling back between her thighs and taking a small dusky nipples between her teeth.

Hips arch up like the roof of a cathedral into Anya’s body as she sucks her nipples hard enough for her to feel it in her toes, as if it were her property. Octavia gasped, eyes closed, the itch deep in her soul and the tempest burning against her skin almost soothed if only for a moment. It felt like war in her gut, like if Anya didn’t fuck her and love her and keep her safe there would be nothing to tether her to the ground and stop her drifting away.

“Talk to me.” Anya grunted, thrusting in again, her cock making easy work of her messy wetness.

“I’m going to love you.” Octavia broke, needily locking her feet behind her alpha’s back. “I’m going to fall for you, and love you, and I’m going to be with you until you’re old and just as grumpy as you are now.” she mumbles her thoughts without any reservation, earning a flicker of a glance from the predator on top of her.

“I’m going to love you back.” Anya said it over the edge of her teeth, fucking her twice as hard and taking nipples between the grips of her fingers. “I won’t be good at it, but I’ll try my best. I’ll be as good as I can be at it, for you.” she growled and let her eyes roll into the back of her head as the pretty thing fluttered her walls against the rough cock fucking her.

The bed moved beneath them, it squeaked and grinded and worn the floor beneath the force of Anya’s rutting hips. And in the back of Octavia’s mind, wow, what she would give to see that view? Just to catch a glimpse of the way the muscles in her ass tightened and the hamstrings in the back of her thighs contracted with each thrust of her unbridled strength and poise. Her breaths grew shallow and languid as Anya put the burning fire in her bones down into a manageable kind of dull and constant ache — the closest to relief she would get.

She needs more, and that’s Octavia’s only coherent thought as Anya traps the armpits of her knees in the grasp of her hands.

“Put me on my belly!” she whines out, feeling the first of many orgasms on the tip of her tongue.

Anya doesn’t take much persuading and slides out quickly, and that’s when the pain hits again. It’s blinding. It feels like the oxygen left with her alpha, and all she can do is gasp and curl inwards into the pain.

Okay, just breathe…” Anya’s growl comes as hesitant reassurance, but her hands know what to do, they put Octavia on her belly and hold her down as she bucks into the nothingness of the air. “Breathe.” Anya growls again, softer this time with a reassuring hand rubbing the small of the back in front of her. “Be my good girl.”

And as if Octavia can do anything beneath the force of those words, she stills, whimpering and wounded, but still nonetheless.

“Good girl.” Anya praises her, dragging her nose through her hair and into the knot of her shoulder. “I’m going to fuck you until I cum now, and when I do, I’m going to bite you and push me knot inside of you… are you ready for that?”

“God yes!” her back arches in a moment of weakness, but Anya shoves her back down, keeping her within the prison of her own grasps. “Anya…” she whimpers out her name and throws a hand
blindly behind herself, desperate just to feel that warm golden skin. She does just that, and her hand catches the side of Anya’s back, fingers finding purchase against an angry raised scar from a long-ago war. “Make me hurt… in a good way.” she mumbles the instruction and odd as it is, Anya knows perfectly what she means.

Between her long golden thighs, her big cock sways with the weight of itself, proud and long and thick. Anya can’t remember the last time she was this desperate for something… and she hates herself because above all of her desires the urge to hurt Octavia is the loudest, the urge to thrust inside of her hard enough to bruise her walls, to pinch her nipples hard enough to make her whimper, to force fingers inside of that tight puckered ring that’s teasing her with the knowledge that it’s pure and untouched. The need to wrap her fingers around her girls throat and squeeze hard enough to make her moans a choked up sound is like the need to blink, so Octavia never forgets, not for a second, who she belongs to.

She’s going to do all of it, Anya decides the second she buries three fingers inside of her girl’s sloppy dripping cunt. She’ll unleash every vicious symbol of love upon Octavia’s body so she’s littered with reminders of how strong and virulent her Alpha is. Except for that tiny puckered hole between her cheeks. Anya smirks in the repulsive knowledge that she’ll save that as sweet punishment for Octavia’s disobedience when the effects of sap wear off enough that she won’t enjoy it half as much as she would in this delirious sloppy state.

“Do you feel how messy and open you are for me?” Anya can’t help but raspily croon the words in the worst of her rut, twisting a fourth finger into the small gape of her vagina. It was a natural part of an omega’s heat cycle, the widening of her muscles and the loosening of her channel so the knot wouldn’t tear her. It didn’t stop her enjoying it as if it were a special gift just for her. It didn’t stop her lovingly torturing her sweet foolish girl with the knowledge of just how desperate she looked through her Alpha’s eyes.

Moaning and away with the angels, Octavia barely registered the words until that fifth finger slid home stretched her walls, deeper and deeper, until her spread vulva closed again around her Alpha’s wrist.

“Are you…?” she barely choked the words, her dripping cunt aching at the intrusion in the best kind of way as she tried to resist the urge to slide herself up and down. “Are you…” she didn’t dare ask.

“I’m fisting you.” Anya took a handful of hair and hissed the words proudly in her ear, maybe seconds away at best before snapping and replacing it with her cock again.

Snarling, lips between her teeth, Anya flexed the muscles in her hand and twisted until her knuckles rubbed one by one over the spongy tissue of her unexplored spot. Octavia sobbed in pleasure and Anya smelled the change in her pheromones, the desperation in them, the excitement that she was about to be claimed, that she would belong to her and only her.

Anya’s hand slipped out and slipped back in with a lazy rhythm that only served to remind Octavia who was in control, sometimes all at once, sometimes with everything except her thumb so she could jab the engorged clitoris at the top of her labia. “All of this,” Anya grabbed and slapped her cunt until it stung. “This belongs to me now.”

Octavia only spreaded her legs wider, unable to speak but desperate to show that she understood. That she wanted to belong to Anya too.

By the time Anya pushes her cock inside of her again she knows before she even bottoms out that she’s a goner. Octavia is hot and wet and so, so messy on her cock and Anya is drowning in her scent and pleading cries for an orgasm. Beneath the gnash and growl of her demeanor during these
encounters, Octavia always comes first, and she always will, and Anya is desperate not too hurt her in any other way than the desired — but she can’t stop herself. More animal than human, Anya pounds her, harder than she has ever fucked anything or probably will fuck anything again, it knocks the wind out of her beautiful girl’s chest and she feels her entire cunt shiver in uncertainty at what to do with all of her cock that she slams inside each time with the sole goal of making Octavia feel it in the bottom of her lungs.

Anya trains her ears to focus on each noise that leaves Octavia’s lips so that if the tiniest stop or you’re hurting me falls out of them, she can pull herself off instead of losing herself in her own pleasure. Thankfully, those dreaded little phrases never come, and all Octavia can do is wail gutteral noises whilst she’s taken by the warrior that presses her back with her entire tan and sinewed body and holds her throat in the gentle clench of her calloused hand.

“If I squeeze too hard tap my thigh.” Anya groans out, aware that her fingers keep fluttering and pressing her girl’s windpipe. Octavia nods, and grunts, but she never taps.

Anya senses the gush before she feels it, Octavia’s walls tighten as if they’re trying to push her out but she perseveres, fucking her as if this was what her war training was really for.

The long wailing cry comes next, it starts in the bottom of Octavia’s lungs, and she can’t beg for permission to cum because between the sob in her mouth and the hand around her throat there just isn’t enough room to get those words off her tongue. Anya can forgive that much of an indiscretion, this time.

In Anya’s head, she calls her every dirty word, as lovingly as they could ever be said, she calls her a dirty whore and a ripe slut and everything else, but she doesn’t let a single one break past the barrier in her throat — instead the only name she calls her omega is good girl. Again and again. “That’s it, be my good girl.” she growls when Octavia starts to slam her own hips down to meet Anya’s rhythm, seeing nothing but the promise of a swollen pregnant belly, and then finally it happens.

She gushes over Anya’s swelling cock, squirting and sobbing and slipping into a temporary state of relief. Instinctively she bites her as she cums too, right over the back of her neck hard enough to break the skin, tasting a faint hint of copper on her tongue, so everyone who ever sees that mark knows Octavia earned it on all fours beneath her Alpha.

The knot comes next and Anya knows it’s not what she was expecting. It swells fast to stop her seed leaking out and the more she pushes forward to keep it nestled inside of her, the more Octavia instinctively tries to pull herself off of the thing that ties their bodies together.

“Relax. Keep breathing my love… talk to me?” Anya softens and blinks, aware that she needs to be delicate and tender. She lets Octavia adjust for a second, the force of her hips constant against her girl, keeping that big knot inside of her whilst she kisses over the sore bite on her neck.

“It’s so big.” her voice rasps quietly, and her knuckles are tight in the blankets.

“I know my love, but I’ll be very gentle.” Anya feels the words ache her chest because this girl is hers now, forever and she has to be better than she’s ever been in her entire life at loving. “You could have your pick of Alphas and you chose me, and I, I don’t know how I could ever love you enough to earn something as important as that.”

“Will you hold me?” Octavia asks, nervously, scared the strong Alpha has no desire for meaningless affections like that but needing it to make the ache of the sap bearable before it consumed her again.

But Anya does an odd rare smile, pleasantly surprised by how warm it makes her feel to be needed
like that by someone. And though she’s known all her life what it is to protect things… people, alliances and entire borders… this is different. Octavia needs her to protect her with her hands, and love her with her arms, and draw her until her chest, and make herself soft in a way she’s never been soft before.

Her hands slip beneath Octavia’s belly first, warm and careful not to jostle her whilst she adjusts to the intimate intrusion inside of her channel. “Can I move you?” Anya whispers after a moment.

“Be gentle.”

“Always.” Anya says too quickly, unsure on where that word escaped from so suddenly. But nonetheless she rolls on her side, slipping her arms around her girl and keeping their hips as close together as she can so it doesn’t hurt, until they grow still once more, with her spooning and holding her foolish little omega from behind, licking and kissing the bite mark on her neck protectively. “I’m going to die loving you, I’m certain of it.” Anya conceded, her chest deflating with a defeated sigh.

“Not for a long time, right?” she felt Octavia smile.

“No, little one.” Anya agreed, rubbing her back. “I won’t leave you. You’re my first duty, now.”

“Good.” Octavia found reassurance in the words. “I need all the time with you I can get if I’m going to make you soft and gentle enough for babies…”

“Is that so?” Anya blinked in surprise, grinning and unsure on how to be happy like this.

“Mmhmm.” she clung to her Alpha’s hands, fingers slipping and tangling inside of hers. “You can’t be tough and stern around the babies, when we have them, you’ll have to be much softer with your words.” she tells her quietly.

“I’ll start with you.” Anya replies, nuzzling closer into her. “Everyday. I’ll find kind things to say and I’ll learn to be soft for my family. For all of you.” she rubbed her belly.

“Is it bad that I hope you don’t succeed on your first try?” Octavia simpered at the way Anya rubbed her stomach and instinctively tensed that achey knot inside of her. “I don’t think I could put up with the gloating…”

“You have maybe two days before the sap leaves your system, so if it brings you any comfort, know that this won’t be my only attempt.”
Chapter V: Lexa & Clarke

By the time the commander enters her quarters, the steeliness of her resolve begins to wane. Feet thumping the hallways, hands behind her back, poised as she must always be, she promised herself the satisfaction of a punishment. But by the time she sees the sum-total of this incident, the thought of punishments leave as quickly as anger.

“Clarke?” the commander cleared her throat and swallowed.

There’s an angel of death curled on her floor, naked and sobbing out long whines. Her blood-soaked wings are clipped, her ice-blue eyes now dull and needy. Lexa veneers herself well and lowers herself to the hunched little thing on the floor, appraising her guiltily.

“Look at me Clarke,” she softly ordered and it was enough to earn a flicker. “That’s it, look at me.”

Clarke’s evening meal was left untouched on the table and it made Lexa all the guiltier for leaving her here to suffer for such a length of time, it was necessary though, and if pressed again she would do the same. To be Heda is to be above the whims of desire, to be above the burn of her own rut — and the mistakes of her consort cannot, and will not, come before the maintenance of an entire ecosystem of people. It didn’t make it any easier though.

“Lexa,” her throat is a dry whisper, eyes sore and cheeks red, she ran out of tears to cry hours ago but still the sentiment remained. It was a merciless, vile torture and in the tiny moments of lucidity grabbed between one pulse of her heat and the next — she knew it was her own doing. “I’m sorry,” she mouths and collapses forward into the heda’s knee.

“It’s okay, you’ll be alright.” Lexa lied and closed her eyes at the sin.

It would be days until she was right, and she would have to suffer through long hours in-between alone in this room. Perhaps that was punishment enough, Lexa decides firmly.

Her own rut was in full-swing and quietly, repulsively, on some level Lexa was grateful for this. In a perfect world their marriage would come first, and Clarke would sit on the throne and reign as ambassador before she would be round with a child, though Lexa knew well that they were far beyond a perfect world, and to survive one day to the next they must do what is necessary.

“I need you…” Clarke whimpered and clawed at her coat.

“I know, I know you do.” Lexa almost hummed, she moved a piece of blonde hair off her face and found herself stuck for a moment in how tender the action was. “You will never try to undermine my word again, do you understand?” she lifted Clarke’s chin and guided her flickering eyes to meet her stare.

Clarke nodded.

“Never undermine me again.” Lexa growled the words in the very bottom of her throat, and the responsive punch of arousal from the display nearly gutted her clean.

The lush quiet stretch of the early hours had settled the entire earth, wrapped the ground in its arms and made love to it until all that remained in that hazy twilight between today and tomorrow was a few burning torches in the distance and a single guard posted outside the heda’s quarters. Lexa is afraid to kiss her, terrified to let herself give in to her most primal urge in case she hurts her mess of a girl. She does so anyway, their kiss colliding like an act of war. There’s a wrath to it that Lexa
maintains, her fingers wound in the back of Clarke’s hair, teeth gnashing into her lips, still furious and overwhelmed that her spacegirl would do this to herself, solely for her.

By the time she pulls away Clarke follows her mouth, gasping and briefly relieved for the mere contact. Calloused hands wound into each bare shoulder, Lexa prevents her. She won’t breed a queen on the ground.

“Get on the bed.” Lexa tenderly orders, standing up and straightening herself.

Between one heartbeat and the next, Clarke is bent over the foot of the blankets, pushed up on her elbows with her hind on display. There isn’t enough time between now and where the commander needs to be, her rut already guiding her body like a vengeful spirit — she removes her trousers and nothing else, the coat and pauldron and accoutrements of her station remain.

The first thrust comes with the absolute intention of taking her breath away with the ache of it, and the ambition is achieved. White-knuckled, Clarke whimpers and takes handfuls of the blankets beneath her whilst Lexa stretches her slick cunt home.

“That’s it,” Lexa muttered to herself and allowed a single breath to escape her throat, “What should I do with you, my love?” she growled and brought both hands down in tandem against each cheek with a slap.

Elbows and shoulders, and wrists too for good measure, became inefficient in their single purpose and with that one fluid motion Clarke found herself collapsed and crying in pleasure among the pillows. “Make me hurt,” she begged and needed it. “Please, I need you to make the burning go away,” she begged desperately and backed into the stretch of her cunt.

It offset Lexa for a moment though she quickly recovered. It was a strange thought, replacing pain with pain, but she understood what Clarke meant well. She wanted to be conquered and owned and bred until the fire in her engorged core was nothing more than smoulder and smoke.

“You will tell me if you need to stop?”

“Please, Lexa,” she ached and fucked herself on all the inches given so graciously to her.

The commander growled and wrapped a hand into the back of her neck, pushing her hard into the pillows whilst she withdrew from the slick clench of her desperate opening and slammed back in again. It hurt Clarke, and she knew just as much, but it was a delicious kind of ache. One that was just as needed as it was desired.

“You’re going to lie there like the commander’s whore and take everything given to you, every inch and every drop.” Lexa hissed in her ear.

She found herself softly rubbing the space along the side of her stomach, careful to let her know with tender little gestures where she could fit them in that this display was for her pleasure, not her own. It was a small lie, because the commander could not remember the last time she was aroused like this, buried deep inside a queen who needed to be treated like a mistress.

Clarke’s mumbles were indistinguishable between her whimpers and sobs, there were words the commander understood, impressed with herself for picking them out in a tongue that wasn’t her first language, or even second language. It was harder she understood the clearest, and more, then please.

Straddling over the backs of Clarke’s ankles, she thrusted in again and pulled her omega back in tandem so they met in a violent clash of passion. It was a thought out move, a careful play, all so she could reach beneath the galley of her body and take rough fingers to each delicate nipple.
“There are mine,” Lexa squeezed and felt Clarke’s weight grow slack in her arms, no longer capable of holding herself up. She rubbed each one carefully, forceful enough to hurt and sting, but never hard enough to do anything beyond arouse. “Repeat it.” she tugged on them hard.

“They’re yours commander,” Clarke sobbed open-mouthed, her entire body mastered expertly.

“What are?” Lexa twisted this time until they burned.

“My breasts, my nipples,” she whimpered and pushed back into the fucking, “my thighs, my back, my hands, my mouth, it’s all yours Heda.”

Lexa drew her hands away and continued to thrust inside of her messy wetness. “And this?” she brought her hands down in a double slap against her ass once more.

“It’s yours!” Clarke gasped.

“Mind your tongue.” Lexa spanked her again.

“It’s yours Heda!”

“Good girl,” Lexa soothed and brought a hand gently beneath her omega, fingers moving through the slickness between her lips. She teased for a moment before finally giving in, pulling her hood back and softly touching her swollen clitoris. “And this?”

“God,” Clarke bucked desperately, “It’s all yours Heda.”

The desperation in her voice, the cracking whimper and snapping moan that coloured the dusky night air… it was enough to send Lexa collapsing over her spine, the rough material of her coat rubbing roughly into her soft skin. Her hips banged like a wardrum into Clarke, and desperate as she was to demonstrate her virulence, she knew she would not hold on for long — not if the slopping dripping mess clinging to her cock had anything to do with it.

She took a handful of golden hair and pulled back until her throat was canted in the air, kissing along the bite mark on her neck that symbolised so much more than either of them as individuals. It was a tender act, a reminder that Clarke was worthy enough to sit as queen over the Heda’s entire life.

“You are gaping for me, Clarke.” Lexa growled in her ear against the sound of her wet cunt slapping around her cock, it was as delicious as it was practical, her omega’s natural way of letting her know she was ready to be knotted. It didn’t stop the commander enjoying the soft torture for a little while longer though. “Feel how loose you are,” she pulled one of Clarke’s hands back until her fingers grazed her own opening around her thrusting cock, “Can you feel that?” she growled in arousal.

Whimpering, embarrassed, humiliated, aroused, conquered and loving every moment of this reckoning, Clarke sobbed in pleasure. “I need you,” she pleaded with her mighty heda and gasped as her wrists were held back down to the blankets.

“You are so good at being a messy whore for me, such a good girl,” the words were said as lovingly as the rutting heda knew how.

It was Lexa who came first, and among the bang of her orgasm she still found a single moment between the draw of her breath to be impressed with Clarke’s focus, the spacegirl absolutely aware that she would be punished for cumming before her heda and hanging on regardless of the sap in her veins.

“Are you going to give me a baby?” Lexa panted and clenched her eyes closed, spurting her seed
into a ripe womb.

“That’s all I want to do.” Clarke promised on the back of a long sob, leaning back and pushing down, “Please Lexa, please, please let me cum?” she made herself a slut, begging and dying for it.

“Such a good girl,” Lexa’s entire body shook beneath her own orgasm as she pumped roughly, rubbing her fingers into her clitoris to kick her over the edge.

Collapsed and sore, Clarke trembled and cried at the velocity of her orgasm — it felt like an entire war inside of her veins, like her heart was the bang of a war drum and the intense waves of pleasure racking her body were a sea of soldiers running into the heat of battle. It rendered her useless, felled her like a timber tree crashing into the floor of the forest.

“That’s it, sweet girl,” Lexa hummed into her spine and gently thrust her through it. “Spread yourself open for me, take it for me,” she whispered soft encouraging words that tingled the omega’s skin.

It was the swelling of Lexa’s cock that had her arching off the bed again, this time instinctively trying to crawl forward away from the intrusion. It was too big, stretched her too wide too suddenly, until she felt as if she might tear on the circumference of it.

“Lexa!” she cried in shock, unsure on what was happening.

The commander pinned her skygirl beneath her own weight, pushing herself as deep inside as she could with the motion. It was enough to make Clarke grow stiff beneath her, and though she felt guilty for it, this was necessary.

“I know, I know it hurts my love.” the heda soothed and kissed her neck, “You’re alright, you can take it, you’ll be my good girl and take it for me and let it feel good.”

Clarke blinked in a moment of lucidity, suddenly more herself than the creature stuck in heat she was before. The knot hurt, it ached and stung and felt like she might rip, but she took it without complaint and made herself strong, fingers locked inside her brooding warlord’s like she was the only thing capable of getting her through this.

“We’re making a baby?” she said dumbly, blinking and adjusting to the burn.

She kisses Clarke’s bicep, suddenly human and tangible again. “We are,” Lexa assures her gently. “and I’m going to take care of you, Clarke.” her words hung in the air like smoke.

Clarke nodded, slumping into the blankets with her tender warlord on top of her spine. It was her words that did it, how loving and staunch they managed to be simultaneously. Emotional and satiated, she nods again, adjusting so Lexa can slip her arms beneath her in a tight embrace.

“How long before the sap kicks in again?” Clarke mumbled with a strange smile, satisfied in the feeling of Lexa’s hands rubbing her stomach.

“It comes when it comes,” Lexa said almost disinterested. “I’ll be here.”
Chapter XI: Lexa & Clarke II

The sap left her system along with any reservation that this was in fact her home now. Lexa was her home. It was strange feeling so strongly about something that was still incredibly new, but there was an intimacy that came with the little bite mark on the back of her neck, a jostling and constant feeling of togetherness that sat in the very bottom of her belly every time she ghosted her fingers over that raised thin mark.

It took five days for the sap to subside, two days longer than Lexa’s own rut. It didn’t matter though, not to her battle-ready warlord, not even a little bit. Lexa maintained her post right between her thighs for all the long hours of her artificial heat, tongue and all.

The following week after that was spent with little to no physical intimacy between them beyond the occasionally chaste kiss to the cheek and smouldering wantful look. Instead, there evenings were repurposed for the politics of this world with the dying flames of candle wicks their only grasp on time as the evenings melted into dawn.

Lexa made it clear that Clarke would take the ambassadorship, even went so far to threaten a war with the Sky People if they refused such a proposition. Jaha relented, unwillingly, and so evenings became the training ground in which Wanheda would practice an entirely different kind of warfare.

Today, it was put to use in the meeting of the clans.

Clarke rose from her chair and swallowed nervously, eyeing Octavia who stood along the far wall of the throne room. Anya was beside her, stoic and disapproving while they exchanged an encouraging look. It didn’t stop Octavia offering the slightest of nods, which settled Clarke - reminded her that this was her right, not a privilege. The responsibility to advocate for Sky People matters fell at her feet, and she would bear the responsibility with pride.

“Be seated.” Lexa said as she walked through, her coat floating behind her. She was beautiful like this, mirthless, stone faced, consumed with duty and birthright. Clarke watched her sit at her throne and slowly cross her leg over her knee, aware that one day soon they would be married and her own throne would sit beside it. The thought wasn’t pleasant, she much preferred the view from here.

Clarke sat down and listened intently as her mate, the heda, began to speak again. “I trust you will all treat the newest ambassador to our coalition with the due respect fitting for a warrior as revered as Wanheda.” She briefly smiled and nodded right at her.

“The due respect fitting for such a warrior, or the due respect fitting for the commander’s sky whore?” A voice grumbled from the back.

Lexa’s eyes became black and cold, her lips curling into a snarl. She paused for a moment and grinded her jaw, hesitating while the room looked among themselves for the owner of the insult. “Who dared speak?” She growled the open question.

Silence fell until Clarke was certain she could hear that savage heart thrumming inside her mate’s ribs.

“I said who dared speak!” Lexa snapped with a snarl, rising from her throne. “The mate of the commander is an extension of the commander, to insult Wanheda is to insult the throne itself.” Her shout was a loud brooding thunderstorm that rocked the room.

“Respectfully, she is unwelcome, Heda.” One ambassador stood from the back with his hands
crossed in front of him. “I am not the only one who shares this opinion. We understand your predicament, we understand that there are terms to this so called peace with Skaikru, but Wanheda as ambassador cannot be one of them.”

“She will one day be queen, you would rather kneel to a Skaikru queen who sits beside me than have her sit among you as an equal?” Lexa raised a brow.

“Have her renounce her Skaikru claim and she can sit wherever you see fit. But we will never accept the False Ambassador! She cares for her people above the many Heda!”

“Thank you for your honesty, Mathu.” She said calmly with half a smile, her hand slipping down her hip. “Let all of you who shares this opinion see the consequences—”

Clarke stood from her seat defiantly as the blade was drawn, placing herself right in itself path until the commander’s eyes grew wide and her hand was snatched back, holstering her blade.

“Heda,” Clarke spoke up and licked her lips. “What is democracy to your people if they cannot speak freely?” She raised her brow and exhaled.

“Sit down, Clarke.” Lexa growled angrily.

“I fight my own battles.” She mouthed silently at her mate and turned on her heel, facing their audience instead. “Ambassador,” Clarke spoke up and walked towards him. “I see you have some misconceptions about me.”

“I was there when you slaughtered three hundred of my men. I assure you,” his lip curled on the word, “my feelings for you are not misconceptions. You are the Heda’s bitch in all but a ring on your finger and you will do well to remember your place.” His curled lips spat at her feet.

“Then allow me to be clear. As ambassador, I will work alongside you to ensure your voice is heard in this room. I will not blur the lines between my personal relationship with the commander and the mutual interests of all our people.” Clarke smiled softly at the watching faces of the other ambassadors and made herself demure, almost. “But insult me one more time…” Clarke shook her head at how terrible an idea that would be. “Well, I will cut your tongue out with that very blade on your belt Ambassador, just like I did to your last general.” She leaned in and growled.

To the grounders strength wasn’t shown with tentatively agreed peace or words, it was a fickle game demonstrated with force and heat, fire and action. Usually respect wasn’t something she had to fight for from the grounders, they knew of her reputation well. It was her own people the struggle laid with, the outdated conceptions of what an Omega could be or do. But the room erupts into the kind of disorder and shouting that immediately alerts Clarke that something is wrong, that a line has been crossed.

“She dares threaten an elder!”

“This is an act of war!”

“The heda allows these displays!”

“The heda is weak!”

Clarke looked around urgently amid the screams of the room, searching for Octavia’s reassuring eyes. When she finds them, they are jostling and fraught with fear. Octavia understands, and still, Clarke does not.
“Quiet!” Lexa commands and rises, tense and suddenly bigger, somehow. It was her shoulders that did it, her eyes too, they were wide with a particular kind of aggression Clarke hadn’t seen from her before. “I said quiet!” She roars again over the chaos of the room.

The gurgling sounds of a dying man are what bring the room to order. There, right in the middle of the chaos, one alone man falls, clutching the blade in his chest with a dying hiss. Clarke looked at Lexa first, who is equally as surprised with her knife still firmly sheathed at her thigh, untouched. It’s then Anya walked into the forming circle and yanked her weapon free, wiping the blood from its blade.

“Forgive me Heda, he was aiming for Wanheda with his short blade. There wasn’t time to restrain him.” Anya said quietly and threw her a submissive look, careful to make herself a non-threat.

Clarke realised as her Alpha erupted with boiling rage exactly what she had done.

All of these acts weakened the commander in the eyes of her thirteen clans. Interrupting her, standing in the way of her blade, confronting the ambassador, threatening the ambassador, and finally, worst of all, Anya having to protect her because Lexa didn’t have a clear view of the situation unfolding. That didn’t matter though, to the ambassadors, somebody else had to step in because the Heda was incapable of protecting her own omega.

“The Heda is impotent.” The Azgeda Ambassador sneered quietly.

Lexa hissed and pointed to him, barely holding onto herself. “Take him away to await punishment.” She was careful to make it clear that she was still in control, that she was still the alpha of all alphas, not a feigning weak-minded imposter who acted in haste. “This meeting is adjourned… for those of you who have crossed me today, may the wait for your consequences be filled with regret and dread.” She stared at Clarke as she said it.

—

There was a message stamped with the wax seal of the commander brought to her over lunch. True to the commander’s promises, she had spent the midday pushing around her food, fraught with a particular kind of regret and dread. The room was heaving and jostling with strangers from faraway lands, all here at the epicentre of everything for one reason or another — usually trade related. Today, the talks in the dining hall were centred around one topic: the blue-eyed girl who dared to defy the heda. Clarke pretended not to hear the quiet chatter.

“For you.” Anya leaned over her shoulder and sat the sealed note on the table. “A summon from Lexa’s hand herself.”

“She’s already finished dealing with you?” Clarke raised a brow and set down her cutlery. Anya long thin face twisted in disdain, “I was not the problem today, you foolish girl.” She hissed and made her voice a low sound, leaning into the table with a calloused palm against the grain of the wood. “The commander thanked me for saving your life. You have yet to show the same gratitude.”

“About that,” Clarke winced. “Thanks for saving my ass back there.”

Anya hesitated for a moment and looked off in exasperation. “If Octavia did what you did today…” She shook her head and murmured, and couldn’t even begin to bare thinking about the shame. “Lexa
is the commander, she is looked too as the very best among us. You didn’t just diminish her as a leader, you embarrassed her as your mate. Remember that.” Anya pushed the summons note in front of her.

—

The world outside was on fire. The tower and buildings in the square now just burning coals. The green trees in the distance ablaze with the fury of the setting sun jostled their leaves against the breeze, swaying and dancing, unaware of the absolute silence that filled the heda’s apartment.

Clarke felt as if she was stepping into the hovel of an angry god. Some kind of furious all-powerful deity. It was the skyline that did it, from up here she could see as far as Tondc through the blustering curtains. There was a darkness to the room, a particular purposeful darkness that made a shiver run down her spine as her eyes adjusted to the few dim candles that burned.

“Heda.” Clarke cleared her throat meekly once her eyes found the unmistakable figure stood on the balcony. She was casted in a shadow, just an outline of a woman, a statue staring down on the world beneath in pensive thought.

There was no reply.

“Lexa…” Clarke said quietly and stepped forward. “About earlier-”

“Here, now.” The wrath in Lexa’s voice was palpable as she pointed to the stone floor next to her. With just that long point of her slender hand, it was clear what she meant. Clarke wasn’t to stand but rather kneel right there beside her.

There was a wave that washed over Clarke, a clarity, an epiphany, something that happened to her body that became unconscious like the urge to breathe or blink. Without any hesitation Clarke did as she was told, sinking on her knees beside the heda. By the time her knees met the cold stone, she felt lighter and less troubled, as if this was where she was supposed to be.

“I’m sorry Lexa-”

“Heda!” Lexa’s teeth clenched for a moment. “You seem to forget who I am and so let me remind you. You will call me Heda or Commander.”

“Yes Commander.” Clarke swallowed and blushed.

“Everything down there, everything beneath me is mine.” She said it so certainly, her face calming into a perfect clarity. Lexa stepped forward until her shadow shaded Clarke. “You included, Wanheda.”

“Yes Commander.” She whispered.

All she wanted to do was reach for her, slip hands up her legs and press her face into her thigh and make herself small and submissive… but she didn’t. There was something different about Lexa like this, hot and metallic tasting like freshly soldered iron. Intense. Brooding. For those reasons, Clarke left her alone to gather herself.

“Did it amuse you embarrassing me in front of my people?” Lexa asked earnestly and leaned against
the balcony, staring down at the tiny people below.

“No.”

“No what?” Lexa snapped and shot her a look.

“No Commander, it didn’t please me.”

“Good, because you should be just as humiliated as I. You sent a message today Clarke, in so many words, you told them that you do not bow to me. That you do not care for our ways. That you consider yourself better than them.”

“I just wanted to impress you.” Clarke murmured with embarrassment. “Commander.” She added as an afterthought and quickly glanced up submissively, earning a hesitant nod.

“You acted as if you were the commander today, and I your omega.” Lexa almost sneered with absolute shame.

“Shouldn’t I do that? Act like a leader?”

“Not when I am in the room Clarke!” Her voice boomed again. “I was dealing with the situation the way I saw fit and you chose to break rank, and let me make one thing clear,” Lexa lowered herself on bent knees, staring right at her with cold pale green eyes. “You don’t ever break rank with me in front of our people.”

“Because I am the Heda’s whore.” Clarke mumbled and looked away indignantly.

Lexa grabbed her chin and brought her back, her teeth grinding against one another to hold back the fury buried within her. “Because you are the Heda’s queen. Ambassador or not, Wanheda or not, being the commander’s mate is your first responsibility. I understand your breeding Clarke, your way of life, I understand the primitive way your people treat Omegas. I understand that you have had to fight all of your life to gain the respect you are owed, but in doing so, you have diminished the respect my people hold for me… and that cannot stand.”

“I’m sorry.” Clarke peered at her with those earnest eyes, wanting for nothing more than to please her in some small way. It was barely visible, but Lexa softened in turn at the sight of her guilt.

“Did you think I would not protect your dignity?” She asked with hurt tingling her voice.

“I thought if I showed them strength…” Clarke trailed off and realised she wasn’t even sure what it would have earned. In every conceivable ending, it would always finish with Lexa’s dominance diminished.

“They acted the way they did because they believe you are incapable of putting pride and clan loyalty aside for the good of the many. When you threatened the elder, you proved them right.”

“You were going to kill him, isn’t that worse?”

Lexa raised a finger. “The difference being that I am the highest authority. I am the commander. The alpha of all alphas. The book stops with me, not you little girl.” She growled that last part, and though it was inflicted with the weight of an insult it made Clarke’s belly roll. There was something about the way she said it that made her feel so small in comparison, protected and seen.

“I embarrassed you and I overstepped the mark, and I am sorry. I mean it Lexa, I’m sorry.” Clarke reached out and pressed her hand into her knee. “I will never do that to you again, I swear it.”
“But you did it once and once is enough.” The words slipped over the edge of Lexa’s teeth. “Inside, now.” The words were an order rather than a request, one that Clarke obliged.

In the interim of their conversation on the balcony, completely absorbed in the reckoning force that was her furious commander’s backlash. Clarke didn’t hear the door open, didn’t even see the two ambassadors from earlier brought into the living space with shackles around their hands. There was the Azgeda ambassador who called the Heda impotent, and the Trishankru ambassador who called Clarke a whore.

Both of them now sheepish.

“Kneel.” Lexa spat over the cusp of her teeth and a tide of embarrassment washed over Clarke, completely drowned her in indignation as she stood there beside her alpha staring at these men who insulted them so freely.

This must be her punishment, Clarke decided, to have to kneel in front of the man she insulted in turn. Though she didn’t want to, Clarke did as she was told and started to bend her knees.

“Not you.” Lexa quickly snapped around to her side, still as angry as she was before. “The day I ask you to kneel in the presence of these excuses of men is the day I deserve to have my throne challenged.” She pulled at Clarke’s hand until she pressed against her side, now an extension of the commander, almost. “These men will kneel to you.”

“Heda-”

“Kneel!” Lexa roared without reservation and the room shook beneath her fury.

There something instinctive about the way they dropped to their knees, something self-aware and submissive. Clarke felt it too, the power and authority in that roaring thunder storm of a voice. It was arousing.

“This morning you asked me what democracy was to my people if they couldn’t speak freely, Clarke. You seem to forget that we are not a democratic people, and somehow, my ambassadors seem to have forgotten that as well.” Lexa drew her blade and stepped forward, lightly dragging the sharp edge around the corners of the Azgeda ambassador’s mouth. She took great pleasure in this, Clarke could feel it, could see it just from the tight smirk in her cheeks. “Hold out your tongue.” Lexa growled at the Azgeda ambassador.

“Please don’t cut their tongues out.” Clarke winced quietly.

“I’m not.” Lexa turned, stone faced, mirthless, settled on her punishment. “You’re going to.”

“What?”

“Wanheda, Skaigona, the commander of death,” Lexa reeled it off with disinterest and handed her knife to her omega. “Today you decided to be the heda… now you must act like the heda and do what is necessary.” Her calloused hand slipped around Clarke’s and closed her palm around the handle of the weapon.

“I… I can’t do that.” Clarke licked her lips and faltered. “I don’t want to.”

“Sometimes being Heda means doing things you don’t want to do.”

“Lexa… please…” Clarke pleaded and pushed the knife back towards her. “Don’t make me, I’m not the commander. You are.”
Lexa mused for a moment, satisfied enough with the answer. She took the knife back and stepped forward again to the shaking ambassadors, her knife drawn. “It would seem I’m the only one up to the task of being the commander, wouldn’t you agree?”

“Y...Yes Heda.” They both stumbled submissively, not making eye contact.

“So we’re all in agreement it seems.” She sheathed her blade and pulled out a key, unshackling the wrists of the Azgeda ambassador. “Return to your quarters and let it be known what you saw here tonight.”

The Trishankru elder stood too, the same one who called Clarke a whore, relieved and holding out his hands to be unshackled too. It made Lexa grin, and Clarke wasn’t quite sure.

“Mathu, I would like a word.” She beckoned him to follow her out onto the balcony.

Clarke watched in horror and complete absorption, impressed and repulsed, drawn and terrified. Lexa whispered something in his ear, something that terrified him enough that he tried to run. It was a futile attempt, Lexa grabbed him by the back of his collar and with one almighty snap of her arm threw him over the edge of the balcony — down into the square some thousands of feet below.

Clarke heard the thud and crack of his body hitting the stones.

Clarke watched her alpha straighten herself, wringing her hands and rolling her neck to the side until it popped. There was a fury in her eyes, endless and black like the void beyond the windows of the Ark. She walked back into the room with a certain strength reclaimed, a certain calmness that was all the more terrifying.

“There are things I can abide in this world Clarke. Things I can allow because they are simply ways of the world, inevitabilities, and having my station challenged is one of them.” She growled and tensed her entire face with the seriousness of her words. “But that man…” She pointed off to the balcony and hesitated, her lungs suddenly working over time beneath her repulsion and disgust. “Nobody calls you a whore and lives to laugh about it.”

”Because I’m yours?” Clarke cleared her throat and felt the urge to kneel.

”Because you are mine.” Lexa confirmed with a proud growl.
Chapter VII: Lexa & Clarke III

In the quiet of the early morning, in the moments of nothingness where the sun yawns and stretches its arms above the cusp of the horizon, where the light slips through the window and attacks her bleary eyes, Clarke blinks into the steadiness of the day and gives herself a few peaceful minutes. Sparse and rare they are, but time is always found before she has to kick off the warm blankets and get dressed for whatever war zone waited for her heda outside.

The habit of making time for tiny slithers of joy had rubbed off on her brooding warlord.

“Morning,” Clarke brushed her nose into the crease of her tricep. Instinctively, still asleep, Lexa pulled the arm beneath the pillow and groaned an exhausted noise. It made Clarke grin, “That’s the spirit.” She patted her naked rear.

“Early.” The alpha grumbled and kept her face buried in the pillow.

“Today’s a big day…” Clarke reminded and lied back down.

She stared at the ceiling and felt her mate come around to the idea of being awake beside her. Clarke couldn’t blame her, if it wasn’t for the poor night’s sleep—fraught with stomach churning nerves, she would be asleep still too. But today was a big day, potentially the last day the alliance would stand depending on how badly it all went. Skaikru would visit today to discuss the progress made in the two months the treaty had stood. Clarke wasn’t too phased by that, if anything, she was proud. New trade routes, access to farming equipment, sanctified borders, all of these things were achieved thanks to her own negotiations and quick learning. The ambassadorship had a rocky start, but Clarke acclimated quickly to politics.

What terrified her, what wriggled inside the space between her lungs during the sleepless night and clenched away the breath, what made the restless sweat dampen the sheets beneath her, was the prospect of seeing her mother and deciding a wedding date. The last time she saw her mother she was bent over sobbing, heartbroken and devastated at the prospect of her only daughter belonging to a savage queen. Clarke couldn’t bare the thought of how badly it could all play out.

“You’re overthinking.” Lexa sat up and moved the blankets with a quirked brow. “What is on your mind?”

“Other than you?” Clarke purred and stared at the valley of her breasts. She shook her head. “Today is going to be stressful, that’s all.” Clarke ran a hand through her hair.

“Wanheda, Mountain Slayer, Commander of Death,” Lexa chuckled and yawned, stretching her arms above her head. “Today is enough to shake you?” She tossed a look of playful disbelief.

“You haven’t met my people yet, not really.” Clarke mumbled and dragged herself across the blankets until her head rested comfortably in Lexa’s lap.

Quiet as the gesture was, Lexa understood well enough. Her calloused hands slipped down and brushed the golden hair out of Clarke’s eyes. For a moment Clarke laid there and enjoyed her few minutes of peace. Lexa was beautiful like this, delicate and thoughtful, a glimmer of light shining through the armour of her duty and restraint.

“I will protect you.” Lexa said it quietly, “I know that may not be the most helpful course of action in showing your people how strong and capable you are — but I will not let them hurt you, Clarke. You are my first duty.”
“Say it again.” Clarke nuzzled her nose into her mate’s lap.

“You,” Lexa leaned down and pressed a kiss to her temple. “Are my first duty.” She said it in lieu of ‘I love you,’ though it was just as sweet. Clarke came to understand that about Lexa, she was smoulder and fire, an impenetrable smog weighed down with the crystallised drips of the duty that ran from her. It didn’t stop her from trying to speak Clarke’s language. She was gentle and soft in her logical way, Clarke loved discovering that the most about her.

“Careful Heda, your ambassadors might think you weak.” Clarke teased with raised eyebrows.

At that the Heda released a playful kind of growl and entrapped Clarke further in her arms. Lexa leaned back and crashed into the blankets, her arms wrapped around her omega. “I wonder if they’ll think that when I show them the view of the balcony…”

Clarke shivered and suddenly remembered what happened last time the Heda invited an ambassador onto the southern balcony. It didn’t please her to watch her throw that man over the edge, no, please is the wrong word entirely. It was impossible to turn away from, violent and electric, heady and arousing, but pleasing it wasn’t.

Lexa’s hands slipped around her waist, brushing over the skin and settling at her hip. Clarke hummed and dipped her nose into her Alpha’s throat. It was strange how safe she felt in that spot, tucked under the chin and curled into her gut. She was certain her brooding warlord enjoyed keeping her there too.

“Are you happy here, Clarke?” Lexa murmured into her hair.

She thought about it for a moment. It was a whirlwind romance, fast and torrential like an act of god. “More than I thought I could be.” She answered with a smile and brushed her nose against the warmth of Lexa’s skin.

“Where did you come from Space Girl?” Lexa chuckled and rubbed her head.

Clarke pursed her lips and then softened after a moment, realising the Alpha was talking to herself. Instead of speaking she just smiled and drew the tip of her nose along the underside of Lexa’s chin. Sunlight made a break through the window, coating the room a lush kind of orange that dripped down the walls. In these hours the world was still and so were they, and Clarke liked that the best about Polis. It was thriving and empty, jostling and quiet, vast and small, all of these things simultaneously. There was nothing of the sort to be found back in Arkadia, back home everything was boring and entirely ordinary. Perhaps that’s why she started making trouble for herself with mountains and fire, maybe all of that was just leading here.

To her.

“Lexa…” Clarke whispered and paused thoughtfully. “If I wasn’t me and you weren’t you… do you think this would still be happening? With us?”

“No.” Lexa said quickly and honestly. It made the omega pout.

“Nice,” Clarke rolled her eyes.

Lexa caught her pulling chin with the tips of her fingers and brought her back, chuckling quietly to herself. She leaned down and kissed the pout right out of her mouth, it was slow and devastating. Clarke tried to hold on to her annoyance, dug her fingers right into the source of it but still managed to have it ripped out from underneath her; Lexa did that. Effortlessly.
“Do you not think what gives this meaning is the fact that you are you and I am me?” Lexa puzzled with a quirked smile. “What are we without that?”

Clarke hung off of her lips and only became aware it was her turn to speak after the Alpha chuckled a small noise again right into the light graze of her lips. “You are nothing like I’ve ever known.” Clarke almost shook her head, slipping hands around the back of her neck. “You feel… right. It’s strange.” She managed to explain it poorly, wanting to scrunch her eyes and rub her head in search for better words.

“Your world and people have an addiction to understanding the unseen. I prefer a small amount of mystery, I think of it as a challenge of trust.” Lexa waxed poetically with a small soft green-eyed expression, pushing her lover on to her spine. She hesitated there for a moment, recognising the quirk in Clarke’s expression as a need for further explanation. Lexa rolled her eyes, obliging. “It’s not enough that the stars hang as they do. Or, that the sky is blue because the earth wills it that way. You talk of knowledge and logic, but my world is one based around trust. I trust that things are as they are because it is just… so. The will of gods. I think you think me foolish for that, but it’s the only explanation I care for when it comes to how your loveliness is allowed to exist in a world like this. So no, if we were different people, I do not believe we would be lying here right now… your hand in mine… mine against your cheek… but I don’t care to consider such things. I trust and thank the gods that made this so.”

“Much better that time.” Clarke whispered with an open mouth and suddenly cared for precisely nothing today had to offer beyond the closeness of her Alpha. The explanation took her by surprise, terse and simple and perfect as it was. She leaned up and kissed Lexa with fire, loud and passionate fire. It was a gnash, a burst of simultaneous vulnerability and want, and for all Clarke cared, the world and the kings outside could wait.

She slipped a hand along the tensing muscle along the side of her thigh, that particular long and wondrous muscle that flexed and stretched every time she moved. Some people are love poems, some people are filled to the brim with this languid dripping romance that rolls from them like beads of wax from a burning candle. There was a time Clarke wished for someone like that… but there’s something so much more beautiful to be read when she looks into this brooding Alpha’s soft green eyes. Lexa reads like a series of instructions. She is ordered and listed, a rhythm of post-it notes, a melody of always more things to be done. She is a logical sequence of tasks trying to be sheet music with the sole intention of being pleasing to Clarke’s ear.

And Clarke dances beneath her to the tune.

“We should get ready for the day, love,” Lexa made a poor attempt at protesting as her spine was worked with gentle nails. She closed her eyes and slipped into shivers of it. “Or, we could say there were issues to attend?” She waned quickly.

“You’re the only thing I want to attend right now.” Clarke whispered with a grin as the Alpha settled between her thighs. A hand slipped along the tension in Lexa’s shoulder with the sole intention of making it soft, of giving her a sort of brief release from being anything other than a girl who pours her trust into the inexplicable. “You’re too beautiful to think about anything else.” Clarke hummed into her throat.

“I… don’t know how to be soft the way you are.” Lexa hesitated and grew guilty, her elbows locked to hold her weight.

“Then don’t be.” Clarke leaned up and kissed her again with a small groan.

Regardless, Lexa tries. Her nose follows the line of Clarke’s tricep with a kiss placed rhythmically
along the skin. “Mine,” she whispered at her elbow with a small growl. “My first duty.” She said it in lieu of I love you.

It earns an earnest whimper, or maybe it’s the slow moving hand dragging around the inside of Clarke’s thigh pushing it open that earns the noise. The tempestuous alpha above flits between tender and hungry, her pale green eyes darkening with a lustful want.

“It’s okay,” Clarke smiled and mumbled into the hot kiss as her thigh came to rest around Lexa’s hips. “I want it, I want you to fuck me,” she mumbled and kissed again.

The sunlight outside burst through in searing wincefulls, it bled and poured like the end of a hunt. It spattered along the walls, it burned a particular warmth into their skin, coating them in angry early daylight. Lexa moved like the inspiration that earned such passion from the arbitrary. Her love was violent and soft, simultaneously.

Teeth nippled and pulled Clarke’s nipples, softly at first, slowly, each stiffening nipple dragged over and sucked with a growl. Lexa’s mouth came undone and instantly repeated, and all Clarke could do was gasp and wind her fingers into the back of her Alpha’s scalp.

“Feels so good,” she crooned and drew her fingers through the mane and braids she occupied herself with. “There,” her hips grew sentient and lurched as her breast was tugged and gently bitten. Clarke became a series of gasps, a melody of whimpers while the gnash of Lexa’s teeth sent fire through her chest. “There! There! That feels good.” She whimpered again.

Lexa smirked into her breast and swiped two fingers through her dripping cunt without warning. It made Clarke lurch with another gasp, which was a pointless effort. Lexa quickly shoved her back down again with the other hand around her throat, forcing the Omega to watch her suck fingers clean.

“Do I not take care of you?” Lexa chuckled into the sweet wetness of her fingers, drawing her lips back along each one. “So wet.” She almost purred, and the juxtaposition between watching her Alpha suck the wetness off her fingers while throttling her with the other hand only made for more of that same arousal.

“Lexa please,” Clarke grew desperate suddenly and pushed her hips up into her pelvis.

“Okay, alright love,” Lexa grinned and dipped down, kissing and biting her bottom lip. Clarke reciprocated and opened her mouth, allowing her tongue to be grazed and pressed with her Heda’s own. “So needy this morning.” Lexa leaned back and appraised her, purposely grinding between her thighs as she did.

“Lexa!” Clarke groaned and dug into her shoulders.

Clarke felt the erection lazily jut into the crease of her thigh, then her vulva, grazing up between her lips slowly, threatening to but never quite pushing inside the one place she needed her warlord. From where she lay, she glanced over the sinews and dips of Lexa’s body, right from dips along her hips to the abdominals that knit together with her effort beneath a glisten of golden sweat.

“You are mine, Clarke kom Skaikru.” Lexa hummed and thrust in finally.

Clarke allowed the blankets to slip from her tightly wound grip as she melted into Lexa’s rhythm. It was a tender onslaught, a punishing show of reverence on her Alpha’s part; Lexa didn’t set her teeth or growl, instead she just gently canted her hips into the trembling girl beneath.

“That’s it, relax,”Lexa almost crooned as the widest part of her stretched and made for heavy
breathing. “So beautiful like this.” She promised with a whisper and stifled Clarke’s gasps with soft
open-mouthed kisses.

“It’s big Lexa,” Clarke gasped and blinked dumbly, absolutely hanging on for dear life with nails
digging through the sheets.

It made Lexa smirk pridefully, just a little. “Lova, I’ve got you.” She said it gently and settled inside.

To say she was aroused was an understatement; legs pressed back and chest rising with each gasp for
air, she felt herself drip. Clarke felt it and didn’t know what to do with that information, embarrassed
and aroused all the more. The god, the absolute deity above her, growled pridefully and gave her a
single deep hard thrust that rendered her breathless.

“Lexa,” Clarke cried and wrapped hands around the back of her neck.

“Mine.” The word rolled over the cusp of her plump bottom lip and vibrated through Clarke’s bones,
rattling and jostling and pulsing through her entire body. “Mine to protect, mine to love, my first
duty.” Lexa closed her eyes and slipped through the list with a languid pace.

Her breasts are all Clarke can see when her eyes open again. The warlord above rests on her elbows,
sterling and cast in gold from the early light. Her breasts softly bounce with each tentative thrust,
dusky nipples moving and stiffening inches from her mouth, and between them and the cock pushing
lazily inside of her, Clarke wants for nothing in the entire world.

“Let me take you from behind.” Lexa’s eyes almost rolled into the back of her head along with a
completely hung jaw as she thrusted and bottomed out to the hilt inside her Omega. “Now, please,”
she lost her breath and took one of Clarke’s thighs with the nook of her arm.

“God yes.” Clarke whimpered and made easy work of herself for her Heda, allowing the Alpha
above to throw her over onto her belly.

“May I ask something of you?” Lexa managed to sound polite, holding back the fire and sting of her
lovemaking. It was an effort in itself and Clarke knew that, it made her grin and shake her head into
the pillows.

“Anything.”

“May I…” Lexa hesitated into the sight of Clarke propped on her knees presenting herself. “May I
strike you?”

“You want to hit me?” Clarke’s brows furrowed for a second over her shoulder.

“Not in a way you won’t enjoy.” Lexa licked her lips and nodded.

“Please, show me,” Clarke whispered with sudden want and buried herself back into the pillows.
She presented herself with canted hips and buried knees, made sure her scent kicked her tentative
Alpha right in the gut. It worked and she knew it, Lexa’s scent punched the air like hanging smoke
from a dampened fire. It was this sensation that wrapped itself around Clarke and guided her from
one motion to the next, made her actions so naturally submissive she never quite recognised herself
afterwards.

She loved it all the more for that, though.

“Mine!” A slap crashed through her ass like lightening and left instant white hot heat in its wake.
“You,” Lexa clambered over her back and shoulders, guiding the head of her cock through Clarke’s
arousal back and forth, “Are mine.” She hissed into the back her neck and kissed the skin there as she thrust all the way inside.

“Yours! Only yours.” Clarke found herself parroting her Heda, crooning and crying as the deepest ache inside of her body was suddenly satiated. “Again, please, harder,” she mumbled and whimpered and pressed herself backwards into two taut hips.

Her hair was gathered and pulled until her head was craning backwards and her posture became a perfect series of curves; a wave almost.

“Mine…” Lexa blinked rapidly and hissed the word, losing and remembering herself simultaneously. Clarke heard her hand pull back and cut through the air, hitting the side of her ass again and again as the shaft thrusting inside of her buried as deep as Clarke could take it.

“Please can I cum?” Clarke cried out and bounced backwards into the relentless fucking, coating her warlord in arousal as she did. “Please Lexa?!” She held on for dear life.

“Who do you belong to?” A hiss came along with a finger that suddenly drew circles around Clarke’s asshole, which sent her crashing into the pillows. “Say it for me!” The pressure against her tightest hole grew in a way that made her orgasm rush up the back of her throat.

“I’m yours!” Clarke sobbed out her orgasm.

It exploded into grunts and whimpers and vibrations through her entire body. The finger pressed, gently at first, rolling and circling and making her work as the world became nothing but colour and sound in slow motion. The thrusts in her cunt became short and sharp, her entire body stinging with the fury of a deep orgasm that refused to relent, much like her Heda.

She felt Lexa’s orgasm in every inch of her body, felt her cum and rut and thrust in all the harder because of it with jagged movements and tensing thighs. She wasn’t in rut which meant there was no knot, though that didn’t stop her crying out and melting into Clarke’s skin, holding her tight—so tight Clarke was left buried into the blankets with a beautiful soft warlord panting in her ear, lying over the length of her spine with occasional twitches of her hips.

“Don’t let go, please,” Clarke mumbled out tiredly and reached behind for Lexa’s hands.

The alpha laughed a slight noise that blew the flyaway hairs around the nape of her neck with warm breath. “So sweet like this.” She teased and wrapped the girl in her arms. “Relax, I’ve got you, I won’t let go.” The commander hushed and settled into her spine, entirely sheathed and in no rush to move.

“I don’t want to get out of this bed… for the rest of my life.” Clarke mumbled into the pillow her face was pressed against.

“I imagine your people are waiting for us.” Lexa added, “Forgive me, but your people are not known for their patience. Nor yourself either, Clarke.”

“No, it’s not my greatest quality.” Clarke agreed with a small smile, “Let them wait, hopefully they’ll leave if we hold out long enough.” She sighed at that.

“You can’t avoid them forever.”

“I’m not avoiding them.” Clarke yawned and plumped the pillow. “Their opinion just isn’t the one that I care about the most anymore. We’ll tell them there was business to attend.”
“They’ll smell my scent on you.” Lexa’s breath warmed the back of Clarke’s neck.

“I know, but we’ll tell them that anyway. I want them to know in the back of their heads what we were doing. I want them to know this isn’t just politics… because it isn’t.”

“It isn’t.” Lexa agreed and pulled the blankets up over them both, “It’s fate.”

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